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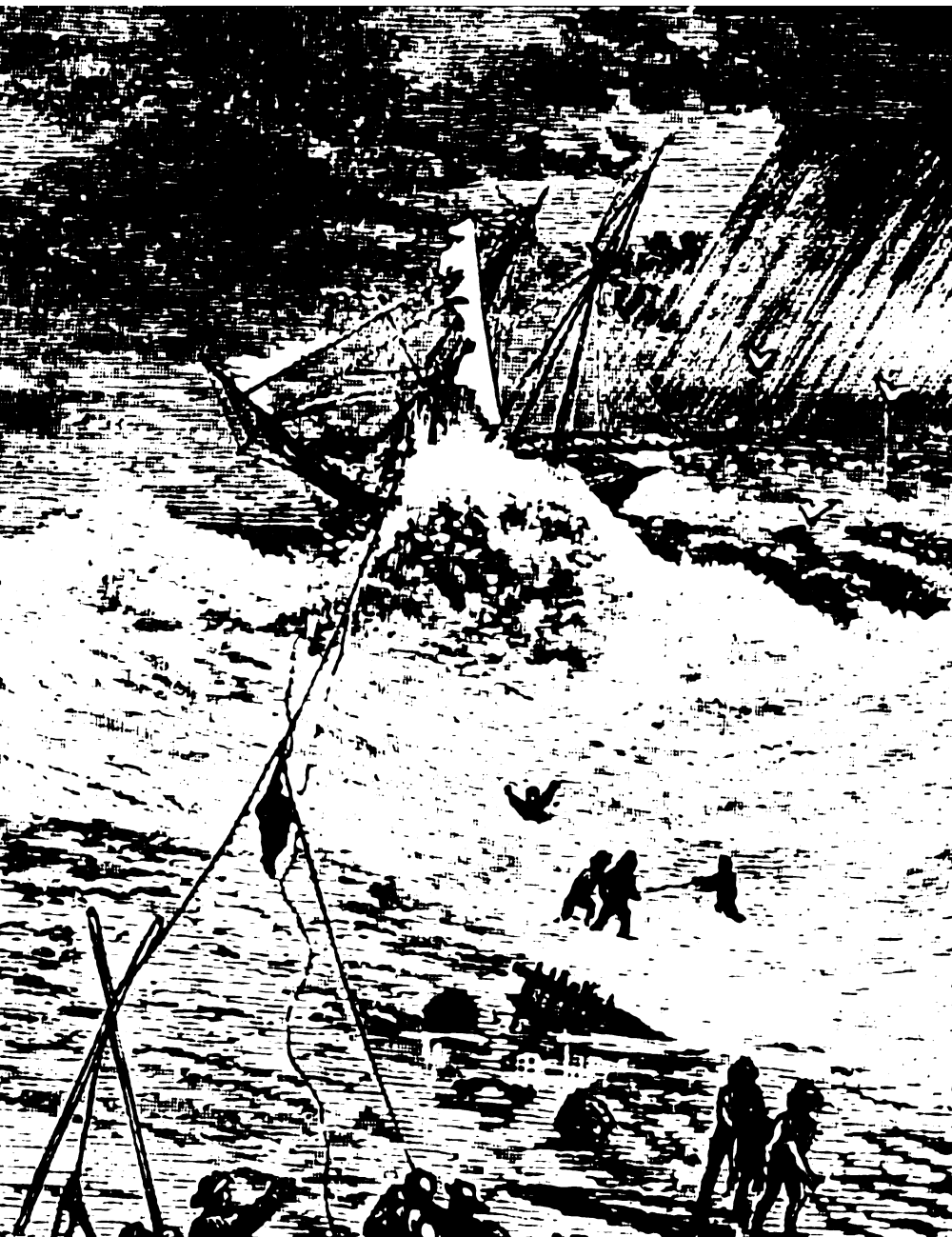
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*Sailors' magazine and  
seamen's friend, and life boat*

American Seamen's Friend Society













4  
187-6  
THE  
SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND

(146) SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND

THE LIFE BOAT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1879.

*Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,—  
Thou didn't press a Sailor's pillow,  
And can't feel a Sailor's shoe.  
Never slumbering, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
"All, all's well; " thy constant cheer."*

*Bethune.*

VOL. LI.

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## PREFACE.

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GOD often helps his workers in the vision and enjoyment of fruit from their labors. And each passing twelvemonth, as it deepens our sense of responsibility in caring for the trust committed to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, supplies, as well, the facts which cheer and incite us to continuing activity.

The witness to this truth stands out to view in the fifty-first volume of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. Its steady current of testimony attests the Divine blessing upon us in the year EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-NINE. At home and abroad, a sense of the wide and increasing value of our cause to the triumphs of the Lord's kingdom in the hearts of men, is broadened and intensified. He who runs may read this in these pages.

More and more does prayer go up for it. More and more God's Spirit falls on sailors' souls, in connection with exertions made for its advancement. The wondrous "revival" among them, last winter, at Portland, Oregon,—whose story is here to be found, is but one of many things which have lately gladdened men and angels in this department of service for the Master.

The thorough renovation of the SAILORS' HOME on Cherry Street, in New York, which makes it equal, if it be not superior to any similar institution in the world,—is another evidence of its real progress. The richest memories of "saving



grace" clustered about the old Home that has gone:—may the same Divine Love to the sons of the sea hallow the new edifice!

And, as the year draws to its ending, we print in the last number of the volume, tidings from the capital of Denmark, which make a mile-stone in our work for Scandinavian seamen. The assumption of all expenses connected with our mission at Copenhagen (save the salary of the Chaplain), by the Lutheran Christians of that city, gives token of such interest, on their part, in our efforts to bring the man of the sea to his SAVIOR and KING,—as has not existed in any similar degree, during the whole of our more than fifty years' labor for sailors.

Brethren in the churches;—of whatever name,—loving the One Redeemer, and praying for His coming "to rule the Earth in righteousness,"—pray, we beseech you, for sailors:—pray, we entreat you, for us, their servants and yours, for Christ's sake,—that our faith and your own fail not, and that our common consecration to His work on Sea and Land, be not abated, but increased! And unto HIM be all the praise!

DECEMBER, 1879.

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## CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

### A SERMON

*Preached on behalf of the American Seamen's Friend Society at the  
First Presbyterian Church of Edgewater, Staten Island, N. Y.,*

BY THE REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

MATTHEW, viii: 23-27.—“ And when he was entered into a ship his disciples followed him. And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, insomuch that the ship was covered with waves: but he was asleep. And his disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord save us we perish.—And he saith unto them, why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith. Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea and there was a great calm. But the men marvelled saying, what manner of man is this that even the winds and the sea obey him ? ”

With what a wonderful interest is that sea invested whose waters so often bore upon their bosom the Son of God,—and whose shores witnessed so many of his mighty works! Next to Jerusalem where the great scene of his sufferings and death was enacted, we can think of no spot which is so precious in its memories—so pregnant in its associations with the words and works of Christ as is that beautiful lake where he selected some of his noblest apostles—uttered some of his sublimest instructions—and performed many of his mightiest miracles. It is nearly thirteen miles long by seven miles in its broadest part, or very nearly the dimensions of this our island home. The description which has been given of it by the author of the “ Land and the Book ” will present

us with a distinct conception of its appearance and will prepare us to contemplate the act of omnipotent power which is set before us in the text.

“The lake is about six hundred feet lower than the Mediterranean and this great depression accounts for some of its remarkable phenomena. Seen from any point of the surrounding heights, it is a burnished mirror set in a framework of rounded hills and rugged mountains which rise and roll backward and upward to where hoary Hermon hangs the picture against the vault of Heaven. My experience in this region enables me to sympathize with the disciples in their long night's contest with the winds. The sun had scarcely set when the wind began to rush down toward the lake, and it continued all night long with constantly increasing violence, so that when we reached the shore next morning, the face of the lake was like a huge boiling caldron. The wind howled down every way from the north-east and east with such fury that no efforts of rowers could have brought a boat to shore at any point along the coast. To understand the causes of these sudden and violent tempests we must remember that the lake lies low—six hundred feet lower than the ocean—that the water courses have cut out profound ravines and wild gorges converging to the head of the lake and these last like gigantic funnels draw down the cold winds from the mountains. And moreover these winds are not only violent, but they come down suddenly, and often when the sky is perfectly clear.”

This authentic description of Tiberias will prepare us at once to enter upon the consideration of this miracle before us.

At the close of a day of exhausting labor our Savior entered with his disciples into a ship for the purpose of passing over to the other side of the lake. As the multitudes who had been listening to his instructions and witnessing his gracious and loving work of divine power were turning away to their homes and to rest, the hardy men whom Christ had chosen to be his disciples launched forth upon the now peaceful waters, and hoisting their sail turned towards the wild shores of Gadara, where our Savior knew that a wretched victim of demoniacal possession was requiring his almighty aid. It is possible that the disciples when they received their sailing orders from him whose word was law, may have wondered at the command. Those old sailors long accustomed to watching every indication of the weather may have detected already the presages of a coming storm. But we hear of no objections made to the command which bade them launch forth into the deep. They had learned the lesson of obedience to their Captain, which every sailor knows is essential to his safety and success. They were assured that Christ was allwise and they did not hesitate to follow him. And oh,

that all his professed disciples could learn this lesson of simple and unquestioning obedience. Many there are who are willing to follow the Master if they can be assured that all will be fair and smooth and pleasant—but they hesitate as to obedience when they fear there may be dangers, storms to be encountered, conflicts to be endured, and self to be denied. The true disciple of Christ is a soldier, enlisted for life—who must expect to follow his leader not alone on parade days and when he is surrounded by crowds of admiring spectators,—but down to the tented field, to the night march long and weary, and to the hard fought battles with foes wary, malignant and powerful. The disciple of Christ is a mariner, and when his Captain bids him launch forth upon the deep he must obey, even though the storm lowers and the winds howl around him.

Our Savior does not attempt to conceal from all who would enter his service that they must expect to encounter perils and hardships. He tells them that in this world they must have tribulation, and bids them sit down, count the cost, and see whether they are ready to follow him where he leads them, to reflect seriously upon the perils and toils they must encounter, and when they have decided fully to serve him, to render full and cheerful obedience to his commands without a murmur or misgiving. We may see illustrations of this truth if we follow the disciples through the vicissitudes of the memorable night set before us in the text, and may derive therefrom some lessons of great practical value.

I. We find them soon after they have set sail encountering a fierce and dangerous storm. The presence of Christ with his people does not exempt them from trials. The disciples find that even while the Master is in the ship with them the sea becomes boisterous under the power of the gale that sweeps down from the mountains. Night spreads its dark mantle over them and leaves them to battle with the elements as many a poor sailor has since done through many hours and watches, and amid horrors and anxieties of which the landsman can have no conception, and which no pen can fully describe. Their vessel was not the proud and stately structure of modern times, which with the tireless motions of its giant arms breasts the waves and stems the currents and winds of the ocean, but a frail fisher's boat with a single square sail suspended from the top of the mast, and suited only to the quiet waters in which a fisherman usually plies his vocation. Yet at this time it was compelled to encounter a fierce storm not upon a broad sea where there was room to scud before the gale, but upon a lake hemmed in by mountains and bounded by a shore more dangerous than the ocean itself. There the disciples toiled during the many hours of



that fearful night until all hope in any human help utterly failed them. The ship had evidently become unmanageable, for it was covered with the waves, the rudder must have been useless to keep the struggling vessel in such a position as to prevent the sea from making a clean breach over her, and when in this position the hardy and practised sailors of Galilee knew that human help was of no avail. In that frail and open vessel now lying at the mercy of the waves and fast filling with water, they felt that their hours must soon be numbered. Amid that war of elements, with the winds howling their death shriek above them, with the sea yawning beneath them, with darkness around them, with broken mast and rent sail and a rudderless bark drifting away to destruction, they felt, as many a sailor has since done, that human skill was useless and human power weakness, and that unless aid came to them from him who made the sea, and who commandeth the winds and the waves they must perish.

II. And this leads us to notice their application to Christ for his aid.

The scene as presented to us by the evangelists is full of striking dramatic interest as well as spiritual instruction. The crew long accustomed to such wild scenes and perhaps often out at night upon a stormy sea had now evidently abandoned their posts of duty when they saw the vessel a helpless wreck fast filling with water. You may be sure all hope is gone when you see a sailor leaving his station amid a storm and resigning his ship to her fate. Those men now pale with fear and worn with labor and watching, bethink themselves of one only hope. The Master is with them in the ship and they approach him in their peril with their prayer for his divine assistance.

Come with them ye who are in trouble. Approach, ye who would look upon the face of innocence, or gaze upon him who in all his human nature is in full sympathy with our poor suffering race. Draw near, ye who would behold the divine glory as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ. Though the storm is wildly howling around, you find here the Savior not wan and pale with terror, but calmly asleep upon a pillow on one of the cushions of the rowers. Fatigued with the work of the past day, He who had been caring for the sick, or preaching to the multitudes that gathered around him at the sea shore, is now lying in the unconsciousness of slumber amid the wild tumults of that dark, stormy night.

Their Master and ours had all our sinless attributes and infirmities, for he was of woman born, though he was also the Son of God. And we love to think of him as man, as one who knoweth our frame, who remembereth in all our weariness, cares and imperfections that we are

but dust, who looks upon the poor toiling laborer and remembers his own poverty and toils, who sees the homeless wanderer and sympathizes with him because he once had not where to lay his head, who sees the tempest tossed sailor hanging out at night amidst storm and darkness upon the quivering mast, and remembers Tiberias and its raging waves; and who can thus have a blessed sympathy for man which nothing but his own experiences and history could give him. Oh what a blessed truth is it, "that we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

But in that human form dwelleth the fullness of the Godhead bodily. That worn and weary, sleeping Jesus was also God manifest in the flesh, and to him as such the disciples in their fear, and with a faith feeble and imperfect, yet living and real, approached with their prayer for aid. And we notice,

1st. That they recognized him as one who was an all-sufficient Savior. They knew full well that prayer could only be offered to God, and they called him Lord, and approached him as one who was able to save. And it is thus that we are taught to approach our blessed Redeemer. While the mightiest archangel would turn away from the prayer of the humblest sinner, if addressed to him, as an act of idolatry, Christ never hesitated to receive the worship of all who came to him, or to hear the prayers and praises of those who stood in need of or had received his divine assistance. While as man he prayed to the Father, and often found occasion to retire and seek his aid, as God himself in all his sublime majesty and glory, he listened to the supplications of the suffering and gave them answers of mercy and power. Thus the disciples approached him and they came believing that he was able to save.

2nd. And in this connection we notice again that they gave up all hopes of being saved except by his divine interposition. They felt that human help was vain. They had struggled and toiled until, despite all their efforts, the ship was sinking. They knew that man could not save them. And they cried, Save Lord, we perish. And how often does God leave us to fall into straits and exigencies where we are compelled to abandon all hope in ourselves, and so are led to look away to him who is almighty. Often he dries our broken cisterns, that we may be led to the fountain of living waters. He teaches by processes that are sad and painful, our own utter helplessness, that we may come to him in whose salvation alone he is found. The experience of every sinner that is saved by grace, in some way has taught him this lesson. His struggles with doubts and fears and temptations are often like the storm upon Gennessaret, and lead him to cry in his extremity,

Save Lord, or I perish. He feels that unless Christ aids him, he must be lost. And so God often finds it necessary to discipline his church, and communities and nations as well as individuals, until in their calamities and trials they shall cease to lean upon an arm of flesh and look to God alone for salvation. He will have all the glory. He will share it with no mortal. He often permits the world to see that human wisdom is folly, and human power weakness, that men may learn that God alone is great and wise, and that the Most High ruleth among the children of men.

3rd. We notice again in the prayer of the disciples an humble deference to the divine will. Their petition simply was, save Lord, or we perish. How salvation was to come they did not attempt to indicate. They did not direct him to adjust the disjointed rudder, or mend the tattered sail, or bale the sinking ship, or stop its open seams, or replace its broken mast. They felt that the foolishness of God was wiser than men, and that the weakness of God was stronger than men, and they were willing to leave the methods of salvation in his hands, not even caring to ask how he was to save them. And this humility and deference to the divine will is an essential element in all acceptable prayer. It is solemn mockery to attempt to direct Jehovah how to bring about the ends for which we pray. And yet how often do men seem to mark out the way in which they expect the blessings they seek to come. I have sometimes thought when I have heard the prayers of Christians for the removal of some impending evil, or the bestowment of some desired good, that they were trying to shew their Creator how easily the end might be accomplished if he would but adopt their plan, and that the church or the nation could only be saved by the means which they pointed out. Ah my friends, we must be willing that Christ should save us in his own methods and for his own glory. Our only plea is mercy, our only prayer must be save Lord, or we perish. Then we must come as lost sinners. Our only petition must be for salvation either for ourselves or for our country. We must leave the methods the means and the purposes to be accomplished with him who ruleth for his own glory.

4th. Thus the disciples came, and their prayer was answered. Christ arose and rebuked the winds and the waves when he had first gently chided the trembling sailors for their unbelief. He arose in his divine majesty, and the elements recognized in him their Master. The winds heard his voice and crept back hushed and breathless to their hiding places among the hills. The waves heard him in their wild commotion and sank obedient at his feet. No wonder the men marvelled, and asked "what manner of man is this?" Who among them could doubt, who could hesitate longer as to the divine nature of him

whom even the winds and the seas obeyed? Who would like Thomas falling at his feet exclaim, with rapture and love,—My Lord and my God?

And now gathering up these thoughts and lessons, what remains but that I set before you the privilege and the duty of going to Christ as one who is willing and able to save. Tossed upon the billows of life, weary and worn with the struggles which are incident to your experience of its storms and vicissitudes would that all of you who hear me to-day might have full and free access to Christ, and were ever ready to apply to him in the power of a faith that took fast hold of his promises, and with a prayer that was an humble but earnest and importunate plea for salvation. Oh my hearers, Christ is suited to you in every exigency of life. Are you suffering the stings of an awakened conscience, are you wrestling with fears, doubts and temptations? Go to Christ, for he can bring you deliverance. He will wash you in his atoning blood, he will throw over you the robe of his finished righteousness, he will save you from wrath to come, he will make you an heir of heaven. Are you surrounded by adversity and threatening calamities, are the clouds of affliction and sorrow brooding heavily around you, and threatening to sweep away all your hopes and joys? Go to Christ and utter in his ear the cry for help. Never shall you go away unblessed, in his own way and time he will deliver and comfort you. Are you tossed upon a dark and cheerless ocean, with the masts gone, with the lights extinguished, and your bark foundering among the billows, still fear not for Christ is able to save. His words to you are, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Go to him for mercy, and your tears shall be turned into smiles, your prayers into songs of praise, the burthen of which shall be—"Not unto us, but unto thy name be all the glory."

Yea even when the last storm of life shall beat upon you, and death shall approach you drear, dark and inexorable, Christ shall be with you, his grace will sustain you, his rod and staff shall comfort you, his voice shall be heard above the roar of the elements saying, "Fear not for I am with thee," and so upheld by his grace and mercy you shall float away into a safe and quiet haven, and find every storm hushed, every trial over, and heaven with all its holiness, peace and joy your eternal and blessed portion.

And has not the theme we have presented and the scene upon which we have dwelt an especial interest when we think of the men of the sea who do business upon the great waters, and who from the very nature of their employments are largely cut off from the ordinary influences and associations of the sanctuary and its ordinances, and yet

who especially need the presence and sympathy and help of that Divine Savior on whose ears fell the words, "Lord save us, we perish." Was there not a significance in his choice of four of the hardy seamen of Galilee to be his apostles, which should be considered by the church in her efforts to spread abroad the everlasting Gospel? And has not the blessing which has followed the efforts to bring sailors within the hallowed influences of religion proved abundantly the propriety and importance of those special efforts which have been made in their behalf?

It is to bring before the sailor the truths of the Gospel, to set forth to his faith and affections the Savior who once pressed a sailor's pillow, and who knows his wants and temptations and trials, that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY asks aid from the churches to carry on its work. Fifty years of successful labor have proved the special need of such an institution and its peculiar adaptation to meet the wants of three millions of men who go down to the sea in ships. Its Chaplaincies, its Homes, and the Libraries, are the means by which it reaches them. To keep these agencies in action and healthful operation, requires the generous aid of those who are the stewards of God's bounty, and who are to use the means which he places at their disposal in such methods as shall but advance the interests of his cause and kingdom. Who is there that does not owe a debt to seamen? Where is the community, however distant it may be from the ocean, that has not an interest in the men who are engaged in a seafaring life? They defend our nation's life and honor. They carry to other lands the products of our soil and the fruits of our industry, and they bring back to us the luxuries of every clime. They go forth upon a restless ocean and encounter its storms and brave its perils and dangers. And they often find their graves beneath its waters. What less can we do for them than to provide them with such instructions, and to surround them by such influences, as that shall open to them the knowledge of Christ as a Savior? We may best do this through the Society that claims to be the Seamen's Friend, which already has measured out a half century of labor, whose results are marked by abundant tokens of the divine blessing.

This Society asks for the sympathy and prayers and earnest support of all who love our common Savior, and who know the preciousness and power of his grace. It seeks to lead the sailor to him who is mighty to save, and whose voice even the winds and the sea obey. Will you help it in its work and supply it with the means of placing on every ship a Library, and in every port a Home and a Chapel where the sailor may be surrounded with the influences and blessings of the Gospel?

### God is the Pilot.

"Keep me, oh God! My boat is so small, and  
Thy ocean is so wide."—*Breton Sailor.*

God is the Pilot of thy barque,  
That rides full well the watery-ways,—  
Thy barque of Life tossed on the sea,  
He knoweth rocks, and shoals, and bays.

God is the Helmsman of thy ship,  
He steereth fair against the wind;  
He leaveth, if thou trust in Him,  
All rocks and dangers far behind.

God is the Captain who doth know  
If storm shall rage or wind be still;  
And thou, though skilled in seaman lore,  
Must yield thy science to His will.

*Esmerald Boyle.*

### "My Mother's been Praying for Me."

A mighty storm howled along the northeast coast of England on Friday and Saturday, the 8th and 9th of February, in the year 1861. The wind was blowing from E. N. E., and lashed the foaming and racing waves to fury. Its anger seemed to culminate around the mouth of the Tees, and in the bay of Hartlepool eighty-one vessels were driven ashore, forty-three of which became total wrecks, and eighty brave hearts were stilled for ever beneath the waters, and eighty desolate homes were left sailorless on shore. Groups of anxious inhabitants dotted the coast and watched the vessels tossed like corks on the waves which bore them reefwards.

The five life boats which belong to the two Hartlepoons were all out rescuing the crews of stranded vessels, when about ten o'clock on the Saturday morning a stout vessel was seen in the offing making for the shore. The signal of distress was flying, and she ran before the wind landwards. Her name was the *Rising Sun*, and the eager eyes which watched her

could make out that she was severely damaged and was quite unmanageable. A long reef, called Longsear Rock, lies out in the bay about a mile from shore, and could she but round this she would be in comparative safety, or at least within reach of help. On she came, rolling on the waves which bore her to destruction. Each moment she neared Longsear Rock, and the watchers gave a cry as they saw her strike heavily upon its end, and in a few minutes she sank, the hull disappeared, and the waters hissed and foamed about the two masts which continued to stand out of the sea. Upon these the crew, seven in number, could be counted as they clung for life. All the life boats were engaged, and the only means left of rescuing the seven men clinging like flies to the shaking masts was the rocket apparatus, and before this could be obtained, one of the masts upon which were hanging three men, broke away, and they perished. The other could be still seen, and three more men and a boy were distinctly counted upon it. With intense anxiety and all possible speed the apparatus was adjusted, but just as the light touched the powder and the mortar fired the ball and line across the wreck, this last mast disappeared with its precious burden, and the gray-green waves around the reef rose and fell unbroken by a sign of human life. Sadness fell on all faces, and many a rough hand drew itself across misty eyes, which in vain scanned the waste of the ocean. Hopelessly the line was drawn in, but as it neared the beach something was felt to be entangled in its folds. That something was the sailor-boy! At first it seemed that his young life had been beaten out of him, but every means for his re-

covery was tried. Joyfully the on-lookers observed in a short time faint signs of reanimation; then he struggled and moved, and ultimately became conscious.

With wild amazement he gazed around on the vast crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weatherbeaten face of the old fisherman near him, and asked, "Where am I?"

"Thou art here, my lad."

"Where's the cap'in?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments, then he raised both his hands and cried in a loud voice,

"My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!"

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house close by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother's cottage in Northumberland.—*Sunday Magazine*.

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### What Is Faith?

It was a dark night, a high wind was blowing without, while the family of Mr. H— were lying quietly in their beds, breathing calmly in the soundest slumbers.

All at once Mr. H— was roused by the terrible cry of fire. He was not sufficiently wakened at first to understand the cause; but the sound

grew nearer and nearer, and soon many were gathered under his windows. "Fire! fire! your house is on fire!" they shouted, as they pounded heavily upon the doors. Throwing a few clothes around him, Mr. H— rushed to the door, and what was his surprise and fear to discover that his own dwelling was in flames! He hastily returned, called up his terrified wife, and taking the babe and the next elder child, they quickly sought a shelter in an adjoining house. His eldest son, about ten years of age, slept in a chamber in another part of the house, near the room of the servant-maid who lived in the family.

Immediately the father hastened to rescue him, feeling but little anxiety for his property, if his family only might all be saved. On his way he met the maid. "Where is Charles?" said Mr. H— surprised to see her alone.

"Crying in his room," answered the frightened girl. "I have but just escaped, and the stairs are now all in flames."

The fire had broken out in that part of the house, and the flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. Almost distracted, Mr. H— rushed out, and hastened to the part of the house beneath the window of his son's sleeping-room.

The window was thrown up. The terrified boy was standing there, crying out in agony, "Father! father! how shall I get out?"

He could be seen by the glare of the fire in the room; but he could see no one beneath him—it was so dark,—although he heard many voices.

"Here I am, my son," cried out the deeply moved father. "Here I am; fear not. Lay hold of the sill of the window, and drop yourself down. I will certainly catch you."

Charles crept out of the window, and clinging with the grasp of a drowning person, he hung, trembling, and afraid to let go.

"Let go, my son," cried the father.

"I can't see you, father."

"But I am here, my son."

"I'm afraid, father, that I shall fall."

"Let go; you need not fear," again shouted the father.

The flames began to approach the window,—the casement grew hot,—if he stayed there he would be burned. He recollected that his father was strong; that he loved him, and would not tell him to do anything that would injure him. He drew in his breath, unclasped his fingers, and in a moment was in his father's arms, overpowered, and weeping for joy at his wonderful escape.

Now notice, friend, that Charles first felt his hopeless situation. He could not escape any other way save by the window. He could not see his father, but heard his voice. In the second place, he thought with his mind that his father was strong, and able to catch him. And thirdly, he believed, or trusted, with his heart, that his father would save him, and then dropped trembling into his arms.

So when we feel that we are sinners there is only one way to escape the punishment. We cannot save ourselves. We do not see Jesus, but we hear His voice in the Bible, and know He is here. We believe His word; we fear no longer; Jesus will not deceive us and we fall into His arms.—*The Way to Jesus.*

### Going to Jesus.

Nearly three years ago a noble steamer was sinking with hundreds of persons on board. Only one

boat load was saved. As a man was leaping into the tossing boat, a girl who could not be taken into the boat, and who knew that she would soon be swallowed up in the deep, deep sea, handed him a note, saying, "Give this to my mother?"

The man was saved; the girl with hundreds of other persons, was drowned. The mother had the note. What do you suppose the little girl had written in it? Here are the words:

"Dear mother, you must not grieve for me. I am going to Jesus."

Dear girl! what faith and courage she must have had to write that note.

She was going to Jesus through the stormy waves of the angry sea, yet she was not afraid. That is the kind of faith you need, my reader. Well, Jesus will give it to you if you ask him, for he says, "Come unto me. I will give you rest."

It makes dying easy to know that we are going to the bright home which Jesus has gone to make very beautiful. Let us all get ready for the bright home, by loving Jesus.

### After Many Days.

An old woman of eighty wished to become a Christian. But there was difficulty in the way. So she asked several friends to come with the minister and talk with her. She admitted the truth of all they said, but something held her back.

Said the minister:—"Why not give yourself now, within ten minutes?"

O, she could not!

"Why not?"

She wanted time, she said; it was too sudden. Ten minutes! O no! she must have time to think about it.



"You are old," said the minister; "how long have you been thinking about it already?"

She paused a moment, and then said slowly:—"Fifty years."

"Fifty years!" cried the minister; "and yet you want more time! Isn't fifty years enough?"

That was a new way of looking at it. Fifty years, indeed!

"What shall I do?" she eagerly asked.

"Do nothing," was the answer; "but leave all with God. Let us pray to him to lift the burden."

So they prayed. And suddenly, when she no longer pleaded for time, light came through the darkness, the burden rolled away, and, like a little child, the old woman entered the kingdom.

*Congregationalist.*

### Sunday Evening at Exeter Hall, England.

Much interest was lent to the service last Sunday evening at Exeter Hall by the presence of Mr. Ira D. Sankey, who accompanied Mr. Aitken to the platform, and, after the ordinary devotional exercises had been completed, arose and said that it was a source of great joy to him to be once again in the Hall associated with so many happy memories of prayer and praise and Gospel testimony during the visit he had previously paid to this country with his friend Mr. Moody. They would be glad to hear that Mr. Moody was in perfect vigor, both of body and mind, but he felt the need of rest in order to farther study for Gospel work, and so he had gone south in order to avoid the northern winter, which was too severe for his son Willie.

Meanwhile, he (Mr. Sankey) had determined to come and seek

rest and change of scene and air in Europe, that when the time came for their recommencing work he might be the better fitted to join with his old friend and companion. He was glad to see many old faces around him, and to know that the great work of testimony for God was still going on.

Mr. Sankey added, "I am now going to sing to you a new song, based on the following incident":—

"I'LL STAND BY YOU TILL THE MORNING."

"We had battled vainly with a furious storm many hours; the wind increased in violence, and the waves beat over us with renewed fury; soon masts and rudder were swept away, and, lashing ourselves to the deck, we waited, almost hopeless of rescue, for the end. Through the gloom of the storm, a ship was seen bearing towards us. We watched her eagerly for hours, and as she then disappeared, compelled by the fury of the storm to forsake us, our hearts sank in despair, and we expected nothing but death. Before night had settled, however, the ship was again seen; and coming nearer and nearer, our hearts were thrilled by the message of the captain, sounded through his trumpet, over the wave: 'I've come to save you! I'll stand by you till the morning.' We shouted and wept for joy. He was faithful to his word, and in a few hours we had all left the wreck and were safe upon the gallant ship, sailing toward home."

Fierce and wild the storm is raging  
Round a helpless bark,  
On to doom 'tis swiftly driving,  
O'er the waters dark!

Joy! behold the Savior,  
Joy! the message hear.  
Joy, oh joy! behold the Savior.  
Joy, oh joy! the message hear—  
"I'll stand by you till the morning.  
I've come to save you, do not fear;  
Yes, I'll stand by you till the morning,  
I've come to save you, do not fear."

See the helpless, hopeless seamen,  
Fainting on the deck,  
With what joy they hail the savior,  
As he hails the wreck!

On a wild and stormy ocean,  
Sinking 'neath the wave,  
Souls that perish heed the message,  
Christ has come to save!

Daring death thy soul to rescue,  
He in love has come,  
Leave the wreck, and in Him trusting,  
Thou shalt reach thy home!

—*London Christian.*

## Only.

Only a word for the Master,  
Lovingly, quietly said:

Only a word!  
Yet the Master heard,  
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,  
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep.

Only a look!  
Yet the strong man shook,  
And he went alone to weep.

Only some act of devotion,  
Willingly, joyfully done.  
"Surely 'twas nought!"  
(So the proud world thought,) ●  
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,  
Pleasantly, cheerfully given.  
Yet seed was sown  
In that hour alone  
Which would bring forth fruit for heaven!

"Only."—But Jesus is looking  
Constantly, tenderly down  
To earth, and sees  
Those who strive to please;  
And their love he loves to crown.

Charlotte Murray.

## Coming To Christ—A Hindrance.

*"First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."*

It is a strange gift that we have to bring,—so strange that it is in one sense "nothing," and yet in another sense everything. He asks us for it, saying, "Give Me thine heart;" and this heart of ours, this gift that we are to bring, worthless and yet priceless, is one mass of sins and burdens. Jesus asks for it just as it is, with all the sins and all the burdens; and the moment it is given over to Him, the sins are cleansed and the burdens are borne for us.

Do you wish to come to Him with it, and yet find that there seems something preventing you from really doing so? If so, the verse at the head of this chapter may throw God's light upon the

secret obstacle. "Is there any secret thing with *thee*?" Christ will either accept the gift altogether, or not at all. If there is something which you really do not mean to do right about,—some sin which you have no real intention of giving up,—it will be a fatal barrier. He forgives all or none. If you are but willing, his precious blood shall cleanse you from *all* sin. But He does not save by halves; and if there is a sin knowingly kept back, then "ye are yet in your sins," and "thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God."

This may seem a very stern way of putting it; but when such tremendous issues hang upon it, is it not folly to shrink from looking the matter straight in the face? The Lord says, "First be reconciled to thy brother, and *then* come and offer thy gift."

This may be literally your case. Some one may have somewhat against you,—an old quarrel, or a fresh misunderstanding,—and you are too proud to acknowledge your fault, or your share of it; or you are too timid, or even too idle to do so. When there are faults on both sides, it is pretty often the one most in fault who is the least ready to forgive. Now, do look into the matter, and see if you are truly "in love and charity with all men." It is no use trying to explain away your daily words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," for Christ Himself has explained and emphasized them. He said, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.,, There is no evading this. There is absolutely *no* forgiveness for you, if you do not forgive; for "who can forgive sins but God only?"

And it is no use saying, "Well, I will forgive, but I can't forget!" You know quite well in your heart that the very tone in which you say that shows that you are not really forgiving, and God knows what is at the bottom of your "can't forget!"

Don't turn round fiercely, and say, "But if I can't, I can't!" For "the things which are impossible with men are possible with God."

Read Gen. xlv., and see how Joseph forgave; and remember that the same Spirit of God which was in him is freely promised to you for the asking.

And then look at the still greater example of perfect forgiveness,—hear the smitten King in his lonely death-agony saying, "Father, forgive them!" "For He knew that forgiveness would raise them to the very level of his throne; so He must literally have loved his murderers with the love wherewith his Father loved Him." Oh, it is not hard to forgive anything, when one looks away to the forgiveness of Jesus.

*Then come and offer thy gift.*

*Frances Ridley Havergall.*

### "I've Proved It True."

Here a man of much experience in sea service arose, and desired to say something concerning the word of God. It had been an unerring guide to him. It always should be. "Many years ago I took a ship from Bristol, England, to the East Indies. Having discharged cargo, I had to go through the gulf of Martaban, and the straits of Malacca. I had no chart, only a very small one by the British Admiralty, and sailing directions. I followed them implicitly, and made a chart from the small one on a larger scale as well as I could. I watched the headlands, and hove

the lead, as we went on, and found that the chart was right, till at length we dropped anchor in the harbor of Singapore. We loaded and ran back by the same chart. Finally I was safe in London. Suppose some one there should tell me that my chart was incorrect and my sailing directions were not good; what should I answer? 'Why, man, I know better, I have tried them, I have sailed by them in unknown and dangerous seas, through darkness and storms, and came through safely.' So, for scores of years I have tried the word of God. In the unknown, untried paths of life, it has never failed. I have sailed by it through the whole voyage of life almost into the port of everlasting rest safely. It is true. I tell you brethren and sisters I *know* it is true! I've *proved* it true!"—*Bethel Flag.*

### Seven Short Rules.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayer. (Heb. 11: 6).

2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. (John 5: 39).

3. Never profess to ask God for anything you do not want. Tell him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask Him for Christ's sake to forgive you for what you are, and to make you what you ought to be. (John 4: 24).

4. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask

yourself, what have I done to-day for him? (Matt. 5: 13-16).

5. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. (Col. 3: 17). If you cannot do this, it is not right. (Rom. 14: 23).

6. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. (Cor. 9: 12). You are to ask yourself "how would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow him. (John 10: 27).

7. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself—"can what I feel be true?" and if *both* cannot be true, believe God and make your own heart the liar. (Rom. 3: 4; 1 John 5: 10, 11).

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### A Voice From The Sea.

A "Seaman" writes to the Editor of *The London Christian*, saying,—

"You quote from the letter of a Christian seaman concerning the apathy shown by professing Christians in foreign ports to the spiritual state of sailors, and I am glad you think his remarks worthy of serious consideration.

"His ship is not a solitary case, as he says, nor are his remarks about the various ports far out, though I rejoice to say that ten months ago, when I was in Bombay, there were some of the Lord's people there laboring among the sailors, both afloat and on shore in the Sailors' Home, and the few hours' fellowship with them gave me encouragement to try more than ever to show the reality of the Gospel of Christ. And I know that souls have been led to the Savior through the un-

sectarian meetings held on board the different ships in harbor, and at the Peninsular and Oriental Company's dock-yard during the week days, while every Lord's day, at the reading-room, could be heard Sankey's hymns from many voices, led by Christian ladies who also read and prayed with the seamen assembled there.

"But Bombay is a very great exception to the general rule, and if there were more of the Lord's people looking towards the sea, like devoted Christians at Genoa, in Italy, and these I have been speaking of, the seamen who represent England throughout the world would augment instead of counteracting the influence she seeks to exert through her small and scattered band of missionaries.

"It appears to me that nearly all civilians have a mistaken idea of sailors. But if they would try to know them better, by visiting them on board, and trying to make them feel at home when they come to a place of worship on shore, they would find them very different from what they are represented to be. If a seaman goes into a place of worship in a foreign port, he is generally looked at if he wears a uniform, and that is all the welcome he gets. Last year I went to a chapel in a large town, but no one offered me a seat when I entered, or showed any desire to speak when the service was over, and I thought that if I had been a poor seeker for Jesus, or a careless visitor, I should not have found anything there to make me wish to go again.

"Seamen are seldom long in one port, and if one does get concerned about his soul, the chances are that he is quite alone in his ship, and often subjected to much ridicule. How cheering, then, if, when he gets into a fresh port, he finds

Christians to welcome and encourage him. I speak from personal experience, and both for the Royal Navy and merchant service, for though the two branches do not mix much, yet both have about the same amount of spiritual light and Christian sympathy. Only our larger men-of-war carry chaplains, and they seldom speak to the men except from the pulpit. The service supplies every mess with Bibles, and every boy that leaves the training-ships has one given him, unless he is a Roman Catholic; but we want the Lord's people to persuade the men to read them.

"If you can insert this in *The Christian* it may reach some in foreign ports who are interested in us as a class, but who may not have known any sailor personally, and the Lord may use them, both to cheer those who have already known somewhat of a Savior's love, and also to encourage others who may be concerned about their souls, but who shrink from the persecution they often see the followers of Jesus exposed to. And I have no doubt that many souls, weary of darkness and sin, would gladly hail the simple Gospel of Christ from the lips of an English lady or gentleman at the ends of the earth.

"May the Lord teach his people, both in England and abroad, to 'look towards the sea' for Jesus' sake."

### Whom Can You Trust?

A ship's captain in New York wanted a trusty man to take care of his ship. The captain had sent away all his sailors, and was going into the country himself.

Somebody said,—"John will do: he is a trusty sailor."

The captain did not believe in

John. He thought every sailor would steal if he could.

But, as he could do no better, he locked up everything on board the ship, and brought John to stay there.

Next morning before he left the city, he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and softly opened the cabin-door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible open before him.

The captain shut the door carefully, and waited. By and by, John came out.

"John," said the captain, handing him all the ship's keys, "you may open all the drawers and trunks, and air those things. Keep a sharp lookout, John, for those thieves along the wharves. Have everything snug; and I'll be back next week."—*Bethel Flag.*

### Assyrian Names For The Seas.

An interesting point of comparison between the cuneiform records and the sacred Scriptures is found in the Assyrian names of the seas and larger lakes; between which two divisions of bodies of water they seem to have made no distinction. The following list, compiled from the monuments, shows some coincidence with the Bible names, and gives, moreover, some farther help to the student. In comparing, it is to be remembered that the name that appears in our Authorized Version is not always an exact representative of the Hebrew name. For instance, the "Red Sea" of our version is the "Sea of Weeds" or "Sea of Rushes" of the Hebrew and the Egyptian monuments; and the "Red Sea" of the Greek geographers of antiquity was the Persian Gulf. The following is the Assyrian list:

*For the Mediterranean Sea :*

1. The Great Sea toward the setting sun.
2. The Great Sea of the land Acharri.
3. The Great Sea.
4. The Sea toward the setting sun.
5. The Upper Sea; and the Lower Sea.

*For the Persian Gulf :*

1. The Great Sea toward the sunrising.
2. The Lower Sea toward the sunrising.
3. The Lower Sea.
4. The Sea toward the sunrising.
5. The Sea-stream of *Bil-Jakin* (probably, House of Uprightness).
6. The Sea of the land Kaldi.
7. The Sea.

(To which is to be added the Babylonish name:

8. The Sea-stream,—probably equivalent to the Greek mythologic stream of Ocean, that “encompassed the earth with ceaseless flow.”)

*For Lake Van :*

1. The Upper Sea of the land Natri.
2. The Upper Sea of the West,
3. The Upper Sea.
4. The West Sea.

*For Lake Oroomiah :*

1. The Lower Sea of the land Natri.
2. The Sea of the land Natri.

*For some undetermined bodies of water :*

1. The Red Sea.
2. An Unknown Sea.

*S. S. Times.*

## Another Greeting From Father Coan.—A Veteran's Judgment of the Sailors' Magazine, &c.—Congratulations upon our Semi-Centenary.

HILO, HAWAII, Sept. 4th, 1878.

*Rev. S. H. Hall, D. D., Cor. Sec. American Seamen's Friend Society.*

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—Time sweeps on and all things move. “The year of Jubilee has come” with the “AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,” and now you are moving along the line of another half century. And what, in the high counsels of Him who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, will be developed during this passing period? One thing appears certain, viz: that more than 1,500,000,000 of the human race will have passed beyond the confines of time into that unfathomed and shoreless ocean that lies so near our planet.

And we have reason to believe, that art and science, and culture, and mental activity, and power, will have made such progress as the world has not seen during the last 500, or, may it not be, 1000 years?

And will not this period bring on the long predicted and longed for Millenium, when there shall be “a new heaven and a new earth,” where peace, and truth, and

righteousness, and love shall reign, and where there shall be “no more sea” of strife, and tumult, and war, of tears and of blood? Shall the noise of battle forever “roar like the sea,” and the nations “roar and dash against one another,” like the roaring of the ocean in a storm? Will not the war cloud which has so often thickened and darkened over the nations, and sent out such streams of fiery ruin with crashing thunders over land and sea, pass away during the passing half century, and the “Sun of Righteousness” flood the continents and islands, the oceans and seas, and all the waters of the earth with his healing beams? Let us hope for, pray for, and toil for this promised boon!

Millions of ripened sheaves will have been gathered into the heavenly garner ere this blessed consummation of peace and joy shall bless the earth; and millions who fail to appreciate the light of the Gospel and the love of God, will be cut down by the scythe of time and driven away like chaff before the storm, while the patient toilers who are called to their reward will look down from the

celestial hills, and rejoice over the great work of eternal love which God has accomplished on earth.

I read your MAGAZINE with increasing interest, and rejoice in all that has been, and is being done, for those who toil upon the sea. Having been brought up within the sight and sound of the surf; having looked out daily upon the "deep blue sea;" having seen all manner of marine vessels, from the light shallop to the majestic line-of-battle ship; having been carried about 100,000 miles over the waters of our planet, and having seen scores of thousands of sailors, I have learned to appreciate them as an important and necessary factor in the human family, as to its commerce, its art, its discoveries, its civilization, its social life, and its progress in all material improvements. But transcendently above and beyond all these, I look upon him as my brother and companion over the seas and scenes of time, and as bound with me to an eternity of bliss, if true to his privileges, or of endless woe if he fail to reach the port of heaven.

We used to preach often to seamen in Hilo, first in our own dwellings, then in a little Bethel with a reading room and a small library, and on board ships of war. Several masters and officers, and numbers of sailors were, as we think, converted to God and reformed in their lives, and many ten thousands of pages of religious and useful reading matter were furnished to hundreds of ships, and scattered broadcast over seas and oceans. For years, Hilo had thirty to sixty whale ships in a season, and no efforts were spared to meet the sailors on the beach, in the streets, and restaurants, and to welcome masters, officers, and common sailors to our houses on all days of the week; and many masters and their wives have found welcome lodgings with us, and quite a troop of marine boys and girls have been born in our houses, and received the care and attention of missionary mothers for three, six and eight months together.

But great changes have come over the whaling fleet. The number of ships, as you well know, has been greatly reduced, and Hilo is no longer the recruiting port for many. Two to four ships a season, is all we now look for. But if seamen are fewer with us, landsmen are more numerous. We have an organized Foreign Church, with an active and efficient pastor, Rev. A. O. Forbes, and a very neat and convenient church edifice, with a well conducted Sabbath-school of forty to sixty pupils.

Foreigners of polyglottous tongues are coming in upon us, not so much into our town as into the agricultural districts, and sugar plantations are fast multiplying around us. Twelve cane fields are already waving their emerald leaves or glossy plumes in the district of Hilo, and mostly where once nothing but wild grasses and tropical jungle flourished, and some of the lands which once availed nothing to the owners now yield three, five, and even seven tons of sugar to the acre.

Lands that thirty years ago could be bought for twenty-five cents per acre are now worth ten, twenty, thirty, and in some cases fifty dollars per acre. Labor and provisions have risen proportionately, and a family that in 1835 could live comfortably on three hundred dollars now needs twelve to fifteen hundred.

Of course we are in another transition state, and things are unsettled. There is a wild rush for gold, and the world so fills the hearts of many that the vast and infinite interests of the soul seem almost forgotten.

But the hardest element we now have to contend with is the race of "The Celestial Empire," who are pouring in upon us by thousands. "John Chinaman's" cue and frock float and dangle over all our fields, and his form is found in shops and hovels, and in almost every nook and corner of the land; and his whole heart and soul are bent on the perishable. To reach his intellect and to move his heart, in the right direction, is now

the study and the labor of many, and it is a hard work,—much harder than the work of reaching and uplifting the heathen generation of 1820. How shall it be accomplished? The heathen on our soil may yet outnumber our Christian population. Perhaps about one hundred of our Chinamen profess Christianity, but most of them are ignorant and weak, and we have not a single missionary who understands their language and who can reach their hearts through their understanding. God's help is ready, but *man's* is wanting. O, that we could come to them as we can come to the English speaking sailor.

It has been my joy to see, as before said, several masters of ships with officers and sailors, give their hearts to the Lord and promise to engage in his blessed service. One captain with his first and second mates and half a dozen of his crew, arose after a sermon on "The love of God" and, with tears, all pledged themselves vocally to turn, *then and there*, to the Lord.

Another master, with his well educated clerk, vowed to be the Lord's, in my house, and both went down upon their knees, and poured out fervent prayer to God, and immediately commenced religious meetings on board their ship. Other masters who have visited Hilo left off at once whaling on the Lord's day and never indulged in it again. The son of a U. S. Senator, shipped when intoxicated, was brought sick and in distress to my house, where he, after long nursing, recovered and left us professedly converted to God, and pledged to total abstinence from all intoxicants.

A well read, but wild English physician, who shipped "before the mast" came twice into our port in rags, intending never to be recognized by a missionary as a Christian, received his death wound while in port, when he immediately sent for me, and in agony told me the story of his vain life; stated the day on which he would die, requested me to

bury him, and write to his father and brother, both clergymen, and to his mother and pious relatives. After kind and pressing advice, pointing him to "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," we united in prayer, when his agony of despair passed away, and a serene peace filled his soul and spread an ineffable glow over his countenance. On rising from my knees, he, still lying on his bed, grasped my hand, the tears flowing down his cheeks, and said, "Mr. Coan, it is *done*,—I *believe*;—all is well, I am *saved* by 'looking unto Jesus.' I am not afraid to die, I am happy, *very* happy, I shall die in peace. Write to my parents and friends that I die in the Lord." He departed on the day he foretold. On his simple monument was placed as an inscription, the lines by Henry Kirke White,—

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed," etc.

I wrote to his reverend father and received a most tender and touching reply, full of gratitude and sprinkled with tears.

The foregoing are a few of the many cases which have deeply interested me in my experiences among seamen.

I am greatly interested in your "Loan Library" efforts. It is a great and noble enterprise, and is, I think, wisely conducted. It is designed to secure the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of individuals, and by a plan the most economical and safe.

I believe that you have cast one small loaf of bread upon the waters for me, and I now beg you to put another afloat. This will be what our Hawaiians call *Waa Kaulua*, or double canoe, *i. e.*, two canoes lashed and working together.

I think, also, that our native Sunday School will, by and by, send you twenty dollars for you to sprinkle on "the waters," hoping that some hungry sailors may gather up these crumbs of the "Bread of Life."

With this I send you exchange for



twenty dollars through Castlebeake & Co., the 20,000 destitute ships are supplied.  
of Honolulu. With kindest regards to your associ-

It is cheering to know that you have ates in this good work,  
6,000 of these Libraries afloat, and I trust I remain, as ever, truly yours in the  
that you will soon reach 10,000, and then kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,  
advance in geometrical progression until  
TITUS COAN.

## The Sailor's Text.

### THE HAVEN.

"So he bringeth them unto their desired haven." Psa. 107: 30.

Safe—safe for ever! the voyage all ended—the windy storm and tempest escaped—the port of glory entered—the anchor cast on the heavenly shore; and the redeemed from the earth as safe as everlasting love and power and faithfulness can make them!

Among the other joys of these landed voyagers, will be *the joy of contrast*. The blessed angels cannot experience this joy, for they have never known what it was to buffet the storm of sin and temptation and trial. But the rest of the glorified will be all the sweeter, by reason of the troubles and tossings which have preceded it. It is said in one place "there shall be no more sea," Rev. 21: 1—in other words, no more trial or sin. Another chapter *does* speak of a sea in heaven. But it is undimplied by one wave. "*Before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal!*" Rev. 4: 6.

"Oh, happy, happy country where  
There entereth not a sin!  
And death, who keeps its portals fair,  
May never once come in.  
No grief can change their day to night,  
The darkness of that land is light!"

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At the opening of the year we furnish our usual summary statement of the Society's operations upon its foreign and domestic fields of labor. The year 1878 witnessed few changes in the corps of Christian workers who have long wrought in connection with us, at home and abroad, for the giving of the Gospel to seamen.

At *Bonne Esperance Harbor, on the Labrador coast*, on our own continent, the mission to residents and sailors which we have had the privilege of aiding through the Ladies' Missionary Society of Zion Church in Montreal, rejoices, at the opening of 1879, in the return to his much prized work,—of the Rev. S. R. BUTLER, who began labor there in 1875. Rev. Mr. Butler has had for helpers, for some time past, Miss Warriner and Miss Hampton, and the value of the Christian exertion put forth at this mission becomes more and more evident as time goes on.

In SCANDINAVIA, at *Helsingborg, in Sweden*, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, who began his service in 1871, is still visiting seamen, preaching to them on shipboard and on

shore, and in the neighboring ports, and seeking, as occasion serves, to evangelize and comfort their families. We hear, through him, moreover, of the continued blessing of God upon Mr. CHRISTIAN CARLSSON, at *Warberg and Wedige, in Sweden*,—Mr. C. having wrought for us since 1865. At *Stockholm, Sweden*, the same is true of Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, who commenced his work there, in 1845, and of Mr. E. ERIKSSON at *Gefle, in Sweden*, whose term of service began in 1851. All these faithful brethren are spared to hail the opening year,—and hail it with new measures of consecration to the cause for which they love to spend and to be spent. At *CHRISTIANIA in Norway*, Rev. S. SWENSON, appointed as our missionary, in 1877, still holds on his way and work. In *Denmark* our stations are at COPENHAGEN, at ODENSE, and on the ISLAND OF BORNHOLM,—and are occupied by Rev. ANDREAS WOLLESON, who has labored there since 1878,—Rev. F. L. RYMEER, who began his work in 1857, and Rev. P. E. RYDING, the beginning of whose service dates back to 1853. At all these three posts the results of their exertions for the year 1878 have been gratifying, especially at Copenhagen, where Mr. Wolleson and his devoted wife have been very successful in leading sailors to the Savior.

Mr. JAMES HITCHENS, commissioned during the year just closed, is now our missionary at *HAMBURG, in Germany*, and finds a continuous call for his Christian service among seamen on American vessels in that harbor.

At *ANTWERP, in Belgium*, work goes forward under our care and that of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society,—although Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS who was the chaplain, has, within the year, become the Secretary of the British Society, and has removed to London. At *HAVRE* and at *MARSEILLES, in France*, where we have occupied ground, in our work, since the years, 1832 and 1835, respectively,—Rev. HENRY ROGERS, who began in 1863, and Rev. D. S. GOVETT, in 1877, still continue their ministries.

Rev. DONALD MILLER, who founded the Harbor Mission at *GENOA, in Italy*, and has had our support since 1870,—with his faithful assistants, are heard from in the present MAGAZINE. They enter the new year with prospects of continued usefulness, which must continue to excite the profound gratitude of all who love to hear of the spread of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

At *Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands*, the seamen's cause in the opening new year of our second half century of effort on its behalf, still enlists for its furtherance the effective instrumentality of Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, who went out as chaplain, in 1842, and has come to be known and honored all over the globe. And Mr. W. T. AUSTEN continues to labor for sailors at *Yokohama, in Japan*, where he has been signally blessed of God, since his entry on our service, in 1874. Not enumerating colporteurs, readers, and other helpers, employed by brethren who have been named, at some of our stations, and who are supported wholly or in part from our treasury, this makes a total of fifteen chief laborers under the care of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in its foreign field.

We make report from some of these brethren, this month, as follows:—

### Sweden.

#### HELSINGBORG.

Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT says: "I feel very glad to have the privilege of scattering the living seed of the Word of God among sailors. I pray to the Lord that He may make me useful to those I meet with."

#### GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERIKSSON's last report gives account of labors at this harbor, and at Skutskar. "Sometimes," he says—"I have gathered many sailors to hear the word of life. One evening, on a Fin-landian bark, there were six captains and from sixty to seventy seamen together.

When my preaching was ended, they would not retire, although it was late at night. I had religious discourse with them, and many of the seamen were 'caught by the word.' The Captain of the vessel awakened to a knowledge of his sins, as I talked and prayed with him.

"During the quarter, I have preached 45 times, and held 25 prayer meetings, distributed 7,500 pages of tracts and visited on board 153 vessels.—These are very poor times in Sweden. Traders, manufacturers and workmen are in great distress. Let us entreat God that these difficulties may bring their souls to Him and that He may bless the mission work, as He did ten years ago."

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### Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

"One evening, lately," says Mr. WOLLESON, "we had more than sixty hearers at our service.—Mr. Marcussen, a Christian gentleman, has, at my request, lectured on the subject of Navigation to an audience that filled the house.—Some of the youth who are studying Navigation in the School for Education have now decided for Christ, and take a personal interest in our work.

"One ship's crew was duly prepared for the message of salvation. The vessel came from Valparaiso, S. A., but got shipwrecked, and came into this harbor. I was present when she landed, and found that the Captain was a Christian man. Several of the crew were under conviction of sin, and three have since been converted to Christ. One of the three, the child of many prayers, has left for home to tell what Jesus has done for him."

He speaks of the joy with which other shipwrecked crews who had been sent to Copenhagen found that our Society had provided such a place for sailors as is found in the Reading Room,—which is now located at No. 15 Holborsgade.

### France.

MARSEILLES.

From Rev. D. S. GOVETT's report, lately at hand, we quote as follows:

"We have not had so many English and American speaking sailors here for years, as during the past twelve months. Their number, from Michaelmas 1877–1878, was 9,879. The recorded attendance at the Reading Room has been 5,055, or 2,055 more than in the preceding year. Our Sunday evening services have been remarkably well observed. The number of men in the Hospitals have also been in proportion."

These have been faithfully visited, the bookshelves in the Protestant ward have been replenished, and the books have been very much used.

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### Italy.

GENOA.

The Missionary at this port continues his labors among American and English sailors with his usual zeal and activity, and though meeting with his full share of trials and discouragements, has much cause to thank God and take courage. During the last six months he has visited 1,293 ships, held 90 meetings, attended by 2,322 men, sold 36 Bibles and distributed 4,121 tracts, magazines, &c. In several of the recent entries of his journal, reference is made to the libraries put on board ships by this Society, officers and crew alike speaking of them with appreciation and gratitude.

The floating Bethel which has done good service in this port, since the mission to sailors was started, is becoming frail and insufficient, and will soon have to be replaced by a new and more commodious one. Rev. Mr. MILLER, who was the originator of the Mission, and who still aids and superintends its various agencies, will be thankful to receive donations from friends of the cause on this side the Atlantic, to enable him to

build a suitable vessel, which it is estimated would cost about \$5,000. Such donations may be sent to the Treasurer of this Society who will transmit them to Genoa.

The following extracts from the recent journal of Mr. J. P. Jones, the Harbor Missionary, selected from among many equally interesting, will be read with pleasure.

*Work on American Vessels.*

*1878. Sunday, 18th August.*—Returned from my morning round with only ten for the Bethel, but found as many waiting for me, with whom we had a pleasant meeting. In the evening the quarter-deck of the *Kepler* was prepared and beautifully decorated for our meeting, where I was a listener. We were addressed by three of a party of six Americans, brought by Mr. Miller. The first two were clergymen, the third a lady, who in a few feeling words spoke of the love of God, appealing with true womanly tact to the hearts of her hearers, telling them that much as their wives and mothers loved them, God loved them much more and had proved it, by giving his Son to die for them. Mr. Miller followed with a few pungent words, pointing out that as God had done His part, it was for us now to do ours, and accept His love. He closed with an earnest prayer to God to bless the words spoken to the souls of all present.

*Tidings from Loan Libraries.*

*Wednesday, 2nd October.*—Have been engaged the whole of this day visiting ships on the point of sailing, and others newly arrived, also a large American schooner just liberated from quarantine. The Captain welcomed me to his cabin with hearty kindness, showed me his library supplied by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and told me how much the books had been read during their long voyage and their stay in quarantine. The crew of colored men gladly received some tracts and little books. I had a very interesting meeting this evening in the cabin of the schooner *B*— of Greenock. We had the captain with part of the crews of two other ships, so that we had to stow sixteen in a place which to all appearance would only contain six.

*Christian Kindness at Calcutta.*

*Sunday, 6th October.*—The meeting this morning was to be on the deck of

the *S. S. B*— from Newfoundland, but it was fully occupied with Italians unpacking fish, so we had to go into the cabin which fortunately was a large one and already prepared. I was sorry that at our evening meeting, which was a very good one, on board the *S. S. T*— neither the captain nor chief officer were present, but the second and third officers did what they could to welcome and accommodate all. After the service I had some happy conversation with two earnest Christians, the boatswain and a sailor, who spoke much of the kindness they had received from Christians while lying at Calcutta.

*Help for the Afflicted.*

*Saturday 19th October.*—Spent some time in conversation with the captain of a Liverpool steamer who had recently lost his only son, who was a decided Christian. The poor father was in great sorrow and I tried to comfort him with the thought of the light that was in the window for him. He replied that his only wish was to live for Christ and join his boy in heaven. Visited the newly arrived Cunard Liner and was told that I may hold service on board to-morrow, if they are not working. A number of vessels continually coming in, I spent the rest of the day visiting them.

*Cheer, after Discouragement.*

*Sunday, 20th October.*—Sorry to find them hard at work discharging cargo on board the Cunard Liner so that a meeting there or even getting the men to the Bethel was impossible. After visiting fifteen ships, had but four men at my service, and the guide I had provided to conduct the men in the arsenal to church on shore, had only two. I felt terribly discouraged, but then I thought the work was not mine but the Lord's, and that I must leave it in his hands, being confident that He had a wise motive in disappointing me. In the evening matters were entirely different. On board the first ship I visited I found nineteen of the crew awaiting me, and had to hire a boat to pick up the crew of a London steamer. When passing the bows of the Cunarder, they called out to see if I were not coming for them, but I said that I had not thought of their coming after working all day. However, I was only too glad to send back the boat for them. We found the meeting already commenced by young Mr. Walker, who had brought a goodly number of men from the arsenal.

All the eighteen chaplains and missionaries, exclusive of helpers and colporteurs, who were carrying forward our work on the domestic field cultivated by the Society at the opening of 1878, are spared to carry forward the sowing of Gospel seed among sailors at their respective stations, at the opening of 1879. And nearly all of them will bear into the next twelvemonth, the consciousness of having just closed a year in which they have been manifestly blessed of God, in their evangelistic work. The recollection of frequent and precious testimony of this nature will be with Messrs. C. A. BORELLA, J. E. SPENCER, and D. C. SLATER, long in our service, in their labor at the Sailors' Home in New York, at the Atlantic Basin in BROOKLYN, and elsewhere in the two great cities.

At SYRACUSE, at ROCHESTER, and at BUFFALO, in the State of New York, on the line of the Erie Canal, Christian work for boatmen is still to be done by Dea. ISRAEL STARK, Rev. DAVID DICKEY and Rev. P. G. COOK, who have each labored in connection with our Society for several years. At BOSTON, Mass., the veteran Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT is on his twentieth year of work among sailors at the Chelsea Hospital, having commenced his labor in 1859.

The following Chaplains at their various posts of usefulness, in our service, are proved workers whose "garnered sheaves" among the sons of the sea attest that God has been with them. May He attend their efforts in the years that are to follow!

Rev. F. SOUTHWORTH.....	PORTLAND, Me.
" E. N. CRANE.....	NORFOLK, Va.
" J. W. CRAIG.....	WILMINGTON, N. C.
" W. B. YATES.....	CHARLESTON, S. C.
" RICHARD WEBB.....	SAVANNAH, Ga.
" W. A. CARTER.....	PENSACOLA, Fla.
" L. H. PEASE.....	NEW ORLEANS, La.
" H. P. YOUNG.....	GALVESTON, Texas.
" J. ROWELL.....	SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
" R. S. STUBBS.....	PORTLAND, Oregon.
" N. W. LANE.....	PUGET SOUND.

We hear of revival work among seamen, this month, and we make report from domestic stations, as follows:—

### Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard.

An unusual and very powerful work of grace seems to prevail at the Yard, in connection with the services at the Chapel on Cob Dock. On Sunday, Dec. 8th, not less than four hundred seamen were in attendance, and forty-five of them rose to ask the prayers of Christians for their souls welfare. Many written requests for prayer are received from the men, and presented at the meetings. The men have also held inquiry meetings among themselves, at first in the hold of the Receiving Ship at the Yard,—the *Colorado*,—but later, in better quarters on the vessel, which have been freely placed at their disposal, by Capt. GER-

HERDIE, its commander, a noble specimen of the Christian sailor.

### Pensacola, Fla.

"A new season," says Chaplain CARTER, "has opened before us, and with bright prospects of great usefulness. Lately, while attending the meeting of East Alabama Presbytery, I had a very interesting service on board a large English steamer, and I hope that good was done. I find that the SAILORS' MAGAZINES sent to me are very acceptable. You would feel gratified if you could see how the men crowd around me, in my visits (on shipboard and at the Hospital) to get them, and the papers which

I bring. I trust that some in Hospital have become changed men, that their sickness has done them good."

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### San Francisco, Cal.

Chaplain ROWELL writes:—"We are greatly in want of libraries (for ship-ment) here,—but we are quite unable to pay for them. We put them on board whalers, and other vessels which sail to and from this port,—not on ships which will not return here. Have you any to spare that might be sent to us (around the Horn, I suppose, to save expense—although I wish they were here, now)? I shall make up one out of my own library, to-day,—but I cannot do much, in this way, of course. I shall try to gather some second hand books, here." Any reader of the MAGAZINE wishing to provide these libraries, to be forwarded to the Chaplain, can do so by sending a special donation for the purpose, to our Rooms.

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### Portland, Oregon.

The labors of Chaplain STUBBS at and from this newly established and rapidly developing center for God's work with seamen, have lately been much blessed. A recent letter chronicles the dedication of a Bethel at old Tacoma, W. T. It is to be a church of "Sea and Land," and Dr. LANE, Rev. Mr. Stubbs' helper, expects to occupy it at least one Sabbath per month. There are strong probabilities that Tacoma will be the city of Puget Sound, within the next ten years, and that fleets of vessels will come to it for lumber and coal. It is also likely to form the Puget Sound headquarters of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The chaplain speaks with great gratitude of co-operation given to him, by Rev. Dr. GEO. H. ATKINSON.

In Portland, Bethel meetings, and services on shipboard have been attended with very manifest and precious spiritual

results. Thirty seamen took the total abstinence pledge in three weeks, and as many as twelve seemed hopefully converted to Christ, among them an aged sailor, long a British man-of-war's man. Capt. Black of the English ship *Shenir*, having just brought in his ship, from Sydney, N. S. W., had opened his vessel for nightly meetings. He is a ship-master who conducts regular service on his own vessel, and on its last voyage from Europe to Calcutta, fourteen sailors were led out of sin to Jesus Christ. All his men were signers of the temperance pledge,—and the work of God had, at last advices, begun to extend, from the *Shenir* to other vessels.

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### To our Life Directors and Life Members.

If you desire to receive the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for 1879, please notify us to that effect, with your proper address, early in the present year. It will be apparent, upon a very little reflection, that in no other way can any benevolent society keep the record of members to whom its periodicals should go, measurably free from the names of deceased persons, or preserve correct addresses for the living, upon its mail books. Hence this regulation, which we have adopted in common with other organizations.

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### Sabbath Evening Seamen-Service.

The *LIFE BOAT* in this number of the MAGAZINE is occupied with a programme for a service in the interest of seamen. Sabbath-schools very often call for something of the kind, and a warm friend of the cause, Mrs. MORSE of Taunton, Mass., has prepared what we think, may be very effectively rendered with such music and recitations as can be readily secured.

These programmes can be had upon application, at 80 Wall St., New York, at the rate of 40 cents per hundred, postage prepaid.

### Reorganization of the U. S. Army.

The Army and Navy Journal, New York, is prompt to recognize the importance to its constituency, of the bill to re-organize the Army, just reported by the Joint Committee of Congress. The bill is a document of 724 sections or 294 octavo pages, and to make room for it, the Journal issues a double number, thirty-two pages in all. Whether the bill pass or not, it is of great interest to Army men and their friends as a codification of existing Army laws, accompanied with propositions for change not less than revolutionary in their effect on the service. With the bill, the Journal gives a letter from General Sherman, giving his opinion of the proposed reorganization, also a review of the bill with comments on the different sections, and a list of officers it will throw out of the service on account of age, etc., etc.

### A Golden Wedding.

It has not been the fortune of many workers connected with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to celebrate an anniversary such as we mention in the heading of this brief article. But that was a very pleasant occasion, Dec. 9th, 1878, when, at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., such an unwonted experience came to Rev. EDMUND O. BATES, for many years the faithful and devoted helper at our Rooms, who has prepared our Loan Libraries for sailors, for shipment. Many testimonies of respect and esteem marked its celebration, among others a most handsome one from our Board of Trustees, as individuals.

### Our Fiftieth Annual Report.

This Report makes a handsome volume of two hundred pages, containing, with a full record of the work of the Society for 1877-8, etc., all the very valuable Semi-Centenary Papers read at our last anniversary. It is a compend of historical matter which will be of increasing value to the Seamen's cause.

### Three Months' Library Work.

By the detailed quarterly Report issued with this number of the MAGAZINE, our readers will see that we sent out in the months of September, October and November, 1878, fifty-six new Loan Libraries, and reshipped one hundred and twenty-six which had been previously issued, a total of one hundred and eighty-two.

### Shipwrecked Sailors Saving a Library.

We received, at our Rooms, from the Captain of the shipwrecked schooner *Lizzie Dakin*, on the 6th Dec., 1878, Loan Library No. 5,738, contributed by WILLIAM LIBBEY, Jr., of New York City, in 1876. It was carefully preserved when the vessel was wrecked, and returned to us, in good condition.

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports two hundred arrivals at the HOME, during the month of November, 1878. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$720, of which \$320 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$100 placed in the Savings Bank,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Eight men were shipped without advance during the month, and four were sent to the Hospital.

### Position of the Principal Planets for January, 1879.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is stationary among the stars in Serpentarius about noon on the 5th; is at its greatest elongation on the afternoon of the 16th, at about 1 o'clock, being then 24° 8' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the

19th, when it rises at 5h. 53m., and south of east 30° 11'. About this period of the month it is most favorably situated for observation; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 20th at 8h. 27m., being 3° 16' north.

Venus is an evening star, setting on the 1st, at 5h. 5m., and south of west 81° 24'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 23rd, at 7h. 48m., being 2° 36' south; is in conjunction with Jupiter on the evening of the 23rd, at 10h. 7m., being 47' south.

Mars is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 4h. 50m., and south of east 28° 25'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 10th, at 1h. 12m., being 3° 41' north.

Jupiter is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 7h. 3m., and south of west 24° 23'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd, at 9 o'clock, being 1° 51' south.

Saturn is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 10h. 57m., and south of west 4° 18'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 27th, at 1h. 35m., being 7° 18' south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters in November, 1878.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month was 62, of which 26 were wrecked, 12 abandoned, 4 sunk by collision, 1 capsized, 7 foundered, and 12 are missing. The list comprises 3 steamers, 2 ships, 9 barks, 9 brigs and 39 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,378,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *sc* sunk by collision, *c* capsized, *f* foundered and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

John Bramall, *w.* from New Haven for Constantinople.  
Pommerania, *a. c.* from N. York for Hamburg.  
Hermann Ludwig, *m.* from New York for Antwerp.

### SHIPS.

John Barbour, *w.* from Philadelphia for Hamburg.  
Lockout, *w.* from Shanghai for Pt. Townsend.

### BARKS.

Gazelle, *w.* (at St. Kitts).  
Antelope, *m.* from New York for Demarara.  
Virgin de las Nieves, *a.* from Havana for New York.  
Annetta, *a.* from Stockholm for Philadelphia.  
Massimo d'Azeglio, *a.* from Bristol for New York.  
Vicking, *f.* from Philadelphia for Rouen.  
Peter Anker, *f.* from New York for Queens-town.  
Hoppet, *a.* from Bull River for London.  
Ambrosia, *a.* from Philadelphia for Bremen.

### BRIGS.

Alexis, *m.* from Barbadoes for Morant Cay, Ja.  
San Carlos, *s. c.* from Glasgow for Demerara.  
Guglielmo Tomasino, *a.* from New York for Beyrout.  
Winfield, *w.* from Havana for Boston.  
Francis, *f.* from Mandal for Wilmington, N. C.  
Echo, *m.* from Baltimore for Demerara.  
Fix, *a.* from New York for Valencia.  
W. H. Tucker, *a.* from Bull River for Belfast.  
Fram, *w.* from Stockholm for Boston.

### SCHOONERS.

Chas. Shearer, *m.* (sailing vessel).  
Lizzie Titus, *w.* (at Jacmel).  
Midnight, *w.* from Wiscasset.  
Almeda, *w.* (at Northport, Me.)  
Hattie G. Dow, *f.* from Bull River for Wood's Hole.  
Julio & Victoria, *a.* from New Bedford for Cape Verdes.  
Bright Star, *w.* from Manzanilla for New York.  
Annie Leland, *m.* from New York for Bangor.  
Four Brothers, *w.* from P. E. Island for Boston.  
Chas. Allstrum, *w.* from Round Pond, Me. for St. Mary's Bay.  
John Snow, *m.* from Shulee, N. S. for New York.  
Jos. P. Cake, *f.* from Orient, L. I. for Baltimore.  
Gazelle, *w.* for Sayville.  
Adelaide, *w.* for Middletown.  
Annie Freeman, *m.* from Boothbay for Baracoa.  
Albert Thomas, *m.* from Baltimore for Savannah.  
Helen Miranda, *f.* from Fairhaven for Philadelphia.  
Geo. E. Thatcher, *a.* from Boston for Elmina.  
Flying Fish, *a.* (whaler).  
Tracy Jane, *w.* from Charlottetown for New York.  
Thos. Roy, *w.* from Halifax for Baltimore.  
Ocean Pearl, *m.* from Porto Bello for Baltimore.  
Ann E. Glover, *m.* from Georgetown, S. C. for Martinique.  
Mary A. Holt, *a.* from Cedar Keys for New York.  
Hazleton, *f.* from Philadelphia for Cambridgeport.  
Caroline Knight, *w.* (at Rye Beach, N. H.)  
Wm. H. Hopkins, *w.* from Georgetown, D. C. for Providence.  
Wm. Hill, *w.* from Boston for Rockport, Me.  
Riversdale, *s. c.* (fisherman).  
Laura Pike, *c.* (on Humboldt Bar).  
Henry Croskey, *w.* from Hoboken for Boston.  
Defiance, *s. c.* from Curtis Creek for Annapolis, Md.  
S. L. Burns, *m.* from St. Thomas for Aquin.  
Ida B. Silsbee, *w.* from Haverstraw for Patchogue.  
Chas. Sawyer, from Rio Centos for Pernambuco.  
Wm. Carroll, *w.* from Bangor for Salisbury.  
Annie B. *w.* from Charlottetown for New York.  
Charlie Cobb, *w.* from Rockland for Providence.



Frank Wilson, w. from Yarmouth, N. S. for Boston.

In addition to the above, there are a number of vessels overdue at European ports from the United States, which have not yet been given up as lost, although grave fears are entertained for their safety.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

OCTOBER, 1878.

*Sailing Vessels*:—47 English, 24 American, 13 Norwegian, 12 French, 8 German, 5 Dutch, 5 Italian, 3 Danish, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 2 Russian, 2 Swedish, 1 Mexican, 1 Nicaraguan, 1 Portuguese, 8 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 186. In this number are included 6 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—9 English, 1 American, 1 Belgian, 1 French, 1 Dutch, 1 Italian, 1 Russian, total: 15. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for November, 1878.

### MAINE.

Bangor, Hammond St. Cong. church. \$25 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

North Hampton, Cong. church..... 11 83  
New Ipswich, Children's Fair..... 1 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Union ch. and S. S..... 5 14  
Amesbury, Cong. church S. S..... 7 62  
Andover, Phillips Book Fund by Trustees of Phillips Academy, per E. Taylor, Jr., for libraries..... 50 00  
Campello, Cong. church..... 21 49  
Fitchburg, Cong. church, of wh. to const. Thos. R. B. Dole, L. M..... 83 00  
Greenfield, Rev. W. Newell..... 1 00  
Harvard, Cong. church..... 18 75  
Haverhill, Central ch. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00  
Holbrook, bequest of E. N. N., for lib'y E. H. H., for library..... 40 00  
Leominster, Cong. church and Soc'y..... 20 00  
Lynnfield, Centre Cong. ch. S. S..... 3 72  
North Leominster, Cong. church..... 8 91  
Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Society, for library..... 20 00  
Bethel Soc'y, to const. Rev. Wm. P. Ray, and Rev. Geo. L. Stoddard, L. M's, each, \$30..... 60 00  
Newton, Elliot church..... 33 00  
Pepperell, Cong. church..... 24 87  
South Franklin, Cong. church..... 10 00  
Springfield, Memorial church..... 12 25  
Sudbury, Union church..... 9 50  
Townsend, Cong. church..... 9 60  
Warren Centre, Cong. ch. S. S., for library..... 20 00  
Westford, Union church and Soc'y... 5 00  
Westboro, Cong. church..... 53 55

### RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, M. D. Wolf and M. D. Wolf Rogers, for libraries..... 40 00  
Central Falls, Cong. ch. and Soc'y... 46 85

### CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, Cong. church..... 24 83  
A Friend..... 25 00  
Derby, 1st Cong. church..... 14 75  
Ellington, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y... 20 00  
Guilford, 1st Cong. church..... 6 00  
Groton, S. S. Cong. ch., for library... 16 80  
Middlebury, Cong. ch. and S. S., for lib. 20 00

New Britain, Centre church..... 44 15  
New Haven, Howard Ave. Cong. ch.. 15 00  
North Haven, Cong. church, add'l.... 60  
Stamford, 1st Cong. church..... 29 29  
West Hartford, Miss Sarah W. Boswell, for library..... 20 00

### NEW YORK.

Attica, Pres. church..... 13 50  
Bap. church..... 1 88  
M. E. church..... 1 13  
German church..... 2 36  
Brooklyn, Central Cong. church..... 56 78  
Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. church S. S..... 10 00  
Corfu, S. S. Pres. ch., for library..... 20 00  
Farmers' Village..... 4 25  
Havana, M. E. church..... 4 25  
Bap. church..... 3 41  
Pres. church..... 2 95

### New York City, legacy of James

Brown..... 5,000 00  
William Astor..... 100 00  
H. T. M..... 50 00  
Stewart Brown..... 50 00  
Robert Carter & Bros..... 50 00  
Horace Gray..... 50 00  
Valentine G. Hall..... 30 00  
Stamford M'fg Co..... 25 00  
Harding, Colby & Co..... 25 00  
Wm. F. Cary..... 25 00  
Arthur W. Benson..... 25 00  
Benedict, Taft & Benedict..... 25 00  
C. A. Hedges..... 20 00  
John E. Parsons..... 20 00  
J. Everts Tracy..... 15 00  
Joseph H. Choate..... 10 00  
H. and B..... 10 00  
J. M. Fiske..... 10 00  
C. C. Waite..... 10 00  
Wm. N. Blakeman, M. D..... 10 00  
William Borden..... 10 00  
B. W. Merriam..... 10 00  
Frederick F. Thompson..... 10 00  
J. W. Dominick..... 5 00  
Wm. C. Martin..... 5 00  
Harvey B. Spelman..... 5 00  
Capt. Wm. Card, bark *Flashlight*... 2 00  
Mrs. E. S. Smith..... 50  
Niagara Falls, Albert Porter, for lib'y 20 00  
Owego, W. D. P..... 20 00  
Poughkeepsie, 2nd Ref. church..... 31 51  
Rochester, 1st Bap. church..... 14 00  
Rome, Bap. church..... 9 00  
Welch Meth. church..... 2 70  
Syracuse, Unitarian church..... 13 00  
Wesleyan Meth. church..... 1 75  
Suspension Bridge, Ch. of the Disciples..... 2 04  
German Lutheran church..... 2 07  
Church of the Epiphany..... 3 50  
Smithtown, Pres. church..... 9 00  
Trumansburg, M. E. church..... 4 12  
Bap. church..... 9 00  
Yonkers, 1st Pres. church..... 36 52

### NEW JERSEY.

Freehold, A. C. Hart..... 1 00  
Princeton, Mrs. S. O. Allen, for lib'y, in memory of her late husband Richard L. Allen, Esq., of N. Y.... 20 00  
Trenton, Friends, to const. Francis Hall Pearne, L. M..... 20 00

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, M. E. Mariner's Bethel, for library..... 20 00  
Salem M. E. church, to const. Rev. Joseph Welch, L. M..... 20 00  
Miss Clara J. Pearne..... 10 00

### SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Hilo, Rev. Titus Coan, D. D., for lib'y 20 00

\$4,948 87




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. III: 1.

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## A Sabbath Evening Seamen-Service.

ARRANGED BY MRS. E. L. MORSE.

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- 1.—VOLUNTARY OR SINGING BY THE CHOIR.
  - 2.—SCRIPTURE READING, Ps. 104: 24-27. 148. Isa. 60:1-5. Mark 4: 35-41.
  - 3.—RESPONSE BY CHOIR,—“PEACE BE STILL.”
  - 4.—PRAYER.
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### PART ONE—THE SEA AND ITS SONS.

- 5.—SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES, READ RESPONSIVELY.

“The sea is his, and he made it.

“The gathering together of the waters called he Seas; and God saw that it was good.

“And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

“Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

“Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep.

- 6.—SINGING HYMN, C. M.

O LORD! be thou with those who sail  
Upon the lonely deep,

Their guard, when on the silent deck  
The midnight watch they keep.

They need not fear, though all around  
Mid rising winds they hear  
The multitude of waters surge,  
For thou O God! art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
That pass from land to land  
All, all are thine, are held within  
The hollow of thine hand.

To thee, the Father, thee, the Son,  
Whom earth and sky adore,  
And Spirit, moving o'er the deep  
Be praise for evermore.

NELSON, *alt.*

## 7.—READING.

THE NIGHT is calm and cloudless,  
And still as still can be,  
And the stars come forth to listen  
To the music of the sea.

They gather, and gather, and gather,  
Until they crowd the sky,  
And listen, in breathless silence,  
To the solemn litany.

And sadly and unceasing  
The mournful voice sings on,  
And the snow-white choirs still answer,  
'Christe eleison!'

It begins in rocky caverns,  
As a voice that chants alone  
To the pedals of the organ  
In monotonous undertone;

And anon from shelving beaches  
And shallow sands beyond,  
In snow-white robes uprising,  
The ghostly choirs respond.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O SOLITARY, shining sea,  
That ripples in the sun,  
O gray, and melancholy sea,  
O'er which the shadows run;  
  
O ever solitary sea,  
Of which we all have found  
Somewhat to dream or say, the type  
Of things without a bound;

Love, long as life, and strong as death,  
Faith, humble and sublime,  
Eternity, whose large depths hold  
The wrecks of this small Time:

Unchanging, everlasting sea!  
To spirits soothed and calm  
Thy restless moan of other year  
Becomes an endless psalm.

MRS. CRAIK.

## PART TWO—TREASURES OF THE SEA.

## 8.—SINGING HYMN, 8s &amp; 7s.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know  
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow  
And canst feel a sailor's woe.  
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,  
Though the night be dark and drear,  
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,  
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

And though loud the wind is howling,  
Fierce though flash the lightnings red;  
Darkly though the storm-cloud's scowling  
O'er the sailors' anxious head;  
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,  
All its noise and tumult still,  
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,  
At the bidding of Thy will.

G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

## 9.—READING.

WHERE are the hapless shipmen?—disappeared,  
Gone down, where witness none, save night hath been.  
Ye deep, deep-waves, of kneeling mothers feared,  
What dismal tales know ye of things unseen!  
Tales that ye tell your whispering selves between  
The while in crowds to the flood tide ye pour;  
And this it is that gives you, as I ween,  
Those mournful voices, mournful evermore,  
When ye come in at eve to us that dwell on shore.

SPEAK, speak, O treacherous sea!  
Speak for the speechless dead,  
Who dying, left their voices with thee,  
To tell us what then they said.

Give, give, O covetous sea!  
Give from your coral chests  
The gems, and gold that were wrung by thee  
From maidens' and strong mens' breasts.

"List, list," saith the mournful sea,  
Back to the questioning shore,  
"The dying words committed to me  
Are secrets for ever more."

"Wait, wait!" saith the answering deep,  
Back to the chiding shore;  
"The patiently waiting shall find that I keep  
Safe guard of their precious store;"

"Sighs, groans, and mocking moans,  
Voices that haunt the deep,  
Are only the storm-tossed, shadowy tones  
Of souls that cannot sleep."

"Gems, jewels, and shining gold,  
Treasures entrusted to me,  
I'll keep till He who gave me to hold  
Shall ask them back," saith the sea!

EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

## PART THREE—PERILS OF THE SEA.

## 10.—WHAT ARE THE PERILS OF THE SEA?

Ps. 77: 16-19. 107: 21-32. Jonah 2: 3, 5. Jer. 49: 23. Matt. 8: 23-25.

## 11.—SINGING HYMN, 12S.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,  
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,  
 We fly to our Maker,—Help, Lord, or we perish!

O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,  
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
 Who cries, in his danger, Help, Lord, or we perish!

And, O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
 When hell in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,  
 Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;  
 Rebuke the destroyer,—Help, Lord, or we perish!—BISHOP HEBER.

## 12.—RECITATION.

THE SABBATH day was ending, in a village by the sea  
 The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,  
 As they rose to face the sunset in the glowing lighted west,  
 And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.  
 But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there:—  
 A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air,—  
 And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thunder'd, groaned and boomed,  
 And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,  
 Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,  
 When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore  
 Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.  
 With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,  
 And she saw along the billows a great vessel fall and rise.  
 O! it did not need a prophet to tell what end must be,  
 For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.  
 O! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!  
 Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,  
 And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.  
 "She has parted in the middle! O! the half of her goes down!  
 God of mercy! Is thy heaven far to seek for those who drown?"  
 Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,  
 Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed by the wave,  
 And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save:  
 "Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"  
 'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.  
 Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah! no!  
 There was but one thing he could utter in that awful hour of woe:  
 So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"  
 And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. "He is singing! '*Jesus, lover of my soul*;' " \*  
 And the wind brought back the echo, "*While the nearer waters roll*;"  
 Strange indeed, it was to hear him, "*Till the storm of life is past*;"  
 Singing bravely from the waters, "*O, receive my soul at last*."  
 He could have no other refuge! "*Hangs my helpless soul on thee*;  
*Leave, O, leave me not—*" The singer dropped at last into the sea,  
 And the watchers, looking thro' their eyes with tears made dim,  
 Said,—"*He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn.*"

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

\* From a concealed voice.

## 13.—SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

- "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his STAR in the east and are come to worship him.  
 "I am the root and offspring of David and the bright and morning star.  
 "And I will give him the morning star.  
 "Whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts.  
 "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

## 14.—SINGING HYMN, 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

STAR of peace, to wanderers weary,  
 Bright the beams that smile on me;  
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,  
 Far, far at sea.

Star of hope, gleam on the billow,  
 Bless the soul that sighs for Thee;  
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,  
 Far, far at sea.

Star of faith,—when winds are mocking  
 All his toil, he flies to Thee;  
 Save him, on the billows rocking,  
 Far, far at sea.

Star divine! O safely guide him,  
 Bring the wanderer home to Thee;  
 Sore temptations long have tried him,  
 Far, far at sea.

MRS. SIMPSON.

## 15.—ADDRESS.

## 16.—RECITATION.

GIVE! as the morning that flows out of heaven;  
 Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;  
 Give! as the free air and sunshine is given;  
 Lavishing, utterly, joyfully, give—  
 Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,  
 Not the faint sparks of thy hearth overglowing  
 Not a pale bud from the June rose blowing;  
 Give! as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.  
 Almost the day of thy giving is over;  
 Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,  
 Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover!  
 What shall thy longing avail in the grave?  
 Give! as the hand gives whose fetters are breaking,  
 Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking;  
 Soon heaven's river thy soul-fevered slaking,  
 Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

ROSE TERRY COOK.

## HOW TO SEND A LIBRARY TO SEA.

Enclose TWENTY DOLLARS, in Check, or Post Office Money Order, to

**TREASURER AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,**  
 80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

## 17.—COLLECTION.

## 18.—CLOSING HYMN, L. M.

While o'er the deep thy servants sail,  
 Send thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;  
 And on their hearts wherever they go,  
 Oh! let thy heavenly breezes blow!

If life's wide ocean smile or roar,  
 Still guide them to the heavenly shore;  
 And grant their death in Christ may sleep,  
 Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

BURGESS.

## 19.—BENEDICTION.

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

## QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT

FOR SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1878.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the Society at 80 Wall St., New York, and at the Congregational House, Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to May 1st, 1878, was 6,252; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 5,175. The number of volumes in these libraries was 322,644, and they were accessible to 245,939 men. Eight hundred and eighty-six libraries, with 31,896 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals,—and were accessible to 100,548 men.*

### SEPTEMBER.

During September, 1878, fifty-seven loan libraries, eighteen new and thirty-nine refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,488 to 6,503, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,127, 5,128, and 5,133, at Boston. The following record of assignments for the month includes seven new libraries previously sent out, and hitherto reported by number only, in the LIFE BOAT.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6258..	Charles E. Nott, Bristol, Conn .....	Bark Reviewer.....	Queenstown.....	12
6263..	H. B. Rogers, New Canaan, Conn., being Harry Hoyt Rogers Men'l Lib'y.....	" Enigma.....	London.....	15
6270..	Rev. David Dickey, Rochester, N. Y., being Minerva W. Dickey Men'l Lib'y No. 3 .....	" Nehemiah Gibson..	Adelaide.....	14
6272..	M. E. church, Everettstown, N. J. ....	Ship Ternagara.....	Liverpool.....	23
6273..	1st M. E. church, Greenpoint, L. I. ....	Schr. Ridgewood.....	Georgetown.....	8
6342..	Tabernacle M. E. ch., Greenpoint, L. I. ....	Bark Panola.....	Cape Town.....	10
6343..	S. S. M. E. church, Atlanticville, N. J. ..	" Edwin.....	Cork.....	12
5127..	S. S. Cong. ch., Conway, Mass.....	Bark Nonpareil.....	Africa.....	15
5128..	A Friend .....	Ship Eclipse.....	Calcutta .....	25
5133..	A Friend .....	Bark Black Swan.....	Africa.....	7
6480..	N. Y. Epis. ch., Seamen's Miss'n, New York City.....	Schr. Spring Bird.....	Trinidad.....	13
6490..	" .....	" City of Nassau.....	Nassau.....	8

### *The thirty-nine libraries refitted and reshipped were :*

322..	S. S., Castleton, Vt.....	Brig Maggie Glynn.....	West Indies.....	7
1889..	S. S. High St. Cong. ch., Providence, R. I. ....	Schr. Dexter Clark.....	St. Lucie.....	7
1930..	S. S. M. E. church, Jamaica, L. I. ....	Brig Joanna.....	Gibraltar.....	9
2437..	J. R. Williamson, New Brunswick, N. J. ....	Schr. White Swan.....	West Indies.....	6
2681..	S. S. Cong. church, Wellfleet, Mass.....	Brig E. H. Williams.....	Cienfuegos.....	9
2767..	Elizabeth Rogers, Lowell, Mass.....	Schr. Magnet.....	Windsor.....	6
3637..	S. S. Infant class, 2nd Pres. ch., Newark, N. J. ....	Bark J. B. Newcomb.....	Marseilles.....	15
3947..	S. S. Wasonville Miss'n, Cleveland, O. ....	Brig George S. Berry.....	Constantinople .....	9
4091..	Boston Seamen's Friend Soc'y.....	Schr. H. W. Foster.....	Key West.....	8
4204..	Miss Isabella Johnson, New York City.....	" Annie Bell.....	Barbadoes.....	8
3519..	J. R. Hill, New York City.....	Brig Emily.....	Honduras.....	6
3536..	S. S. Pres. church, Livonia, N. Y. ....	Schr. Arctic.....	Eastport.....	15
3638..	S. S. Cong. ch., Mystic Bridge, Conn.....	Bark Capri.....	Calais.....	15
3770..	Dea. I. N. Nason, Augusta, Me.....	Ship Kingsport.....	Ha've.....	22
3840..	Mrs. F. P. Gilbert, New Haven, Conn.....	Brig Dart.....	Oporto.....	10
4300..	S. S. Cong. church, Haddam, Conn.....	Schr. Vineyard.....	West Indies.....	7
4320..	S. S. Wethersfield Ave. Cong. ch., Hartford, Conn.....	Brig F. H. Jennings.....	Havana.....	9
4393..	Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y, South St. Pres. ch., Morristown, N. J. ....	" Sullivan.....	Trinidad.....	9
4395..	G. N. Spall's S. S. class, Stratford, Conn.....	Bark Veteran.....	Galveston.....	12
4459..	Dr. C. L. Ives, New Haven, Conn.....	Schr. Marcia Briggs.....	Bahia.....	10
4506..	M. H. Swift, Marion, Mass.....	" Sarah Clark.....	Jacksonville.....	7

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

No. of Library.	By whom furnished,	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
4638..	Miss Emily Rich's S. S. class, Wakefield, Mass.	" Leona.	Corpus Christi.....	8
4706..	Dea. Charles Webster, Berlin, Conn....	Brig Mary T. Kimball...	Oporto.....	9
4733..	S. S. Hammond St. Cong. ch., Bangor, Me.	Schr. Clara Post.....	Coasting.....	6
4783..	Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, Milford, Conn....	" Julia E. Willetts..	Jacksonville.....	6
4806..	T. J. Skinner's S. S. class, Wakefield, Mass.	Brig Ordorillo.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	9
4990..	Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, New York City	Bark Hawthorne.....	Hayre.....	12
5069..	The Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland..	" Aberdeen.....	Wellington.....	14
5304..	Mrs. P. A. Howell and family, Newark, N. J.	Schr. E. J. Palmer.....	Tampico.....	7
5633..	John Hobbie, Cazenovia, N. Y.	Brig F. Henderson.....	Havana.....	8
5651..	Bethel S. S. 2nd Ref. ch., Jersey City, N. J.	" H. T. Wing.....	Smyrna.....	9
5787..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Bark Levanter.....	Gibraltar.....	14
5806..	Reynolds Bros., Norfolk, Va.	Schr. Anna A. Booth...	Key West.....	8
5864..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	Bark Henry Knight.....	Gibraltar.....	10
5974..	Miss Mary A. Strong, New York City..	Brig Waubun.....	Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope.....	13
6011..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Schr. Sam'l McMannery.	Coasting.....	7
6075..	S. S. Un. Pres. ch., Newburg, N. Y., being the <i>Helen Lefferts Prims' Mem'l Lib.</i> No. 1.	Brig Havilah.....	Gibraltar.....	10
6116..	S. S. Cong. ch., Groton, Conn.....	" Sarah E. Kennedy.	Gibraltar.....	10
6118..	Miss S. W. Boswell, West Hartford, Conn.	" L. Staples.....	Cadiz.....	13

**OCTOBER.**

During October, 1878, seventy loan libraries, twenty-three new and forty-seven refitted were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,503 to 6,521, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,129, 5,130, 5,131 and 5,134, at Boston. The following record of assignments for the month includes seven new libraries previously sent out, and hitherto reported by number only, in the LIFE BOAT.

6343.	S. S. Bap. church, Leroy, N. Y.....	Ship Robert Dixon.....	San Francisco.....	21
6346.	S. S. Cong. church, Blanford, Mass....	Steamer Alhambra.....	Halifax.....	24
6347.	W. A. Spencer, Hartford, Conn.....	Bark Anna Reed.....	Zanzibar.....	12
6348.	Samuel Morehouse, Fairfield, Conn.....	Ship Jabez Howe.....	San Francisco.....	27
6349.	S. S. Cong. church, Fairfield, Conn.....	" Pharos.....	San Francisco.....	30
6351.	Mrs. Henry Curtis, Fairfield, Conn., for the Henry Curtis Phelps Library.....	Bark Excelsior.....	Buenos Ayres.....	15
6489.	Mrs. Mary G. Satterlee, Rye, N. Y., for the Saltonstall Library.....	Ship Templar.....	San Francisco.....	22
5129.	S. S. Cong. church, Rocky Hill, Conn....	Ship I. A. Briggs.....	Bremen.....	32
5130.	Capt. and crew of ship Game Cock.....	Bark Schamyl.....	Australia.....	12
5131.	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	U. S. S. Richmond.....	Cruising.....	28
5134.	S. S. Cong. church, Warren, Mass.....	Bark Rambler.....	San Francisco.....	20
6503.	American Seamen's Friend Society.....	" Atlantic.....	Barbadoes.....	11
6504.	" " " " " ".....	" Charles R. Lewis..	Valparaiso.....	14
6505.	" " " " " ".....	U. S. Rev. Ship George S. Blake.....	St. Thomas, W. I..	55
6506.	" " " " " ".....	Ship H. L. Richardson...	Callao, S. A.....	28
6507.	" " " " " ".....	" Carrollton.....	San Francisco.....	24
6508.	" " " " " ".....	Bark James A. Borland.	Dunedin and Littleton, Australia....	14
6509.	" " " " " ".....	At Norfolk, Va., on bark Blanche, of Pictou, N. S	Liverpool.....	18
6510.	" " " " " ".....	At Norfolk, Va., for shipment by A. S. F. S.		
6511.	" " " " " ".....	Chaplain.....		
6512.	" " " " " ".....			
6513.	" " " " " ".....	Ship St. Stephen.....	San Francisco.....	30
6514.	" " " " " ".....	Bark Northern Queen...	Haïve.....	15
6515.	" " " " " ".....	Ship St. Joseph.....	Melbourne.....	25
6516.	" " " " " ".....	" Jeremiah Thompson.....	Japan.....	28
6517.	" " " " " ".....	Bark Freeman.....	Shanghai.....	18
6518.	" " " " " ".....	Ship Alfred D. Snow.....	San Francisco.....	33
6590.	" " " " " ".....	" Annie H. Smith.....	San Francisco.....	30
6591.	" " " " " ".....	" Humboldt.....	Shanghai.....	25

# QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

## *The forty-seven libraries refitted and reshipped were :*

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
1445..	S. S. Cong. church, Groton, Conn.....	Schr. Rowena Arabel....	Porto Platte.....	7
1926..	Infant class S. S. M. E. ch., Birming- ham, Conn.....	" Kensett.....	Trinidad.....	9
1992..	S. S. Broadway Cong. church, Norwich, Conn.....	" Ada F. Whitney....	Demerara.....	8
3099..	Boston Seamen's Friend Society.....	Brig Mary Bartlett....	Cienfuegos.....	10
3916..	A. F. Hazen, New York City.....	Schr. Anna W. Barker..	Santos, S. A.....	9
4306..	S. S. Cong. ch., Auburn, Mass.....	Brig Genoa.....	Havre.....	10
4355..	S. S. Old South ch. Andover, Mass.....	Schr. Virginia Ruland..	Para.....	9
4399..	Charles H. Barrows, Cambridge, Mass.	" Frank Leaming....	Savannah, Ga.....	7
4418..	2nd Cong. church, Palmer, Mass.....	Bark Yamoyden.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	12
4454..	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Newburg, N. Y..	Ship Storm King.....	Bombay.....	20
4549..	John S. Mitchell, Tarrytown, N. Y.....	Schr. Van Buren.....	Boston.....	6
4622..	Cong. church, East Taunton, Mass.....	" J. J. Harris.....	Hayti.....	6
4653..	S. S. Cong. church, Watertown, Mass.....	Bark Monsita.....	Punta Arenas.....	12
4656..	Louis Perkins, Salem, Mass.....	Brig Minnie Abel.....	Montevideo.....	10
4660..	Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass.....	Bark J. C. Williams.....	Havre.....	13
4654..	Dea. Hobart's S. S. class, North Am- herst, Mass.....	Schr. Raymond De Aqu- ria.....	West Indies.....	8
4677..	Mrs. J. C. Wing, Lowell, Mass.....	Brig Eugene Hale.....	New Orleans.....	10
4714..	Miss E. A. Lyon, Tarrytown, N. Y.....	Schr. Isabella Alberto..	Key West.....	7
4923..	E. N. H., Yearly Bequest, Holbrook, Mass.....	Bark Kioto.....	".....	8
4999..	J. K. Chase, Lowell, Mass.....	Brig Julia E. Askell....	West Indies.....	10
4998..	Jacob Rogers, Lowell, Mass.....	Bark Mendota.....	Antigua.....	10
4992..	S. S. Pres. church, Sag Harbor, L. I.....	" Hancock.....	Pernambuco.....	10
5230..	Carroll Park M. E. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Schr. Tho's P. Ball.....	Buenos Ayres.....	8
5256..	Mrs. O'Sullivan, Pittsfield, Mass.....	Brig Eva N. Johnson....	St. Thomas.....	8
5318..	Young People's Christian Union, 2nd Pres. church, Troy, N. Y.....	Schr. Cummings.....	West Indies.....	7
5306..	S. S. Cong. ch., Greenville, Conn.....	Brig Sallista.....	Malaga.....	9
5549..	Bap. church, Madison, N. Y.....	" Eliza Stevens.....	Cadiz.....	9
5598..	Miss M. W. Backus' S. S. class, 1st Pres. church, Schenectady, N. Y.....	Ship Theodore H. Rand..	Antwerp.....	25
5656..	S. S. Bap. ch., Sandy Creek, N. Y.....	At Norfolk, Va. for re- shipment.....	".....	"
5719..	"Pusa," Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Solus.....	Liverpool.....	10
5741..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	Schr. Annie McAdam....	Porto Rico.....	8
5772..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Winsted, Conn.....	" John Johnson.....	Coasting.....	"
5824..	S. S. Cong. church, Plantville, Conn.....	Bark Salacia.....	Rouen.....	16
5850..	Mrs. P. A. Howell, Newark, N. J.....	Brig Wapiti.....	Halifax.....	8
5861..	"Pusa," Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Schr. John.....	Galveston.....	8
5906..	Mrs. W. C. Sterling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	Brig Teneriffe.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
5963..	F. F. Thompson, New York City.....	Bark Sappho.....	London.....	12
5991..	Missy Soc'y South St. Pres. ch., Morris- town, N. J.....	" Albert.....	Wellington.....	10
6023..	Rev. Titus Coan, Hilo, S. I.....	" Matilda Hilyard....	Bordeaux.....	12
6026..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Winsted, Conn.....	" Carrie E. Long.....	Marseilles.....	11
6060..	C. C. Lyman, Hartford, Conn.....	Brig Clara J. Adams....	St. Jago.....	8
6093..	A. D. Vorce and family, Farmington, Conn.....	" Sarah Gilmore.....	Matanzas.....	8
6136..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Bark Lillie Grace.....	Valparaiso.....	14
6138..	Young People's Christian Union, 1st Pres. church, Troy, N. Y.....	" Corea.....	Sydney.....	13
6182..	Mary E. Horton, Wellesley, Mass.....	" Jennie B. Gilkey..	Mauritius.....	11
6247..	Cong. church, West Bloomfield, N. Y..	Brig Toronto.....	Bayonne.....	10
6453..	American Seamen's Friend Society....	Bark Sarah Ellen.....	Antwerp.....	15

## NOVEMBER.

During November, 1878, fifty-five loan libraries, fifteen new and forty refitted were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,522 to 6,532, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,131, 5,137, 5,138 and 5,139, at Boston. The following record of assignments for the month includes seven new libraries previously sent out, and hitherto reported by number only, in the LIFE BOAT.

6367..	S. S. Cong. church, Groton, Conn.....	Ship John Mann.....	Bremen.....	20
6368..	Miss M. L. Bonney, Philadelphia, Pa.....	Bark Sokoto.....	Havre.....	16
6369..	The Misses Dillaye, Foot and Bennett, and Mrs. Lloyd, Philadelphia, Pa.....	Ship Calliope.....	Antwerp.....	20
6360..	S. S. 3rd St. M. E. ch., Camden, N. J....	Bark Flashlight.....	Alexandria.....	10



**QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.**

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6361.	John De Forest, Watertown, Conn.	Ship Huguenot.....	Melbourne.....	24
6362.	S. S. Bethel M. E. ch., Staten Island, N. Y.	Bark Genevieve M. Tucker.....	Dunedin, N. Z.....	11
6363.	43rd St. M. E. church, New York City..	Bark Ferris M. Thompson.....	Japan .....	12
5131.	Mrs. Fullerton's S. S. class, Palmer, Mass.	U. S. S. Richmond.....	.....	230
5137.	E. E. H. Holbrook, Mass.	Bark Martha Davis.....	Honolulu.....	18
5138.	Yearly Bequest, E. N. N., Holbrook, Mass.	At Mariners' Home Boston, Mass.	.....	.....
5139.	" " "	Bark Woodside.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
6522.	S. S. B. p. church, Elbridge, N. Y.	Ship Susan Gilmore.....	Shanghai.....	20
6523.	S. S. Cong. church, Ellington, Conn.	Bark Templar.....	Cape Town.....	18
6524.	Miss S. W. Boswell, West Hartford, Conn.	Ship Sabina.....	Havre.....	22
6525.	M. E. church, Long Branch, N. J.	Bark Charles B. Kenny..	Shanghai.....	22
6526.	M. E. ch., Keyport, N. J., and friends..	" Monrovia.....	Monrovia.....	10
6527.	S. S. M. E. ch., Mechanicsville, N. J.	Ship Morning Light.....	Antwerp.....	19
6528.	S. S. M. E. church, Frenchtown, N. J.	" Samar.....	Melbourne.....	23
6529.	M. E. Mariner's Bethel, Philadelphia, Pa.	" Mabel Taylor.....	Antwerp.....	21
6530.	Mrs. S. O. Allen, Princeton, N. J.	" Daniel Barnes.....	Java.....	25
6531.	Albert Porter, Niagara Falls, N. Y., for the Albert Porter Library.....	U. S. S. Bache.....	W. Coast of Florida	40
6532.	S. S. Pres. church, Corfu, N. Y.	Ship Triumphant.....	San Francisco.....	33
<i>The forty libraries refitted and reshipped were:</i>				
1746.	Miss M. A. Montgomery, Danville, Va.	Bark Kate Cann.....	Calais.....	15
2120.	B. W. Bonney, New York City.....	Brig Lily.....	Europe.....	10
2138.	William Bright, Wilmington, Del.	Schr. Harry White.....	Nuevitas.....	8
2888.	S. S. South Cong. ch., New Britain, Conn	Brig Alvin Kelly.....	Oporto.....	10
3727.	S. S. Center church, Haverhill, Mass.	Schr. Post Boy.....	Porto Rico.....	7
3741.	Dr. C. B. Smith's S. S. class, Granby, Mass.	Bark Flashlight.....	London.....	10
3780.	Shepherd church, Cambridge, Mass.	Schr. Harriet L. Whittier.....	Mobile.....	9
3915.	Misses P. W. and C. M. Edgar, Rahway, N. J.	Brig Raven.....	Cardenas.....	8
3967.	Gents' Bible class, 3rd Pres. ch., Trenton, N. J.	Schr. E. S. Newman.....	Havana.....	9
4079.	S. S. Cong. ch., Ashburnham, Mass.	Bark Walker Armington, Jr.....	Adelaide, N. Z.....	12
4083.	S. S. North Ave. Cong. ch., Cambridge, Mass.	Schr. Aldine.....	West Indies.....	10
4151.	J. R. Hills, New York City.....	Ship Daniel Barnes.....	Java.....	25
4265.	Young People's Ass'n 1st Ref. church, Tarrytown, N. Y.	Schr. W. C. Bee.....	Mobile.....	8
4282.	S. S. Pres. church, Tenafly, N. J.	Schr. Kate Miller.....	Galveston.....	8
4291.	S. S. Ref. church, Flatlands, L. I.	" Etna.....	Porto Rico.....	8
4338.	S. S. Center church, Haverhill, Mass.	" Cona.....	Cuba.....	8
4420.	A Friend, Bath, Me.	" Fred Smith.....	Pernambuco.....	8
4478.	S. S. Central Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.	" W. H. Kennel.....	Pars.....	8
4738.	William Libbey, Jr., New York City..	" Richard W. Denham.....	Jamaica.....	6
4850.	Mrs. Mary B. Bowker, Milford, Mass.	" Annie P. Chase.....	Jamaica.....	9
4890.	Rev. A. S. Hudson, Linden, Mass.	Brig Charlotte.....	Barbadoes.....	9
4934.	Jno. P. Newell's S. S. class, Manchester, N. H.	" Sea Bird.....	Rio Grande.....	8
5010.	Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.....	Bark Estella.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	10
5247.	Miss Wain, Germantown, Pa.	" H. W. Holbrook.....	Cuba.....	9
5521.	H. W. Taylor, South Hadley Falls, Mass.	" Isaac Hall.....	Wellington, N. Z.....	10
5597.	S. S. Washington Park M. E. church, Bridgeport, Conn.	Brig Shasta.....	Cienfuegos.....	8
5600.	S. S. Bible Christian M. E. ch, Yorkville, Racine Co., Wis.	Schr. Carrie Saunders..	Hayti.....	7
5615.	S. S. Pearl St. Cong. ch., Hartford, Conn	Bark Addie McAdam.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
5642.	S. S. Missy's Ass'n, Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.	Schr. Emma M. Fox.....	Galveston.....	8
5656.	S. S. Bap. church, Sandy Creek, N. Y.	At Norfolk, Va., on ship Cultivator.....	Liverpool.....	25
5723.	S. S. Cong. church, Greenville, Conn.	Brig Bogota.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	10
5744.	S. S. Cong. ch., South Windsor, Conn.	Schr. Enterprise.....	Porto Rico.....	7
5861.	Archibald M. Morrison, Philadelphia, Pa., being the Bessie Morrison Library.	Bark Annie Burrill.....	Antwerp.....	14
5872.	S. S. Cong. church, Roxbury, Conn.	" Chestina Rodman.....	Sydney, N. S. W.....	12
6020.	Mrs. A. A. Peebles, Lansingburgh, N. Y.	" Milo.....	Havre.....	12
6137.	Albert Porter, Esq., Niagara Falls, N. Y.	" Bonita.....	Wellington, N. Z.....	13
6189.	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Ship Antelope.....	Manilla.....	21
6169.	S. S. Central Pres. ch., Summit, N. J.	" Thomas Lord.....	New Orleans.....	24
6380.	S. S. 3rd St. M. E. ch., Camden, N. J.	Bark J. H. Masters.....	Europe.....	10
6425.	American Seamen's Friend Society.....	" Elsworth.....	Java.....	15



Vol. 51.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

No. 2.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### CAPTAIN DANIEL McKENZIE.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., SEAMEN'S CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, S. I.

In glancing over a report of the Centennial Celebration of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., as published in the *Congregationalist*, my attention was arrested by the following complimentary paragraph relating to the orator of the occasion:

"Alexander McKenzie of Cambridge (1855) delivered the oration of the day—a wonderful one, in its grasp and grouping of the history it reviewed; in breadth of thought and beauty of diction; in lofty sentiment and earnest appeal. He had left his manuscript with the Boston printers, but it was not needed. Interrupted by the pomp and ceremony of the Governor's arrival, and otherwise, he spoke for an hour and a half, with utterance distinct and clear, without note or scrap, without slip or break. It is safe to say that of all the great numbers of distinguished alumni of Phillips Academy still living in the world, no other man could have done so well."

During my flying visit to Massachusetts, in 1876, I spent one

night at Cambridge and was invited to attend the weekly prayer-meeting of the Congregational Church, and to my surprise, I learned that the pastor was a son of the late Captain McKenzie, of New Bedford, who was so well known among commanders of whale ships, out of New Bedford, thirty and forty years ago. He was a remarkable man, and I am not surprised that he should have a son, respecting whom a paragraph like the above should be written.

I became acquainted with Capt. McKenzie in the summer of 1841, before coming to the Islands, while on a visit to New Bedford. Our acquaintance was renewed during a visit which he made to Honolulu, in 1845-6, as commander of the whale ship *Caroline*. He possessed a clear and remarkably observing mind, and was given to reading

while on his long voyages. The point to which I would now specially call attention, was his minute and close observation relating to all matters of natural history, the weather or any other phenomena that fell under his notice. He was accustomed to make a record of these observations in his log-book. This will appear from the following incident, which I published in the *Friend* in October, 1852, but without the mention of his name.

During my visit at New Bedford, in 1851, I called upon Capt. McKenzie, and found him occupied with a clerk, copying off his old sea journals, for Lieut. Maury, of the U. S. Navy, who was then preparing his great work on the *Geography of the Sea*. I have good reason for believing, that many of Capt. McKenzie's thoughts and observations were incorporated into that work, and into Maury's "Sailing Directions," and other publications, which have exerted so extensive an influence among the navigators of all nations. Although Lieut. Maury may have fallen under a political shadow by taking the position which he did during the great rebellion, yet there is no doubt his influence has been most beneficial in promoting the interests of commerce and navigation.

But to return to my reminiscences of Capt. McKenzie, as related to us by himself. Lieut. Maury visited New Bedford, to obtain information among old ship masters. The results of his interview with Capt. McKenzie, I sketched and published, after my return to Honolulu, in 1852, but without mentioning the names of the parties:—

#### AN OLD SKIPPER'S JOURNAL.

"What do you ask for your old journals?" was the question once put to a retired old sea-captain, by the conductor

or superintendent of a Scientific Institution in the United States. 'Five thousand dollars,' was the reply. This appeared to be a large sum of money to be paid for a quantity of old *oily* manuscript journals, which had been accumulating for a quarter of a century, while the skipper was buffeting the ocean; first, as a green hand, next as a boat-steerer, and finally as the commander of a whale ship. Five thousand was the price fixed by the old skipper, and although a much smaller sum would have served their owner an important purpose, in his circumstances and at his period of life, still he would not part with his *literary* and *scientific* productions, for a smaller sum. He doubtless reasoned,—surely my journals must be worth a first-rate sperm whale! The intimation was given that the price was too high! 'That or nothing,' was the reply.

"Time passed on, and an offer came in another form. 'What will you furnish for the use of ———, copies of your journal?' To this offer the reply was, 'two and a half cents, per line.' A contract was concluded upon these terms. Copyists were soon engaged in the work of transcribing, and in a few months, the old skipper actually received over five thousand dollars. It was our privilege while in the U. S., and in the city of ———, to visit the office where the labor of transcribing was in progress.

"We have often reflected upon these facts, as showing the importance of seafaring men keeping full journals of their voyages, aside from the bare log book record from day to day. For days, weeks, months and years, the writer of these journals was unconsciously amassing a rich fund of information upon various subjects, connected with the whale fishery and natural science. The thought probably never once entered his mind during his long and perilous voyages, that he was investing his mental resources and observations, in a bank, that would eventually yield a handsome income for himself and family, when through misfortune, other resources had in a measure failed.

"May the foregoing narrative of facts, encourage sailors, officers and masters, to keep full and accurate journals, and it may be, that finally, such journals will be among the most valuable returns of their voyages!"

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the above was published, but the facts mention-

ed are most honorable and praiseworthy to the "old skipper," whose jovial, sensible and genial bearing, I recall with much pleasure. I am not unmindful of his genuine kindness, cordiality and sympathy, when I first became acquainted with him, in 1841, a few weeks after receiving my appointment as chaplain to Honolulu.

I have now lying before me, a small memorandum-book containing the record of a few subscriptions, made to the Seamen's Friend Society, but to aid in my preparations for sailing for the Pacific, and among them I find the following in New Bedford,—

Samuel Rodman,	-	\$15 00
Daniel McKenzie,	- -	1 00
W. H. Cox,	- -	1 00
George O. Crocker, & Co.,	15 00	
Alfred Gibbs,	- -	5 00
John Coggeshall,	- -	5 00
Andrew Robeson,	- -	10 00
— Stowell,	- -	5 00

As these were the first contributions which I ever solicited for a public enterprise, I felt peculiarly grateful to the donors. I remember with peculiar interest the kindness of Capt. McKenzie. It has been my privilege to meet with many hundreds of ship-masters since, in my labors among seamen, but not one can I now recall with more vividness than this my esteemed friend and the father of the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge. Among the recollections of him, it is exceedingly gratifying to recall the fact, that he was a Christian man, and now that he has passed, onward, as Bryant would have said,

"To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,"

our departed friend will be found, I trust, among the redeemed in glory.

### Our Ships Upon the Sea.

Any dream of a restoration of American traffic upon the ocean, and even more than that, of an acknowledged supremacy, is flattering to our national pride, and the more so as it comes within the possibilities of the future. We have a thousand times more of the elements of a great maritime power now than we had of commercial and manufacturing greatness a century ago. Within half that time this country has been looked upon as mainly the producer of raw material, a fair prize for all other countries having goods to sell, and Great Britain has especially been kind in not only furnishing a large share of these goods, but the ships to bring them in and to carry back the flour, provisions and other goods which it is not convenient for her to produce for herself. Little by little that dream has been dispelled and merged in the stern facts of home production. The nation first made the axe to hew down the wilderness, then the plow and the hoe to cultivate the fields, and the machine to cut and harvest grass and grain. Then it began to study the artistic, and gave the knife to the gentleman's pocket and the piano to the lady's parlor. Once we sent the cotton of Georgia and Alabama four thousand miles across the ocean, and brought back the cloth four thousand miles to the planter, and that, too, has been changed. Cotton, wool and silk are now woven here as well as they can be woven anywhere, and the *basso profundo* of the mill wheel and steam engine is matched by the responsive tenor and soprano of ten thousand voices above them. Farther than this, it has been found that what we have made so well for our-

selves is well liked by others, who neither raise the raw material nor know how to put it into shape. Standing upon the shores of two great oceans, the nation to its astonishment finds that it has a commerce;—the one thing lacking, that it does not possess, being the white wings of a commercial navy.

It is too much to believe that a people possessing every other element of greatness can hesitate at such a point as this? The idea is preposterous. It has already the greatest number of vessels engaged in domestic commerce of any maritime country on earth, more probably than all other countries put together, and the ocean coasting steamers are not few in number. The difficulties that have interfered with the building of ships and steamers for foreign ports, are in their nature the same that interfered with our manufactures, the greater cheapness of foreign materials and labor. The substitution of iron gave a serious check to the business of ship building, and England, always alive to her own commerce and the needs of her people, stimulated enterprise by liberal subsidies. She built ships and seized upon the carrying trade with such rapidity that there was no chance for competition, and this country has had to patiently wait until the people could be educated up to the level of enterprise needed to accomplish so herculean a work.

That iron ships can be built here equal to the British and about as cheaply, has now been fairly demonstrated, and if there is anything lacking it will be sure to come in time with experience and practice. Bearing upon this subject a correspondent to-day enlarges upon a somewhat novel idea of making ocean steamers a part of

the railway system of the country. He insists that it is the duty of the common carrier to deliver his goods at their destination wherever that may be, and that a railroad but half performs its mission that discharges its freight into the hands of a horde of hungry middle men, porters and draymen, who seize upon it somewhat as a dozen hackmen pounce upon the baggage of the unfortunate traveler. That is one view to take of it. There are certain kinds of goods that it would be convenient to forward with as little handling as possible, and Chicago has tried the experiment of sending grain direct from there to Europe without breaking bulk. Cotton goes now from the South to England and France with no more handling than is absolutely necessary, and many goods are sent direct from Northern railroads to the ships and steamers that are to carry them across the sea. Indeed, the facilities are being so gradually perfected in this way that it is doubtful whether any new lines of steamers could control or manage the business better than it is managed at present. Those who purchase goods, or who own them, naturally study their own interests, and the constant aim is to escape all the intermediate costs of transshipment. To this end the railroads are building elevators, while much of the business of transfer is done now, as it will always have to be done, by lighters.

Still, travel round the circle as we may, we come back to the original proposition, a thousand times dwelt upon, that the present great want of the country is a trans-Atlantic commercial navy;—strong, numerous, well manned. It is needed as a nursery of seamen; it is needed as a new national industry and a vent for genius and enter-

prise; it is needed to give our commerce a fresh impetus and to command the respect of the people with whom we trade. Whether it shall come by the combination of the railroads or as the result of separate and independent action, is not for us to say, but with the iron in the mines, the trees in endless numbers in the forests, with capital seeking employment and thousands of hands seeking work, the nation should no longer delay taking its own carrying trade into its own hands.—*Newark Advertiser*.

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### Tobacco for Boys.

In the National Academy for the education of officers for the Navy, a license to smoke and chew tobacco has been given. Not only so, but it has been given in a spirit of levity and with an impress of ignorance which are not creditable to the commanding officer. When Commodore PARKER lately issued permission for the naval Cadets to use tobacco, he said that he had concluded to grant "the privilege" against the opinion of many people for whom he entertained the highest respect. But, as smoking was an expensive practice, he thought that the boys who did not use tobacco had better not contract the habit. It was really a question of poisoning, and this unthinking Superintendent treated it as a mere matter of spending money. The boy who smokes cigars or chews tobacco, poisons himself. This is absolutely true, and the teacher who does not know it is unfit to be trusted with the charge and government of boys. He who permissively encourages boys to smoke or chew is a corrupter of youth. Among the charges employed to excite popular fury against a certain eminent citizen of Greece,

and to bring him to death, was that he corrupted the youth of the Republic. As human nature is constituted, the charge was sure to obtain a hearing. If believed, it was equally sure to bring the judgment that the accused was a public enemy and unfit to live.

In this advanced stage of progress in all that brings us knowledge of the strength and weakness of the physiology of man, an officer of our paternal Government encourages the youth in his charge to follow a practice which must needs be deadly to mind and body. The chances of our ever receiving from the Academy at Annapolis any sailors of the pattern of TRUXTON, BAINBRIDGE, PAUL JONES, DECATUR, LAWRENCE, and PERRY are not great. Thorough sailors cannot possibly be made in school-houses on shore. But even these few chances are lessened by the inculcation of a vice which is sure to impair the activity and clearness of the intellect, the firmness of the nerves, the strength of the digestion, the retentiveness of the memory, the soundness of the vision, and the bodily vigor of every lad in the misgoverned Academy at Annapolis. It is too late to enlarge upon the evil effects of tobacco upon the immature man. Science long ago fixed beyond doubt or controversy the numerous symptoms of the presence of this poison. These have been classified by all schools of medicine. The medical literature of what is called "the regular school," in England and France, treating of the diseases of modern society, gives large space to the evil results flowing from the use of tobacco. HAHNEMANN, and his school, give pages which are crowded with proofs of the disastrous effects of nicotine upon the human system. It is the prolific cause of deadly paralysis.

What we have here said is not to be construed as the radical and extreme view which comes out of a crusade like that of TRASK or WIETING. Commodore PARKER proposes that the boys of the naval school shall be permitted to smoke and chew tobacco. They might not have been so licensed at home. The Government of the United States, taking them from the conservative nurture of the family, says, "Boys, if you have pocket money enough to buy cigars and chewing-tobacco, indulge yourselves." The tenderness of the age of these lads, the immaturity of their constitutions, must be borne in mind by those whose attention is called to the destructive character of the permissive encouragement given them by Commodore PARKER. His possible defense that cigar smoking does not hurt him does not touch the case. He is a mature and vigorous man. He has carried thus far up toward the retired list the vitality to react against unhealthful indulgences. But it is safe to say that when he was "in the gristle," in the school-boy age, he was not under the charge of a teacher who encouraged or permitted him to smoke and chew tobacco. If this had been true of him, he would have long since been on the retired list, or his widow would now be on the pension rolls of the naval service.

Unquestionably, one of the most lamentable evils which afflict the rising generation flows from the early use of tobacco. Street boys who are not yet out of child's clothes snatch the discarded stubs of cigars of grown men and smoke them in apish imitation of their elders. Lads at school acquire a taste for tobacco by surreptitiously smoking cigarettes,—cigarettes which have done more to demoral-

ize and vitiate youth than all the dram-shops of the land. Evil education has two corruptions: the corruption of the body and the corruption of the soul. The bodily mechanism of boys of 16, 17, 18, and 19 years of age can be as thoroughly injured by insidious poisons as they can be soiled by wicked teaching. What manner of men shall they be, when this generation is grown, if lads of every degree shall be taught to use tobacco? What hope for posterity when the children of to-day are poisoned and dwarfed by a pernicious habit?

In the interest of the public service, so long as our Navy shall be permitted to exist, the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, or of the Senate, should consider how best to correct this miseducation of the youths at Annapolis. To the national authorities has been temporarily intrusted the care of these young lads. It is a trust which should not be administered thoughtlessly or in a spirit of levity. The fathers and mothers of these boys, knowing the danger to which their sons are exposed, should intervene to save the health and strength of their children, by urging Congress to do its duty.—*N. Y. Times.*

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### The Sea of Kara.

Favorable accounts have been received of the expedition in the Northern seas, under the explorer Nordenskiöld. Sailing from the Northern coast of Norway, July 25th, 1878, the expedition reached Ingor on the 30th, and Dicksons hamm on August 6th. On August 10th, the expedition was to sail in a southeasterly direction. The Sea of Kara was found nearly free of ice.

## JOHN COLBY,

## OR DANIEL WEBSTER'S UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

One pleasant morning in the fall of 1851, Daniel Webster said to a friend "I am going to visit John Colby, and I want you to go with me."

He wished to see Mr. Colby because many years before, when a boy he had known him as one of the wickedest and most worldly of men. Not vicious, as the world judges, but profane, reckless, shrewd and grasping.

"I have been told," continued Mr. Webster, "that recently he has been converted,—has met with that mysterious change of heart,—or, in other words has become a consistent, prayerful Christian.

"This has given me a very strong desire to have a personal interview with him, and to hear with my own ears his account of this change. For, humanly speaking, I should have said that his was about as hopeless a case for conversion as I could well conceive. He won't know me, and I shall know him; and I don't intend to make myself known at first."

Mr. Webster had not seen him for forty-five years, and had to inquire the way to his house, as he neared the place. The door stood open, as they approached, so that the inmates could be seen.

An old man, with white hair was sitting by a little table, whereon lay a large Bible in which he had been reading.

He took off his spectacles and laid them upon the page of the book, and looked up at us as we approached, Mr. Webster in front. He was a man over six feet in height, and he retained in a wonderful degree his erect and manly form, although he was eighty-five. His frame was that of a once powerful man. As I looked in at the door, I thought I never saw a more

striking figure. He straightened himself up, but said nothing until just as we appeared at the door, when he greeted us with—

"Walk in, gentlemen."

He then spoke to his grandchild to give us some chairs. The meeting was a little awkward, and he looked very sharply at us, as much as to say, "You are here, but for what I don't know: make known your business." Mr. Webster's first salutation was:—

"This is Mr. Colby, Mr. John Colby, is it not?"

"That is my name, sir," was the reply.

"I suppose you don't know me," said Mr. Webster.

"No sir, I don't know you, and I should like to know how you know me."

"I have seen you before, Mr. Colby."

"Seen me before!" said he; "pray when and where?"

"Have you no recollection of me?" asked Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, not the slightest:" and he looked by Mr. Webster toward me, as if trying to remember if he had seen me. Mr. Webster remarked:

"I think you never saw this gentleman before; but you have seen me."

Colby put the question again, when and where?

"You married my oldest sister," replied Mr. Webster, calling her by name.

"I married your oldest sister!" exclaimed Colby; "who are you?"

"I am 'little Dan,'" was the reply.

It certainly would be impossible to describe the expression of wonder, astonishment, and half incredulity that came over Colby's face.

"You Daniel Webster!" said



he; and he started to rise from his chair. As he did so, he stammered out some words of surprise. "Is it possible that this is the little black lad that used to ride the horse to water? Well, I cannot realize it!"

Mr. Webster approached him. They embraced each other, and both wept.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Colby, when the embarrassment of the first shock of recognition was past, "that you have come up here to see me? Is this Daniel? Why, why," he said, "I cannot believe my senses. Now, sit down, I am glad, oh, I am so glad to see you, Daniel! I never expected to see you again. I don't know what to say. I am so glad," he went on, "that my life has been spared that I might see you. Why, Daniel, I read about you, and hear about you in all ways; sometimes some members of the family come and tell us about you; and the newspapers tell us a great deal about you, too. Your name seems to be constantly in the newspapers. They say that you are a great man, that you are a famous man; and you can't tell how delighted I am when I hear such things. But, Daniel, the time is short,—you won't stay here long,—I want to ask you one important question. You may be a *great* man; are you a *good* man? Are you a Christian man? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? That is the only question that is worth asking or answering. Are you a Christian? You know, Daniel, what I have been: I have been one of the wickedest of men. Your poor sister, who is now in heaven, knows that. But the Spirit of Christ and of Almighty God has come down and plucked me as a brand from the everlasting burning. I am here now, a monument to his grace. Oh, Daniel, I would

not give what is contained within the covers of this book for all the honors that have been conferred upon men from the creation of the world until now. For what good would it do? It is all nothing, and less than nothing, if you are not a Christian, if you are not repentant. If you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, all your worldly honors will sink to utter nothingness. Are you a Christian? Do you love Christ? You have not answered me."

All this was said in the most earnest and even vehement manner.

"John Colby," replied Mr. Webster, "you have asked me a very important question, and one which should not be answered lightly. I intend to give you an answer, and one that is truthful, or I won't give any. I hope that I am a Christian. I profess to be a Christian. But, while I say that, I wish to add—I say it with shame and confusion of face,—that I am not such a Christian as I wish I were. I have lived in the world, surrounded by its honor, and its temptations; and I am afraid, John Colby, that I am not so good a Christian as I ought to be. I am afraid I have not your faith and your hopes; but still, I hope and trust that I am a Christian, and that the same grace which has converted you, and made you an heir of salvation, will do the same for me. I trust it; and I also trust, John Colby—and it won't be long before our summons will come,—that we shall meet in a better world, and meet those who have gone before us, whom we knew, and who trusted in that same divine, free grace. It won't be long. You cannot tell, John Colby, how much delight it gave me to hear of your conversion. The hearing of that, is

what led me here to-day. I came here to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, the story from a man that I know and remember well. What a wicked man you used to be!"

"O, Daniel!" exclaimed John Colby, "you don't remember how wicked I was; how ungrateful I was; I never thought of God; I never cared for God; I was worse than the heathen. Living in a Christian land, with the light shining all around me, and blessings of Sabbath teachings every where about me, I was worse than a heathen until I was arrested by the grace of Christ, and made to see my sinfulness, and to hear the voice of my Savior. Now I am only waiting to go home to Him, and to meet your sainted sister, my poor wife. And I wish, Daniel, that you might be a prayerful Christian, and I trust you are. Daniel," he added, with deep earnestness of voice, *will* you pray with me?"

We knelt down, and Mr. Webster offered a most touching and eloquent prayer. As soon as he had pronounced the "Amen," Mr. Colby followed in a most pathetic, stirring appeal to God. He prayed for the family, for me, and for everybody. Then we rose; and he seemed to feel a serene happiness in having thus joined his spirit with that of Mr. Webster in prayer.

"Now," said he, "what can we give you? I don't think we have anything that we can give you."

"Yes, you have," replied Mr. Webster; "you have something that is just what we want to eat."

"What is that?" asked Colby.

"It is some bread and milk," said Mr. Webster. "I want a bowl of bread and milk for myself and friend."

Very soon the table was set, and a white cloth spread over it, some

nice bread was set upon it, and some milk brought, and we sat down to the table and ate, Mr. Webster exclaimed afterward:

"Didn't it taste good? Didn't it taste like old times!"

The brothers-in-law took an affectionate leave of each other, and we left.

"I should like," said Mr. Webster when we got into the wagon, "to know what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby's conversion. There was a man, as unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Christian as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious; never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people. And here he has been living on in that reckless way, until he has got to be an old man; until a period of life when you naturally would not expect his habits to change; and yet he has been brought into a condition in which we have seen him to-day—a penitent, trusting, humble believer. Whatever people may say, nothing can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I have witnessed in John Colby."

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### Left.

A friend said to me that a good man he named had died, and left £30,000.

I held up my hands, and said, "What a pity!"

He looked surprised, and said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," I replied; "for surely it is a pity, when the man might have sent it before him—that he should have left his £30,000 behind him, for he will very likely never hear of it again."

## JIM'S MINUTES.

BY M. HARTWELL.

Jim stared around after he shut the door. Slum's saloon has greatly changed, thought Jim. Was that the bar,—that round thing with books on the top? But where were the glasses, and bottles, and rows of kegs, and background of billiard-tables? And why were the men all sitting in sleek, respectable rows, listening so attentively to Slum? Was that Slum, spreading his arms? The speaker's tenderness convinced Jim that it was not Slum, and that he had stumbled into another edifice than a saloon.

Jim's head whirled, and he seemed to catch only a brief glimpse of the place at each revolution. He had shut the door and groped along the wall some distance, and felt utterly incapable of finding that door again without help. His desire was to withdraw. A gentleman, catching sight of him, rose hastily and beckoned him to a seat. Jim opened his mouth to make enquiries concerning the present situation of Slum's saloon, but the floor proved so unsteady that he was glad to sink into the seat and breathe a moment.

He was too drunk to realize at all where he was. Had he been told he had stumbled from the docks and the night's chill and drizzle across a steamer's plank into her cosy cabin, he would have hiccupped only faint surprise.

Jim was unfamiliar with the inside of churches. His strongest impression concerning the same had been received from a barn-like place, whither older hands used to draw his unwilling juvenile hand; where he watched tallow drip from candles in tin sockets; and where his young blood was curdled by such cheerful hymns as,—

"Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks  
Must wither like the blasted rose;  
The coffin, earth, and winding-sheet  
Will soon your active limbs enclose."

Jim did not perceive that he was in a church; but a voice grew upon his ear till it filled all his sense of hearing.

"We take upon our weak shoulders," said the voice, "all the burdens which belong to yesterday and for ever, forgetting that we were made to live *minutes*, and not ages at a time!

"There was One upon a Mountain, whom, for a season, the devil tempted and tormented. Yet moment by moment he stood against the tempter, although when his trial was over, he lay an exhausted victor upon the mountain."

"I've heard 'bout that," muttered Jim, rolling his head. "I've been 't Sunday-school, mister."

"You are on the mountain of temptation," pursued the voice, "and no man can help you. You cannot resist temptation. You have been down a thousand times; you feel that you will fall again.

"Children, he is on the mountain of temptation with you. Though all men forsake, he presses closer. He knows how the lions rise and rage in you, and he only knows how to hold them. Children, hold to his hand. And while he steadies you, give him the minutes of your lives, one by one! Don't try to live more than a minute in a minute's time. The yesterdays are gone. No man has to-morrows. Just stand against temptation *this minute*. He asks you to,—this Man who LOVES you!"

The voice, through such few words as it could seize, pushed its plea deeper and deeper.

You have seen a sky which was

spread thick and dark, part suddenly, and show you the moon and stars sitting in state far up the blue.

Through such a gap in the fog of his head, Jim caught sight of a Man on a Mountain; and though Jim was a drunken wretch, lost to the world, the slow destroyer of his own family, and so besotted at that instant that the remainder of the service was never clear to him, he kept that picture of the Man on the Mountain till it grew vivid in his weakened mind.

"I'll give him this minute," muttered Jim, next morning, pulling his feet past Slum's door.

"And I'll hang on to this minute for him," said Jim, tightening to his work in the rolling-mill, when thirst woke up and burned him inwardly worse than the furnace-fires could burn him outwardly.

"And this here minute likewise I'll give him," continued Jim, holding to an iron post while he ate his dinner, to give weak resolution some visible anchor.

Perhaps he could not have saved one day had not the Man on the Mountain watched him with eyes which melted his heart down—that Man who was nearer than the men in the mill, notwithstanding he was lifted up on a mountain!

At the end of this saved day, Jim went out of his rough lodging-house, and uncovered his head in a shamefaced, unaccustomed fashion, to whisper that "here was one day's minutes, and he'd try to hold on."

The minutes filed on past Jim, some black with the world's shadow, and some white with sunshine; some found him working jovially; some found him twisting on the ground in lonely places; some brought him friends who saw the outside of his endeavor, and tried to help him reform; some brought

him stinging jokes from mouths he used to "treat."

Each night he humbly told the Man on the Mountain of Temptation that "here was another day of minutes, and he felt obliged, and hoped the next minute wouldn't floor him."

It is good that no eye, save the Eye by whose light it walks, can follow that fine and terrible creation, the human soul, through its struggles, its remorseful manias, its varying emotions and growth in power.

Jim's acquaintances commented on his change.

They knew he wouldn't hold out.

"Why, it's a physical impossibility for any drunkard to reform!

He was a complete wreck.

He'd come round staggering presently.

How often had he quit drinking and begun again? Twenty times at least. Had a long sober spell just after his wife and child died, and then rewarded himself by a three months' spree!

Poor fellow! He couldn't keep from drinking!

You'll see him come round staggering one of these days."

Yet every night Jim went out under the star-altar, and offered up his day's tale of minutes. He grew stout upon his legs, moreover, and strong in his stomach. And the next time these men saw him stagger, he reeled with an intoxication for which they cheered him with all the might of their brazen throats—the intoxication of saving life.

He was hurrying to his work across a network of railroad tracks, when a little child, with smeared face and dirty petticoats, wandering and crying in the maze of rails, caught its copper-toed shoe and fell before the rushing switch-

engine. I suppose any man sure of his ability would have leaped to save it. But Jim, doubting the body, so long weakened by drink, yet dared to do it.

"Here's *this* minute!" muttered Jim, staggering with his exertion, and setting the child down in safety—"this minute and somethin' else with it!"

His witnesses lifted a shout, but

Jim saw above their approval the approval of the Man upon the Mountain, to whom he will look up to-night (Jim, the "drunkard," the "bloat," "old, ragged Jim," now clothed in his right mind, simple and strong), to whom he will whisper, "Here's another day's minutes, and I'm obliged, and hope the next minute won't floor me."

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### SIDON.

The Bible, whose history presents us with the only reliable records of our race from the Creation to the founding of Rome, is full of allusions to the sea and to those who do business upon its waters. After its description of the flood and of the ark by which Noah and his family were saved, we meet with the first notice of navigation in the account of the final interview of Jacob with his sons, which, if we accept the Hebrew chronology, occurred 1690 years before Christ, and 658 years after the flood. The Patriarch, when telling his sons what should befall them in the last days, said of Zebulun (*Gen. 49: 13*) "He shall dwell at the haven of the sea, and he shall be for an haven of ships, and his border shall be unto Zidon." This allusion to that seaport as a place of shelter for ships, is repeated by Moses, two hundred and fifty years afterward, in words which show that this haven was also to be the source of abundant wealth. "They shall suck of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand," (*Deut. 33:*

19). Thus, in these early ages of the world's history it is evident that commerce had already begun to use the sea as its great highway, and that navigation had made such progress as that it had become a most important agent in the intercourse of the nations of the world, and needed, therefore, havens, or seaports, in which its vessels might not only lie in safety, but where they might discharge and receive their cargoes.

While it is possible that even before the days of Jacob,—China, and India, and Japan had already begun to use their rivers and seas as the great highways of their commerce, here is the first record which we meet with of a seaport, and history presents to us as among its earliest subjects, the people of Phœnicia, the descendants of *Canaan*, the youngest son of Noah, and whose first-born was named Sidon (*Gen. 10: 15*). And the country of these Phœnicians, or Canaanites, as the Scriptures call them, is represented (*Gen. 10: 19*) as having its boundaries from Sidon to Gaza. Hence this ancient

seaport is of special historic interest as being the first mentioned in the Scriptures as a haven for ships. It is possible that Sidon himself, making his way thither, with others of his race, stood upon the bold promontory that here looks out upon the Mediterranean, and laid the foundations of the future city, whose name indicates what was perhaps the germ of its after greatness, (fishing, or fishery). The small boats which were first used in this employment were, doubtless, made secure from the waves and storms, not so much by finding a safe and land-locked anchorage, as by being drawn up on the shore. And it is evident by various classical allusions that even when their vessels had assumed much larger proportions than simple fishing boats, they were still made safe in the same way during the storms of winter. The city of Zidon, whose history thus goes back almost to the earliest notices of our race after the flood, soon grew in numbers and strength, and became the centre of civilization and commerce, the germ of a nation that for ages took the lead in arts and sciences, and in vast commercial enterprises. Out of it sprang the Phoenicians, whose ships visited the shores of every country of the old world, and whose colonies laid the foundation of new empires along the coasts of the Great Sea. Tyre was their eldest daughter. They settled in Cyprus, Crete and Rhodes. They occupied Malta and Sardinia. They colonized Gadir (the modern Cadiz of Spain), and Utica, and Carthage, on the coast of Africa. They brought the timber for their vessels from the forests of Lebanon, whose lofty peaks seemed to overshadow them, and they supplied themselves with cordage and

sails, and maritime stores from Egypt and Cyprus. They sent forth vast navies, which swept the seas, both for the purposes of civilization and war, of commerce and piracy, of trade and slavery. They excelled in arts and manufactures. Out of the trillian shell (the *Murex Regius*) they made a splendid dye. They were the first makers of glass, and understood the art of imitating precious stones. They made drinking vessels of silver and gold, and costly robes, fit for a present to a queen, of which Homer makes mention in his description of the heroine of his story. They were the first to apply astronomy to the science of navigation, and they taught the world the methods of alphabetical writing. Of Zidon, thus early the center of civilization and commerce, the Scriptures make repeated mention. In the records of the war between Israel and the Canaanitish Kings (*Joshua 11: 2*) notice is made of 'Dor,' on the west, which name occurs in the inscription on the celebrated Sarcophagus found near Zidon in the year 1855, and now to be seen in the Museum of the Louvre.

In the eighth verse of the same chapter the army of Joshua is said to have smote and chased their enemies to great Zidon. The city, though allotted to the tribe of Asher was never subdued by it, but often came into alliance with the people of Israel, and at length was the means of corrupting the nation through its idolatrous practices and so became 'a pricking brier unto the house of Israel.' Hence we find among the prophecies, many admonitions to the Jews against these corrupting influences, and many threatenings of divine judgments upon the people of this rich and powerful city. Isaiah

alludes to her in connection with Tyre which was wholly to be destroyed.

Jeremiah makes mention of Zidon as among the people that should 'drink of the wine cup of his fury.' He was commanded to send bonds and yokes to the Kings of Zidon as to other kings, as signs that they were to be brought into subjection to Nebuchadnezzar; while Ezekiel was to be directed to set his face and prophecy against Zidon, and say, 'behold I am against thee O Zidon, and I will be glorified in the midst of thee and they shall know that I am the Lord when I shall have executed judgments upon her and shall be sanctified in her.' Yet in all the denunciations against the city which occur in the prophecies it is nowhere said that she shall be utterly destroyed, as was said of Babylon and Nineveh and Tyre. Hence though it became again and again the prey of mighty conquerors it retained an existence amid all its varied fortunes. It was taken by Shalmaneser, the Assyrian, and by Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonian, as foretold by Jeremiah. Then it fell into the hands of Darius Nothus, the Persian, and of Alexander the Great. Subsequently the Romans became its masters, under whose will it was existing when Christ appeared on the earth.

Several notices are made of it in the new Testament by the Evangelists, and in the Acts of the Apostles.

Early in the public ministry of the Savior, when withdrawing himself from the Pharisees and Herodians who sought his life, he was followed by great multitudes, among whom were many from the borders of Tyre and Sidon. Once he visited these coasts and there restored the daughter of the Syro-

phoenician woman, whose strong faith held out against what seemed to be a thrice repeated repulse. Once when upbraiding the cities in which most of his miracles had been performed, the Son of God declared it would be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment than for them. Once too when Paul was sailing for Rome under the conduct of the centurion Julius, their ship touched at Sidon, where the Apostle was permitted to visit his friends and be refreshed.

This is the last notice which is made of this ancient sea-port in the Scriptures. Centuries after it fell into the hands of the Saracens, from whom it was rescued by the Crusaders under Baldwin in the year 1111. It was held by the Christians until 1187, when it was surrendered to Saladin after the disastrous battle of Hattin, when it was partially dismantled. Ten years afterwards it was again entered by the Christian forces, and the city was rebuilt, but again taken by the Moslems. Afterwards it fell into the hands of King Louis of France, who restored and strengthened its fortifications. Since then it has had a varying fortune, at one time rising to eminence and importance under the stimulus of some wise and popular ruler, and then declining in its trade and influence, as other cities have risen and flourished along the coast. Beyroot has now largely supplanted its commerce, and its wealth and power has passed away.

It is still a beautiful and picturesque town, filled with many substantial houses, having a population of some 10,000 souls. But its power and prestige as a great centre of commerce has gone and the words of *Isaiah 23: 4*, seem to be fulfilled, 'Be thou ashamed, O

Zidon: for the sea hath spoken, even the strength of the sea, I travail not, nor bring forth children, neither do I nourish up young men, nor bring up virgins."

The town now known as Saïde lies upon the north western side of the small promontory on whose highest point stands the citadel built by Louis IX, A. D., 1253, now fallen into decay. On a rock in the sea is the castle which the Crusaders built, which is joined to the main land by a causeway. There is an inner and outer harbor, the former of which was the ancient port of the Zidonians capable of containing fifty galleys. This has been largely filled up and now admits only small boats. The large vessels lie in the outer harbor. But there is little of the bustle and confusion of a large metropolis. Its merchants are gone; its vast commerce has declined; its navies that swept the seas are seen no more; it is no longer a haven for the ships of all nations. But though despoiled and cast down from her high eminence, Zidon still holds on to life with a strange vitality. Through her long and sad decline she still lives amid the ruins of her ancient greatness and glory, the silent witness of the rise and fall of mighty empires, and of changes which have been passing over the world during four millenniums of its history.

A RECENT WRITER wisely says: "I don't like to hear a man set down and brag of his sins. I'm sick of it. I've seen men stand up and take the ondecient part of their history and hold it up before an audience, and pet it and hug it as if it was something that set 'em up a peg or two above other folks. And I've seen good people set and cheer 'em on as if it was a polite sort of thing to do."

### The Abiding One.

"God is the Rock of my heart, and my portion forever."—Psalm lxxiii. 28.

Some hearts are like a quiet village street,  
Few and well-known the passers to and fro :—  
Some like a busy city's market place,  
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,  
Though brief that life, and nearing now its close :—

At first, the forms of phantasies and dreams.  
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going,—ah ! there lay the pang,  
That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked

Its wealth to greet the loved, familiar step,  
Lo ! it was gone, and only echoes mocked

My listening ear. But O ! there came one step,  
So soft and slow, which said, "I pass not by,  
But stay with thee forever, if thou wilt,  
Amid this constant instability."

Then in His eyes I saw the love I craved,—  
Love past my craving—love that died for me.  
He took my hand, and in its gentle strength  
I learned the joy of leaning utterly.

He taught my heart to trust Him fearlessly ;  
(Trust oft betrayed, but now misplaced no more ;)

My Rock ! my Rock ! my wave-besieged Rock !  
Safe in Thy clefts I rest for evermore.

All, all things change, and noblest human hearts  
Can ne'er be rocks ; they are but potter's clay.  
The Lord our God, He only is a Rock !  
Who trusts in Him may trust in Him for aye !

Still do the countless footsteps come and go ;  
Still with a sigh the echoes die away ;  
But One abides, and fills the solitude  
With music and with beauty, night and day.

*London Christian.*

### A Sailor's Conversion as Told by Himself.

I was born in Bolton, Mass. My father died when I was young, leaving my mother with four children. We were brought up in the family of my grandfather, a deacon of the Baptist Church, and a man of eminent piety. When I was fourteen years of age, my mother married again, and removed to Lowell; and here commenced my career of wickedness. I became



addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, and was a leader in all kinds of debauchery. Many a time, when I came home drunk, did my mother plead with me, with tears streaming down her cheeks, to abstain from the intoxicating poison. O! how many heart-rending, earnest prayers, has she offered at the throne of grace for me. She never upbraided me, but strove to reclaim me by gentleness and kindness.

Much against the advice of my friends, I went, with some others, to Salem, and engaged to go a whaling voyage of three years in the bark *M—*, bound for the Indian Ocean. Here I gave myself up, unchecked by home influences, to all the desires of my corrupt heart. I drank the cup of sin to the dregs. The story of my wickedness would fill volumes.

In December last I arrived in Boston in the ship *S—*. The captain wished me to go another voyage with him, and I agreed to do so, but spent the most of my time in low haunts in North Street and vicinity, until the day before the ship was to sail. I was perfectly satisfied with my ship, and had good wages;—yet, doubtless led by the hand of God, I left it, and shipped in the U. S. Navy, on board the *Ohio*. Soon after I came on board it was noised about decks that some of the men were going to hold a *prayer-meeting* on the orlop deck, which caused much sport, and many remarks were made about it. However, the meetings were commenced, but for several nights I did not go down. At last I was persuaded to go, and saw what I never saw before—sailors on their knees, beseeching the throne of grace for mercy upon themselves and those around them. And I felt what I had never

realized until now, that I was living in a state of condemnation, and without God in the world. I remembered all the sins I had committed against God and our Savior, and how many times He had preserved me when death stared me in the face. I remembered the teachings of my parents, and felt that I had sinned against the clearest light. O, what would I not have given to recall my past life! I went away, determined to attend the prayer-meetings in future, and to mend my past life.

I tried to break off all my bad habits, and attended the meetings regularly; but it would not answer. I could get no peace; I felt condemned. I lay in my hammock all night, and prayed for hours, but I felt no relief. At last, I got hold of a book called "*The Anxious Inquirer*," and read it as I never had before. It seemed to suit my case exactly, and I strove to comply with the directions which it contained.

I was greatly struck with the text of Scripture, "He that is ashamed of me, of him will I be ashamed before my Father which is in heaven." This condemned me, for I was ashamed to own Christ as the Savior of my soul.

I went down to meeting the next night with the determination to come out on the Lord's side, and tell them all that I had determined to seek the Lord. But what a struggle I had with my proud heart! I thought I could not speak before the crowd that was down there. But I got up; the tears streamed down my face; what I said I do not know; I cannot recollect a word. Then I fell upon my knees, and poured out my heart to God.

Oh! the joy that afterwards came into my heart. Then I could feel

what the love of God was, and that Christ was precious to my soul. I felt at peace with all the world. After that, I had no more trouble in getting up, and telling what Christ had done for me, the greatest reprobate on board the ship. Since then, I trust in God that I have continued to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Of all the great evils in this world, intemperance, it seems to me, is the worst. I can trace all my misery and degradation to it, and would that all young men could see it in its true character.

CHARLES P.

*The foregoing narrative shows the downward course of the sinner.*

He began with the use of intoxicating drink, the fruitful source of all evil.

He was guilty of disobedience to his mother, thereby hardening his heart, and confirming him in his career of wickedness.

He went into bad company, where he was encouraged in his habits and aided in the way to ruin.

He ran away from home, and thus obtained unrestricted opportunity to gratify his vile propensities to the uttermost.

*It shows also the way of return from sin to God.*

First, he was led to look at himself as he was, and to see the ruin before him.

He resolved to break off his sins. It will avail nothing for men to be distressed at their wickedness, if they do not abandon it. The prodigal not only felt his hunger, but said, "I will arise and go to my Father."

He sought instruction. Though he had no Christian friend to guide him, he found direction in that

excellent book which has pointed hundreds to the Savior. Many are too proud to acknowledge their distress, or ask what they must do to be saved.

When he learned what to do, *he did it*. That guide pointed him to Jesus,—the sinner's only hope,—and bade him throw himself on his mercy alone. No efforts at self-reformation, no cries, nor tears, nor anything which he could do of himself were sufficient. He must give himself to Christ, ask Him for salvation, trust in Him for it, and begin a life of obedience to Him.

He acknowledged Christ before his shipmates. God kindles the flame of his grace in the heart to shine out, and guide other poor darkened souls to the truth.

Christ heard the prayers of this returning prodigal, and gave him peace. He will save all that will come to Him. Dear reader, *will you come?*

For The Sailors' Magazine.

## "There's One Above!"

Written by J. J. Whitman, Yeoman on the U. S. Ship Vincennes, on her cruise around the world, in 1826.

### I.

There's one above that doth behold  
The seaman on the towering mast;  
The winds by Him, are all controlled,  
He, rules the tempest and the blast.

### II.

If to the waves He says,—"be still,"  
The sea in calmness sinks away,  
All nature bows to His, high will,  
And ocean, earth and air obey;

### III.

In Him, we place our only trust;  
Around us may fierce lightning flash,  
And o'er our heads wide thunders burst,  
And winds may rage, and seas may dash;—

### IV.

Unless He wills, in vain their strife,—  
He holds them in His mighty hand,  
He watches o'er the seamen's life,  
And what He pleases, will command.

## The Sailor's Text.

### LAST SEA STORY.

"And the sea gave up the dead which were in it."—Rev. xx. 13.

Solemn day—solemn thought! "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ!" God's fire shall sweep the very caverns of the deep, and make the depths of ocean surrender their charge. "The hour is coming when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth!"

Reader! may the Lord grant unto you, that you may find mercy of the Lord on that day! Where will shelter then be found? Not in the rocks and mountains—not in the dens of the earth—not in the caves of the sea. In vain will the sinner say to the Rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the wrath of the Lamb!" But, blessed be God, there is a shelter from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.

Spiritual Voyager! cast the anchor of thy faith and hope, *now*, in Christ, the Rock of Ages, and thou shalt outride the storm! With Him as thy Savior, thou shalt never perish! Thy landing, like that of Paul and his fellow-voyagers, may be a perilous one, "some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. BUT SO IT CAME TO PASS, THAT THEY ESCAPED ALL SAFE TO LAND!"

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Soul Moorings.

Heb. 6. 19. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul."

"How far is it from earth to heaven?" asked a landsman of an old christian sailor. "Only a cable's length," was the brief reply.

Heaven is made fast to earth. God has come down; man has gone up, and the two natures of Christ constitute the moorings!

I. *These moorings have been laid down by Christ.*

As our forerunner he has carried out the anchor of our hope, and dropped it within the veil.

1. He did it alone.
2. He did it once for all.
3. He did it not for himself.

II. *These moorings have been severely tested.*

Storms have raged and spent their fury upon the devoted bark, and yet she rides at her anchor still!

1. Storms from Satan, incessant and mighty.
2. Storms from the world, delusive and destructive.

III. *These moorings are uninjured.*

They have been in constant use, but they are not used up! No wear and tear, no chafing, no decay. Heaven has never been startled by the news that an enemy had cut the cable of the church, and that she was drifting to the lee-shore of destruction.

IV. *These moorings prove the greatness of the soul.*

A little anchor will hold a little ship. Low instincts will do for low-born brutes, but man is noble! "Surely there is a piece of divinity in man, which shall outlive the universe, and owes no homage to the sun." Think of man's origin, place in creation, capabilities, destiny and ransom!

V. *These moorings rebuke the ungodly.*

They are suitable, available, and sufficient; yet the prayer of the wicked is, "let me drive," and at length God will answer the bad man's prayer, and he is "driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world."—Job 18. 18.

VI. *These moorings demand the faith of the true.*

An anchor that is seen is of no use to the sailor, but let it plunge beneath the

veil of water, and grip the ground, and its true mission will be accomplished.

Let us be valiant, courageous men, and let the great cloud of witnesses see our

constancy, devotion and endurance, as we grasp with undying intensity the immutable guarantee!

*El Dorado, Ontario.*

H. T. M.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Labrador Coast.

Rev. S. R. BUTLER reached the winter station on Esquimaux River, Oct. 17th, and had ordered the series of International Sunday School Lessons for 1878.

#### New York City.

In October, November and December, 1878, DEWITT C. SLATER, Missionary, made 2,289 visits to vessels of all classes, 551 to sailors' boarding-houses, 23 to Asylums and Hospitals, attended 140 religious and Gospel Temperance meetings, and conducted 52 religious services. His report is very full, and we are sure that at this early season of the year, many of our readers will be interested to read it, as a key to the nature of his work, not only in the past,—but to the future exertions and blessings of this devoted servant of Christ and of his fellow men. He says:—

#### *Work in Brooklyn.*

"During the last quarter of the old year the Lord has greatly blessed my labors. I have continued my visits, in order, on board of vessels lying in Atlantic Basin and on the water front between Hamilton and Atlantic Avenue ferries, South Brooklyn. I have supplied officers and crews with religious reading and made known the chapel services near the basin, for seamen and for others 'who do business on the waters.' A large proportion of the above visits were to the canal-boats lying in winter quarters, on board of which, as usual, I supplied the families with religious reading, and gave them earnest invitation to attend religious meetings. The visits to the canal-boats are easily made (compared with

those made to shipping). It is simply stepping from one boat to another,—they lie so close together. This accounts for so large a number of visits to vessels. On some of the above boats I have improved opportunities for religious conversation, and to minister and have prayer with the sick in their cabins.

#### *Labor in Boarding-Houses.*

"My visits to seamen's boarding-houses have not been as many as usual,—the balance being on the side of 'visits to vessels.' Still I have visited most of the houses in turn, and supplied the reading room tables with SEAMEN'S FRIENDS, LIFE BOATS and other religious reading. I also gave to the seamen invitations to attend the chapel and mission meetings. During these visits I have also ministered to the wants, and had religious conversation and prayer at the bed-sides of sick seamen, and directly or indirectly assisted in getting them into hospitals.

"In visiting the hospitals I supply the sick with various religious and temperance reading, books, Bibles and Testaments in the English and other languages. At their bedside I have with them earnest religious conversation and prayer, and otherwise aid them. Many of these sick seamen through these bedside visits from chaplains and missionaries, receive impressions for good, which abide with them, after their recovery, and help them to Christ as a Savior. To others they have proved 'as a lamp to their feet and as a light to their path,' while passing into and through the valley of the shadow of death, without fear of evil.

#### *In the Hospitals.*

"In one of the wards of a hospital on Staten Island, during my visits, I was opposed with harsh language, at first, on each visit, by one of the patients. But soon the 'little acts of kindness, the little deeds of love' opened his heart to listen to what the Lord had done for me, in my conversion while an inmate

of the Snug Harbor. One day while conversing with him at his bedside, he quietly said, 'close the door and kneel down by my bedside and pray for me.' When I arose from my knees he took me by the hand and said, 'my trust is now in Jesus my Savior.' A few months after he departed in peace 'to be with Christ, which is far better.'

"One of the patients whose bed is opposite the one that this captain occupied, called me to him on one of my visits, afterwards, and with great earnestness asked me what he must do to be saved. While explaining to him the 'way,' I felt the power of the Holy Spirit, and we both kneeled down by the bedside in earnest prayer. His testimony has been, since, that he is now a Christian by faith in Christ as his Savior, not by sight or feeling. The above poor seaman is much afflicted in body.

#### *In Chapels and Missions—Conversions.*

"The meetings at the several chapels and missions for seamen are very largely attended: the revival continues with even greater interest and success than heretofore. At the after meetings, the workers each singly take a seaman, and make known to him more perfectly the way of salvation, and then kneel down with him in low, audible prayer. The Lord has given great success in this way. Many who have been impressed during the first meeting, have, by following them up in this way, been led by faith to fully give their hearts to God. I have had great joy of heart to witness many cases of this kind, while in labor and prayer with them as above.

"The old Seamen's Mission on the corner of Water and Dover Sts., has been reopened by a Christian gentleman, and is about prospering again in the work for souls. I devote one evening during the week, to conducting the meeting. It is one of the greatest blessings to the city, to have an open door and a meeting every night for the rescue of the fallen and perishing around and in the neighborhood of these 'dark places, whose habitations are full of cruelty.'

"In my work I frequently visit the dance, lager beer and liquor saloons, mostly Scandinavian; here I find gathered around the drinking and gaming tables, with fallen women, numbers of seamen, to them I give an earnest invitation to attend the prayer and testimony meetings, and leave on the tables religious and temperance reading.

"During the Francis Murphy Gospel

temperance meetings at the Seamen's Exchange, I visited a very large number of these places in the Fourth and Seventh wards, and invited the proprietors and their customers, both by verbal and hand-bill invitations, to attend the above meetings. I saw many of them at the above meetings afterwards.

"Each Sabbath morning I visit the sea-going vessels and canal-boats lying in Wallabout Basin, Williamsburgh, supplying the seamen and families on the canal-boats with religious reading, temperance reading, and religious books for the children, and inviting all to the mission near the Basin. By these repeated visits those on board of vessels have become familiar with the mission and attend the meetings regularly, especially now while their boats are lying up for the winter. I know of a number who have been led to give their hearts to God in the mission, here, through the above visits.

#### *Work Done In Perils.*

"On the above basin the Lord has helped me to suffer many severe persecutions, with blows, during my visits, for years,—so it has been elsewhere. 'In your patience possess ye your souls.' 'Ye have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin.'

#### *Among Colored Sailors.*

"From time to time I visit the colored seamen's boarding-houses in Baxter St., give to the seamen religious reading, invite them to the meetings, and sometimes hold prayer and praise meetings in the reading-room of their boarding-houses; in this way they have been led farther, and induced to attend the mission meetings, where some have come forward for prayer and conversation. I suppose that some places in Baxter St. are the most wicked and sinful on earth. I think so from what I have seen and heard during my visits. Here, also, I have had many seasons of religious conversation and prayer with the sick and dying, and ministered to their wants, by supplying their temporal needs.

#### *Tompkins St. Mission.*

"Since opening the Tompkins Street Mission, (seven months ago), I have steadily visited the vessels, before each meeting, on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, lying at the piers between the East Indies dock, near Grand street ferry, and Stanton street, E. R., supplying all classes of vessels with religious

and temperance papers, SAILORS' MAGAZINES, SEAMEN'S FRIENDS, LIFE BOATS, also Bibles, Testaments, and religious books, and earnestly, by handbills and with words, inviting all to attend the mission meetings. I also visit the liquor and lager beer saloons near the river and leave tracts and handbills of the mission on the beer tables, and speak earnestly to the men about their soul's salvation. A large number of men, night and day, Sundays included, are found here drinking and gambling.

*'Souls for Hire.'*

"The average attendance at the mission is about fifty persons, about half from vessels. The Lord has given us twelve souls for our hire, who have been truly converted to God at the mission. Among the number are Mr. Johnson, engineer of the little oyster steamer *Joshua Bedell*, also his wife and eldest son, Capt. Scales and his wife, of the barge *California*, the wife of Capt. Wilson, both of whom are now on a coal barge, a sailor, James McCauley, who is now an inmate of Sailors' Snug Harbor, a young man from Capt. Scales' vessel whom I took to the Children's Aid Society, who sent him on a farm in Virginia, a shoemaker's daughter, German, in Madison street, Mrs. Caffrey, in Goerck street;—this woman attempted to commit suicide before her conversion to God, and Samuel Sherman, an inebriate, whom I took into the mission in a very destitute condition, and on Tuesday night at the watch night meeting, he was truly converted to God. I took him, after providing him with clothing, to the Christian Home for the Intemperate, in 78th street, where he is now an inmate. He was an officer in our late war. The above persons I keep trace of, in visit and prayer. Praise the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and all the glory to them!"

**Newburyport, Mass.**

The total receipts of the Newburyport Bethel Society for the year ending November, 1878, were \$384 14, and the total expenditures \$368. Donations were made to sick and infirm sailors and sailors' families, and Mr. Lunt and Mr. McConnell boarded vessels in the harbor, and supplied them with reading matter;

reaching, thus, the crews of 108 vessels. The sum of fifty dollars was forwarded to our own Society, to send out Loan Libraries, besides the usual appropriation of \$60 to aid in our general work. Rev. S. R. BUTLER of our Labrador Mission was present at one of the Society's monthly meetings, and gave a very interesting account of his labors and successes. So did Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS, and his wife,—at that time connected with our Sailors' Mission at Antwerp, Belgium.

There were, at the date of the Report, 290 members of the Society, eleven having died during the year. The Report closes with a notice of the action taken in February, 1878, as to the death of Mrs. D. P. PAGE, an active officer of the organization.

**San Francisco, Cal.**

Six young men were recently taken into the Mariner's Church (Rev. JOSEPH ROWELL's) who were converted to Christ at sea, by the instrumentality of a fellow seaman, a member of the same church. On a previous voyage of the same ship, the *Cape of Good Hope*, eight others were converted through the same instrumentality.

**God's Work at a U. S. Life Saving Station.**

The following letter came to us from one of the New Jersey Stations where we placed a Loan Library, in 1877.

SHORT BEACH, Dec. 30th, 1878.

*To the Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

There are six of the crew of Station No. 23, Dist. No. 4, who would like to have a volume of the book called "Great Joy,"—Mr. Moody's sermons in Chicago. I thought I would write you, for I knew of no other place to get them.

We would like to know what the cost will be. We have one volume of it in our library, and it has been the means of doing a great deal of good. Some of the crew have been convicted,—and I myself was converted to God under the sermons of that book. We therefore, appreciate the book very much, and if it is not asking too much of you we would like to know whether it can be got, and if it can, we would like to know the cost.

Yours in Jesus,

EPHRAIM M. BERRY,

*One of the crew.*

### Obituary.

MRS. WILLIAM A. BOOTH.

In the death, January 14th, of this most estimable Christian woman, every good cause has lost a true friend and an earnest and faithful helper. It is fitting that we should especially notice her long and useful connection with the "Society for the Relief of Destitute Children of Seamen," having its Home on Staten Island. For very many years Mrs. Booth has given her time and sympathy and counsel to the interests of this institution; and doubtless to her wise management in association with its other officers, is due the success which has been accomplished there. Indeed she has been so closely identified with that work, that hundreds out on the seas, when they come to hear of her decease, will mourn for her, as the one who received their motherless children to care for them, and many a sailor's orphan whom she befriended, will remember her with blessing.

A life thus spent provides the solace which most comforts those whom its ending bereaves.

The one immediately afflicted by this providence,—he who for so many years successfully administered the affairs of this Society as its honored President, needs no other than the assurance he

has already received, of the sympathy and prayers of his unnumbered friends.

REV. H. N. BRINSMADE, D. D.

The Seamen's Cause, in the death, January 18th, of this godly man, has been bereft of a friend who constantly prayed and variously labored for its prosperity. He had a warm heart for the sailor, and watched with eager interest and gratitude the results of those efforts which sought the sailor's evangelization. As a pastor he gave the Seamen's Cause a prominent place among the objects of Christian benevolence, and spoke for it in his pulpit and elsewhere, with eloquent and persuasive words. And never did he lose a favoring opportunity to speak to the sailor as he met him, either at sea or on shore, in friendly counsel commending the Savior to his acceptance and trust. Dr. Brinsmade attained to eighty years and more, and came "to his grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."—*Job 5: 26.*

He was for many years, and at the time of his death, a LIFE DIRECTOR of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

His funeral in Newark, N. J., on the 22nd of January, was attended by a vast and deeply interested and affected concourse, and was the occasion of a most extraordinary expression of respect and love.

N. B. KNAPP.

The sudden death, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, of this Christian gentleman, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has cast a gloom over a wide circle of kindred and acquaintances. Mr. Knapp was a resident of Savannah, Ga., and by his counsel, and liberal charity, was interested in all the various enterprises for the moral and social welfare of that city. At the time of his death, he was one of the honored officers of the Savannah Port Society. We tender our sympathy to those who are called, in this providence to mourn a loving and generous relative and friend.

## The Antwerp Chaplaincy.

This important position, which by arrangement of the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, conjointly with ourselves supporting the mission, it has devolved upon us to fill for the next two years,—has been tendered to the Rev. A. G. VERMILYE, D. D., who, after careful consideration, has decided to accept it.

The judgment of the Board in appointing Dr. Vermilye, because of what seemed an eminent fitness for the work to be done at Antwerp, has elicited the most cordial approval, and gratifying expression from every quarter; betokening, we think, his usefulness and success.

Dr. Vermilye, during a settlement for several years at Newburyport, Mass., was brought into contact with sailors, captains, mates, sea-faring men of all grades, and with their families, and thus acquired both a knowledge of their peculiarities, and a sympathy with their experiences, which will serve to qualify him for efficiently serving in this new departure.

The *Christian Intelligencer*, representing the denomination to which he belongs, has in a recent issue the following appropriate and gratifying notice:—

"The Rev. A. G. Vermilye, D. D., has just accepted the appointment of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY as their Chaplain at Antwerp. He expects to take charge of the post about the first of next April. We can but congratulate the Society on securing the services of one so well known in our Reformed Church as a scholarly, earnest, and useful minister, and we know the prayers of many will follow him to this new scene of labor."

In like endorsement the *N. Y. Observer* of January 23rd, says of Antwerp and our appointment:—

"This is an interesting field in which much useful and important work can be done by an accomplished clergyman like Dr. Vermilye. The chapel at Antwerp

is commodious and attractive, with a congregation including many foreign residents of various nationalities. It is sustained conjointly by the English and the American Societies, and it is a gratification to the friends of the enterprise, in both countries, that such a man as Dr. Vermilye is to occupy this position. Americans sojourning in Antwerp will find this a most acceptable place of worship."

## The Sailors' Magazine.

During a period of fifty years, any publication of real merit makes for itself warm friends; but it is seldom that the ties which hold them to it continue unbroken throughout a first, and stretch into a second half-century. It has been our privilege, however, to enter on the issue of our fifty-first volume, with the continued and favoring company of at least two patrons of the Sailors' Cause and of the MAGAZINE,—who have regularly read the pages of the latter since it has been printed. These friends are Mr. JASON B. PERRY of Rindge, N. H., and Capt. R. B. CHAPMAN of Rye, N. Y. A letter from Mr. Perry, dated December 30th, 1878, reads as follows:

"I have now received the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, FOR FIFTY YEARS. Perhaps I ought to be satisfied with this, but as God in his mercy has preserved me alive to this day, I ask you to send it to me for another year. I highly prize my fifty bound volumes. Wishing the Society still more abounding success in reclaiming seamen from the ways of sin, I am,

Most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,  
J. B. P."

Other friends who have not been with us so long a time, testify at this season, as follows, concerning their interest in our monthly visits.

CONCORD, N. H.

"I desire the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. I should not know how to get along without it. J. E. S."



## FISHERVILLE, N. H.

"It is an exceedingly interesting publication, and gives me an opportunity of communicating information at the missionary concerts, concerning seamen. A. W. F."

## ORWELL, VT.

"There is hardly a more interesting publication among all our Christian monthlies than that which your Society issues. I should dislike to be without it. M. L. S."

## MANCHESTER, VT.

"I request the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, as heretofore. I have reported the Sailors' Cause for the last twenty years in the Hanover St. Congregational Monthly Concerts. M. O. P."

## BELCHERTOWN, MASS.

"I am pleased with the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, for I love to read, from month to month, of the success which crowns the labors of God's people in behalf of the dwellers on the sea. E. M."

## NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

"It will please me to have the MAGAZINE, as usual, as it is used at our monthly concerts to report from. G. G. D."

## MANCHESTER, MASS.

"I desire the MAGAZINE. I am now seventy-one years old and have read it for forty odd years, and for years have reported from it at our concerts. J. P."

## LEOMINSTER, MASS.

"It does me much good. I intend using extracts in missionary meetings this year. May God prosper the good work! W. A. S."

## PALMER, MASS.

"I would like your MAGAZINE, as usual. I have thought sometimes that I would give it up, but it increases in interest every year, and I cannot make up my mind to do without it. L. C. H."

## TEMPLETON, MASS.

"I value your monthly as much as any I receive. It is borrowed, and read at our monthly concerts, with much interest. M. P. S."

## NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

"I read the MAGAZINE and lend it afterwards to an old sailor who is coming to the end of his life's voyage here. He enjoys it very much. J. H. H."

## NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

"I cannot do without your valuable MAGAZINE,—so rich in information and encouragement to all mothers, especially to those who have sons on the seas. Mrs. H. K."

## ALBANY, N. Y.

"The SAILORS' MAGAZINE, so admirably conducted, is always welcomed and appreciated. It contains much excellent matter for all classes, as well as for seamen. I wish you great success in your noble work for sailors. R. W. C."

## ERIE, PA.

"I am very much interested in its contents, from month to month. E. D."

## VINELAND, N. J.

"We value the MAGAZINE not only for the information it contains, but for the other and excellent reading matter it contains." G. W. A."

The above are but a few of the many kindred words which have lately come to us. They stimulate us to further endeavor in the good cause for which it is all the pleasanter to labor, after such testimonies of sympathetic approbation.

## Yearly Statement of the Arrival of Vessels at United States Ports.

## AT NEW YORK.

The number of arrivals from foreign ports for the year 1878, was as follows:

	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schr's.	Total.	Total 1877.
American..	187	201	450	443	1156	2437	2305
British.....	869	174	673	334	359	2409	2210
Norwegian..	2	70	812	41	—	925	606
Italian.....	—	2	425	80	—	507	450
German.....	121	74	224	28	1	448	370
Austrian....	—	7	226	14	1	248	171
French.....	44	1	27	6	1	79	69
Swedish....	—	1	50	10	—	61	49
Belgian....	44	1	3	—	—	48	30
Spanish....	4	—	15	15	2	36	51
Dutch.....	29	—	1	5	—	35	47
Portuguese..	—	5	14	9	1	29	31
Danish.....	10	—	8	8	1	27	21
Haytian....	—	—	8	17	6	26	11
Russian....	—	3	12	—	—	15	14
Venezuelan..	—	—	—	6	—	6	1
Mexican....	—	—	—	4	—	4	5
Argentine..	—	1	2	—	—	3	—
Costa Rican	—	—	2	—	—	2	1
Greek.....	—	—	1	—	—	1	—
Nicaraguan..	—	—	1	—	—	1	1
Brazilian...	—	—	—	1	—	1	1
Total.....	1310	520	2949	1021	1528	7348	....
Total, 1877.	1074	369	2251	1076	1451	6264	....
Total, 1878.	978	336	1879	1062	1486	5731	....

The coastwise arrivals for the same period were as follows :

*From Southern Ports.*

	Ste'a's.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schr's.	Total.
January.....	105	—	2	6	188	301
February.....	89	1	—	—	97	187
March.....	79	—	1	1	89	170
April.....	73	2	2	4	280	361
May.....	81	—	2	1	247	331
June.....	79	—	—	—	288	367
July.....	75	—	1	—	220	296
August.....	74	—	—	1	266	342
September.....	84	—	—	1	241	326
October.....	94	—	1	2	289	386
November.....	87	—	—	—	108	195
December.....	88	—	—	—	89	177
Total.....	1008	3	10	16	2402	3430
Total, 1877....	1077	12	21	16	2320	3446

*From Eastern Ports.*

January.....	25	1	—	—	251	277
February.....	30	—	2	6	233	261
March.....	24	—	—	3	570	597
April.....	20	—	3	3	757	783
May.....	25	—	4	7	797	838
June.....	22	—	4	4	654	684
July.....	21	—	2	13	797	833
August.....	20	2	5	9	799	835
September.....	22	2	1	10	788	823
October.....	24	1	1	7	903	936
November.....	21	2	4	4	757	788
December.....	19	1	3	3	647	673
Total.....	263	9	29	69	7853	8323
Total, 1877....	270	26	54	73	9246	9686

AT BOSTON.

There arrived, in 1878, from foreign ports, 297 steamers, 28 ships, 215 barks, 335 brigs and 1,299 schooners, making a total of 2,174 vessels. The coastwise arrivals were 1,418 steamers, 3 ships, 30 barks, 40 brigs, 5,730 schooners and 15 sloops—total, 7,236; making the total number arrived from both foreign and domestic ports 9,410.

The foreign clearances during the year were 283 steamers, 11 ships, 190 barks, 314 brigs, and 1,340 schooners,—total, 2,138; a gain of 10 as compared with last year. The coastwise clearances were 835 steamers, 20 ships, 47 barks, 37 brigs and 990 schooners—total, 1,929, making the total number of vessels cleared for foreign and domestic ports, 4,067.

Of the 2,138 vessels cleared for foreign ports 530 were American, aggregating 207,797 tons, and 1,608 were foreign, ag-

gregating 751,999 tons, making a total tonnage of 959,796. During the year 1877 the total number of vessels cleared foreign was 2,128, of which 641 were American of an aggregate tonnage of 262,785 tons, and 1,487 were foreign, comprising 514,183 tons, making a total of 776,968 tons for that year, which shows an increase in tonnage for 1878 of 182,828 tons.

Of the 283 steamers cleared foreign 205 were in the European trade, 173 having cleared for Liverpool, 8 for Hull, 6 for West Hartford, 4 for London, 1 for Queenstown, 3 for Havre, 1 for Bordeaux, 4 for Antwerp and 5 for Fayal—all foreign vessels except the latter.

AT PHILADELPHIA.

The number of foreign vessels arriving at Philadelphia during the year 1878, the nationality of each and their total tonnage were:—

Nationality.	No. of Vessels.	Total Tonnage.
American.....	537	269,489
British.....	496	391,725
Norwegian.....	217	120,844
Italian.....	217	141,845
German.....	62	40,740
Belgian.....	16	29,600
Swedish.....	27	15,688
Austrian.....	53	33,178
Portuguese.....	15	3,744
Russian.....	21	12,484
Danish.....	9	3,944
Dutch.....	7	2,913
French.....	2	1,395
Spanish.....	3	2,298
Nicaraguan.....	1	531
	1,683	1,070,568

The following are the arrivals of foreign and coastwise vessels at Philadelphia during the year 1878:—

	Foreign.	Coastwise.	Total.
January.....	108	295	408
February.....	91	320	411
March.....	118	500	618
April.....	174	616	790
May.....	178	540	718
June.....	173	507	679
July.....	158	488	596
August.....	171	444	615
September.....	187	242	429
October.....	95	369	464
November.....	131	394	525
December.....	100	371	471
	1,683	5,036	6,719

Of the above vessels there were: Foreign steamships, 123; ships, 171; barks, 805; brigs, 189; schooners, 395—total, 1,633. The coastwise vessels were: Steamships, 1,049; ships, 936; brigs, 6; schooners, 2,369; sloops, 676—total, 5,036.

#### AT BALTIMORE.

The arrivals from foreign ports during 1878, were as follows:—

Month.	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	—Total in— 1878. 1877.	
January.....	15	18	98	16	5	147	157
February.....	7	2	62	7	11	89	87
March.....	16	7	79	14	15	131	138
April.....	10	14	78	17	27	146	183
May.....	11	18	85	13	28	155	132
June.....	7	6	66	13	41	133	143
July.....	23	14	70	14	26	147	87
August.....	35	19	111	24	16	205	97
September... 19	16	153	14	18	230	102	
October.....	15	6	65	10	10	106	113
November.... 14	8	75	9	21	127	107	
December.... 15	14	57	9	22	117	88	
Total, 1878..	187	137	999	160	240	1723	—
Total, 1877..	91	72	870	194	207	1434	—
Incr'e, 1878..	96	65	129	—	33	289	—
Decr'e, 1878..	—	—	—	34	—	—	—

Nationality of vessels arrived from foreign ports during the year 1878.

Nationality.	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	—Total in— 1878. 1877.	
American. . .	27	64	70	213	374	349	
British.....	118	47	366	52	26	609	368
Italian.....	—	1	157	9	—	167	258
German.... 36	39	57	1	—	133	103	
Norwegian... 11	254	10	—	—	275	192	
Spanish..... 30	—	18	8	1	57	45	
Russian.....	—	3	24	3	—	30	37
Austrian.....	—	—	25	4	—	29	56
Swedish....	—	5	23	2	—	30	11
Argentine... 2	4	—	—	—	6	7	
French.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	2
Dutch.....	—	—	4	—	—	4	2
Portuguese..	—	—	2	—	—	2	1
Belgian.... 3	1	—	—	—	4	1	
Greek.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	1
Danish.....	—	1	1	1	—	3	1
Total, 1878..	187	137	999	160	240	1723	1434
Total, 1877..	91	72	870	194	207	1434	—

Of the 1,723 vessels that arrived from foreign ports, 571 foreign and 320 American—total 891—brought cargoes; while 777 foreign and 55 American—total 832—came in ballast.

#### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and nine arrivals at the HOME, during the month of December, 1878. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$1,455, of which \$180 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$408 to relatives and friends, —the balance being returned to depositors.

Ten men were shipped without advance during the month, and five were sent to the Hospital.

#### Position of the Principal Planets for February, 1879.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; rising on the 1st, at 6h. 18m., and south of east 30° 12'; is in conjunction with Jupiter on the morning of the 20th, at 4h. 51m., being 1° 28' south; is in conjunction with the Moon on the same morning at 5h. 59m., being 4° 5' south.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st, at 6h. 20m., and south of west 18° 48'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 22nd, at 8h. 18m., being 5° 51' south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 4h. 32m., and south of east 32° 1'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th, at 6h. 36m., being 1° 47' north.

JUPITER is an evening star until the forenoon of the 8th, at 9h. 59m., when it is in conjunction with the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th, at 5h. 42m., being 2° 36' south.

SATURN is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 9h. 8m., and south of west 2° 52'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 23rd, at 8h. 17m., being 7° 19' south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in December, 1878.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month was 60, of which 41 were wrecked, 11 abandoned, 2 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 1 foundered, and 4 are missing. The list comprises 5 steamers, 4 ships, 5 barks, 5 brigs and 41 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$910,000.

Below is the list, giving the names of the vessels, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *f* foundered and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Kate, *w*. from Galveston for Havre.  
National, *w*. from Santee for Georgetown. S. C.  
E. B. Souder, *f*. from New York for St. Domingo.  
Queen of the Lake, *b*. (at Damariscotta, Me.)  
Lartington, *w*. from Savannah for Reval.

### SHIPS.

D. R. Eaton, *m*. from New York for Antwerp.  
Southminster, *w*. from New York for Lyttleton.  
Owego, *w*. from Pt. Wolf, N. B. for Liverpool.  
City of Pictou, *a*. from Barrow for New York.

### BARKS.

Teekalet, *m*. from New York for L'Orient.  
John Piele, *a*. from Bull River for London.  
Wilhelmine, *w*. from Antwerp for Philadelphia.  
Brothers, *a*. from Charleston for Liverpool.  
Auguste Wilhelmine, *a*. from Pisagua for New York.

### BRIGS.

Melania, *w*. from Baltimore for St. Valery.  
C. R. Burgess, *m*. from Boston for Gloucester, E.  
Harry, *w*. from San Andreas for Corn Island.  
Wm. Mallory, Jr., *w*. from Buenos Ayres for New York.  
Empress, *w*. from New York for Mont Bay, Ja.

### SCHOONERS.

Ella, *w*. for Galveston.  
Elm City, *s.c.* from New York for Fall River.  
Albertha Story, *w*. (Fisherman).  
Telegraph, *w*. from Potomac River for Baltimore.  
Martha, *w*. (Fisherman).  
Peerless, *w*. from Spanish Main for Baltimore.  
Caledonia, *w*. from New York for Windsor.  
Evelyn, *m*.  
R. B. Taylor, *a*. from Pensacola for Havana.  
Lyra, *w*. from P. E. Island for New York.  
Minnie Repplier, *a*. from Leghorn for Philadelphia.  
Harp, *w*. from Calais for Boston.  
L. M. Stewart, *w*. from P. E. Island for Boston.  
Watson Baker, *w*. from P. E. Island for Boston.  
Espresso Tilton, *w*. (at Aspinwall).  
Lorine, *w*. (at Aspinwall).  
Elysia A., *w*. from Harvey, N. B. for Boston.  
Monadnock, *w*. from New Orleans for Havana.  
Ocean Traveler, *w*. from St. Croix for Boston.  
Georgia, *w*. from Philadelphia for Castine.  
Rosina, *w*. from Port Johnson for Boston.  
Jas. A. Potter, *w*. from Pensacola for Boston.  
Ancona, *w*. from Annapolis, N. S. for New York.  
J. G. Drew, *w*. from Philadelphia for Lynn.

Pioneer, *w*. from P. E. Island for Boston.  
Nimbus, *w*. (Fisherman).  
Alice Stetson, *w*. from Philadelphia for Turk's Island.  
Charlie Bell, *w*. from New York for St. John, N. B.  
Potomac, *w*. from New York for St. John, N. B.  
Lucien, *w*. from Haddam, Ct. for New York.  
S. H. Poole, *w*. from Wiscasset for Saco, Me.  
C. & C. Brooks, *w*. from Virginia for New York.  
Henry Means, *a*. from Mobile for Kingston, Ja.  
Tim Pickering, *a*. from St. Martins for Baltimore.  
Sarah Whitmore, *a*. from Mobile for Kingston, Ja.  
Mary Slusman, *b*. (at Aspinwall).  
May Belle, *w*. from P. E. Island for Boston.  
Highlander, *w*. from Bangor for Provincetown.  
Moses Adams, *a*. from Cascumpec for New York.  
Susan, *a*. from New York for Key West.  
Ellen, *w*. from St. John, N. B. for New Haven.

In addition to the above, the steamer *State of Louisiana* of the "State Line," between New York and Glasgow, is ashore in Larne Lough in a very critical condition, but it is hoped that she may be saved.

The number of vessels belonging to or bound to or from United States ports, reported lost during each month in the past year, with their class and estimated value is given below. The statement for the year 1877 is also annexed.

### RECAPITULATION :

	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Scho's.	Total.	Value.
1878.							
January.....	3	3	16	7	45	74	\$930,000
February.....	2	1	14	3	28	48	835,000
March.....	5	7	8	9	19	48	1,087,000
April.....	2	3	10	1	14	30	710,000
May.....	1	2	3	3	12	21	445,000
June.....	2	3	2	5	12	24	720,000
July.....	—	3	2	1	14	20	295,000
August.....	—	—	12	2	10	24	420,000
September...	1	1	8	7	22	39	570,000
October.....	3	3	15	7	58	86	1,162,000
November...	3	2	9	9	39	62	1,374,000
December...	5	4	5	5	41	60	910,000
Totals....	27	32	104	59	314	536	\$9,462,000

1877.							
January.....	3	8	18	8	47	84	\$1,320,000
February....	4	4	10	6	20	44	1,352,000
March.....	3	2	14	6	19	44	760,000
April.....	4	3	12	6	30	55	1,055,000
May.....	2	4	12	7	21	46	1,770,000
June.....	—	1	4	3	11	19	225,000
July.....	—	—	5	4	15	24	290,000
August.....	—	1	3	2	11	17	171,700
September..	3	4	2	5	14	28	865,000
October....	4	1	13	2	16	36	670,000
November... 1	4	17	6	26	54	992,000	
December... 2	4	6	5	28	45	697,000	

The total losses for the year 1878 foot up 449 vessels, with a value of \$7,820,000; for 1875, 373 vessels—value, \$7,612,000; for 1874, 351 vessels—value, \$8,786,000; for 1873, 459 vessels—value, \$11,783,000.

## Receipts for December, 1878.

## MAINE.

Bangor, 3rd Cong. church..... \$ 10 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church..... 11 70  
 Grafton, Cong. church..... 16 27  
 Manchester, 1st Cong. church..... 38 92  
 Mount Vernon, Cong. church..... 8 00  
 Nashua, 1st Cong. church..... 11 78  
 Pelham..... 17 62  
 Swansey..... 5 00  
 West Concord..... 15 00  
 Westmoreland..... 7 05

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. church..... 7 00  
 Attleboro, 2nd Cong. church..... 30 27  
 Beverly, Dane St. church..... 27 37  
 Buxboro, Cong. church..... 1 25  
 Chelsea, 1st Cong. church..... 13 78  
 Lieut. H. C. Keene, for library..... 20 00  
 Dorchester, Miss E. Pierce..... 1 00  
 Gloucester, Cong. church..... 43 00  
 Harvard, S. S..... 3 50  
 Hanover, 1st Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y..... 2 58  
 Holliston, Cong. church..... 18 05  
 Leominster, Cong. church..... 5 18  
 Lowell, High St. church..... 24 18  
 Lynn, 1st Cong. church..... 13 87  
 Maplewood, Cong. church..... 6 81  
 Middleboro, Central ch., for library..... 20 00  
 Millbury, F. K. Hodgman..... 1 00  
 New England Village, Mrs. Harriet Merriam..... 1 00  
 North Hadley, Cong. church..... 3 13  
 North Weymouth, Cong. church..... 10 55  
 Oxford, 1st Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y..... 15 27  
 Saxonville, Cong. church..... 11 07  
 Springfield, Homer Merriam, Christmas Gift..... 20 00  
 West Haverhill, a friend..... 52  
 West Medway, Cong. church..... 12 83  
 Winchester, Cong. church..... 63 96  
 Winchendon, North church..... 12 00  
 Worcester, Salem St. church..... 31 63

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Mrs. R. Wild, for Howard library..... 20 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Birmingham, Cong. church..... 43 50  
 Chester, Cong. church..... 10 55  
 Clinton, Mrs. M. Griffing..... 1 00  
 Danbury, 1st Cong. church..... 49 02  
 Greenville, Cong. church..... 26 00  
 Groton, Capt. Jno. O. Spicer..... 3 00  
 Griswold..... 4 12  
 Hartford, Salmon Crossett..... 2 00  
 Meriden, Centre Cong. church..... 14 00  
 Milford, 1st Cong. church..... 36 26  
 1st Cong. church, add'l..... 1 40  
 New London, 1st Cong. church..... 17 48  
 North Manchester, Rev. H. J. Squires..... 1 00  
 Norwalk, Miss Juliette Betts..... 1 00  
 Norwich, 1st Cong. church..... 55 50  
 Scotland, Rev. Alva A. Hurd..... 1 00  
 Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt..... 5 00  
 Suffield, 1st Cong. church..... 10 59  
 West Hartford, Cong. church..... 5 45  
 Windsor, S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Woodbury, Mrs. S. T. Abernethy..... 1 00

## NEW YORK.

Bath, Peter Halsey..... 1 00  
 Caledonia, Pres. church..... 6 03  
 U. P. church..... 7 77  
 Cherry Valley, Pres. church..... 26 00  
 Cortland, Bap. church..... 11 38

Coxsackie, 1st Ref. church..... 6 50  
 Elbridge, Cong. church..... 4 00  
 Gravesend, John J. Lake..... 10 00  
 Lenox, per Rev. S. Nelson..... 1 50  
 Madison, Cong. church..... 2 00  
 Manlius, M. E. church..... 4 18  
 Pres. church..... 3 00  
 Marion, Pres. church..... 2 19  
 Rev. Mr. Webborton..... 25  
 Mumford, U. P. church..... 2 06  
 New York City, estate of John Dowley, on account of legacy..... 800 00  
 Estate Mrs. Margaret Louise Cunningham..... 200 00  
 Bequest for lib'y in name of Somebody's Sons..... 25 00  
 Mrs. George B. Grinnell..... 100 00  
 Frederick Sturges..... 50 00  
 J. A. R..... 30 00  
 Jno. A. C. Gray..... 25 00  
 Miss M. B. Auchincloss, for lib'y..... 30 00  
 C. A. Davison..... 20 00  
 Wm. H. Fogg..... 30 00  
 Tiffany & Co..... 15 00  
 Ezra White..... 10 00  
 David Dows..... 10 00  
 Cash..... 10 00  
 H. R..... 5 00  
 H. Griffin..... 5 00  
 Capt. E. D. Lordly, bark *Douglas Campbell*..... 2 00  
 A friend, cash..... 2 00  
 New Hamburg, Friends..... 60 00  
 Ontario, Prot. M. E. church..... 2 00  
 Owego, friend, bal. to const. W. D. Pearne, L. M..... 10 00  
 Palmyra, M. E. church..... 2 28  
 Penfield, Bap. church..... 5 65  
 Poughkeepsie, Mrs. M. J. Myers..... 25 00  
 Rochester, Rev. D. Dickey, for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Mr. Edmund Lyon..... 3 00  
 Suspension Bridge, German ch., add'l Sag Harbor, Geo. Bassett..... 1 00  
 Southampton, Friends..... 2 00  
 Syracuse, Ref. church..... 19 17  
 Mrs. Rob't Townsend, for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Troy, 1st Pres. ch., Alfred De Forest Gale Mem'l Library..... 20 00  
 Young People's Christian Union, 1st Pres. ch., for library..... 20 00  
 Mary F. Cushman, for the sailors, 50 cts., for the new Sailors' Home, \$1 00..... 1 50  
 Margaret J. Cushman, for the sailors, 50 cts., for the new Sailors' Home, \$1 00..... 1 50

## NEW JERSEY.

Bordentown, 1st M. E. church..... 4 30  
 Trinity M. E. church..... 2 20  
 F. Queen, Esq., for library..... 20 00  
 Burlington, Pres. ch., for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Union St. M. E. church..... 4 41  
 Elizabeth, S. Shindler..... 20 00  
 Newark, Central Pres. church..... 20 00  
 2nd Pres. church, add'l..... 13 50  
 Orange, 2nd Pres. church..... 25 00  
 Salem, Walnut St. M. E. church..... 5 47  
 Broadway M. E. church..... 8 00  
 Scotch Plains, Miss E. S. Coles and Miss M. L. Ackerman, for lib'y..... 20 00

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Bristol, M. E. church..... 6 00  
 Bap. church..... 3 25  
 Philadelphia, 1st Ref. Pres. church, for library..... 20 00  
 Friend, bal. to const. Miss Clara J. Pearne, L. M..... 10 00  
 Cash..... 3 00

\$2,749 45




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Oast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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## LOAN LIBRARY REPORTS.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to January 1st, 1879, was 6,426; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 5,545. The number of volumes in these libraries was 342,228, and they were accessible to 251,670 men. Eight hundred and ninety-one libraries, with 32,076 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,230 men.*

During December, 1878, seventy-three loan libraries, thirty-eight new, and thirty-five refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,533 to 6,547, inclusive, and Nos. 6,582 to 6,599, inclusive—these latter going to eighteen new U. S. Life Saving Stations, at New York; and Nos. 5,136, 5,140, 5,141, 5,143 and 5,147, at Boston.

*The thirty-five libraries refitted and reshipped were:*

No. 1,711,	No. 3,890,	No. 4,851,	No. 5,390,	No. 5,648,	No. 5,758,	No. 6,008,	No. 6,257,	No. 6,347,
" 3,401,	" 4,491,	" 5,266,	" 5,514,	" 5,706,	" 5,759,	" 6,085,	" 6,258,	" 6,407,
" 3,563,	" 4,584,	" 5,381,	" 5,515,	" 5,740,	" 5,947,	" 6,140,	" 6,274,	" 6,414
" 3,808,	" 4,688,	" 5,388,	" 5,595,	" 5,753,	" 5,953,	" 6,204,	" 6,343,	

### *Matters of Interest in Library Work.*

#### QUICK AND LARGE RETURN ON AN INVESTMENT—SIX CONVERSIONS.

The Sabbath School of the Congregational Church at Royalston, Mass., sent out Loan Library No. 5,114, in May last, from our Rooms at Boston, on the ship *City of Philadelphia*, 27 men in crew, bound for Calcutta. The library has lately been heard from, and we are rejoiced to say that twenty-five of the crew have signed the Temperance Pledge, ten have left off swearing, and six have

professed to be converted to Christ. "I am glad to add," writes the steward,—  
"that we are the happiest ship afloat."

#### A THANK OFFERING.

"The LORD gave me a safe passage," writes one of our Life Members, Jan. 15th,—  
"this last summer, across the water and back. Here is a small thank offering (\$20) for a Loan Library. May the LORD bless it to some noble sailor or crew!"

## GRATEFUL INDEED.

GROTON, Conn., Dec. 28th, 1878.

*To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

I return to you, by express, to-day, the Library 5,646,\* loaned to me July 10th, 1877, for the crews of bark *Nile*, and the schooner *Era*,—50 men all told. The books have all been read by most of the men, and very much appreciated, both by myself and them, in the long and weary days of winter in the Arctic regions. I am sorry to say I cannot report any conversions, but I hope there may yet be good results from the reading of those good books. There were two professed believers on board, and

\* Contributed by S. S. Cong Church, Fowler-ville, N. Y.

three that were far away. They had back-slidden, but at times seemed to be awakened. I hope they will yet come back to the Savior.

Please accept my thanks for the use of the Library,—and also the little donation enclosed. May God bless you all for the good you are doing for the seamen!

Yours respectfully,

Capt. JOHN O. SPICER.

## THE SIXTEENTH LIBRARY.

GREENEVILLE, Conn., Jan. 21st, 1879.

"Enclosed find draft for \$20 to send out another Loan Library in the name of our Sabbath-school,—that of the Congregational Church. I think this makes our *sixteenth* library, covering as many consecutive years."

C. W. CAREY, *Superintendent*.

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Dixey's Six Cents.

A short time ago, a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book-store in Annasburg, and said to the man serving at the counter, "Please, sir, I want a book that's got 'Suffer little children to come unto Me,' in it; and how much is it, sir? and I am in a great hurry."

The shopman bent down, and dusted his spectacles. "And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry; I want it so!" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be so very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to school one Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd, who said those words; and about a beautiful place where He takes care of his children, and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough's getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it 'ud be so strange to see Him and not know Him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The bookseller wiped his glasses very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf, he said—"I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen." Then he read the words of the loving Savior, (Luke xviii, 16)—get your Bibles and find the place, children,—and told her how this Good Shepherd had got a home all light, and rest, and love, prepared for those who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half breathless exclamation of the eager little buyer. "And He says, 'Come.' I'll go to Him. How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head. "You

shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this Book."

Thanking him, the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another to-morrow, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day, a loud-voiced, untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dixey's dead! She died rambling about some Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have these six cents for the mission-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead men's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dixey was told, so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dixey's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger-sheep to the Good Shepherd.

Are you one of his lambs? Are you listening to catch the very last word of his invitation—Come—"now is the day of salvation?" Are you ready to spend your cents for Him who gave his life for you? When you put your head on your pillow to-night, remember Dixey, who was called so soon. Dixey obeyed her loving Savior's call. Are you ready to go if He called you to-night? He wants an answer, *now*.—*London Christian*.

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### "But the Marks are There."

It is an old story, but it is a good one for all that, and a story that will do for grown-up people, as well as children. The father told his son that whenever he did anything wrong or spoke a wrong word, he should drive a nail into the door of the woodshed. The door began to fill up pretty fast, though I must confess that I think the artist in the picture has a little overdone the matter.

The boy did not like the appearance of that nail-studded door, and told his

father so. "Well," said his father, "now every time you are obedient, or speak a kind word, I'll draw one of the nails out."

So it went on for some time, till at last the son with a glad heart called his father to draw the last nail. Out it came. "Oh, I'm so glad, father," said the boy; and then the pitted-looking door catching his eye he added a little sadly, "but the marks are there."

Yes, children; yes, friends: we may repent of all our evil deeds and be forgiven, but the marks of those sins linger on our characters and lives. We ought to try to escape not only the wounds, but the scars that are left after the wounds have healed. The only way to do this is to avoid the wounds.

For example, my boy, don't read any of those flash juvenile papers that are so abundant, "just to see what is in them." You may give them up after a while, and take to more worthy and substantial literature. But such papers will leave the "marks" of their low character upon you. Take the opinion of your father or teacher, and leave all these things alone. There is plenty that is good.

Don't indulge in any evil habit, thinking you can give it up whenever you wish, or when you may find it injurious. You may be able to give it up—though the power of an evil habit is something fearful to contemplate—but its "marks" will be left. The surest way to have a clean life, is to keep it clean.

Let us all take that scarred door in the story as a warning.

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TWO SWEET LITTLE girls sat upon the sidewalk in front of the Elko post-office, one of them nursing a large wax doll. Her companion asked in tones of deep earnestness—"Does 'oo have much twouble wif 'oor baby?" "O, doodness, yes!" was the reply. "She cwies mos' all 'e time. She jes' cwied and ewied ever since she was born. I don't fink I'll ever born any more."



### For Jesus' Sake.

A few Sabbaths since (says one) I acted as substitute for a friend, and took a class of little ones. They had learned only the Golden Text, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." I tried to show why that prayer was so needful for us, and finally asked them why God could forgive us.

"Because God is good," said a bright-eyed child.

"Because we tell God we are sorry," said another.

"Will telling God we are sorry take away our sins?" I asked.

"I don't know what else," she replied; "only to ask Him to forgive us because He is so good."

"Yes," said I; "we must ask Him to forgive us—that is true; and God is good—never forget that. But think! If God is good, He ought to keep His word, ought He not?"

"Yes, ma'am," said all the children.

"If I promised to do something, and then didn't keep my word, you wouldn't think I was good, would you?"

"No, ma'am," said several voices.

"Listen!" I continued:—"God has promised to punish sin wherever He finds it, and He must keep His word *because He is good*. Now, how can He forgive sin if He has promised to punish us?"

"I don't know," said the first two speakers. "Please tell us."

"Well," said I, "how many of you close your evening prayer with 'All this I ask for Jesus' sake?' Every hand went up. 'Why do you say 'for Jesus' sake?' No one knew, or, if they knew, could tell why.

So I began right there, and told them in the simplest words I could frame, how "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," so that now "He might be just (keep His word,) and yet justify (forgive) the sinner that

trusts in Jesus." I told them of the passover lamb, and how the oldest son in every house knew he was saved from death for the sake of the little lamb whose blood was sprinkled on the door. I was more than repaid when the bright-eyed girl, who said God was so good, moved nearer to me and whispered, "I'm glad you told me. I shall think of it every time I say, 'For Jesus' sake.' I never knew what it meant before; I only said it because mother taught it to me."—*S. S. Visitor.*

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### My Father's at the Helm.

The curling waves, with awful roar,  
A little boat assailed;—  
And pallid fear's distracting power  
O'er all on board prevailed,—

Save one, the captain's darling child,  
Who steadfast viewed the storm;  
And, cheerful with composure, smiled  
At danger's threatening form.

"And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,  
"While terrors overwhelm?"  
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,  
"My father's at the helm!"

So when our worldly all is reft,  
Our earthly helper gone,  
We still have one true anchor left,—  
God helps, and he alone!

He to our prayers will bend an ear,  
He gives our pangs relief;  
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,  
To joy each torturing grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,  
When want and woes o'erwhelm;  
Remembering, like the fearless child,  
Our Father's at the helm.

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:*

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.



Vol. 51.

MARCH, 1879.

No. 3.

THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HONOLULU,  
S. I., SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINCY,

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., CHAPLAIN.

*To the Corresponding Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society :—*

There is much uniformity in my labors from year to year, and I feel some difficulty in attempting to arrange fresh thoughts, and note down new facts for another Annual Report. During the fifty-two Sabbaths of the past year, the Chapel has been open and there has been preaching, except for three or four Sabbaths, by myself,—as I have not been absent during the year. Usually, Sabbath morning before divine service, I visit all the vessels along the wharves, distributing reading-matter in cabin and forecastle, and inviting all whom I meet to attend church. I do not think seamen visiting the port of Honolulu, can possibly excuse themselves from public worship, on the plea that they are not cordially invited.

*Changes in Population.*

Of late we have had a large accession of young men to our Island community from California, who have come to labor on the sugar plantations. Hitherto, this labor has been performed by native Hawaiians, or Polynesians, and Chinese. Such, of late, has been the demand for labor here, and the surplus in California so great, that some two or three hundred and more of young Americans and Germans, are now working at low wages, say \$15 or \$20 per month, and found. These men "ship," to employ the current phrase, for six months and longer.

In addition, during the past year, about four thousand Chinese laborers, from China and California, have found their way to the Islands, besides some two or three hundred have arrived from the Micronesian Islands.

As will readily appear, our island-community is now undergoing a radical change. As in former years when the whaling business was prosperous, the "Bethel" was the centre of religious operations, among seamen, and still continues among the same class, so now the "Bethel" has become a sort of centre of religious effort among laborers arriving on the Islands, but especially among the Chinese.

*Mr. Dunscombe's Labor with the Chinese.*

Mr. Dunscombe is now closing up the tenth year of his labors in teaching his evening school among the Chinese. The usefulness of this school is more and more apparent. Several of his pupils have made a public profession of their renunciation of idolatry and the adoption of the Christian faith. Only last Sabbath, one such united with the Bethel Church. The Chinese Sabbath service has become as regular and stated, as the English service. It is now frequented by about eighty regular attendants. The incipient measures are now about to be taken for erecting a chapel for the exclusive use of the Chinese. A good beginning has been made, and never was there a more hopeful field of labor among a heathen people. During the year a Chinese colporteur has been sent to labor at Kohala and another to Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, and there is an open field on Mani and Kanai, which will be occupied, as soon as suitable men can be secured.

*Their Migration a Providential Movement.*

This Chinese migration appears to be one of the great providential movements calling for specially active labors on the part of the friends of missions. The Rev. Dr. Spear is correct in his statement:—

"Taken in whatever aspect we will, the coming of the Chinese to America (and the Hawaiian Islands,) is excelled in importance by no other event since the discovery of the New World. It is one of the impulses beyond all human conception or management, by which God is moving the history of mankind onward to its great consummation." *China and the United States*, p. 27.

*Foreign Correspondence.*

In addition to my labors in preaching upon the Sabbath, conducting the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, visiting ships and hospital, editing *The Friend*, and looking after the welfare of the "Home," I have always carried forward a somewhat extensive correspondence, with Christian laborers, stationed at prominent points surrounding this great ocean, viz., with those laboring in Japan, China, Australia, the South Seas, Valparaiso, and cities on the shores of the North Pacific. The Rev. E. Faber, a German missionary, thus writes under date of May 20th, 1878:—

"I wish you much success, with all my heart, in your work among the Chinese near you, and hope many will become converted to the true and living God. Besides Sat Fan, there are some more of our church, on your islands. Sat Fan will be able to point them out to you. Please give them my sincere regards."

The Chinaman here referred to, came to our islands as a laborer, but he has been found to be well educated in the schools of the Ger-

man missionaries in China, and is now officiating as a lay-preacher to his countrymen, in Honolulu. Two others of the same character have been discovered,—one of whom is laboring at Kohola, on Hawaii.

Some months ago I was delighted and surprised to receive a most charming letter from Vice-Admiral James C. Provost, of the British Navy, whom I had not met for a quarter of a century. He thus writes, while making a passage from Sitka to Victoria, on Vancouver's Island, under date July 15th, 1878:—

"My dear Mr. Damon:—If you have forgotten me I have not forgotten you. Although nearly twenty-five years have told their tale, since we met in your beautiful islands, when I was in command of H. M. steamer *Virago*, you have frequently been in my thoughts, when in very distant ports,—brought to my remembrance when relating missionary work, and also, in my prayers, when asking God's blessing to encourage his servants laboring for Jesus. I especially remember of your telling me of a lad in the hospital, whose heart was hardened against the oft-repeated reading of God's word,—your praying with him, and for him, without effect, when one day you repeated a verse of a hymn, which brought to his remembrance his mother or his teacher, and this touched his heart.

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

"I should like to re-visit your island, but I am obliged to return to Europe as soon as I can. I left England April 18th, to visit a much loved son at Victoria. After my visit there I went North to visit *Millakettla*, an Indian village, where God has done such work, that it is 'marvelous in our eyes.' He has blessed in a wonderful way the labors of a devoted servant,—William Duncan,—who went among the *Inshika* tribes of Northern Indians, in 1857. I spent a month there, and I rejoice to tell to others what the preaching of the simple Gospel has done for the most debased of heathens. It may encourage you and other faithful ministers of Christ to persevere and labor on faithfully, with faith in God and his promises, never doubting. All things are possible with God, and he has shown his power, in taming *Cannibals* and *Dog-eaters*, and making use of them to carry the glad tidings of salvation, harmlessly, to tribes, who formerly would have murdered them. I know you have difficulties, perhaps greater than most of God's ministers, but his promise to Joshua, 'Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou discouraged, for the Lord, thy God, is with thee, whithersoever thou goest,' is still as binding as it was three thousand five hundred years ago, and will ever continue so. Therefore, let us comfort one another with these words, and be on the watch-tower, watching and praying till he comes!

"Ever believe me, yours faithfully in Christ,

JAMES C. PROVOST, *Vice-Admiral.*"

This letter indicates that the writer is after the style of Capt. Hedley Vicars, of the British Army. It has been my privilege to meet with more than one of this type, in my intercourse among the officers of the British Navy. Many years ago, Rear Admiral Thomas of the British Navy visited Honolulu, and established his quarters on shore. He was a regular attendant at the Bethel, and often spoke of his acquaintance with the Rev. R. Marks, once a Lieutenant in the Navy, whose writings were so well known a generation ago, and who accomplished so much good among British seamen and officers.

I have now lying on my table, the writings of a Surgeon of the British Navy, who lived one hundred and thirty years ago. I refer to those of James Meikle, a Surgeon of the Royal Navy. His "*Solitude Sweetened*," and "*The Traveller*" read like the freshest style of modern evangelical authors, and yet, they were written between the years 1748 and 1775, for the most part while cruising in a British man-of-war. Under the circumstances, they are remarkable religious volumes. The edition before me was printed in New York in 1811.

But not to dwell on the good of a former period, here is an extract from a letter, written only last month, by the Chaplain of the new Bethel in Portland, Oregon. Under date of December 13th, 1878, the Rev. R. S. STUBBS thus writes:—

“The numbers of *The Friend* brought to me by Mr. ———, of the *Ben Lodi*, came duly to hand. I am thankful for the gift and the remembrance of a fellow laborer. I have good news to tell you about the bearer of those papers. He found peace with God. He was a happy and devoted man while the vessel was in port. I saw him last Sabbath, at church, at Astoria. He was very happy. His vessel the *Ben Lodi*, passed over the bar of Columbia River yesterday, in company with several others of the wheat fleet bound for Europe. We have been, and still are, enjoying a very precious season of refreshing. Quite a number of sea-faring men have been converted to God, including several officers. Capt. Black, of the British ship *Shenir*, has rendered very efficient service in our meetings held on shipboard, in this port. He reported ten of his own crew hopefully converted to God. The churches and the Y. M. C. A. are sharing in the same priceless grace.”

Let me now pass from the Northwest coast of America to that noted island in the South Seas, “Pitcairn’s.” A few days since, I received a most interesting letter from Simon Young, a descendant of a mutineer. It has been my privilege to correspond with the Pitcairners, for more than thirty years, having often sent them small contributions of clothing, and books, and writing materials. It is a source of much satisfaction that the Pitcairners, (part of whom now reside on Norfolk Island,) still retain their simplicity and religious character. My correspondent writes, under date of September 9th, 1878:—

“*Dear and Reverend Friend*:—By the arrival of H. B. M. Steamship *Shah*, and favor of the Admiral, who kindly offers to forward letters, I now address you. It was the Admiral’s intention to spend but a few hours, arriving yesterday, (Sunday) from Vancouver’s Island and San Francisco, bound to Valparaiso, but landing with nearly all his officers he was prevailed on by us to extend his visit until to-day. We had a large congregation on shore during the morning service. The prayers were read by myself, and the discourse was delivered by the Chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Reed, on the subject of ‘Christ Crucified.’ \* \* \* It is now nearly a year since we have heard from Mr. Buffett on Norfolk Island. He wishes to return. \* \*

“Our community now numbers ninety persons, forty-one males and forty-nine females. We have still the old woman with us, the first that was born on the island after the Mutineers landed. She is yet strong and hearty, for her age.

“There are thirty-four children who attend school. Of this number the females exceed. It is our custom to meet together for social prayer and for the extension of our Redeemer’s kingdom on the first Friday of every month. It does not include all the numbers of our community, but is daily gaining ground, extending to some of the younger class. The members each choose a subject on which to speak verbally, or commit his thoughts to writing. I send you a few ‘copies’ from those who have written their thoughts. Some of them have the names of the writers and others not. You can see at once, that the writers are females. The men speak their thoughts.

“I would have enclosed, if I could, a copy of my daughter Rosalind’s poems, but we have but one copy of them on the island, in Mrs. Young’s possession, which she would not part with. They can be had from San Francisco, as they were printed there two years ago.

“Mr. James Russell McCoy is now Chief Magistrate of the island, and as far as he has acted, I think he is a fit man for the place.

“Desiring you to remember us in your prayers, that we may be steadfast and grow in the knowledge, and love, and grace of God, I remain,

Yours,

SIMON YOUNG.”

Mr. Buffett, referred to in this letter, is an old resident among the Pitcairners, having left the sea and married on the island. When the

inhabitants of Pitcairn's removed to Norfolk Island, he remained, and is now living like a patriarch among his descendants to the fourth generation. He is now about 82 years of age. He wrote me some months ago a long and neatly folded letter, from which I quote as follows:—

“NORFOLK ISLAND.

“I am in the enjoyment of excellent health. You say in your letter, you hope I am preparing for a better world. I am happy to inform you, that my trust is in a crucified Redeemer and not in forms and ceremonies, believing that Jesus has done all and suffered all for me. \* \* I love Pitcairn's. It is a beautiful little spot; and I took more comfort and satisfaction in our *Meeting-house* than in the church in this place. I have a daughter, Mrs. Simon Young, on Pitcairn's, with a family of ten children, and a son married, who has no family, and here I have six sons, three are widowers, and three married, who have families. I have a desire to return to Pitcairn's, but under existing circumstances I think it not prudent to do so.”

The history of the inhabitants of Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands, form a most interesting and unique chapter in the Church of Christ in Polynesia. Books, narratives, poems and letters about them, would form a very respectable library. Many in England and America have taken a deep interest in their welfare. One of the most remarkable persons to interest himself in the history of this little Island-community, was the late Rev. N. W. Fiske, Professor of Greek in Amherst College. Prof. Fiske, in his day, was accounted among the most ripe and thorough Greek scholars in America. What is quite remarkable is, that a Professor of Greek, whose studies lay among the ancients, should have written a minute history of the Pitcairners, under the title of

“*The Story of Aleck, or “Aleck the last of the Mutineers.”*”

The third edition of this little book lies before me, published by J. S. & C. Adams, (1848) Amherst, Mass. After the lamented death of the Professor in Jerusalem, whither he had gone for his health, an edition was issued in Boston, by the Rev. S. W. Hanks, (1855). I am not aware that Professor Fiske ever avowed himself publicly as the author of this book, but there can surely be no harm, at this late day, in making this announcement, for it is alike honorable to his pen and the wide range of his reading and sympathies. It was my privilege to receive the following letter from him, a few months before his death.

Boston, January 7th, 1845.

“*My Dear Sir* :—I have only a moment in which to write you, as I leave this place, in the morning to return to Amherst. Please to accept my thanks for some numbers of your paper, received by me a while since. It was truly gratifying to notice the evidence they furnished, that you are not laboring in vain, in your interesting field. Information pertaining to the interest of Christ's kingdom in any port of the vast ocean, in which you dwell, will always be interesting.

“I forward in connection with this note a little book, in which you will find your name mentioned; your letter (answered by Quintall,) would have been inserted had it been accessible. Should you be still editing your paper and be disposed to notice this little book, please keep in mind that it is *anonymous*, and the writer wishes it to be so.

“Allow me to say, that I shall be obliged to you for any information you can procure and forward to me respecting Pitcairn's Island and its inhabitants. Especially I should be pleased to know minutely the history of *Hannah Adams* and *George Young*, and their family.—and George's love, Hannah's reluctance; their final marriage, their house, their family, &c., would form an interesting chapter; but I had not sufficient materials for the *real* history, and nothing else was to be admitted. I would also be grateful for the correction of any errors in the book.

"May the Lord prosper you in your benevolent work and make you a blessing to thousands and thousands of those, whose home is on the ocean, and speedily may the abundance of the sea be converted unto Him!

Very truly, your friend,

N. W. FISKE."

How vividly the Professor and his peculiar manner of teaching are impressed upon my memory! He was truly a good and noble man, and I cherish a grateful remembrance of his life and usefulness. Among the sincere regrets of my visit to Jerusalem, in December, 1869, is this, that I did not seek out in the "City of David," his last resting place, for, remarks Dr. Hitchcock, (in a notice of Prof. Fiske,) "he was laid there in the Protestant burying ground near the tomb of David." Although he left no son to bear his name and inherit his honors, I rejoice that a daughter has been so widely known to the literary world, over the signature "H. H."

I should perhaps apologise for writing so long a report, but one topic suggested another, and that another, thus I might have written a volume, joining link to link. The world is very small after all, and all is joined together, although in our ignorance we cannot always trace out the connection of one part with another. Paul declared on Mars' Hill that God had made of "one blood" all the nations of the world, and we know Christ has shed his blood, not for one, but for all!

SAMUEL C. DAMON.

HONOLULU, January 8th, 1879.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### II.—TYRE.

The traveler who journeys southward from Sidon has upon his right the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea, and before him a plain widening from one to four miles and stretching out to the mountains of Lebanon, from whose snowy peaks (thirty miles away) numberless streams run down through its wild and deep gorges towards the sea. A ride of two hours or more brings him to Sarepta, where, twenty-eight centuries ago, the prophet Elijah was the

guest of a poor widow, during a time of famine, whose meal and oil never wasted while he was with her.

All this Phœnician plain presents frequent evidences of its ancient cultivation in the ruins which are strewn over it, many of which bear the marks of a Roman origin, and others of a much higher antiquity. Beyond Sarepta as the eye sweeps upwards and eastward it catches sight of old Hermon, from whose hoary summit

the waters descend, that pass through the valley of the Jordan and the sea of Tiberias. Twenty miles south of Sidon a long promontory stretches out into the sea on which stands the mere wreck of an ancient city now called Sur and containing about 3,000 inhabitants. On all sides are broken columns, the remains of ancient palaces and temples.

This is all that is left of what was once the mighty and splendid City of Tyre, for ages the metropolis of Phoenicia. The place where the village now stands was once an island nearly a half a mile from the shore, and the causeway which now connects it with the main land, was built by Alexander out of the ruins of the most ancient and splendid part of the city. It is called in the Scriptures the daughter of Zidon, and was doubtless a colony of that ancient mart of commerce. It is first mentioned in the survey of the land of Canaan, made under Joshua, as the strong city of Tyre, and is made one of the land marks in the boundaries of the tribe of Asher. The original city which stood upon the main land is said to have been nineteen miles in circumference, and long before the entrance of the children of Israel to their inheritance had attained a position of great wealth and power through its commerce and its arts and manufactures. In the time of Solomon its king made treaties with him, and its artisans and sailors and workmen were engaged in supplying the stones and timber and treasures for his palaces and for the Temple itself, and were the architects of those magnificent structures. In every part of the Roman world Tyre had its colonies and commercial connections. Its sails whitened every sea.

All nations poured their wealth and tribute into its treasury. Its merchants were the princes and the honorable men of the earth.

It was at once the London and Paris of the Old World, and sat as a queen in all her imperial pride upon the waters which were the highway of her commerce and the avenue of her wealth and splendor. The present Tyre was but the seaport of the larger and more magnificent city, related to that as the Piræus is to Athens, and built upon an island for the convenience of its merchants in the lading and unlading of their ships.

The descriptions which are given in the prophecies, especially of Isaiah and Ezekiel, enable us with but little effort of the fancy to reproduce the picture of Tyre's ancient wealth and glory, and indicate clearly the occasion of her downfall. More than seven hundred years before the coming of Christ, Isaiah took up (Chap. 23rd.) the burthen of Tyre and foretold her miserable overthrow. Even then he spoke of her as the 'joyous city whose antiquity is of ancient days,' and anticipating her destruction said,—'Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth? The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain all the pride of human glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth.' One hundred and thirty years later Ezekiel took up the same burden and declared the overthrow of the city. But with that forecast of events yet to come, the prophet draws a wonderful picture of the present insignificance of Tyre.

If we turn to the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth



chapters of Ezekiel, we shall find a marvelous description of her wealth and commerce, and of her pride and wickedness which were to be her destruction. Her very position indicated her commercial greatness, for she was 'situate at the entry of the sea and her borders were in the midst of the sea.' Her ship boards were of the fir trees of Senir, her masts of the cedars of Lebanon, her oars of the oaks of Bashan, her sails of the fine linen of Egypt. Her sailors were from Zidon and Arvad. Her soldiers were from Persia and Africa, her merchandise came from Damascus and Arabia and the far off islands of the sea. All the wealth of art and agriculture and manufactures came upon her in a vast and ever increasing tide. Silver and gold, wine and rich dresses, draperies and spices and costly gems, and the productions of every clime and nation were found in her fairs, and bought or sold in her vast store houses, or brought in and sent out by her countless fleets. Her busy harbors must have been a constant scene of life and animation. The blue waters that broke around her were whitened with numberless sails of ships entering or leaving her ports. Above and below the city were doubtless the beautiful villas of her merchant princes, built upon the hills and overlooking all this scene of beauty and activity. The representatives of every nation were to be met with in those crowded marts. Ships from every port were entering or leaving the harbor, some with broad and strong sails, and others with banks of oars, pulled by the stout arms of a hundred stalwart sailors, and guided by skilful pilots who stood upon a high deck at the stern. Among this vast crowd of vessels

were slave ships, and ships of war, corn vessels, and ships loaded with wine and oil, with fruits and spices, and with fabrics from the looms and workshops of every nation. And all this mighty tide of commerce left its impress upon every feature of this imperial city, the mistress of the old world. Palaces and temples, statues and aqueducts, fountains, columns of exquisite beauty, and walls of vast strength were everywhere seen as the index of wealth and art, of taste and commercial greatness.

And yet all this splendor was doomed to decay, and this city was to be given up to complete destruction. In the very acme of her greatness, the voice of God's prophet pronounced her doom. In her pride and arrogance she had forgotten him who sets up one and pulleth down another. She had rejoiced in the downfall of Jerusalem, not only as the removal of one of her rivals in the commerce of the East, but because her best and purest monarch, Josiah, had heaped dishonor upon her own idolatrous worship by the removal of the images and the altars which had years before been set up in the Holy City under the influence of Tyrian customs and alliances. Even the high place which had been built to their favorite goddess Ashtoreth had been destroyed, and all their idolatrous practises which the Jews had imitated were set aside. Thus Tyre had rejoiced in the overthrow of Jerusalem, her pride and guilt kept pace with her increasing greatness, and she who should have learned in that fall lessons of humility, repentance, and virtue, only grew more obstinate in her sinfulness, and they who should have pitied the helpless captives of the ruined city bought and sold them as slaves.

Then came denunciations of wrath like the hand-writing on the wall, and fearful prophecies of her overthrow. In the very midst of her security and power voices were heard uttering the burthen of Tyre, and saying in behalf of Jehovah, 'I will cause many nations to come up against thee, they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers, I will scrape her dust from her and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea. They shall lay thy stones and thy dust in the midst of the water.'

Every word of this has been fulfilled. And yet when it was spoken nothing seemed more improbable. Shalmaneser had sought, in vain, to reduce its pride and strength, after he had taken captive the ten tribes of Israel. Nebuchadnezzar, after a siege of thirteen years was unrewarded by the golden prize he had sought. In the progress of his long assault, the Tyrians had removed their most valuable effects from the old city on the main shore to the island where they had fortified themselves, leaving only a barren victory to the army of Babylon whenever they should enter the walls of ancient Tyre. Thus for two hundred and thirty years the ruins of the old city remained, while insular Tyre still retained its power and wealth and commercial greatness.

Then came Alexander fresh from the conquests of the eastern world and finding this city in his way, yet proud and unconquered, sat down to the work of its utter extinction. He saw that he could only succeed by making his assault upon the city from the main land. The island had now become a vast fortress as well as a naval depot, and was defended by walls 150 feet

in height. To reach the city it was needful for him to build a causeway over the channel that lay between the shore and the island. This he accomplished in seven months, using as his materials the stones and columns of old Tyre, literally sweeping her dust into the sea and leaving the place as bare and bald as a rock. Then the city fell; her soldiers who had bravely defended her were put to death, and 30,000 of her citizens sold into slavery.

Gradually, however, it seemed to recover some of its former prosperity. But it shared the varying fortunes of its masters, now of the Seleucidæ, and then of the Romans, and afterwards the Moslems, the Christians and the Turks. In the year 1291 the city was entered by the army of the Saracens to whom Acre had already yielded, and its decline was rapid. Alexandre and other cities had long already disputed its commercial supremacy and its subsequent history was one of growing poverty and weakness.

The little village that now remains, stands amidst the sad wrecks of its ancient splendor. It is indeed a place for the spreading out of nets. The causeway built by Alexander has gradually widened by the sands that the sea has thrown upon it, and the harbor once full of the ships of every nation, now scarcely admits a fishing vessel. All that was foretold concerning the city has been fulfilled. And she who once sat as a queen in all her imperial pride and power, the mistress of the world before Rome was ever founded, and who had seen Babylon flourish and decay, is now like a widow lonely and desolate and forsaken. The place that was once the centre of wealth and power more than

regal, is now the simple shelter of poverty, where a few wretched fishermen seek a scanty subsistence. And over all these ruins seem to be written the words which are for all nations and ages, 'Let not the

rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth.'

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## THE RESCUE OF WRECKS.

A MONTH OF LIFE-SAVING.—A SKETCH OF THE HARDSHIPS OF THE BRAVE FELLOWS WHO PATROL THE COAST.—THE STORY OF FIFTEEN WRECKS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8th, 1879.

When a great ship loaded with passengers goes ashore and is wrecked on our coast, the services rendered by the Life-Saving crews are brought prominently before the public, and are widely commented on in terms of praise or censure, as the event may seem to warrant. But such occurrences are happily rare, and during the long intervals between them, very little ever reaches the public ear about the brave deeds performed and the constant dangers and exposures incurred by the gallant fellows who form the Life-Saving crews. The nightly patrol along the beach keeping a lookout for distressed vessels, and the rally and the rescue when a coaster or a merchantman is blown ashore, are seldom chronicled. Such disasters are only published in the marine columns of the metropolitan press, and the brief record "crew saved" meets only the eyes of the shipowners.

The wreck reports received at the office of the Superintendent of the Life-Saving Service are printed lists of questions with written answers, giving the circumstances of each wreck, together with the operations of the Life-Saving crew. They are categor-

ical and dry to the last degree, but an examination of them discloses startling adventures and brave deeds enough, in the accumulation of a single month of the dangerous season, to supply crises for a dozen romances of the period. In the month of September last, seventeen wrecks were reported, at which services were rendered and lives saved. In October there were thirty-one wrecks, nine of which occurred in one day. In November thirty-four wrecks, seven of them in one day, are reported; and last month, which has no precedent for the small number of wrecks, there were fifteen. These figures, however, give no adequate idea of the constant watchfulness and the value of the daily services rendered by the surfmen to crews of shipwrecked vessels. The following more detailed analysis of the wreck reports for the month of December will be found of interest:—

On December 1st the schooner *Peerless*, of Baltimore, Md., ran ashore at 2 o'clock in the morning, in a smooth sea, five miles west-southwest of Station No. 8, Fifth District of Maryland. The keeper and crew of the station boarded her in their life-boat at 8 o'clock

in the morning, but her captain refused to abandon his vessel, and the boat returned. Before noon the wind increased to a gale, and the life-savers again rowed out and came abreast of the vessel. This time they were unable to board on account of the violence of the wind and the tremendous sea. Three successive efforts were baffled, and the vessel finally lurchered over and her bottom came uppermost. Her crew of eight men were able to cling to her and keep above water, except when the sea broke over them. At 4 p. m. a successful connection with the wreck was established and all the crew were saved. The vessel proved an entire loss.

On December 4th, the bark *Wilhelmina*, of Quebec, having on board a crew numbering fourteen persons, ran ashore at 4:30 a. m., on Egg Harbor Bar, N. J., opposite Station No. 24, Fourth District. The sea was running high and the distance from the shore to the vessel was more than a mile; but the crews from Stations Nos. 23 and 24 working together, succeeded in boarding the wreck and brought away the entire crew. The crew of Station 25, later in the day, reached the scene, and the three crews succeeded in landing a portion of the baggage of the shipwrecked mariners. The vessel broke up and was a total loss.

On the next day, December 5th, the ship *Owego*, of New York, stranded at midnight in Quoddy Bay, on the coast of Maine. She had sprung a bad leak in the gale of the 2nd and 3rd, and was compelled to make for the shore to prevent foundering at sea. A southeasterly gale was prevailing at the time she stranded, and a heavy sea was running. Six

of the crew had left the ship in the ship's boat before she struck, and had effected a landing on Campobello Island. The crew of Life-Saving Station No. 1, First District, went to her assistance, and succeeded in bringing away in safety the captain, mate and six seamen,—all that were left on board. The vessel was a total wreck.

On the morning of December 6th, the schooner *Areutha A. Shaw*, of Forked River, N. J., stranded at high water in a north-west wind and rough sea, three miles from shore. The Life-Saving crew of Station No. 25, Fourth District of New Jersey, reached her in the surf boat at 8 o'clock, and returned to shore by 8 o'clock the next morning, having spent the time in helping to throw the cargo overboard to lighten the vessel, and in heaving her off with anchor and hawser. Her crew were eight in number. In this instance the life-savers were instrumental in saving not only the lives of the crew, but the vessel, and a part of her cargo.

On December 7th, the sloop *General Scott*, from New York, bound from that city to Sandy Hook pier, laden with lumber, sprang a leak when opposite the north point of the Hook, and to save her from foundering, her captain ran her ashore on West Beach, at 6:30 p. m. The crew of Station No. 1, Fourth District, saw her when she came on, and brought the crew of four men to the station, they coming ashore in their own boats. They were sheltered and fed at the station for six days, during which time, with the aid of the Life-Saving crew, they were endeavoring to save the vessel. She became, however, a total wreck. Her cargo

was washed ashore. The sails, anchors, chains and rigging were saved. All the captain was worth was in his vessel.

On December 8th, the schooner *Menana*, of New York, stranded at 4 o'clock p. m. on the bar three-fourths of a mile east of Station No. 12, Second District. The Life-Saving crew at once went out to her, and with the assistance of a wrecking company from Chatham succeeded in heaving her off.

On December 10th, the schooner *Minnie Still*, of Patchogue, N. Y., stranded at 6 o'clock a. m., in a strong south wind and heavy sea, a mile and a half northeast of Station No. 35, Fourth District of New Jersey. The Life-Saving crew rowed out to her and took off her crew of four men, who were sheltered at the station for four days. The vessel was saved.

On December 17th, an open sloop, with two men and two women on board, laden with fish, ran upon Suptill's Ledge, Quoddy Bay, Maine, at 10 o'clock a. m., and would have fared hardly except for the prompt appearance of the Life-Saving crew of Station No. 1, First District, who boarded her, took off the persons on board, removed her cargo, ran out an anchor, hove her off at high water, restored her cargo and the people taken from her, and saw her safely on her way. The sloop had no boat to enable her people to get ashore, and would soon have careened and filled with water had she remained upon the ledge.

On December 18th, the schooner *Rosina*, of Machias, Me., stranded at 6:30 a. m., in a northwest wind and smooth sea two and a half miles northeast of Station No. 13, Second District of Massachusetts. The Life-Saving crew boarded her,

but no assistance was required of them, the captain of the vessel having secured the services of a wrecking crew to float her off.

On December 19th, the schooner *S. T. Dennis*, of Berlin, Md., with five men on board, ran ashore at half-past 3 o'clock a. m., in clear weather, on Cold Spring Bar, near Station No. 39, Fourth District, New Jersey. The station crew boarded her, assisted in pumping her out, hoisting her sails and trimming cargo, and succeeded in getting her afloat at high water.

On the 21st the crew of Station No. 27, Third District, prevented an unknown vessel from going ashore. Her lights were seen by the patrolmen at 9 p. m., so close to the beach that it was evident she was on the point of stranding. The patrolmen gave the alarm and the crew hurried to the spot and burned Coston lights and sent up star rockets, which warned the vessel off.

On December 22d, the schooner *James A. Potter*, of Thomaston, Me., struck upon the bar three-quarters of a mile east of Station No. 10, Third District, at 4:15 a. m., during a strong gale from the southeast. The heavy sea which was running made a clean breach over the vessel, so that the crew had to take to the rigging. One man was washed overboard when the vessel struck. The remaining seven were rescued by the Life-Saving crew, who came promptly to the wreck and took off the men with the breeches-buoy.

On the 24th, the schooner *C. & C. Brooks*, of New York, ran ashore at 1 o'clock in the morning, three-quarters of a mile from Station No. 25, Fourth District, of New Jersey. The sea was very heavy. Upon reaching the schooner

the Life-Saving crew found that she had sunk. Her crew of five men were in the rigging. They were taken into the boat and brought ashore in safety. The vessel became a total wreck. The crew were sheltered for several days at the station.

On the 26th, the schooner *Mary Ann Grier*, of New York, went ashore on Middle Ground, Fire Island Inlet, with a pilot on board. The drift-ice drove her still further aground, where she pounded until she sprang aleak. The crew of Station 25 went out to her assistance, hove her off, and took her to a safe anchorage.

On the 28th, the schooner *James D. Godfrey*, of Philadelphia, dragged ashore in the ice at 4 o'clock in the morning, a quarter of a mile east of Station No. 40, Fourth District of New Jersey. The Life-Saving crew reached her by wading, and ran out an anchor preliminary to heaving her off when opportunity favored.

This completes the record, as it is gathered from the wreck reports for a single month, and that, as has been shown, the least fruitful in results during the present season, so far. — *N. Y. Tribune*.

### Clinging to a Mast.

Mr. Charles Killeen, mate of the schooner *Etta A. Stimpson*, and the sole survivor of her wreck, gives the following narrative of the terrible hardships of the crew: "We left Bath, Me., Friday, 11th inst., bound to Baltimore with a cargo of ice. We took the gale Saturday forenoon at the foot of the shoals, from the east; at noon it was thick, and we came to an anchor at the east end of Norton's shoal, letting go three anchors; at 5 p. m. the wind was blowing a

hurricane from the N. N. E., and the schooner dragged over the shoal, pounding hard. At 3 o'clock in the evening the vessel rolled over in seven fathoms of water, probably from her cargo shifting, and we all took to the mizzen rigging. Just before she went over I told the captain we had better get the boat ready to lower, but he remarked that she would not live in such a foam, and we had best cling to the largest piece of wood. The second sea which boarded us swept away two of the men. The rest hung on till about 5 o'clock in the morning, when they began to go. The man on my right became a raving maniac, and soon succumbed, the rest following soon after, leaving Captain Hart and wife and myself still clinging. The sea was breaking over us to the height of ten or fifteen feet continually, and, as it dashed against us, it seemed as if it would dash us to pieces.

"Early Sunday morning we saw the steamers *Martha's Vineyard* and *Dexter* come out, and I told Captain Hart to hold his wife tight, while I tried to signal them. Put my coat on the shear pole for a waif, but they probably did not see it, as they made their way to vessels on Tuckernuck shoal. During this time Captain Hart lost his hold on his wife, and I had to jump to his assistance, and we drew her back again to a place of safety. When we perceived we were not to be rescued by the steamers, Mrs. Hart became discouraged, and soon after gave up, slipping from our grasp about 2 p. m., at which time she was about drawing her last breath. The sea was washing by us at the time waist deep. The loss of his wife completely unnerved Captain Hart, who turned to me and shook my hand, saying, after I

had tried to console him and get him to hold on longer, 'I can't do it; you may, you're a tough man; I don't care now whether I live or die.' He gave me his ring and some money, with the request that if I was saved I would send it to his parents, and then handed me his watch, asking me to keep it as a memento. At 9 p. m., Sunday evening he was wandering in his mind, and I was obliged to lash him to keep him from going overboard. About 2 o'clock Monday morning he died, with his head resting on my knee. I secured his body, and stood up waiting events.

"My feelings through all this trying ordeal were far from pleasant, but something seemed to impress me that I was to be saved, and throughout I did not despair in the least. My signal was seen by a party in a boat from Edgartown, and I was taken off. The boat was too small to take off the captain's body, too, but we afterward returned in a whaleboat and took it from the vessel."

*Nantucket Enquirer.*

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*From Mr. Grim's Dream.*

### Sea-Sickness.

When seasick, all is horribleness! There is no way to rest! The world has broken loose! We are maddening! We look in every direction, but there is nothing to depend upon; not an atom is quiet; everything we see and feel is in terrible motion! The air is rushing, the ocean is boiling, the billows are foaming, the water is dashing, the waves are leaping, the spray is drenching, the surges are thundering, the ship is rolling and pitching, its prow is diving, its masts are bending, its joints are creaking, its timbers are groaning, upon its heaving deck we are roaming,—it

is a world of fluids in a fever of action! Yet the world around us seems calm, compared to the chaos of gyrating solids and fluids within us!

Let us consider the pleasures to be derived in traveling upon a first-class steamship. Here we roll in the luxury of stately state-rooms. Delectable! This is princely suffering! We surge out and roll more heavily. It is the very poetry of motion in blank verse! Entering a series of elegant saloons, and noting the superb misery to be had in the first cabin—are we pained? Let us not be squeamish about it; the pain we feel is the very excess of delight! We are simply infatuated with vexation. What fine carving! What exquisite torment! What rich upholstering! What interesting spasms! What lovely tints! What grand convulsions! What supernal chandeliers! What gay fits! What charming gilt! What sublime explosions! What beautiful wainscotings! What extreme feelings! What downy seats! What sumptuous wretchedness! The doors extend to us bright silver hands; the richly painted walls bloom with golden touches: the glassy varnish reflects our happiness all, all, and adds so much to our joy! We are swayed from delight to delight. What handsome doorways! What showy stairways! How pretty all ways! A fickle ship in display! She is richly attired for a dance, and is she not gaily rushing through a lively season! We think of her gilded trappings, and how they soothe our troubled feelings. Oh, we are enduring splendid misery! Let the ocean roar;—no matter what is without when all this is within! Sublimity everywhere! The ship has a noble prow! Don't we enjoy it!

We are compelled to stagger

among mahogany. If it were oak, perhaps we should be unhappy. If pine, we might be miserable. We are pitched by fate to unexpected pleasures. A sick stranger is flung to us for a desperate embrace. Another lurch, and away we go, sadly parting. Life is dreadfully enchanting here. We are frantic in admiration of the ocean, yet we have only seen the surface; we shall be lost in speechless pleasures if we go down. While the ship floats we appreciate every trifle of happiness vouchsafed to us. Ever surrounded by jauntily moving ornaments, we thread our devious way among these pretty things, feeling ineffable feelings, looking at every portion of the ship in turn, utterly satisfied with it all. Existence here has a charm of its own. It is sweet trouble! It is imperial agony! It is a blissful foretaste of eternal punishment!

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### The Ships' Crew.

The following article is doubtless, in the main, a just arraignment of the action of a steamer's crew, in a late ocean disaster:—

“An official inquiry into the causes of the wreck of the *Pommerania* has brought out the usual humiliating circumstances: The sailors insisted on saving themselves; and the bulkheads between the compartments were open when the ship was struck. These two woeful facts tell the whole story. There was lack of discipline and of precaution. The relative conditions of the ship and of the vessel which sunk her were very different. Both were iron hulls, and both were provided with water-tight compartments. The sailing vessel with a few people on board, had

her bulkheads closed, and thus escaped sinking, though a frightful rent was made in her prow. The steam-ship, richly freighted with human life, was left to run the usual risks of the sea with her bulkheads open; and she filled and sank. One witness said that there was no more sea than in the Thames, when the steamer was cut down; she was not broken up by the action of the waves, but was sunk by the rushing of water into all her compartments. For this state of things the officers of the ship were responsible. It is the commonest thing in the world, apparently, for navigators to make inoperative the precautions of builders. It is pretty generally admitted that the modern system of building ships with water-tight compartments renders it almost impossible to sink them by letting the water into one division, so long as that is kept closed, unless the vessel be laboring in a heavy sea. Yet, with astonishing fatuousness, navigators disregard the commonest rules of safety, and calmly go on a long voyage with the bulkheads open. It is courting death.

“Of course, people will feel a thrill of indignation against the so-called sailors of the *Pommerania*, who are said to have saved, not only their own lives, but their bedding and baggage, or “dunnage,” while fifty or sixty passengers were left to drown. But we should remember that these men are not real sailors. They are of a very low order of seafaring men, and we cannot expect either heroism or efficiency from them. The race of sailors, as we used to know it, has well-nigh disappeared. The men who live in the forecabin of an ocean steamer are no more sailors than the deck-hands of a North River ferry-boat. They are the



stokers and "roustabouts" of a great machine. The introduction of steam, it is complained, has taken away not only the romance of the sea, but the manliness of the seamen. On board of a great ocean steamship, even the hoisting is done by steam, and much of the work formerly requiring the exercise of human muscle is accomplished by labor-saving machinery. The men in the fore-castle are sooty, greasy fellows, drafted from many nationalities, poorly paid as a rule, knocked and kicked about like dogs, and destitute of the intelligent pride in one's vocation which springs from a high state of discipline. Is it any wonder that they are selfish and inefficient, and that each man is intent on shirking his duty in time of safety, and looking out for himself when danger comes? There are boats to be lowered in case of disaster; but these ill-trained men make a shocking bungle of lowering a boat when the sea is calm and there is no panic aboard ship. They have never been trained to do even this simple duty well. No wonder that when the hour of calamity comes, they rush for their own safety. Their consciousness of their own inefficiency warns them that they can only hope to save themselves. One account says that struggling passengers were beaten off from the boats, already filled; and a witness testified at the inquest that when the men in the last boat pushed off, there were many left to drown, although there was room for many more in the boat. "The Captain kept his post like a man, but no one else did." The faithless guardians of the ship had fled for their lives, taking their few worldly effects with them. The water was smooth, and rescue near at hand, but the panic-stricken seamen has-

tened away, leaving the ship's passengers to their fate.

"The managers of steam-ship lines are largely to blame for the deterioration of the morale of their so-called sailors. It is very true that the changes which the introduction of steam machinery has wrought in the whole science of seamanship have affected unfavorably the race of seamen. The effect of these changes is beyond the power of man to remedy. But a more determined effort on the part of the officers of the steam marine would largely counteract what is called the "demoralization" of seamanship. Lax discipline and a general surrender to the shiftlessness of steamer "hands" have done an ill work. Any landsman with a tolerable notion of what human muscle ought to accomplish will be amused or irritated (as his mood may happen to be) by watching a gang of these so-called sailors at work when the ship is leaving or entering port. Twenty or thirty strapping fellows dawdle at a piece of running rigging or a tackle, without pulling a pound's weight, and wailing the echoes with their ridiculous cries. They are not drilled in anything, and they have none of the pride of ship and sea which the old-time "blue-jacket" knew. There are, it is true, a few notable exceptions to this general statement.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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CAPTAIN HENRY SEGUINE has sent to the *N. Y. Herald* a chart which he has prepared after years of observation, which shows the surface temperature of the water from Sandy Hook to George's Banks, on a system which will enable a sailing master to know his position, even during continuously foggy weather, with sufficient accuracy to insure safety.

## The Sailor's Text.

### EMBARKING.

*'Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.'*—Cor. vi. 2.

WHEN does the vessel sail? When does it weigh anchor? Voyager to a Heavenly Home! what is the advertised hour of starting?

Hear it—it is *Now!* Stop and ponder that little word written on the sign-boards of Eternal Truth. It is soon read. It is only three letters; but on these three letters hangs a whole Eternity. *NOW.* It is God's time. It is the best time. It may be the only time! Not to-morrow; to-morrow may come, but it may come too late. By neglecting that significant word, the golden opportunity may be gone, and gone for ever. Many have put off and perished. Reader! another warning bell is tolling. Another hour is striking on the clock of Time. Dream not of a more convenient season! "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Leave the City of Destruction—"pay thy fare." (Jonah i. 3.) "Haste thee, flee for thy life, lest thou be consumed!"

"'Now is the accepted time,'  
Peals the belfry's solemn chime;  
'Do not trifle with to-day,  
Priceless moments fleet away;  
In this world of change and sorrow,  
Mortal! boast not of to-morrow.'"

*For The Sailor's Magazine.*

### Hold Fast.

*"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet."*

"We were on shipboard," said a captain's wife, "lying in a Southern harbor. On a certain evening an expedition to visit friends on another vessel had been planned. We were obliged, first, to make our way ashore, that we might reach our friends upon the other vessel.

The waves were rolling heavily. I became frightened at the thought of attempting it, when one came to me, saying, "Do not be afraid, I will take care of you."

He bore a peculiar shaped dark lantern, only a single ray of light being emitted from a small circular aperture.

"Now," he said, "take my hand, hold fast, do not fear. Do not look about you, or on either side of you, only on the little spot lighted by my lantern, and place your footsteps firmly, *right there.*"

He held my hand with a strong controlling grasp, guarding my steps care-

fully by the light of the lantern which he bore, simply saying, "Hold fast! hold fast!"

I heard the rushing of the waters, and was still conscious of fear, but by looking steadily only where the light fell, and planting my footsteps just there, not turning either to the right or the left, clasping firmly the strong hand, the danger was overcome and the shore reached in safety.

The next day my kind guide said, "Would you like to see the way by which you came last night?" Then he showed me where our vessel had been lying, and the very narrow plank, (just a single one), by which we had reached the shore. He knew that had I turned either to the right or left, I should in all probability have lost my balance, and gone over into those dark waters, but by "holding fast," and treading just where the light fell, all danger would be averted.

"*Never,*" said the speaker, "have I forgotten the lesson I then learned, and when, in after years there came the

temptation to question God's dealings, or doubt His providences, I seemed to hear a voice saying, "Fear not, only *hold fast*, and I will never leave or forsake Thee."

Since then, no way which God has marked out for me has seemed too narrow for my feet to tread, and no threatening waters of unbelief have ever been permitted to overwhelm me.

Doubting reader, fear thou no longer! Holding fast to that Almighty arm you shall make life's journey, and reach the harbor in safety. Your steps shall never slide, but that strong hand will bear you up, even through the last dark River of Death, safe to the other shore, where your eyes shall behold the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off."

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"I know not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide;  
With a child-like trust do I give my hand,  
To the mighty Friend by my side;  
The only thing that I say to him,  
As He takes it, is,—*Hold it fast*,  
Suffer me not to lose the way,  
And lead me home at last.

As, when some helpless wanderer,  
Alone in an unknown land,  
Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
And leaves all else in his hand;  
'Tis home,—'tis home that I wish to reach,  
He who guides me may choose the way,  
Little I heed what path I take,  
If nearer home each day."

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For the Sailors' Magazine.

### An Illustration which Told.

During a series of meetings held in one of our city churches about two years ago, the revenue cutter *Crawford* was in port, undergoing some repairs, and some of her crew attended the services, among them the boatswain, a man of about forty years of age. His features showed that he had led a dissipated life. The minister invited all who desired an interest in the prayers of the church to come and kneel at the altar. Many did so and among them, with as much earnestness, apparently, as he ever went aloft to reef a topsail, this boatswain. He continued to come for several nights without finding the Savior. I visited him on board

his vessel one afternoon, and tried to instruct him how to come to Christ. I gave him an illustration which he understood, as the sequel will show. I said to him—"if you were overboard out in the middle of the river, your strength was exhausted and you were sinking down, and some one should throw you a line saying,—'take this, I will save you,'—you would trust and be saved." That night he went to the altar, saw himself sinking down, trusted his Savior, found peace, stood up before the congregation and gave a brief account of his past life and his present joys.

AMICUS.

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For the Sailors' Magazine.

### From One of Her Majesty's Naval Pensioners.

"An old man-o-war's man," over fifty years of age, has been joyfully converted since coming to Portland, Oregon, and stands up among us a living, fervid, and humble witness to "the grace of God." He remarkably illustrates the words of Jesus,—“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings I have ordained strength.” That Brother Herndon may be heard through the columns of the *MAGAZINE*, I have asked him to write his experience, which he has done, as follows:—

Yours in the joy of Jesus,

Chaplain STUBBS, *Portland, Oregon.*

SHIP BEN LODI OF GLASGOW, }  
PORTLAND, OREGON, U. S. A. }

OCTOBER, 1878.

My native place was Canterbury, in Kent, England. I was born July 27th, 1827, and went to sea in 1841, on board the brig *Tricot* of Newcastle, the Captain promising that if I served the half of my time, he would put me in a foreign-going vessel. I was put on board the barque *Planet* on a voyage to Madras, finally to Pondicherry, Cuddalore, Cochinada, and thence to London, where the ship was sold, and I was placed on board the new barque *Cotfield*, bound to Calcutta, thence to the Isle of France. Then being out of apprenticeship, I joined H. M. S. *Eurydice*, that did so

lately capsize in the English Channel. I was about two years in her, and then received orders for England. I afterwards joined H. M. S. *Phaeton*, then H. M. S. *Agamemnon*, and then the Mediterranean fleet lying in Besika Bay. Shortly afterwards, war was declared between England and Russia. The fleet manned the rigging and gave three cheers, making the place echo from so many voices. It was a great sight I witnessed on leaving Varna. The English, French, and Turkish fleets, and the troop-ships out of number, were drawn up in two lines, from horizon to horizon. The disembarkation of the troops, and all munitions of war then took place. The enemy showed no resistance, but merely watched our movements. They poisoned the water, and we had to supply the troops from our condensers, every morning. We would see them ranged along the beach waiting for the boats, the officers the same as the rest. On the 17th day of October, 1854, was opened the siege of Sebastopol, shipping bombarding, and our ship having the flag of Admiral E. Lyons, red at the mizzen, with union jack lashed to our fore stays. We opened fire on the enemy. Two batteries, besides Fort Constantine, were playing on us. A captain of a gun was just pointing it when a shot struck the muzzle, taking his head off just above the chin-beam, and men near him were besmeared with brains, hair, and blood. The body was picked up and put in a bag with two shot, and then thrown overboard. We were five nights and four days clearing the battle field of Alma, likewise Inkerman, and Balaklava. Oh, the horrors of war! Our mainsail was set on fire twice, by shell bursting on it, our lower and topsail yards were disabled, as also our main masthead, &c. In 1860, my time having expired, I received the silver medal for long service and good conduct, with a gratuity of seven pounds, and thirty pounds a year pension for life. Since then I have been to all ports, in merchant ships, but not through all these years until very lately, have I felt the love of a Savior to a poor sinner like me. O how I thank him that he did not cut me off in my wickedness, but has spared me, that I might repent and live. At times I can't help shedding tears. How can I make amends to the Lord? I think of the Prodigal Son. Though he was at a distance, his Father had compassion on him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him, saying, 'this is my son, he was lost, but is now found,—come let

us rejoice and be merry.' Thanks be to God, I can now say the same. Through so many years, my Heavenly Father has had compassion on me, and through his only son, Jesus Christ, I have received free pardon for all my sins, wherein I now rejoice.

For this shall every humble soul  
Make swift addresses to thy seat,  
When floods of huge temptations roll  
Then shall they find a blest retreat.

How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark, and storms appear,  
And while I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

GEORGE HEARDON.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Death Roll at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Stapleton, S. I., for 1878.

The list contains 52 names. This is less than ten per cent. of our population, which now numbers 645. The age at which the youngest died, is 42; the oldest had passed 84. The average age at death is 63 years 9 months and 6 days.

Ecclesiastically, 45 were Protestants, and 5 Catholics. As to their nationality, 27 were born in the United States, 14 in Great Britain, 7 in Germany, 1 in Austria, 1 in Belgium, 1 in Bermuda, 1 in Finland, and 1 in the Western Islands. Of the whole number, 27 had hope in their death; 16 of whom were hopefully converted after they became inmates of the Institution.

Ruthman, John, aged 43, born in Prussia, died January 11th; Decker, Jacob B., 58, Long Island, N. Y., Jan. 12th; McBride, Duncan, 82, Scotland, Jan. 17th; Sippett, Albert, 79, Western Islands, Jan. 24th; Fairson, James, 60, Philadelphia, Jan. 26th; Mosher, William, 69, New Bedford, Jan. 31st; Cavanagh, Michael, 56, Ireland, Feb. 3rd; McEuen, John, 84, New York City, Feb. 6th; Letts, Nelson, 42, New York, Feb. 13th; Ondely, Robert, (colored), 62, Philadelphia, Feb. 19th; Shaw, James, 76, Maine, Feb. 22nd; Woglom, Isaac, 84, Staten Island, March 7th; Sbisa, Joseph, 55, Austria, March 14th; Phillips, James D., 72, New York, March 14th; Russell, Edward H., 74, Nantucket, March 17th; Ackerman, John, 49, Germany, March 26th; Kelly, Thomas, 71, Massachusetts, 29th; Boden, Edward, 78, Massachusetts,

April 7th; Mowton, James, 55, Maryland, April 22nd; Brotherson, William, 67, New Bedford, April 25th; Utley, John, 56, New York, April 25th; Trewell, George, 58, Germany, May 9th; Woodward, Henry, 57, England, May 10th; Batchelder, S. F., 66, New Hampshire, May 30th; Russell, F. W., 60, Massachusetts, May 31st; Leahy, Michael, 58, Ireland, June 13th; Dean, William, 62, Bermuda, July 8th; Bradshaw, William, 64, Philadelphia, July 10th; Rennell, Christian, 53, Germany, July 24th; Dobbyn, John B., 57, Ireland, July 31st; Moss, Daniel, 76, Connecticut, Aug. 11th; Jones, Chas. H., 60, Pennsylvania, Aug. 11th; Douglass, Adam, 55, Scotland, Aug. 13th; Ensign, William E., 48, New York, Aug. 20th; Haskell, Edward, 61, Rhode Island, Aug. 21st;

Collins, Thomas, 52, England, Aug. 25th; Valder, Alfred, 53, England, Sept. 6th; Cowper, Joseph E., 60, England, Sept. 21st; Hartkop, William, 82, Prussia, Sept. 22nd; Dorman, William, 68, New Hampshire, Sept. 26th; Hollinger, Francis, 66, Germany, Oct. 1st; Berry, John W., 76, Finland, Oct. 6th; Raph-jou, Thomas, 71, Pennsylvania, Oct. 14th; Crossen, Hugh, 44, Ireland, Oct. 22nd; Watkins, William, 53, England, Oct. 22nd; Honey, Benjamin, 57, England, Nov. 6th; Abbott, Charles, 65, Maryland, Nov. 12th; Rhodes, F. B., 73, Maine, Nov. 15th; Bell, William, 80, Scotland, Nov. 24th; Jenkins, Joseph, 78, Belgium, Nov. 27th; Wheeler, Willard, 57, Maine, Nov. 24th; Treadwell, Henry P., 74, Providence, R. I., Dec. 23rd.

C. J. J.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Sweden.

##### HELSINGBORG.

Hundreds of sailors heard the Gospel from the lips of Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT during the last quarter of 1878, on vessels, and several of them attended his preaching on shore. He says:—"A sailor whom I met with, told me of his believing mother, who had been a Christian for twenty years. She led him to Jesus in his childhood, and prayed for him,—but he had gone away in sin during his voyages. He confessed, now, that he had no peace, and was unhappy. I spoke to him of the only way to peace, and exhorted him to come back to Jesus. May the prayers of his mother not be in vain!

"Another sailor who was present at my preaching, was grasped of the truth, and wept much. We spoke to him of the way of life, and afterwards, a believing Captain, who was present at our meeting, invited him to his cabin, and spoke to him of Christ until late in the night. May the Lord save this lost sheep!

"Navigation here, has been open dur-

ing the whole winter. Several English vessels have remained in the harbor, loading grain, and I have had the privilege of meeting with many English sailors to whom I gave tracts, and spoke in the English language. They have listened with attention. I trust that several of them are believing Christians.

"Interest for the sailors' welfare has increased, of late, and an Association of Christian ladies has been started to furnish the sailors on board the vessels with so called 'Bible bags,'—enclosing the Word of God, and other good reading. Our friend, Rev. Mr. Ostrander, is the President of this Association.

"During the quarter, I have preached 25 sermons, led in 28 Bible classes and prayer meetings, visited on board 101 vessels, and distributed about 2,700 pages of tracts."

##### GEFLE.

"Many souls,"—says Mr. E. ERICKSON, whose labor was carried on, during the quarter ending December 31st, 1878,—on the coast north and south of this station,—“have lately been converted to

God; in Shutskar, twenty-five; in Bollnas, seventeen; in Alfta, five; in Soderhamm, thirty, and the Baptist Church in G. has received thirty-three new members. Our prayer meetings have been well attended, and several sinners have become anxious,—others have received peace by believing in Jesus.”

#### BUTTLE AND WISBY.

“If this should be the last report,” says old JOHN LINDELIUS, “which I have the privilege of making to my honored Society, I wish and pray that the Lord may bless you, and give you great happiness and progress in your good work. As long as I live, I will pray to the Lord for you, and commit you and myself to God, and to the word of his grace, and to his omnipotent and kind care!

“I offer a thousand thanks to my honored Society for all your lovingness and care for me during the nearly thirty years in which I have labored in your service. I beg of you to forgive all my weaknesses.

“During the quarter, I have visited on board 21 vessels, and spoken with 105 men, have made 84 family visits with fishermen and others, where I have spoken to them of religious things.”

#### WARBERG AND WEDIGE.

“A great and wide door is open,” says Mr. C. CARLSSON, “for the preaching of the Word, and many cry—‘come to us!’—‘come soon again!’ I have been compelled to promise to visit them in the future, if God grant it to me.

“Now will I mention a wonder of grace, from the sea. Lately it happened that three fishermen went out on the sea, between Warberg and Gottenberg. A surge upset the boat,—the mast cracked,—another surge came, the boat lifted and was filled by the water,—and two of the fishermen were drowned, but the third took hold of the broken mast and staid in the water, in the boat, for twenty-four hours. Then a ship drew near and

saved him. After his rescue he told me how he had cried to the Lord, in the dark night, for the salvation of his soul,—and that his prayer was heard. He has been converted and has now opened his house for the preaching of the Word.”

### Denmark.

#### COPENHAGEN.

“As an experiment,” writes Rev. Mr. WOLLESON, in charge, “your Mission and Reading-Room here, have proved a great blessing to many seamen visiting this port. The Rooms have been open from 9 a. m., to 10 p. m.;—service has been held twice on the Sabbath, and also on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. In the summer, and during part of the autumn, the meetings have been very good, and very largely attended. It has been a losing year, however, for many sailors, in respect of getting a chance to earn their bread,—but I think that this hardship has really been the means of bringing some tempest-tossed mariners to venture on religion.

“I have in the past year, visited more than 3,000 vessels of nine different nations. I have, in these visits, met with a large number of believers in Christ, who have tried to do their part towards the conversion of their fellows upon the vessels. I have supplied seamen with the Word of God in their own tongues,—for which I render my thanks to the American Bible Society in New York. I have also distributed a goodly number of printed sermons, some SAILORS’ MAGAZINES, LIFE BOATS, etc., and many tracts, with religious and temperance papers. Hospital work has by no means been in vain: some have gone, happy, to their heavenly rest,—others have found peace in Jesus, and have become living monuments of God’s redeeming grace.

“Boarding houses have been visited, and their inmates have been asked to our services. Shipwrecked and destitute sailors have also been helped, from the Mission.”

## ODENSE.

In 1878, Rev. F. L. RYMKER traveled in the service of the Society, 950 miles,—visited 375 ships, and seamen's boarding houses, with 979 other houses, besides laboring in the market places, and at the Railway Stations.

## France.

## MARSEILLES.

About thirteen thousand English and American sailors visited this port in 1878, and 5,255 visited the Seamen's Church and Reading-Room in charge of Rev. D. S. GOVETT,—2,055 more than in the previous year. Attendance at divine service has shown a corresponding increase.

One hundred and sixty English and American seamen have been patients in the two hospitals, many of them for months. They have been visited and ministered to, twice each week.

To appreciate the boon conferred on sailors by the well warmed and lighted Reading-Rooms and Library, it is to be borne in mind that fire and lights are forbidden on shipboard, and that the poor men are so forced to seek refuge on shore, where every inducement is held out to lure them to drugged intoxicants, harlotry, and perdition.

## Italy.

## GENOA.

Recently, sailors have been taking increased interest in the Harbor Mission meetings. "Last Sunday, says Rev. Mr. MILLER,—“we had three services in the harbor, besides my two usual services on shore. Mr. JONES preached on a large English steamer, to 70 men, in the morning, and in the afternoon held service on the U. S. man-of-war *Gettysburg*. In the evening, I preached to 50 sailors at the Floating Bethel.”

We print a few additional extracts

from the diary of the seamen's colporteur at this mission, as follows:—

*“Never too tired to go to the Bethel.”*

*Wednesday, 23rd October.*—After visiting the ships during the day had a happy little meeting in the Bethel in the evening. Calling to bring the crew of one steamer, a sailor said, “Well, I'm too tired for doing much to-night but I shall never be too tired to go to that little Bethel.” His bold testimony caused nine or ten more to hurry up and get ready. While waiting for them the captain said,—“My men are certainly very much taken up with you and your meetings: they are all the talk here.” My address was on “The Bible, what it is, and what God designed it to be to man.” They all listened very attentively, and two of them, at the close, bought Bibles. *Sailors intoxicated, but Captains present.*

*Sunday, 27th October.*—A wet, stormy morning. Was grieved to see many sailors boarding their ships in a deplorable state of drunkenness, having evidently been on shore all night, and was also grieved that not one came to the B—B—where the Bethel Flag was flying. So, very unwillingly, I had to take it down. On my way to church on shore I met six ship masters trying to find it,—so we all went together. In the evening had a really good meeting on board the Bethel.

*American Vessels—A Hearty Captain.*

*Friday, 1st November.*—Having been prevented by a severe cold from visiting much during the last few days, I went out early this morning and was glad to find that several American ships had arrived. The welcomes were hearty, as usual. I asked one captain whom I have always considered one of my best friends for his cabin for service. He said, “No, have your meeting on that little Bethel. I love it, and I will bring all the folks I can to it.”

*Listening through the Skylight—His Fourth Anniversary.*

*10th November.*—Notwithstanding a strong wind and a heavy sea had a very encouraging meeting this evening on board the B—C—, where many of the crew were content to stay on deck and listen through the skylight, that the many strangers might have seats. We numbered over sixty. This is my fourth anniversary in Genoa, and truly I can say, “Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.”

## Valparaiso, S. A.

Rev. J. H. LA FETRA writes of present religious agencies at work for seamen, in this port. These are carried on under the auspices of the "Seamen's Evangelical Society," established 1st March by Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, the English Methodist Evangelist. There is a public preaching service at 11 a. m., on the Sabbath, on board any vessel which will give accommodation, and all seamen are invited to attend, under the Bethel Flag. In the afternoon, Mr. La. Fetra visits as many vessels as possible, distributes tracts, and holds short services with the crews,—and whenever practicable, he pursues very much the same course of labor, on shipboard, during the week. "I have not yet been able," he says,— "to effect any arrangements for regular service on land, or to do much for seamen there, though there is hardly a worse city than this, for sailors to be in." He feels, very deeply, the need of a Reading Room, to realize good results in this direction.

## Japan.

### YOKOHAMA.

"My work, here, continues, uninterruptedly, with varied success," writes Mr. W. T. AUSTEN. "I feel a little discouraged, sometimes, when I see how few there are among those for whom I labor, who seem to have any care for their soul's best and eternal welfare. How often, lately, have I heard of case after case of shipwreck, or foundering, with numberless lives lost,—many, doubtless, lost, eternally! We have had several cases here, lately, of men falling from aloft, two of which ended fatally. A third case has been lying at the Hospital, for some time, in great distress, but I trust that he is to go from the place, a new man in Christ, and that the loss of a leg will be to him eternal gain. There has

been considerable interest, of late, in spiritual things, at the regular meetings in the Hospital."

He has lately found a little band of Christians upon the U. S. man of war *Monongahela*. They are witnessing nobly for Christ. During the last quarter of the year, he made 111 visits to vessels, held 34 meetings, and made 37 visits to the Hospital.

## Brooklyn, N. Y. Navy Yard.

Manifestations of unusual interest in spiritual things continue to be given by the sailors, regular meetings being crowded, and inquirers for eternal life continually seeking the counsel of Christians. At a recent gathering, a seaman whose head was silvered with age, arose, and with great emotion, said:—

"*Shipmates*: You all know me. I have been a wicked man—no more wicked man is in the Navy than I have been. You all know it. I need not tell you of it." And with uplifted hand, he added:—

"But now, from this hour I promise, by the help of God, to lead a different life. *My Christian friends*,—pray for me!"

He sat down. A profound impression had been made. At the close of the service, a noble hearted Christian officer, whose name has heretofore been mentioned in the *MAGAZINE*, sprang forward, and exclaimed:—"Old man, give me your hand! God bless you! As long as you keep that word,—remember I am your friend." Turning to the missionary standing by, he continued:—"If he (the seaman) goes out of the Yard, and comes back, sober, I shall say he is a changed man."

Since that time, and up to a few days since, the old seaman has given good proof of his discipleship, having gone from the Yard, not less than five times, and returned wholly sober. To the missionary's query, at a recent meeting:—"Watson,—how are you?"—his answer came out full, and clear:—"I am growing stronger, in the grace of God, every day!" May the Shepherd from whose hand no man ever plucks those whom he names "mine,"—keep this son of the sea against that day!



## Portland, Oregon.

### AN INTERESTING WORK.

Rev. R. S. STUBBS, Chaplain, writes, under date of January 29th:—

"Our work during the past few weeks, has assumed the proportions of a *remarkable work of grace, among seamen in this port*. The first of the long list of conversions was George Herndon, an old man-of-war's-man on the ship *Benledi*. Then followed eight of the crew of the *Shenir*, Capt. J. Black; then eleven on board the *Robert Lees* including Capt. J. Rose, commander, a venerable man of 60 years of age and for over 30 years a ship-master, also his first and second mate and boatswain; then two seamen on board the *Caitloch*, and one apprentice, an Israelite; then four seamen on board the *Corrientes*; then the first officer of the *Wastwater*, her second mate also becoming deeply interested. Then one seaman on the *Abeona*; then the steward of the *Belle of Oregon* was reclaimed; then two seamen on the *Nairnshire*, who joined the Presbyterian Church; then the sailmaker of the *Cadzow Forest*, who joined the Congregational Church with a seaman from the *Corrientes*, and one from the *Caitloch*. After these, nine were converted on board the *Hannah Landles*, including the boatswain who had been, according to his own testimony, a very wicked man; several others of the crew were deeply interested, including the second mate. Finally the boatswain of the *Lutterworth* and also an apprentice were converted. The second mate was likewise much impressed, but the vessel left us (yesterday), before that, he openly confessed Jesus.

In addition to these forty-four precious souls hopefully converted to God during the past few weeks many others were affected, and a great number took the total abstinence pledge. Only the judgment day will fully reveal the extent of this gracious work.

It seemed important to us, that special pains be taken to instruct and confirm

these newly converted men in the faith of the Gospel of Christ, and so Mrs. Stubbs has had Saturday night meetings at our little cottage, at which from twenty to thirty seamen have assembled, and where the plainest statements of evangelical truth have been made, illustrated, applied, experienced and confessed. \*\*\* We have also held "fore-castle" prayer-meetings, (equivalent to cottage meetings on shore.) that were quite profitable.

The results of these special services,—in addition to our regular Sabbath-day services on ship-board—have been very gratifying, and manifestly approved of our adorable Lord, to whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all the glory!" \* \* \*

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## Portsmouth, N. H.

In three years, ending in September, 1878, Mr. W. A. LOYNE, City Missionary, in connection with his other labors, had made 1,350 visits to vessels.—At the Seamen's Home 5,649 meals were served at the restaurant, in six months of last year. Eleven hundred and seventy-two vessels came into the port, last year, manned by 7,465 seamen. The Sailor's Reading-Room is still sustained, in part by the Seamen's Society of Concord, and in part by residents of Portsmouth.

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## Pensacola, Fla.

Chaplain CARTER reports a great increase in shipping at and since the opening of the year.

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## New Orleans, La.

At a recent musical entertainment provided by Chaplain PEASE, at the Bethel, every seat in the house was occupied. Sixty chairs were brought in and filled, and over one hundred and fifty men stood up. The Chaplain also speaks of great success in temperance work with the sailors. Audiences at the Bethel services are also larger than ever before, and the Reading-Room is thronged.

"We only need," he adds,—"the indispensable presence and power of the Holy Ghost, for which I earnestly pray, and desire a remembrance in the prayers of my friends."

### Galveston, Texas.

Rev. H. P. YOUNG reported a very busy season of work on the shipping, at the end of January, over a hundred vessels and steamers being in the port. He spoke, also, of a marked conversion to Christ in the case of a sailor sick at the hospital.

### God's Work Still Going On at a U. S. Life Saving Station.

The following letter has been received from the Station on the New Jersey Coast referred to in the last number of the MAGAZINE.

SHORT BEACH, N. J., Feb. 1879.

"I received the ten copies of Mr. Moody's Sermons. They were all right. We had a sermon from one of the books last night, and the result was that two of our crew cried for mercy, and one of them found Jesus. The work is still going on here, and the captain's wife is seeking God. I would like to hear from you.

Yours in Jesus,

E. M. B.

### Death of Mrs. Rowell.

The San Francisco Pacific, speaking of Mrs. R., wife of Rev. JOSEPH ROWELL, long our Seamen's Chaplain on the Pacific Coast,—who died in that city, Jan. 15th, says:—

"She was the daughter of Rev. Asa Cummings, of Portland, Me., who for twenty years was the proprietor of the *Christian Mirror*, our denominational newspaper in that state. Twenty-six years ago she was married to Mr. Rowell, and went with him to the Isthmus of Panama, where for six years, in that unhealthful climate, they lived and labored for souls. From Panama they came to San Francisco, and here for

twenty years this wife of the "Seamen's Chaplain" has done her work nobly and well. She was singularly wise and unselfish, her life abounding in deeds of kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Her burdens were many, but she bore them patiently, after the great Burden-Bearer. A faithful, true and devoted wife, mother, sister and friend has left us, and we deeply mourn her loss. She was buried from the Mariner's Church, on Friday, Rev. Dr. Stone and Rev. J. Kimball officiating. Many friends were there, to mingle their tears with those of the bereaved household, and to look once more upon the face of their much-esteemed, their dearly loved friend. We shall sorely miss her, but we would not call her back from that heavenly city, from her dearly loved Savior."

### What it is Worth to Them.

How they prize the MAGAZINE and other reading which we send to them at the Life Saving Stations, is evident from the following letter just at hand from the Station, at Squan Beach, N. J. Keeper CHADWICK says:—

"I return my humble thanks, and those of my crew for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, which you have been sending to us, the past year. I sincerely hope that you will succeed in the good work which you have undertaken to do on behalf of the seamen. I followed the sea eighteen years and know how it feels to get hold of a good book to read. I have been in the Life Saving Service twenty-four years, and the SAILORS' MAGAZINE was the first book presented to me in all my experience in it. I have landed and helped land, safely, on Squan Beach, about thirteen hundred people, and there have not been any drowned or perished with cold during all that time."

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and forty arrivals at the HOME, during the month of January, 1879. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$818, of which \$100 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$475 to relatives and friends,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Eight men were shipped without advance during the month, and three were sent to the Hospital.

### Position of the Principal Planets for March, 1879.

**MERCURY** is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 4th, at 2h. 44m., and during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with Saturn on the forenoon of the 15th, at 7h. 27m., being 2° 8' north; on the 21st is very favorably situated for observation and can readily be found by being 37m. west of Venus and about midway between that planet and Saturn, and a little north of the line drawn from the one to the other; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 24th, at 9h. 32m., being 3° 37' south; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 26th, setting on the evening of this day at 7h. 51m., and north of west 15° 9'; is at its greatest elongation on the afternoon of the 29th, at about 1 o'clock, being then 18° 57' east of the Sun.

**VENUS** is an evening star, setting on the 1st, at 7h. 30m., and south of west 29'; is in conjunction with Saturn on the morning of the 3rd, at 4h. 21m., being 1° 11' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 25th, at 5h. 39m., being 5° 36' south.

**MARS** is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 4h. 6m., and south of east 30° 58'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 17th, at 2h. 55m., being 38' south; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 68° north and 6° south.

**JUPITER** is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 5h. 58m., and south of east 18° 12'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th, at 1h. 8m., being 3° 19' south.

**SATURN** is an evening star during the fore part of the month, setting on the 1st, at 8h. 33m., and south of west 1° 12'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 23rd, at 5h. 50m., being south 7° 22'; is in conjunction with the

Sun on the afternoon of the 26th, at 1h. 30m.; after this it becomes a morning star.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

### Marine Disasters in January, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 63, of which 28 were wrecked, 18 abandoned, 2 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 7 foundered, and 7 are missing. The list comprises 5 steamers, 6 ships, 18 barks, 11 brigs and 23 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,740,000.

Below is the list, giving the names of the vessels, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *f* foundered and *m* missing.

#### STEAMERS.

State of Louisiana, *w*. from Glasgow for New York.  
Vindicator, *w*. from Fall River for Philadelphia.  
Bayard, *f*. from New Orleans for Rouen.  
Homer, *m*. from Boston for Liverpool.  
Oberon, *w*. from New Orleans for Liverpool.

#### SHIPS.

Jean Ingelov, *m*. from Cardiff for Singapore.  
Adolph Tideman, *w*. from Philadelphia for Dunkirk.  
King Arthur, *w*. from Charleston for Liverpool.  
Thos. M. Reed, *w*. from San Francisco for Liverpool.  
Faderneslandet, *a*. from Pensacola for Greenock.  
Thos. E. Kenney, *f*. from New York for London.

#### BARKS.

Bell Keith, *w*. from Rio Grande do Norte for New York.  
G. Accame, *f*. from Baltimore for Queenstown.  
C. W. Cochrane, *b*. (at Galveston).  
Gunhilda, *w*. from Baltimore for Bordeaux.  
Lord Clarendon, *a*. from Bordeaux for Delaware Breakwater.  
Luigi Olivari, *w*. from Philadelphia for Silloth.  
Gen. Caulfield, *w*. from New York for Dunkirk.  
Chili, *a*. from Baltimore for Rochefort.  
Dante, *m*. from Pernambuco for New York.  
Italia, *w*. from Plymouth for New York.  
Success, *w*. from Wilmington, N. C. for Hamburg.  
Jason, *a*. from Cronstadt for New York.  
F. L. Kennedy, *w*. from Wiscasset for Barrow.  
Curlew, *w*. from Baltimore for Bayonne.  
Mercur, *w*. from Boston for Penarth Roads.  
Trait d'Union, *w*. from New York for Port au Prince.  
Anna Margarethe, *w*. from Rouen for Baltimore.  
Hertha, *a*. from New York for Honfleur.

#### BRIGS.

Alberti, *a*. from St. Jago for New York.  
Erycina, *a*. from Bull River for Liverpool.  
Don Quixote, *w*. from New York for Limerick.  
Fanny, *a*. from New Orleans for Liverpool.  
J. W. Beard, *w*. from New York for Bayonne.  
Duchess, *a*. from Charleston for London.  
Marius Colpel, *w*. from Charleston for Beaufort, S. C.  
Margaretha, *w*. from Barbadoes for City Point.  
La Plata, *a*. from New York for Bordeaux.  
Manuel Ferrer, *m*. from Laguna for New York.  
Wealey & Seymour, *a*. from Charleston for Dublin.

## SCHOONERS.

Ann Amelia, w. from New York for St. Pierre, Mich.	
Berlin Hall, f. (at Chester River, Md.)	
Falcon, a. from Newark for Jacksonville.	
Charley Miller, m. from Virginia for New Haven.	
Sissiboo, a. from St. Domingo for Boston.	
Rio, w. from Yarmouth, N. S. for Hillsboro, N. B.	
N. W. Magee, a. from Port Royal, S. C. for New York.	
Ralph Carlton, a. from Cardenas for New York.	
F. W. Emery, a. from Savanna-lamar for New York.	
Welcome Home, f. from Inagua for Baltimore.	
Cupid, b. from Boston for Fernando Po.	
Cuba, w. from Arecibo for New York.	
Joa. W. Allen, from New York for Savannah.	
Maggie Van Dusen, a. from Smithville, N. C. for Baltimore.	
Kate, w. from Boston for Dennis, Mass.	
Althea, f. from Charleston for Seaford, Del.	
Wm. Hunter, m. from London for Wilmington, N. C.	
Frank Queen, w. from Barbadoes for Tonala.	
Rescue, w. from Baltimore for Kingston, Ja.	
Snow Bird, w. from New York for St. John, N. B.	
Addie Todd, m. from Anatto Bay, Ja. for New York.	
Adamantine, f. (in Chesapeake Boat).	
A. Leggett, s. c. (Pilot Boat).	

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

## NOVEMBER, 1878.

*Sailing Vessels* :—77 English, 42 American, 19 French, 14 Italian, 14 Norwegian, 11 German, 6 Danish, 5 Austrian, 5 Russian, 4 Dutch, 3 Swedish, 1 Spanish, 1 Portuguese, 1 Turkish, 19 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 221. In this number are included 6 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers* :—4 American, 4 English, 3 German, 1 Belgian, 1 Dutch, 1 Japanese, total: 14. In this number are included 5 steamers reported missing.

## DECEMBER, 1878.

*Sailing Vessels* :—42 English, 27 American, 13 German, 10 French, 8 Norwegian, 7 Italian, 6 Greek, 5 Swedish, 4 Danish, 3 Russian, 2 Austrian, 2 Dutch, 2 Portuguese, 1 Spanish, 1 Rep. Argentine, 2 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 135. In this number are included 9 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers* :—10 English, 2 Brazilian, 2 French, 1 Swedish, total, 15.

## Receipts for January, 1879.

## MAINE.

Bangor, Jno. H. Kerr.....	\$ 1 00
Gorham, 1st church.....	20 80
Kennebunk, Mrs. A. A. Worth.....	1 00
Anonymous.....	1 00
South Berwick, John H. Plummer.....	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Tobey.....	1 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	4 00
Exeter, Sarah A. Rowland.....	1 00
Fitzwilliam, Cong. church.....	7 00
Hopkinton, Rev. Daniel Sawyer.....	1 00
Marlboro, a friend.....	1 00
Rye, B. W. Philbrick, Keeper, and his crew, U. S. L. S. Station No. 7.....	2 00
Tilton, F. T. Perkins.....	1 00

## VERMONT.

St. Johnsbury, North church S. S., for libraries.....	40 00
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Westminster, Rev. P. F. Barnard. ... 2 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 1st Cong. church.....	14 57
2nd Cong. church.....	8 50
North Cong. church.....	13 15
Barnardston, A. M. Sabin.....	2 00
Boston, a friend, for library.....	20 00
Charlton, W. C. Fiske.....	2 00
Chelsea, two little boys.....	1 00
Chester, A. S. Brown.....	1 00
Clinton, Mrs. A. R. Winter.....	1 00
Cotuitport, Union church.....	9 30
East Bridgewater, L. Hatch.....	3 00
East Douglass, Cong. ch., to const. Robert Hannett and Geo. Southwick, L. M.'s.....	64 89
Easthampton, Payson church.....	93 76
East Medway, Rev. E. N. Hidden.....	1 00
East Orleans, Miss Sally Sparrow.....	1 00
Enfield, Cong. church.....	23 37
Fitchburg, three children.....	30
Foxboro, Miss Susan Payson.....	5 00
Gilbertville, Cong. church.....	5 67
Granby, Mrs. John Church.....	1 00
Great Barrington, 1st Cong. church.....	50 00
Greenfield, 2nd Cong. church.....	36 07
Housatonic, Wm. Giddings.....	10 00
Lawrence, Lawrence St. church.....	20 69
Lowell, 1st church.....	86 89
John St. church.....	27 81
James Lawton.....	1 12
Lynnfield, Cong. church, add'l.....	2 42
Mansfield, Cong. church.....	10 08
Newburyport, Bellville church, Capt. Joshua Hale, for libraries.....	67 41
Mrs. B. F. Tredick.....	1 00
Joseph Danforth.....	1 00
Northampton, Mrs. J. P. Williston.....	25 00
North Weymouth, Cornelius Pratt.....	1 00
Orange, Central Evang'l Cong. ch.....	3 38
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	57 32
Plymouth, Church of the Pilgrims.....	19 40
Princeton, Cong. church.....	4 78
Shelburne, 1st Cong. church.....	6 73
South Egremont, Cash.....	2 00
South Peabody, Samuel Brown.....	2 00
West Boylston, Cong. church.....	3 80
Westfield, S. A. Day.....	1 00
Worcester, Central church.....	60 86
Capt. Anderson, brig Bigelow.....	2 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Little Compton, Cong. church.....	10 00
Pawtucket, Cong. church.....	25 00
Providence, Mrs. Rebecca Wild.....	1 00
Mrs. H. Nickerson.....	1 00
Hon. E. Metcalf.....	5 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church.....	3 85
Black Rock, Cong. church.....	20 00
Bristol, Cong. church S. S.....	20 00
S. Emerson Root.....	20 00
Clinton, Alice M. Hurd.....	1 00
Farmington, Cong. church.....	38 82
Glastonbury, 1st Cong. church.....	60 84
Goshen, Watts H. Brooks.....	1 00
Greenville, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y.	20 00
Greenwich, Israel Peck.....	5 00
T. A. Mead.....	5 00
Groton, Betsey A. Copp.....	6 00
Gulford, 1st Cong. church.....	8 00
Eli Parmelee.....	1 00
Hanover, Mr. David A. Allen, for lib.....	20 00
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. church.....	80 79
Mrs. Mary C. Bemis.....	10 00
Litchfield, Cong. church.....	27 75
Madison, Ladies' Union Soc'y, for lib. Cong. church.....	20 00
3 80	
Millford, Plymouth church, of wh. to const. Wm. B. Bush, L. M., \$30.....	34 75
Mount Carmel, Cong. church.....	12 50
New Britain, South Cong. church.....	21 58
New Haven, Lyman Osborn.....	10 00

D. W. Buckingham.....	5 00	Trustees of Murray Fund .....	50 00
3rd Cong. church S. S., for lib'y.....	20 00	Fifth Avenue Hotel.....	25 00
Mrs. E. Benjamin.....	1 00	Mrs. F. P. Schoals.....	20 00
New Milford, a friend.....	10 00	S. T. Gordon, for library.....	20 00
Northford, Cong. church.....	4 50	"Lyons".....	20 00
North Haven, a friend.....	5 00	J. F. S.....	20 00
North Manchester, 2nd Cong. church.....	14 69	Walter Edwards.....	15 00
Norwalk, 1st Cong. church, of wh. to		Miss M. Boorman.....	15 00
const. John Clougherty, L. M'.....	43 45	2nd Ave. M. E. church.....	14 64
Norwich, 2nd Cong. church.....	48 88	A. F. Warburton.....	10 00
Park Cong. church.....	76 42	Elliot C. Cowdin.....	10 00
Salisbury, Cong. church.....	15 75	G. G. Williams.....	10 00
South Windsor Hill, 1st Cong. ch. S.		John Fawcett.....	10 00
S., for library.....	20 00	M. L. S.....	10 00
Stamford, legacy Sarah B. Scofield....	250 00	James Cruikshank.....	5 00
1st Cong. church S. S., Harriet G.		M. Cristy.....	5 00
Davenport, for library.....	20 00	C. Trumbull White.....	5 00
1st Pres. church.....	61 83	Miss L. Boorman.....	5 00
Stonington, 2nd Cong. church.....	40 41	S. V. H.....	5 00
Thomaston, Cong. church.....	16 55	A friend.....	5 00
Warren, 1st Cong. church.....	10 00	Capt. Copp, bark <i>Elinor Vernon</i> ..	5 00
Waterbury, 1st Cong. ch., to const.		Capt. R. P. Wilbur, ship <i>M. P.</i>	
Prof. Isaac Jennings, A. M., Mr.		<i>Grace</i> .....	5 00
Wm. C. Scott, Mr. John Blair and		Capt. J. A. Smith, brig <i>Cossack</i> ....	2 00
Miss Martha Kendrick, L. M's, ea.		Dallat, Boulton & Co.....	1 00
\$30.....	132 00	W. Huntington.....	1 00
Wethersfield, Francis Wright.....	5 00	North Granville, Miss A. A. Carr....	1 00
Westbrook, Cong. church.....	8 47	Poughkeepsie, 1st Cong. church.....	7 00
Windsor, Cong. ch. S. S., for library..	20 00	Mrs. Julia P. Wickes.....	10 00
Mrs. C. H. Barber.....	1 00	Mrs. Jno. F. Winslow.....	1 00
Windsorville, C. Leavitt.....	1 00	Rhinebeck, Thos. H. Suckley, for	
Wolcott, Cong. church.....	5 00	library, &c.....	101 00
<b>NEW YORK.</b>		Rye, Mr. R. B. Chapman.....	5 00
Albany, Wm. M. Van Antwerp, for		Saugerties, Mrs. Maria A. Kiersted,	
the Thos. J. Van Antwerp library.....	20 00	to const. Mrs. Mary H. Lawrence,	
Aurora, St. Paul's Epis. ch., Armor		L. M.....	20 00
Bearers, bal. for ship's library.....	4 50	Silver Creek, Union Meeting.....	12 51
Bay Ridge, M. E. ch., Bay Ridge and		Tarrytown, Edward G. Cobb.....	25 00
Unionville.....	9 25	Tremont, M. E. church, for library...	20 00
Binghamton, Rev. P. Lockwood.....	5 00	Trenton, Unitarian church.....	5 66
Brooklyn, Mrs. T. Polhemus, of wh.		M. E. church.....	1 20
to const. Rev. A. N. Wyckoff and		Utica, Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, for lib'y.	20 00
Henry W. Brown, L. D's, \$200,		Watertown, R. E. Hungerford.....	1 00
and for lib's, viz. Katie Terrill,		<b>NEW JERSEY.</b>	
Auburn, N. Y., Freddie Terrill,		Bloomfield, S. S. Miss'y Soc'y Pres.	
Auburn, N. Y., K. G. P., Brook-		church, for library.....	20 00
lyn, N. Y., Augusta, New Hart-		Bordentown, Trinity M. E. ch., add'l.	50
ford, Conn., Centennial Mission,		Elizabeth, Westminster Pres. church.	50 00
Brooklyn, N. Y., \$100.....	300 00	Siloam ch., (colored) S. S., for lib'y.	20 00
Arthur W. Benson.....	100 00	Englewood, 1st Pres. church, of wh.	
Capt. N. Briggs.....	25 00	Mrs. James O. Morse, for lib. \$20.	283 78
Grace M. E. church.....	3 36	Flemington, Mrs. W. P. Emery.....	5 00
Castile, Pres. church.....	8 50	Glassborough, M. E. church.....	14 38
Bap. church.....	7 20	Morristown, Mrs. Louise S. Kirtland..	1 00
M. E. church.....	5 04	Newark, 1st Pres. church, of wh. \$20	
Cayuga, Rev. G. P. Sewall, for lib'y...	20 00	for Copenhagen.....	77 74
Cazenovia, Bap. church.....	8 00	Newfield, Rev. Charles Willey.....	5 00
M. E. church.....	6 27	Plainfield, Ira Pruden.....	5 00
Rev. Dr. Torrey.....	1 40	Vineland, M. E. ch., for library....	20 00
Chester, Mrs. M. N. Leggett.....	2 00	Pres. church.....	4 38
Clarkson, Pres. church.....	6 10	<b>PENNSYLVANIA.</b>	
Rev. A. Graley.....	8 00	Allentown, Rev. J. A. Wood.....	1 00
Mrs. Graley.....	2 00	Carbondale, Mrs. D. Yarrington.....	1 00
Cortland, Pres. church.....	11 91	Harrisburgh, Mrs. Mary E. DeWitt...	20 00
Coxsackie, Matthew Lusk.....	8 00	Rev. T. H. Robinson, D. D.....	1 00
Harlem, Dutch Ref. ch. S. S., for lib.	20 00	Philadelphia, Henry A. Bower.....	3 00
Haverstraw, Rev. A. S. Freeman, D. D.	1 00	C. H. Dabney, Esq., of wh. for lib'y,	
Holland Patent, Welch church.....	1 10	\$20.....	50 00
Kingston, 2nd Ref. ch. S. S., for lib'y.	20 00	1st Ref. church.....	7 80
J. O. Merritt.....	1 00	John B. McCreary, Esq., for lib'y...	20 00
Launcester, Pres. church S. S., Flora,		Friends, Miss Clara J. Pearne, L. M.	5 00
Nora and Hattie of class 23, for		Rev. Dr. H. Boardman.....	5 00
library.....	20 00	York, Samuel Small, Esq.....	5 00
Malone, Mrs. W. C. M. McVickar.....	2 00	<b>MICHIGAN.</b>	
Manlius, a friend.....	63	Grand Haven, Wm. Loutit.....	5 00
Moriches, Mrs. James M. Fanning....	1 00	<b>MINNESOTA.</b>	
New Rochelle, Mr. Simeon Lester, for		East Castle Rock, Conrad Stegner, of	
library.....	20 00	wh. for lib'y in name of his chil-	
New York City, Wm. Libbey, Jr., for		dren, Joseph C., Mary E., Hanna	
libraries.....	280 00	E., and Sarah D., \$20.....	24 00
James Lenox.....	100 00		
C. V. S. Roosevelt.....	50 00		

\$4,294 04




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Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### Faithful Sandie.

Dean Stanley in the course of a recent sermon to children in Westminster Abbey, told a touching story of an Edinburgh street boy. Two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy with a thin blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said:—"Please, sir, buy some matches." "No, don't want any," the gentleman said. "But they are only a penny a box," the poor little fellow pleaded. "Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said again. "Then I will gie ye twa boxes for a penny," the boy said at last, and so, to get rid of him, the gentleman who tells the story says,—“I bought a box; but then I found I had no change, so I said, ‘I will buy a box to-morrow.’ ‘Oh, do buy them to-night, please,’ the boy pleaded again; ‘I will run and get ye the change, for I am verra hungry.’ So I gave him the shilling and he started away. I waited for him but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; still there was that in the boy's face I trusted and I did not like to think bad of him. Late in the evening I was told a boy wanted to see me; when he was brought in I found it was a smaller brother of

the boy that got my shilling; but, if possible, still more ragged and poor and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he was seeking something, and then said: ‘Are you the gentleman that bought the matches fra Sandie?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Weel, then, here's fourpence out 'o yer shilling; Sandie cannot come; he is very ill; a cart ran over him and knocked him down, and he lost his bonnet and his matches and your sevenpence, and both his legs are broken, and the doctor says he'll die, and that's a'.’ And then putting the fourpence on the table, the poor child broke down into great sobs.” The two little things lived alone, their father and mother being dead. Poor Sandie was lying on a bundle of shavings. He said:—"I got the change, sir, and was coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs were broken; and oh, Reuby! little Reuby! I am sure I am dying, and who will take care of you when I am gone? What will ye do, Reuby?" The kind-hearted gentleman took the lad's hand and said he would always take care of Reuby. Poor Sandy had just enough strength to look up as if to thank his protector, and then the light went out of his blue eyes forever.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

### My Little Hero.

Earth's bravest and truest heroes  
Fight with an unseen foe,  
And win a victory grander  
Than you or I can know.  
We little dream of the conflict  
Fought in each human soul,  
And earth knows not of her heroes  
Upon God's Honor Roll.

But one of earth's little heroes  
Right proud am I to know.  
His name for me is mother;  
My name for him is Joe.  
At the thought of a ten-year-old hero  
My friends have often smiled,  
But a battle-field's a battle-field  
In the heart of man or child.

There were plans of mischief brewing;  
I saw, but gave no sign,  
For I wanted to test the mettle  
In this little knight of mine.  
"Of course you must come and help us,  
For we all depend on Joe,"  
The boys said; and I waited  
For his answer, yes, or no.

He stood and thought for a moment;  
I read his heart like a book,  
For the battle that he was fighting  
Was told in his earnest look.  
And then to his merry playmates  
Out spoke my loyal knight,  
"No, boys, I cannot go with you,  
For I know it wouldn't be right.  
I was proud of my little hero,  
And I prayed by his peaceful bed,  
As I gave him his bed-time kisses  
And the good-night words were said,  
That true to God and his manhood  
He might stand in the world's fierce fight,  
And shun each unworthy action  
Because "it wouldn't be right."

*Eben C. Rexford.*

### My Blind Teacher.

BY REV. BENJAMIN PARSONS.

During my missionary life in one of the large inland cities of Asia Minor, I noticed in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath a lad of about twelve years of age, who gave attention to the preaching. His history, as narrated by himself, I give in a few words.

To the misfortune of having ignorant, bigoted and immoral parents, was added

that of extreme poverty and total blindness. Having learned to handle with some skill a small native violin, he earned a few pennies a day, and therewith hired a boy to lead him from house to house, and gained for himself an uncertain living. He was emphatically a child of sorrows. His curiosity to hear the missionary induced him to brave the peril of a possible loss of his miserable home in case of his frequenting the chapel of the hated Protestants, and to hire a lad to conduct him thither every Sabbath morning. He finally ventured to call upon me, and lost no time in stating his business.

"Minister, I want a Bible."

"My dear boy, I shall be very glad to give you a Testament."

"I don't want you to *give* me anything, and I don't want a Testament. I want to *buy* a Bible."

"But a Bible will cost you thirty piastres (\$1 20), and is a very large book."

"Very well; I want it, and will pay for it."

"But, my dear boy, *you are blind*, and cannot read the Bible"

"Yes, but I can hire a boy to read it to me."

"Your father and mother will not allow you to read our Bible."

"I know they would beat me for having or reading it, but then they are away working out during the day. I can get a boy to read it to me, in their absence."

The longed-for Bible was purchased by him out of his scanty earnings, and a happier boy I have never seen. Poor blind Hohannes! May the records of the upper world show that thy Bible brought thee to Christ, and through Him to everlasting life!—*Child's World.*

A PERSON being ill, was asked whether she was willing to live or die, and answered,—“Which God pleases.” “But,” said one, “if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?” “Truly,” replied she, “I would at once refer it to Him again.”

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to January 1st, 1879, was 6,426; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 5,545. The number of volumes in these libraries was 342,228, and they were accessible to 251,670 men. Eight hundred and ninety-one libraries, with 32,076 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,230 men.*

During January, 1879, sixty-six loan libraries, thirty-two new, and thirty-four refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,548 to 6,572, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,185, 5,142, 5,144, 5,145, 5,146, 5,148, and 5,149, at Boston.

*The thirty-four libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 1,483,	No. 2,896,	No. 3,890,	No. 4,486,	No. 4,754,	No. 4,948,	No. 5,518,	No. 5,802,	No. 6,354,
" 2,236,	" 3,117,	" 4,108,	" 4,550,	" 4,874,	" 5,082,	" 5,546,	" 5,836,	" 6,408,
" 2,350,	" 3,505,	" 4,353,	" 4,647,	" 4,914,	" 5,259,	" 5,646,	" 6,112,	
" 2,517,	" 3,638,	" 4,396,	" 4,651,	" 4,917,	" 5,264,	" 5,662,	" 6,243,	

## A Remarkable Lion Story.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* tells this strange story:—An exhibition which will be of unusual interest is already near completion. In a vacant lot situated between the Hippodrome and the Champ de Mars a menagerie—such as never has been seen in Europe,—is to be opened during the next three months. It will undoubtedly be curious and interesting, but I doubt if the capture of any one of its animals has such a history as the lions about to appear at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. I am indebted to M. d'Ennery, one of the authors of the "Tour du Monde," for the following particulars:—

"These superb animals have never formed part of any menagerie, and have retained all their terrible savageness. It is a hunter and not a trainer, who accompanies them. Macomo, a large, powerful native of Central Africa, made himself master of these beautiful animals in the following manner. He had been informed of the nightly presence of a lion in his neighborhood. He lost no time in arming himself with a long cutlass, and, dragging a young ox after him, arrived at the appointed place. At the usual

hour his majesty appeared. The moon was at its full, and the strange trio saw one another as in broad day. The lion gave utterance to a deep, significant growl, looked from the man to the ox and flourished his great tail. Macomo remained perfectly quiet for an instant, then suddenly plunging his cutlass into the ox, he raised him in his vigorous arms and threw him at the lion's feet. The wild beast made a bound, sprang upon the bleeding body, and caressed it a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then, giving expression to stifled growls of joy, he drank the blood and crushed the bones. And Macomo, what was he doing all this time? Seated quietly a few steps from his guest, he opened a little sack, from which he took a little corn bread and dry figs and began his own frugal repast. When his hunger began to be satisfied, the lion raised his head and looked at the man. Their eyes met. Those of the lion were filled with surprise. Those of the man were calm and smiling. The lion returned to his supper.

"When he was completely satisfied, he rose. Macomo did likewise. The lion



made three or four steps towards Macomo, who remained motionless, and looking once more at his ox, which was but partially devoured, his eyes seemed to say, "This belongs to me." Macomo bowed. A last glance, friendly this time, and the lion went his way, leaving Macomo to return to his home. On the following evening, at the same hour, the African returned to the place of meeting, where the half-devoured ox still lay; and shortly afterwards the lion made his appearance, but not alone this time. As the hunter had foreseen, he came accompanied by family and friends. They were four in number, two lions, a lioness, and lion's whelps. The repast was served, but not, as on the previous evening, in the open air. Macomo had built an arbor covered with vines, banana and palm leaves, and into this pretty dining-room his guests entered fearlessly. Then crawling noiselessly within reach of a hidden spring, Macomo touched it, and his four lions found themselves imprisoned in a strong iron cage, whose bars had been hidden beneath green leaves. Friends were near at hand to aid in removing the four lions upon a cart, and they were about to commence their work, when they perceived a new lioness crouched down upon the sand, and licking her whelps between the iron bars. When the men raised the cage upon the cart, she looked at them beseechingly; and when they all marched on, she followed at a short distance, with drooping head and tearful eyes. And thus it is that we have five lions instead of four at the Theatre Porte Saint Martin—five terrible, ferocious beasts, ready to revolt at any moment; and although Macomo enters their cage, and dominates them to a certain extent, they have not forgiven him for taking advantage of their confidence in him, and would ask nothing better than to treat him as Lucas was treated by his seven lions, in the last days of the old Hippodrome,—simply tear him to pieces.

## Words To Boys.

I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to take it regularly in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we go to bed early, we ripen; if we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called *insomnia*, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.

If I were a boy again I would practice perseverance oftener, and never give up a thing because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "gave in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are inclined to give up, too easily, in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice was again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains in my case were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which a learned Professor taught one of his students in the lecture-room after some chemical experiment. The lights had been put out in the hall, and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the Professor's hand. The Professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student; "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or no." "That is true," replied the Professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There are only two creatures," says the Eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids,—the eagle and the snail!"

James T. Fields.

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## American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President*.  
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
 L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.  
 80 Wall Street, New York.

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#### WORK FOR SEAMEN AT WILMINGTON, N. C.

"In discussing this subject, we propose to furnish information as to the work which is being done in behalf of the moral and religious interests of this needy, and in the main worthy, class of men, and to bring to light some at least of the obstacles that are interposed to prevent the success of this work, that we may, as far as possible, awaken or stimulate such an interest in this cause as will lead to practical measures for its furtherance.

"For very many years a branch of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of New York has existed in this city, and commendable efforts have been made to promote the welfare of seafaring men. The Seamen's Home is a large and commodious building, standing at the intersection of two of the most public streets, and of very convenient access from the shipping of this port. On a recent visit to see for ourselves what provision was made for the comfort of occupants, we found

the Home provided with pleasant rooms of good size, for officers of vessels, with comfortable beds and faultless covering, and all other necessary furniture. For other seamen, beds plain and clean, in a large hall, and furnished (for summer use) with mosquito netting—the whole vastly superior to any accommodations on shipboard, and indeed all that can be reasonably desired by those for whose good these things are designed. Sitting rooms appropriately furnished are provided for officers and men respectively. Books are on hand for those disposed to read them. The food furnished is substantial, well prepared and well served. In the dining room, as everywhere, cleanliness is a distinguishing feature.

"By a comparatively recent arrangement with the General Government hospital accommodations for American seamen are supplied, and foreign seamen are allowed to avail themselves of the privileges when so disposed.

"The hospital department consists of rooms comfortably warmed and properly furnished, a servant is in attendance, medicines convenient, and the whole in charge of Dr. T. F. Wood, a most skilful and attentive physician. We are informed by the physician in charge that he is greatly assisted by the wife of the host in her kind offices to the sick.

"The Home is in charge of Capt. J. F. Gilbert, a retired seaman, and to him and his family we say, in passing, great credit is due for its admirable arrangements and management.

"The Seamen's Bethel is a comfortable, well furnished building adjoining, and is in charge of Rev. J. W. Craig, formerly a pilot on our coast, and an earnest, energetic Christian, whose heart is fully in his work. He has, of course, access to the seamen in the Home and hospital at all times.

"The chaplain of the Bethel is the seamen's pastor. He visits them, not only as indicated above, but on board ship to invite them to religious service and impart to them religious instruction as best he can. A great obstacle in the conduct of his work consists in the fact that the seamen visiting this port are mainly foreigners, and as such (British seamen excepted) deficient in acquaintance with our language. Though in connection with one of the largest evangelical denominations, the chaplain very properly knows no denominational preferences in the prosecution of his duties. His salary is paid by the parent Society.

"Norwegian, Swedish and German seamen are generally Lutheran; British seamen are divided in denominational status, but those from Nova Scotia are almost uniformly Presbyterian. A somewhat

surprising yet gratifying fact is that not infrequently Norwegian shipmasters call their crews together and have prayers aboard ship.

"These details, we trust, will not be deemed prolix. We would fain believe they have more than a mere local interest. At least they prepare the way for the question: Shall the efforts of Christian men and philanthropists earnestly desiring to do good, and so wisely providing for its accomplishment, be frustrated by the agents of Satan working in defiance of law, and in their greed of gain stopping at no excess of evil?

"We have shown that the arrangements for the physical comfort, as a means to the promotion of the moral and spiritual welfare of the seamen who visit our port, are complete. But to what purpose is this if agencies are at work to prevent, and which do criminally prevent, this class of society from availing themselves of the advantages offered?

"A few weeks since we touched lightly on this subject. Now we are prepared to say that vessels lying at our wharves are visited by persons for the known purpose, sometimes for the avowed purpose, of enticing seamen away from their ships, to haunts of vice. If the officers justly claiming the services of their crew interfere, they are ridiculed, derided, even threatened. The means used are best known to those who use them, but base women and the wine cup are the instruments largely employed in the deadly work. Once ashore the seaman is at the mercy of his captors. He is kept concealed for the time, stupefied with liquor, despoiled, and in due time reshipped, penniless and utterly destitute. Those who do these things, are apparently

organized, and work by system. They doubtless have pecuniary means and their modes seem to defy detection.

"We have said these things are done in defiance of law, and the question is suggested, why is not the law enforced? Because while the result of the crime is known, and the process by which it is committed is evident, the perpetrators can only be secured through the agency of the victims. And these victims are, too often, yes, willing victims. When otherwise, how shall they be detained as witnesses? Not by their consent, in duress, certainly, and at large they are in the power of the criminals. All efforts heretofore made have failed. A witness, it is supposed secured, disappears. Where? How? Who can tell?

"Yet this great evil should be suppressed. Its suppression is not work for one man, but for the community,—for the State if need be. It appeals to the merchant in consideration of the damage to commercial interests. It appeals to every Christian and every philanthropist in consideration of its rendering nugatory efforts made in behalf of Christianity and philanthropy, and it appeals to every law-abiding and law-loving citizen in consideration of its being utterly subversive of all law and justice. If farther legislation is needed to empower officers of the law for its detection, on proper representation that legislation can be secured. But nothing can be done without earnest and determined concert of action."

*Wilmington Presbyterian.*

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## CAPTAIN JOHN H. PEASE.

BY REV. JOHN G. HALL, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Learning incidentally, that the person here named, an officer of the whale-ship *Thames*, which sailed from New Haven, Conn., Nov. 19th, 1822, carrying out our second instalment of missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, was still living at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Mass., I embraced an opportunity to call upon him. He received me with much courtesy, and understanding the reason of my visit, entered most cordially, and with not a little enthusiasm, upon a recital of various incidents relative to the voyage in question.

Though now in his eighty-sixth year, and suffering under severe infirmities consequent upon his long life of exposure and toil on the ocean, and by an accident more

recently on the land, I found him still standing erect, with a tall, manly form, that gave tokens of unusual vigor and endurance, in earlier and better days. Thirty-three years is a long period for a man to spend on the tossing wave, especially in so tasking a service as that of the whale fishery.

The *Thames*, he thinks, was the first and only whaling venture that ever sailed from New Haven. She had been a merchant packet, and so was fitted, beyond ordinary whale-ships, to commodiously transport the large company of men and women who had given themselves into the hands of the American Board as recruits for the Sandwich Island Mission. He was able to name them, as follows:—Rev. Messrs.

Bishop, Richards, Stewart, Ely, and Goodrich, and their wives; Dr. Blatchly and wife; Mr. Chamberlain, Agent for secular affairs; Betsey Stockton, a colored female, and nurse to Mrs. Stewart; and three Sandwich Islanders from the Foreign Missionary School at Cornwall, Conn.

All these persons Capt. Pease recalls very distinctly; and the more so as, from his being the first mate of the ship, he came into daily contact with them, walking the decks in their company, and both answering and asking questions with them. And their long voyage of six months did not result in any abatement of his first regard for them as ministers and Christians; but rather in an increase of it; so that, ever afterwards, when at the Islands, he sought them at their homes, where he was always welcomed as a guest; thus obviating the necessity of his resort to the boarding-houses.

He said that they were off Cape Horn seven weeks, where also they encountered a tremendous storm of great peril; but through it all both the missionaries and their wives behaved with admirable fortitude. He mentioned the following incident, which startled them much, as they were seated, one evening, in the cabin. An ominous smell of smoke was perceived, and "the ship on fire," was their instant thought. It was soon found, however, to proceed from Mrs. Bishop's state-room, where she lay asleep, and from which her husband, snatching her up, bore her safely out. An over-turned lamp was the cause of the mischief.

But Capt. Pease seems to retain a special, or even an affectionate remembrance of the Rev. Charles S. Stewart, D. D., and his wife, who stuck to the ship after her arrival at Honolulu, until the very

day that she was to sail again. Mr. Stewart will be remembered as a most highly respected and veteran Chaplain in our Navy, after his return from the Islands. He died Dec. 15th, 1870, aged 75, and is buried at Cooperstown, N. Y.

The birth of Mrs. Stewart's oldest child occurring during the voyage, April 11th, 1823, North Lat. 8° 30', West Long. 134°, (in the Pacific), Capt. Pease well recollects. He had given up his own state-room to the young mother, and had ordered the stars and stripes to be hoisted, that the expected stranger might be ushered into the world with all the rights and honors of an American citizen. A boy, it proved to be: and SEAFORTH became his name; although our Army, rather than Navy, now claims him. He is Lieut. Col. Charles Seaforth Stewart, U. S. Engineer Corps, on the Pacific coast.

Capt. Pease also spoke with much interest of Betsey Stockton, before alluded to, colored attendant upon Mrs. Stewart, and whom Mr. Stewart, in his journal, terms "an assistant missionary." She had been once a slave in the famous family of the Stocktons, of Princeton, N. J. Capt. Pease pronounced her "as well educated as any of them."

This noble woman it was my accidental privilege to meet, at a depot on the N. Y. Central R. R., in 1860, on her return from Cooperstown, whither she had gone, from Princeton, N. J., her home, to attend the burial of Mr. Stewart's youngest daughter. She was truly one of the Apostle John's "elect ladies," only "guilty," as Cowper says, "of a skin a few shades darker than our own." I was particularly gratified in asking her if she knew "Cato" in Princeton. "Oh yes, she knew him very well."

And she had no reason to disclaim the acquaintance; as he was one to rank in legitimately among the "elect gentlemen," if such an order was known in St. John's day; nor would the great Roman Senator himself, whose name he bore, have been ashamed of him either. I have a pleasing child's recollection of him as one born and bred in my grandmother's household, at Elizabethtown, N. J. Not a few of those "guilty skins" covered the best class of souls. And so much did the Stewart family prize this Betsey Stockton, that, upon her decease at Princeton, about 1868, her remains were taken all the way to Cooperstown, to be laid in their own family lot there.

Fifty-six long years have passed away since the heavily freighted missionary ship *Thames* sailed from New Haven, Dec., 1822, and with them have probably passed away her entire company, with the exception of Capt. Pease, and that of the third mate, Granville Manter, likewise a resident, in old age, of Martha's Vineyard. Capt. Reuben Clasby, of Nantucket, who was in command, and his hardy seamen, who heaved at the windlass, climbed the shrouds, or watched from mast-head, and all those cultured gentlemen, with their wives, who, for other's sake, thus exiled themselves to a pagan land, have gone. Mr. Stewart, himself, was one of the last of them. Capt. Pease stands almost alone; but in good courage, and waiting for "the coming of his Lord," for he is one of those who realize the solemnity, yet know the sweetness of that phase. "Will you pray with us?" he said, as I arose to leave. This was a good indication. But from other sources I have heard of his decided Christian character, of his life-long habit of abstinence from both tobacco and rum, and of his

having achieved the too rare success of doubling Cape Horn without leaving his early Christian nature to the West of it, or coming back a sceptic.

### "Be Not Far From Me."

BY R. W. A. N.

Anxious I gazed o'er the sea of my troubles,  
Tossing with billows of trial and fear;  
Cried, as a soul, once before in his peril,  
"Be not far from me, for trouble is near."  
Trouble is near, and it ever comes nearer;  
Nearer, as ocean tide, with sullen roar,  
Baffling all human help, mocking my weakness,  
Cruel, remorseless, creeps upon the shore.  
Rock of Eternity! be thou my refuge!  
Standing secure amid waves wild and drear.  
Drowning, I cling to Thee! hopeless, I trust Thee,  
Be not far from me, for trouble is near.  
Trouble is near, but my Savior is nearer;  
Firm is the Rock I feel under my feet.  
Peace, faithless, trembling heart, He's not far  
from thee,  
"Always I'm with thee," is His promise sweet.  
So will I build on Him, ever abiding  
Here, in the cleft of this Rock, make my nest.  
Trouble may ebb and flow—harmless its swelling;  
Storms are but lullabies, soothing to rest.

### My Way.

They told me of a way  
That I must go,—  
Whether 'twas long or short  
They did not know.  
I did not listen then,  
Nor understand  
Until my Father came  
And took my hand.  
"I am thy guide," he said;  
"Leave all with me;"  
And so I went with him  
All trustingly.  
And now we journey on,  
Day after day;  
I have no need of care,  
He knows the way.  
I do not know how long  
The way will be;  
I only know it is  
The best for me.  
And when no longer here  
He bids me roam,  
I shall behold with joy  
My Father's home.

Millie Colcord.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## III.—JOPPA.

The modern city and port of Jaffa containing about four thousand souls, and having still a fair share of trade and commerce, because it is the nearest landing place to Jerusalem, is one of the oldest cities in the world. Even if we pass over the tradition that it existed before the flood, we meet with abundant testimony to its antiquity both in the scriptural allusions to it and in the old fables which connect with it some of the famous stories of the ancient classics.

It stands upon a rocky cape which forms a small though insecure harbor. Yet being the only spot for many miles along the southern coast of Palestine where vessels might find a shelter or a landing, it evidently became in the very early ages of the world after the flood, an important city, because of its commercial value.

We meet with the first notice of it, in the Scriptures, in the account of the division of Palestine among the Tribes of Israel under Joshua, where by the name of Japho it is spoken of as falling to the lot of Dan. Jewish writers affirm that its name is derived from Japhet, while in the ancient classics it is said to have been called after the name of Jope the daughter of Aeolus, and it is added that here is laid the scene of the rescue of Andromeda from the sea monster whom Perseus slew in her defense, a tradition which may possibly have been founded upon the defense of some fair maiden from a rough old sea captain who sought to carry her away in his ship and who was de-

feated by his more favored and successful rival.

But the old city and port of Joppa needs no heathen fables to add to the interest that surrounds it, nor to prove its antiquity. It evidently was an important commercial centre when the Jews entered upon their promised possession, B. C. 1451, and was the only Mediterranean seaport which was within the limits of their nation, and but 40 miles from their capital, Jerusalem. No notice is made of the port after its first mention among the cities which fell to the lot of Dan, at the division of the land, until the time of Solomon, when it must have been a scene of business activity in which its citizens reaped rich harvests of wealth. The nation had now attained the acme of its power and splendor, and all the world was pouring tribute into its treasury. Its king, every where famed for his wisdom and greatness, was engaged in constructing the Temple and his own palaces out of the most costly materials and after the most wonderful plans. Cedar and cypress and sandal wood must be brought from the forests of Lebanon. Gold and silver and brass and iron must be wrought into shapes of strength and beauty, and rich fabrics of purple and crimson and blue must be provided. To aid him in his work Solomon entered into alliance with the King of Tyre, who had at his control all the immense resources of Phœnician art and commerce. More than one hundred and fifty thousand men were em-

ployed in the work of simply hewing the wood and preparing the stone. And then there were thousands more engaged in other divisions of the work. All that was imported from Phœnicia and elsewhere had to pass through the port of Joppa, and we may readily imagine what a busy scene was witnessed there when the floats and ships from Tyre and Sidon or from the islands of the sea brought their treasures into port. There were no docks in those days at which vessels might lie and unload, nor ingenious mechanism for supplying the place of human strength in the heavy tasks which often had to be performed. Possibly a few scores of men would now accomplish with the aid of modern machinery what then required the aid of thousands. The huge beams of Lebanon, as well as the great stones which were required, had to be landed upon the shore. And here an army of men were awaiting their coming, with vast trains of camels and asses, and wagons by which the materials of the temple and the palaces were to be safely borne up to Jerusalem. All this must have made the port of Joppa a busy and thriving town, and despite its insecure harbor must have filled its waters with ships and its streets with sailors. The same scene of activity was again witnessed in the time of the building of the second temple when the materials were brought from Lebanon through the port of Tyre to Joppa and thence to Jerusalem. Between these two great events occurred the visit of Jonah to this port where he took a ship bound to Tarshish that he might evade the performance of a solemn duty, which God had laid upon him, in warning the City of Nineveh of its guilt and danger.

Here too the Apostle Peter came and lodged with one Simon, a tanner, probably on the beach south of the town where tanneries are still to be found, and here he visited the home of Dorcas whose life of useful labor for the poor still needs to be reproduced if one may judge by the squalid wretchedness and poverty which is everywhere met with. Here it was that the same Apostle had that remarkable vision which prepared him to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles and so to break down the wall of separation between them and the Jews.

In ages following these events, Joppa shared in the varying fortunes of the Holy Land, and passed from the hands of one master to another as political changes were made among the ruling powers of the world. Once it was plundered and destroyed, and eight thousand of its inhabitants put to death. In the times of Vespasian it shared a similar calamity, partly as a matter of justice, because it had become the centre of an extensive system of piracies, and a shelter to thieves and robbers.

During the times of the Crusades the port was alternately in the hands of the Christians and of the Moslems, and in the time of the First Napoleon was taken by the French troops. The Turkish prisoners were massacred. It afterwards fell back into the hands of the Turks who are still its masters, and under their rule it presents the usual appearance of decrepitude and decay which characterizes the subjects of Moslem authority. The modern town, although it has a striking look as viewed from the water, with its buildings rising rapidly in tiers one above another, has no edifices noteworthy either for taste or magnitude, or antiquity. Its streets are narrow and its



houses filthy. But its gardens and surroundings are attractive. Here are produced the finest pomegranates, oranges and figs of the Holy Land, and the cultivation of these and other fruits is the chief source of wealth and revenue to this place and its vicinity. Yet what sad changes and reverses has it witnessed in its long history! changes which are but the counterpart of national commercial life. It sits now as ever upon its bold and rocky outlook yet no longer the busy mart for a vast and teeming population. Out upon that plain, now only a vast and uncultivated waste, covered with ruins and woods, once stood towns and cities, so populous that from a single locality an army of forty thousand could be collected. There was the wall of Sharon, and there Arimathea and Lydda, while southward was the country of the Philistines where the traveler still hears of Gage and Ashdod as he passes through the almost deserted land.

Perhaps when the purposes of Providence are fulfilled in regard to this people, and the grasp of the Moslem has become loosened, the desert shall again rejoice and blossom as the rose. Under a more intelligent and liberal government, this rich agricultural region might again be filled with a happy and enterprising population, and Joppa which witnessed the busy scenes incident to the times of Solomon and the Restoration, again awake to sounds of life and activity, and rejoice in a new era of prosperity and commercial life. Already it has seen illustrated and confirmed the vision which the Apostle Peter saw upon one of its house-tops, in which he learned that to Gentile as well as to Jew the Gospel was to be preached; for along that western coast of Palestine, Chris-

tian Missions have already been established, and their schools and churches are opening to all that land the knowledge of Him whose feet once trod its shores and whose last words to his disciples were 'Go preach my Gospel to every creature.'

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### Death of "The Venerable Bede."

Eleven hundred and forty-three years ago the venerable Bede, dying in his cell in a Northumbrian monastery, dictated the last verses of his translation of the Gospel of St. John into the Anglo-Saxon; and when told that it was finished he repeated the words and replied, "Thou sayest well; it is finished!" Then he sang the doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and as the last words fell from his lips his spirit took its flight to sing the new song in Heaven.

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### Be Happy Now.

"This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he has sighed for."

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### Abide.

It is not the bee's touching on the flowers that gathers the honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most on divine truth, that will prove the choicest, strongest Christian.—*Bishop Hall.*

## "TOILERS OF THE DEEP."

AN OLD SAILOR'S REMARKS AT A SERVICE FOR THE CONVERSION OF  
SAILORS, AT ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

"The Evangelical Alliance Committee whose duty it was to select topics to be remembered during the week of prayer" says the *Alliance*, printed at Atlantic City, "forgot a most important class of our community—'The Toiler on the Deep.' The minister and others of the Presbyterian church of this city, seeing the omission, set apart one evening for prayer for the conversion of the abundance of the sea, when a sailor present made the following remarks:—

"The most fearful and impressive exhibitions known to our globe belong to the ocean. The volcano, with its ascending flames and falling torrents of fire, and the earthquake whose footsteps are on the ruins of cities, are circumscribed in the desolating range of their visitations, but the ocean, when once aroused in its chainless strength, shakes a thousand shores with its storms and thunder. Navies of oak and iron are tossed in mockery from its crest, and armaments manned by millions perish among its bubbles, but it is reserved for those who go down to the sea in ships and who do business on the great waters to see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. When the sailor is keeping his melancholy watch, at night, with naught but the canopy of heaven above him, and beneath him an interminable waste of waters, with the conviction that there is nothing but a plank between him and eternity, a feeling of loneliness, solitude, and desertion will come upon him with power, and he might stand for hours entranced, in reverence and tears.

"Man, however, has made the ocean the theatre of his power. The ship in which he rides that element is one of the highest triumphs of his skill. At first this floating fabric was only a frail bark, slowly urged by the laboring oar. The sail at length arose and spread her wings to the winds. Still he had no power to direct his course when the lofty promontory sunk from sight, or the orbs above him were lost in clouds. But the secret of the magnet is at length revealed to him and his needle now settles with a fixedness, which love has stolen as the symbol of its constancy to the polar star. Now, however, he can dispense with sail and wind and surging wave, and with his engines of flame and vapor he almost flies through the solitude of the sea, as over the land, thundering on his way. Thrones have been lost and won on the ocean. At the battles of Trafalgar, and the Nile, nations almost held their breath, and in our own day the pirate Alabama was sunk by the U. S. ship Kearsage, with the stars and bars never again to be resurrected.

"Among the toilers of the deep you will find generosity to a larger extent than on the land. You take the most close-fisted miser that can be found—one in whose heart a kind emotion never existed—and send him out to sea, and his shrivelled heart will soon begin to crack and expand. The same being if left to dwell upon the land could see the orphan starved, and, if possible, would cheat the sexton out of his fee for tolling the bell at his burial, will in his ocean life and character be seen dividing his last dollar with an unfortunate

shipmate. But some landmen have got a strange idea of sailors; judging, I suppose, from what they see of them the few days that they are on shore, who are then like uncaged birds let loose, and free from restraint and without a home or any one to care for them, is it much wonder that for a time they act wildly? But a Navy Chaplain who understands something of the peculiarities of the seaman, remarked on being asked by one of his friends if he were going to throw his life away in preaching to seamen on board a man of war: "So far are sailors themselves from being removed by their habits beyond the influences of religious truths that could I at all times select my pulpit, place of worship and auditory, I would take the capstan of a ship-of-the-line, with her thousand sailors on her spar-deck, and if I failed to make an impression there I should despair of making it anywhere."

"Now then as to the best means of converting the heathen world I say convert the sailor, and you have got a missionary that costs but little. He is already inured to the hardships which an amateur missionary has got to learn. A good illustration of the cost of sending missionaries abroad was exemplified in the Methodist Church in this city. On trying to raise some money for the missionary cause one of the stewards presented a list and pencil to a stranger so as to put down his name and amount if he would. He handed the steward ten cents for the missionary cause, and gave him in addition one dollar to send the ten cents for the spreading of the Gospel among the heathens. "And he was pretty near right." But in the converted sailor you have a missionary that costs but

little. Why not then work for the conversion of this class of missionaries that costs so little to carry the glad tidings of Gospel Salvation wherever they go. We have sent our missionaries to the icy cabins of the Greenlander, the scorching huts of the Hottentot, the squalid tents of the Arab, and the funeral pyres of the Hindoo. Nor would I recall one of these Heralds of the Cross from his field of labor, or divert from their present object of his message of love. I would swell their numbers, and animate and sustain their efforts, till every nation enlightened by the truths which they convey, should exclaim: 'How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the Gospel of Peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!'

"But I would say, also, 'Go up, look toward the sea. Those ships moving to and fro are freighted with human life. Those veering sails obey the will of men who sway the strong ship to their purpose, as the rider his steed,—of men whose graves may be in the depths of ocean, but over whose immortal natures the gale and wreck have no power. Could they perish, could the waves which sepulchres their forms be the winding sheet of their souls, we might withhold our sympathy and concern, but they have spirits that will sing in worlds of light or wail in regions of woe, when the dirge of the deep sea is over.

"It is this state of being that gives the sailors lot its strongest claim upon our Christian solicitude. His life at sea, at the best, is full of hardship and peril; it can never be anything else so long as he has got to contend with wind and waves. 'When the night storm pelts against our secure abodes on the land' we can close

our shutters and quietly wrap up in our warm beds and forget its violence in the arms of slumber. Not so with the sailor. It summons him from his hammock to the yard-arm; there, on the giddy elevation, while his ship reels and creaks, struggling as it were for life, and amidst the roaring of the thunders bursting over his head, and the vivid lightning scorching the eye-balls, the sailor has to try and reduce his sails, and often by a false balance, a sudden plunge of the ship, the giving way of some rope, and he is precipitated into the rushing ocean. A shriek may be heard, but who, on such a night, while that ship is madly pressing on, striving for the mastery, can save? No, the eddying water closes over its victim, and he sinks to his deep, watery bier, without any stone to mark the spot, there to remain until the sea is called upon to give up its dead. His poor mother, wife or family may wait and watch his return. His infant child or sister, unacquainted with death, will still lisp his name in gladness. But in vain,—they will see his face no more. These are not isolated facts, they come at all times and in all climes, and belong to the sailors' universal lot. When disease assail us, when a fatal epidemic such as yellow fever, small pox or cholera overtakes us on the land, filling many hearts with dread, we have an escape left, we fly oftentimes to a place of safety. But when this fatal malady reaches a ship's crew it comes like the executioner to the prisoner's cell. Beyond the wall of his floating prison the mariner has no escape, he must stand his ground though the next bolt is to strike himself.

"Now the question arises what

can be done by us to ameliorate his condition? We cannot all follow his ship and nurse him while sick, or administer to his wants at sea. No, but you can follow him with your prayers, you can provide for him a good sailors' home, and if managed by the proper kind of a superintendent, one who will seek and aim for the salvation of the sailors, and not the highest percentage on his purchases, and who will shield him from the land shark, then you have taken the first step to protect the sailor, for I say that outside the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, the sailor has got but few real friends. The hands of this society should be lifted up. They are the good Samaritans. They are the parties that provide for poor Jack an hospitable inn. They are the only true philanthropists of the sailor. Judge Benedict has truly said that in order to understand the sailor aright, you must live in the fore-castle with him.

"The church must be the friend of the sailor. She must pity when others reproach, pray for him when others denounce, cling to him when others forsake, and never abandon him, though he should abandon himself. The ocean as well as the land has got its gems, which one day will sparkle in the diadem of him who has saved a soul from death. There is a loss, compared with which that of life is not worthy to be named. From this fearful loss we can do something to save the sailor. We have seen the moral perils and hardships of his lot. We know his uncomplaining fortitude, and his generous disregard of danger; we know his weaknesses, his sins, and his sorrow. He is a noble being, but in ruins. It is for you to recover him, to

strengthen him in the right, and guard him against the wrong. He is the child of impulse, the creature of circumstances, and it is our duty to see that these eventful influences are not fatal. He will repay this care in his gratitude, his reformation, and his prayers. Then give him a helping hand. He would spring from deck or rock, amid the sweeping surge to save you. Save him, then, from perils worse than a watery grave.

"I love the sailor, his eventful life—

His generous spirit—his contempt of danger—  
His firmness in the gale, the wreck, the strife;  
And though a wild and reckless ocean ranger,  
God grant he make that port, when life is o'er,  
Where storms are hushed, and billows break  
no more."

### The Sailor and his Enemies.

During recent years many philanthropic efforts have been made to save sailors just landed, from the clutches of the villainous crews who lie in wait for them on shore. Jack with his pocket full of accumulated wages is a splendid prize for rascality, and even when he has no taste for dissipation, the urgent solicitations of his pseudo friends generally prevail in the long run. It was with a view to rescuing the reckless fellow from these unconscionable harpies that those admirable institutions, Sailor's Homes, came to be established. That they have done, and are doing an immensity of good is undeniable, but unfortunately, the supervision of their managers ceases, the moment an inmate quits the premises. No sooner does he emerge than he is generally surrounded by a ruffianly gang, who will almost employ force to drag him off to some haunt where he may be quietly

eased of his money. A correspondent of a Liverpool journal affirms, from personal knowledge, that this is what goes on every day at the local Sailors' Home. A few nights ago a dozen sailors just returned from a long voyage were admitted to the Home. Next morning the correspondent in question counted thirty-four rascals waiting outside the door, ready to pounce upon their prey. This was no exceptional instance, it appears, but one of invariable occurrence whenever "homeward-bounders" are known to have arrived at the Home. On another occasion our informant saw seven ruffians "fasten on a sailor directly he got outside the gates, and harry him a distance of a hundred yards, until at last the man was compelled to go with one of them." The police are powerless in the matter, for the magistrates lately held, in a case of the sort which was brought before them, that the waiting of these people outside the Home did not come under the head of "loitering for unlawful purposes." Since that decision the evil has assumed greater dimensions than ever, and there seems a fair chance of the Home soon becoming utterly ineffective as a means of saving Jack from his enemies. It is useless to say that he ought to have sufficient control over his covert inclinations for dissipation to resist such overtures. So he ought, but self-control does not happen to be one of his leading attributes, and we must make our account with that fact. On the other hand, it would not do to strain the law against the abominable parasites who live upon him, lest the liberty of the subject should come to be infringed.—*London Globe*.

## Population of the World.

The population of the world, as given by Behm and Wagner in their late issue, is put down at 1,423,917,000, and apportioned as follows:

Europe .....	309,178,300
Asia .....	824,548,590
Africa .....	199,921,600
Australia and Polynesia .....	4,748,600
America .....	85,519,800

The following are the populations of the various States of Europe, according to the latest estimates:

Germany, 1875.....	42,723,242
Austro-Hungary, 1876 .....	37,700,000
Switzerland, 1870 .....	2,669,147
Netherlands, 1875.....	3,809,527
Belgium, 1874.....	5,336,634
Luxembourg, 1873 .....	205,158
Russia, 1870.....	71,730,980
Sweden, 1873.....	4,843,291
Norway, 1873.....	1,802,882
Denmark, 1876.....	1,908,000
France, 1872.....	36,102,921
Great Britain, 1876.....	33,450,000
Spain, 1870.....	16,551,647
Andorra.....	12,000
Portugal, 1874.....	4,288,881
Italy, 1875.....	27,482,174
Monaco, 1874.....	5,741
San Marino, 1874.....	7,816
European Turkey.....	3,500,000
Roumania, 1873.....	5,073,000
Serbia, 1875.....	1,377,068
Montenegro.....	190,000
Greece, 1870.....	1,457,894

The dates indicate the years in which the data were obtained.

The total population of Russia, both in Europe and Asia, is 86,566,000, and the area of the empire is 8,456,500 square miles; of this number less than 60,000,000 belong to the Greek Church, over 7,000,000 are Roman Catholics, and a large number are Mohammedans; Jews and Protestants are over 5,000,000. The larger portion of the population in Europe is Catholic, being found mainly in France, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Ireland, and Austria. In France are nominally 35,000,000 who profess, or are regarded as professing this faith. Nearly all in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Belgium do the same, and most of the inhabitants of Ireland. There

are in the Austrian Empire over 24,000,000 who are put down as Romanists, and in the German Empire, out of the 40,000,000, there are nearly 15,000,000 Roman Catholics. Protestantism is not only making more rapid advances in population, but is more aggressive, and wields a larger influence in the political world. The population of the whole Turkish Empire in Europe, Asia, and in Africa is 47,660,000, of which 20,000,000 is claimed by Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis. Egypt alone has 17,000,000. The British Possessions in South Africa have a population 1,338,702. On our own continent Canada has 3,672,116; Mexico, 9,276,079. The Central American States have 2,828,164; the West Indies, 4,316,178, and all South America, 21,309,700, of which Brazil claims upwards of 11,000,000. The entire area of British Possessions abroad is given at 7,964,75½ square miles, with a population of 203,941,766. This does not take in the protectorate of native States in India.

*Foreign Missionary.*

## Signals At Sea.

According to *Science pour Tous* a new method of giving signals of warning at sea has recently been perfected, and is now employed with success at one of the most dangerous points on the coast of Bretagne. The signals consist of sounds, which are repeated at short intervals, and can be heard, even against the wind, at a distance of six kilometres. The apparatus by which these sounds are produced is self-acting and very simple. It consists of a hollow cylinder, a few centimetres in diameter and three or four metres long, closed at the lower end and secured by an anchor

to the bottom of the sea. In this cylinder is found a pump which sucks in the air, compresses it, and sends it out through a whistle, and this pump is worked by a huge fagot, floating on the surface of the sea, whose movements, rising and falling with the waves, furnish the sufficient force. This apparatus, which is said to have been invented by an American, has, we are told, many and great advantages in comparison with the bell-apparatus hitherto used in such places.

### Harpooning a Devil Fish.

An account of the harpooning and capture of a devil fish in the Gulf of California by several officers of the United States ship *Pensacola* recently appeared in a San Francisco paper. One of the young gentlemen engaged in the exploit is a son of Rev. Dr. Craven, of Newark, N. J., and he has written the following account of the adventure to a member of his family without thought of its publication. The original phraseology is preserved, as it gives a life-likeness to the narrative:

"This morning the fish we chased yesterday again showed himself. He proved, however, to be a large devil fish, instead of a shark, as we had supposed. As we were coaling ship we could not get a crew of sailors to pull us, and so six officers—the gunner, an engineer, and four midshipmen—took the dingy and pulled off after the fish. The gunner, Cushman, wielded the harpoon, the engineer steered, and the rest of us took the oars. We pulled off and came near two of the fish that were going around and sporting near the surface of the water, sticking up their wings, black on top and white underneath.

Cushman let fly his harpoon and hit one fellow plump, just forward of the large bone that runs from one wing to the other. The line let out of the boat like mad, and soon we started off at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. The harpoon came out before we had gone far, so that time nothing more was done than tickling the fish and taking the skin off the gunner's hands. We then pulled around again, after tying a bucket to the rope to act as a drag. Soon we came across another big fish, and the gunner let fly. This time the fish was hit fair and square on the backbone, and so the harpoon did'n't take hold at all. The fellow was scared pretty badly, however, and got out of that place in a very lively manner.

"We soon got a shot at a third one, and he was plugged exactly in the right place, just abaft the athartship bone, in the fleshy part of his body. How we did gossiping through that water! The fish would go up and down and all over, but the boat and the bucket were pretty hard to tow. Sometimes we would haul in the line and hammer him with boat hooks and oars; this, however, seemed only to tickle him, and he would start off again, towing us along at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. We yelled at the ship, when we were towed near enough, to send us some boarding pikes. After a while, five officers put off in the whale boat, with a couple of boarding pikes and an ax. When they came off the old fish seemed as though he knew what was up. He went down and stayed down for a long while. When he did come up he tried to scrape the harpoon out of his back on the bottom of the boat. We nailed him with the boarding pikes until both were

broken. What finished him at last was the ax. One of the men in the whale boat hit him twice, once just across the backbone and the other time just to the right of it. The back bone cut was what finished him, although the other bled very much. After that we towed him ashore. It took forty men to haul him clear of the water on a sandy beach.

"After we got him ashore we measured him. He was something in the shape of a bat; he measured fifteen feet eight inches across the wings and eight feet in length in addition to a thin tail about five feet long. One of the fellows in our boat cut off the tail and is going to make a riding whip out of it. He had a mouth about three feet wide—no teeth, but very powerful jaws. We pried open his mouth with a rail and attempted to keep it open with large pieces of coral that we picked up on the beach. The old fellow, who wasn't dead even then, wouldn't have it, and shut his mouth so strongly that he smashed all the coral into little bits of pieces. On his head, each side of his mouth, he had a sort of leather spoon for shoving things into his mouth, and on each of these he had an eye. Underneath he had two rows of gills, each row consisting of seven or eight about a foot long. He weighed about one ton. He had an awful amount of endurance; he hauled us around the bay for more than an hour and then didn't seem very much tired, as he would start off fresh again whenever the line was jerked.

"One of the most exciting times was when the fish came right at the dingy head on, with his mouth wide open. He got under the boat and lifted the bow several inches out of the water. We beat him off with oars. I guess he was trying

to rub the harpoon out of his back. He didn't succeed in doing that, but he almost upset the boat. Once or twice we thought he was going to swim under the ship. If he had we should have lost him, and as likely as not the boat would have been pulled under. To prevent any such catastrophe one fellow was stationed to stand by with a knife and cut the line if necessary.

"Everybody was very much excited from the Admiral down; the Captain was jumping around at a great rate. The Gunner says that he has been engaged in a good many fishing excursions, but that during the thirty odd years he has been going to sea he has never seen such a fish out of the water."

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### A Sea Romance.

On the 19th February, 1879, the ship *Kentuckian*, of Boston, was sighted, about forty miles from the port of Algiers, in Africa, by the British mail steamship *Glenlyon*. The vessel was flying a signal of distress, and the captain was seen running about aft in a wild manner. He told the officer of the *Glenlyon*, who hailed him, that his crew had mutinied, and that he was out of provisions and was starving. A boat was lowered and the first officer commanded it, carrying with him bread and preserved meat. Reaching the vessel, a ladder was placed over the side and the officer went aboard. He found the crew, which consisted entirely of colored men, obeying orders, and the captain insane. The latter begged to be towed to Gibraltar, a distance of four hundred miles. He was advised to go to Algiers, which he could reach that night, but the vessel has since been heard from at Ivisa, one of the Balearic Isles, into which she had put, with the captain dead.



## Interesting Items.

### *The Checkered Life of a Sailor.*

Samuel Witham died in Belfast, Sunday last, aged sixty-eight years. A sailor who visited every part of the inhabited globe, his life was as checkered as is the usual lot of those who seek their fortunes on the deep. More than forty years ago, while on board a merchant vessel at Montevideo, one of the common South American revolutions broke out. Witham and five others of the crew were kidnapped, or pressed, as the term is, into the Brazilian navy, where he served two years and four months without pay. At one time the ships of the enemy drove the Brazilian vessels, on board one of which was Witham, up the Parana River, hundreds of miles into the interior, until the ships took bottom. Fighting until fighting was useless, those who were not killed escaped to the shore and blew up their vessels. They were now without provisions or clothing, hundreds of miles from the sea coast, and their sufferings were great. On their march back, which occupied months, their only food was the meat of wild cattle, roasted over the camp-fire. Witham and one other American afterward escaped, got on board an American frigate lying at Montevideo, and served three years. Arriving at New York, after an absence of six years, his wife and family, undoubtedly thinking him dead, had gone to parts unknown, and he never again saw them. He afterward learned of his wife's death. He served twelve years in the American navy, all through the Mexican war and at the battle of Vera Cruz was wounded by a splinter from a shattered mast. Latterly he has worked as a rigger and sailmaker in Belfast, where he leaves a widow.—*Bangor (Me.), Whig.*

### *Talking Across the British Channel.*

On Saturday last some further experiments were carried out on the telegraph cable connecting St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, and the village of Sandgate, on the French coast. The Mayor of Dover and several other gentlemen connected with the town drove over to the bay and assembled in the little telegraph hut erected on the beach within a few yards of the shaft of the borings connected with the proposed channel tunnel—a gross and material way of connecting the two countries compared with the delicate communication we were about to establish.

Mr. Bordeaux, the superintendent of the Submarine Telegraph Company, at once established a communication with the opposite coast, and at his request, conveyed by an ordinary pocket telegraph instrument, the telephones were attached to the French end of the cable, and in a few minutes we were conversing across twenty-two and a half miles of wire at the bottom of the sea. The portable instruments, made in polished mahogany, and in shape like a champagne glass without a foot, were used. By placing one to the ear, and speaking into the cup of the other, a continuous conversation was kept up without difficulty. Although the wires were being used on the ordinary business of the station, and the clickings of the Morse instruments being worked at Dover and Calais were going on all the time, yet the voices could be plainly heard and their tones distinguished.

The songs sung in that little wild hut on the French coast were reproduced note for note and word for word, piano and forte, like the distant murmur of a shell—a small far-off voice—in that in which we stood. "Star of the Evening" and "Auld Lang Syne" came rolling across that rough and stormy Channel, down which ships were staggering with shortened sails, and through that tumbling surf, without the loss of a tone or a note. Whistling was tried with equal success, and the tunes were equally distinguishable with the songs. It was suggested that the popping of a cork might be made out, and our French friends were asked to listen attentively to what would happen. Unfortunately no bottles were at hand, but a reverend gentleman equal to the occasion put his finger into his cheek and admirably imitated the drawing of a cork. "You have just drawn a cork," came the voice from the other side, with just a shade of melancholy in its tone. A hearty laugh was raised by this mistake.

After thanking our friends for their songs and other efforts to amuse an audience so far off Mr. Bordeaux gave a short lecture on the construction of the instrument, and the party separated much impressed with the success of the experiments and of the important part it is likely to play in the communications of the future. At present it is clearly useless for military purposes, as the most perfect stillness is necessary not to drown the little voice.—*London Times.*

*German Prohibition of Tobacco.*

A reform has been inaugurated in Germany, where of all lands it could least have been expected, which deserves to be adopted by all civilized nations. It now requires the strong arm of the law to prevent boys under sixteen from indulging in the hurtful habit of smoking. Though Germany is the paradise of smokers, it has found to its cost that the indulgence of this habit in youth is injurious to health, unfitting the boys for their duties as soldiers; and as the government claims military service from every one of its male subjects, and as its medical authorities testify that smoking incapacitates minors for able-bodied, vigorous service, it has ordered the police to strictly prohibit this mannish weakness of the boys. The action of Germany, based as it is on physiological considerations, is awakening the attention of the medical authorities of England to this important matter. Dr. Drysdale, the senior physician to the London Metropolitan Free Hospital, denounces smoking as a practice "deleterious to health and vitality," in which he is sustained by the most eminent medical men. No one will question this who sees the growing number of pallid, nerveless boys puffing their cigars or pipes along our streets, whom no argument but arbitrary power can prevent from making physical premature wrecks of themselves. The papers last week stated that a large number of competitors from our New York city schools for a position at West Point, offered by Hon. A. S. Hewitt, were rejected from physical disabilities. We would be glad to know whether tobacco was not mainly accountable for this discreditable result.

*Eddystone Light.*

This world-famous lighthouse is in a dangerous condition, owing to the disintegration of the rock on which it stands, and a new shaft is to be erected about one hundred feet from the present structure. The general principles of construction will not differ from those of the massive masonry which has for so many years withstood the shock of the Atlantic billows, but the lantern will be considerably higher above the water.

*Blending Odors.*

By the blending of primary odors, perfumers can obtain any desired odor they wish. Jasmine and orange flowers blend-

ed, give the scent of sweet-pea; jasmine and tuberose combined, will give the odor of hyacinth; violet and tuberose give the perfume of lily of the valley. Roses, orange blossoms, jasmine, violets, geranium, tuberose, and jonquil, contain types of nearly all flower odors.

*A North East Passage.*

Professor Nordenskjöld, an adventurous Swede, has succeeded in making a voyage from Hammerfest, near the North Cape of Europe, through the Kara Sea around the North Cape of Asia to the Lena River, a feat never accomplished before, although daring explorers have attempted it from the early days of extended voyages. This expedition is the third that Prof. Nordenskjöld has undertaken in this direction. The first and second, in 1875 and 1876, convinced him that by selecting the proper season of the year he could make trading voyages to the Yenisei River, which has its sources to the southward, in Siberia. His success enlisted King Oscar in furthering his plans, and in July last he set sail with two steamers, the *Vega* and the *Lena*. Leaving the Norwegian coast on July 25th, the Yugor Straits, opening into the Kara Sea and separating Waigatz Island—one of the Nova Zembla group—from the mainland, were reached on August 1st. Six days later the mouth of the Yenisei was reached. Thence the fleet pushed northward and eastward, and after a lapse of two months the safe arrival of the *Lena* at Yakutsk was telegraphed to Moscow from the northernmost station in Siberia. This was the *Lena's* destination, Yakutsk being the most considerable settlement on the river after which the little vessel is named. The *Vega* proceeded on her voyage and is probably frozen in somewhere in the Arctic Ocean. This establishes the fact of a northern passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific, for the Arctic Ocean from the mouth of the Lena to Behrings Straits has been already explored. Prof. Nordenskjöld's appearance in the Pacific is only a question of time, barring accidents, which it must be admitted are very likely to occur in the high latitudes through which he sails.

*Arrivals.*

During the calendar year 1878, according to the Bureau of Statistics, there arrived at the several ports of the United States 209,254 passengers, of whom 153,207 were immigrants.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## The Frozen Ship.

*Mr. Editor:*—Under the above heading I send you the following extract from the *Westminster, Eng., Review*, printed in 1775.

H. T. M.

*El Dorado, Ontario.*

“One serene evening in the middle of August, 1775, Capt. Warrens of the whale-ship *Greenland*, found himself becalmed among an immense number of icebergs, in about 77° N. They were of immense height, and closely wedged together, and a succession of snow-covered peaks appeared behind each other as far as the eye could reach; showing that the ocean was completely blocked up in that quarter, and that it had probably been so for a long period of time. Capt. Warrens did not feel altogether satisfied with his situation; but there being no wind, he could not move one way or the other, and he therefore kept a strict watch, knowing that he would be safe as long as the icebergs continued in their respective places. About midnight the wind rose to a gale, with thick showers of snow, while a succession of thundering, grinding and crushing noises gave evidence that the ice was in motion. The vessel received violent shocks every second, for the haziness of the atmosphere prevented those on board from discovering in what direction the open water lay, or if there was actually any at all, on either side of them. The night was spent in tacking as often as any cause of danger happened to present itself; and in the morning the storm abated, and Capt. Warrens found to his great joy, that the ship had not sustained any serious injury.

“He remarked that the accumulated icebergs which had on the preceding evening formed an impenetrable barrier, had been separated by the wind, and that in one place, a canal of open sea wound its course among them as far as the eye could discern. It was two miles beyond the entrance of this canal that a ship made its appearance about noon. The sun shone brightly, and a gentle breeze blew from the north. Capt. Warrens was struck with the strange manner in which her sails were disposed, and with the dismantled aspect of her rigging. She continued to go before the wind for a few furlongs, and then grounding upon the low icebergs, remained motionless.

Capt. W. immediately leaped into his boat with several seamen, and rowed towards her. On approaching, he observed that her hull was miserably weather-beaten, and not a soul appeared on deck, which was covered with snow to a considerable depth. He then hailed her crew, but no answer was returned. Previous to stepping on board an open port-hole near the main chains caught his eye; and, on looking into it, he perceived a man reclining back in a chair with writing materials on a table before him; but the feebleness of the light made everything very indistinct before him.

“The party went upon deck, and, having removed the hatchway, descended to the cabin. They first came to the apartment which Capt. Warrens viewed through the port-hole: a terror seized him as he entered it; its inmate retained his former position, and seemed to be insensible to strangers. He was found to be a corpse, and a green damp mould had covered his cheeks and forehead, and veiled his open eye-balls. He had a pen in his hand, and a log-book lay before him. The last sentence in its unfinished page ran thus: ‘Nov. 14, 1762. We have now been enclosed in the ice seventeen days. The fire went out yesterday and our master has been trying ever since to kindle it again without success. His wife died this morning. There is no relief.’

“Capt. Warrens hurried from the spot without uttering a word. On entering the after cabin, the first object that attracted their attention was the dead body of a female, reclining on a bed. Her countenance retained the freshness of life; but a contraction of the limbs showed that her form was inanimate. Seated on the floor was the corpse of an apparently young man, holding a steel in one hand, and a flint in the other, as if in the act of striking fire upon some tinder which lay beside him. In the fore part of the vessel several sailors were found lying dead and in their berths, and the body of a boy crouched at the bottom of the gangway ladder.

“Neither provisions nor fuel could be discovered anywhere; but Capt. Warrens was prevented, by the superstitious prejudices of his seamen, from examining the vessel as minutely as he wished to have done. He therefore carried away the log-book, returned to his own ship, and immediately steered to the southward, impressed with the awful example he had just witnessed of the danger of navigating the seas in high northern lati-

tudes. On returning to England he made various enquiries respecting vessels that had disappeared in an unknown way; and by comparing the results of those with the information which was afforded by the written documents in his

possession, he ascertained the name and history of the imprisoned ship and of the unfortunate master; and found that she had been frozen thirteen years previous to the time of his discovering her among the ice.

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## The Sailor's Text.

### THE COMPASS.

*"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."*—Acts xvi. 31.

HERE is a whole Gospel. It is all you need,—all you require;—that for a great sinner there is a Great Savior. Steer by this verse all through the voyage. "None but Christ! none but Christ!" Him first, Him last, Him all and in all. "Neither is there Salvation in any other." Thousands of voyagers have trusted Him, and none have perished. Not one vessel which has steered by that compass has failed to reach the Heavenly shore. Mark, He does not say, "Believe, and *perhaps* thou mayest be saved;" but, "*thou shalt be saved.*" Why distrust His faithfulness, or discredit His word? He is a Great Savior and a Gracious Savior. Able to save, and willing to save. This is His own message—it was written to thee and for thee, —"*Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.*"

"Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
Lost and ruin'd by the fall:  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him."

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Denmark.

##### COPENHAGEN.

Mr. A. WOLLESON, in charge of the Mission, writes, January 31st:—"I had feared that I would not have so much encouragement in the winter, navigation being almost stopped; but the loving kind friend of sinners has blessed us in our work far more than we could expect. Our public services have been marked with divine favor,—sinners have been convinced of their sin, and with broken hearts have turned to God, as prodigals.

"On Sabbath days we have had between forty and fifty, and on week day

evenings, between twenty and thirty hearers. I am convinced that last Sunday the listeners felt that Jesus was present. Seventeen men of the sea rose up and asked to be prayed for. Some have since found peace by faith in Christ." He speaks of opposition received from sailor boarding-house keepers when he began the Mission in 1878, and says that now those very men are becoming interested in his work,—one of them having brought seven, and another fifteen seamen to his meeting, a short time before. The houses of those two men are coming to be much improved in character,—but there is very great dissipation among seamen in the boarding-houses, generally.

## Ramsgate, England, and Marseilles, France.

Rev. H. S. Brooks, formerly our Chaplain at M., writes March 1st, from London, Eng., that he has visited the Sailors' Home lately established at Ramsgate, which is conducted with great care and benevolence, and seems to be doing an immense amount of good. He adds:—"I am very glad to hear an excellent report from Marseilles about the Sailors' Club. The Tuesday evening meetings have been very successful, of late, and the number of sailors who avail themselves of the Chaplain's services, and of the Club is most satisfactory."

## Naples, Italy.

Rev. JAMES GORDON GRAY, acknowledging a recent grant, by our Board of Trustees, to aid in the work for seamen at this port, says:—"Their resolution, granting \$200 for our Mission, during 1879, was received with a grateful heart, on Saturday last. I have been impressed with the fact that *on the very day you were penning the letter which brought me such a hearty token of your interest, we were occupied here, with the inaugural service on board the Bethel, praying among other things, that from that day the seal of the Divine approval might be set upon the Mission.* Certainly our prayer was heard in an unlooked for way, even while we were yet speaking."

Mr. S. BURROWES, the Harbor Missionary, had lately held service on the U. S. S. *Wyoming*, in the cabin, by invitation of Com. WATSON; and other U. S. Naval vessels were expected in port.

## New York City.

The following record, in detail, of but two weeks' labor among seamen and their families, by our Missionary at the SAILORS' HOME, will furnish our readers with a fair view of the nature of his habitual work.

1879, Sunday, Feb. 9th.—"Conducted early family worship at the Home. Con-

versed with several seamen about their spiritual welfare,—gave to each a Testament in his own language; made 26 visits to boarding-houses, 23 to vessels; prayed with one family; attended divine service in the morning at the church;—taught class of seamen's children in the afternoon at the Sabbath-school. Attended family worship in the Sailors' Home and afterward the evening service at the church. Helped a poor seaman just out of the hospital, with money.

Monday, 10th.—"Conducted morning worship at the Home. Held prayer-meeting in my room up stairs. Visits paid to boarding-houses, 2,—to families prayed with, 8.—Brought a young girl to the Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls in 4th street. Heard a good report of another young girl brought there by me a few weeks previously, who was rescued from a 'lager bier saloon' in James St. Attended family worship at the Home, visited a dying woman on the West side of the city, (a seaman's daughter). Sung, read Scripture and prayed with her. Relief given to 4 families of seamen.

Tuesday, 11th.—"Conducted family worship at the Home. Held prayer-meeting in my room. Visited 7 boarding-houses, 7 vessels and 7 families. Attended evening family worship at the Home. Conducted prayer-meeting among colored seamen's families in Mechanic's Alley, and gave relief to a poor widow.

Wednesday, 12th.—"Conducted family worship at the Home, held prayer-meeting in my room up stairs, and visited 5 families,—also, the Brooklyn City Hospital for Seamen, and there distributed tracts and Testaments in various languages; read the Scriptures for, and prayed with the patients. Attended evening prayer-meeting at the Home, and gave relief to 2 seamen's families.

Thursday, 13th.—"Conducted family worship at the Home, held prayer-meeting in my room, paid visits to 30 boarding-houses and 25 vessels, and also to the Seamen's Exchange,—to 3 lager bier saloons and to 5 families. Attended evening family worship at the Home and prayer-meeting at the church of the Sea and Land, and gave relief to 3 destitute seamen's widows.

Friday, 14th.—"Conducted family worship at the Home; held prayer-meeting in my room up stairs, paid 35 visits to boarding-houses, to 22 vessels and to 4 families. Attended family worship in the evening at the Home, and a temperance meeting at the Church of the Sea and Land, and gave relief to a seaman's family.

*Saturday, 15th.*—"Conducted family worship at the Home and prayer-meeting in my room. Visited 2 boarding-houses and 10 families; attended prayer-meeting in the evening at the Home and gave relief to 2 seamen's families.

*Sunday, 16th.*—"Conducted family worship at the Home; visited 31 boarding-houses, 22 vessels, one seaman's family and attended the Home family worship in the evening, also services in the church morning and evening.

*Monday, 17th.*—"Conducted family worship at the Home, held prayer-meeting in my room up stairs and visited 8 boarding-houses, 9 families, and was at the Seamen's Exchange. Visited, also, one family in 25th street and prayed with them. Gave medical aid to a poor sick woman.

*Tuesday, 18th.*—"Conducted family morning worship, held prayer-meeting in my room; visited 9 boarding-houses, 11 vessels, and was at the Seamen's Exchange. Then took Mr. Spencer, Sailors' Missionary, to the Presbyterian Hospital in 70th street. Visited a sick seaman in the N. Y. Hospital in 15th street. Attended evening family worship at the Home; and held prayer meeting in Mechanics' Alley among colored seamen's families.

*Wednesday, 19th.*—"Conducted family worship at the Home; had prayer-meeting in my room up stairs, and visited 5 boarding-houses and 5 families; in the evening attended prayer-meeting at the Home, and gave relief to a seaman's widow.

*Thursday, 20th.*—"Conducted family worship at the Home and prayer-meeting in my up stairs room; paid visits to 22 boarding-houses, 17 vessels, 4 families, attended family worship at the Home and prayer-meeting at the Church of Sea and Land, and gave pecuniary aid to a poor widow to bury her husband.

*Friday, 21st.*—"Conducted family worship at the Home, and prayer-meeting up stairs; visited 25 boarding-houses, 15 vessels, and 3 families. Attended evening worship at the Home, and temperance meeting at the church, and gave relief to 2 destitute families.

*Saturday, 22nd.*—"Held family worship at the Home, conveyed some things to a sick seaman in the New York Hospital in 15th street; visited 5 boarding-houses and 4 families, and attended evening prayer-meeting at the Home."

"Besides my attendance at the family worship in the Home and the Sabbath

services in the sanctuary, I have been present at twenty-one prayer meetings in these two weeks, thirteen of which meetings I conducted. The 'relief' given to the families, has been chiefly supplied by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, but some of it has come from individuals."

#### Recapitulation:—

Visits to boarding-houses, - - -	207
Vessels boarded and visited, - -	142
Families visited and prayed with, -	66
Visits to Hospitals, - - - - -	2
" lager bier saloons, - - -	6
" Seamen's Exchange, - - -	3
Families helped financially, - - -	19

"I am pleased to report," continues the Missionary, "that during the two weeks referred to, 7 persons,—5 seamen and 2 landmen, applied for admission to membership in the Church of the Sea and Land, the evidences of whose conversion were so clear that the Session readily accepted them. Five of these applicants professed to have been converted at the Sailors' Home. Two were most remarkable cases. The first was a young Roman Catholic, the second a Dane, also a young man. The latter was only brought to the meetings by persistent attention. Those who knew these men before conversion, say in amazement,—'What hath God wrought!' On a recent occasion the Dane testified that he would not exchange his present condition for his former, though he could possess the world in doing so, for said he, 'Christ has pardoned my sin, and I now feel happy, O so happy!'

"The Spirit has been brooding over the Home for some time, both in the chapel and in my private room up stairs, and the births into Christ's family from that source increase, although the judgment-day alone, will make manifest the full number; for many carry away the precious seed deeply planted in hearts prepared for it, that will bear rich fruit out on the great deep, and if we hear of them at all, it may be when a long time has passed.

As an instance, there came to the meeting a few mornings ago, a Welsh seaman, who stood up and said that three years ago God saved him in that very room; saved him, as he testified, from the depths of sin, destroyed the evil desire within him, and planted therein the likeness of Christ.

"This good work, I am thankful to say, is not confined to seamen. Landsmen also now and then come into the Gospel net. On New Year's evening one of the waiters at the Home was invited to attend the prayer-meeting and at the close, he stood up for prayer. He sought Christ and found him to his soul's peace. He is still at the Home and bears testimony for Christ not only in the meetings but among his work-fellows, continually thanking God that directed his footsteps to the Home.

"So, also, a highly educated Roman priest, (who has been in the priesthood many years and is well known in Water street,) came to the prayer-meeting some months ago, where the Lord met him and sealed him for His own. This man visits our meetings very often, and delights in telling what God has done for him. Last Saturday evening while giving his testimony he pointed to a spot of which he said, 'There is the place I occupied when the Lord converted my soul and gave me title to eternal life. Oh for the love of Jesus!' This priest, in his new condition, daily performs a good and great work in Water street.

"In a recent letter from a Fin sailor written in Finland and received by Mr. ALEXANDER, the Superintendent of the Home, occurs this passage,—'The happiest days of my life were spent in the Sailors' Home in New York. There I learned that I was a sinner, and there I learned to know and love the Savior of sinners.' Another writes from Copenhagen, in a strain of thankfulness for his stay in the Home; another writes from Sweden and yet another from California, giving thanks to the God of their

Redemption for directing their way to the Home.

"About the beginning of the year a few Christian brethren and sisters joined me in the work of holding prayer-meetings among the families of colored seamen in Mechanics' Alley, and although we cannot point to conversions as the fruit, yet we have evidence that our labor is not in vain. Heretofore contention and bitterness characterized the tenants of this Alley, but since our efforts began, peace among the inhabitants has been proclaimed, and the contending parties have sought each other's forgiveness. This I have from both sides, and earnestly do I thank God for this signal of his approaching mercy.

Respectfully,

CHAS. A. BORELLA."

### Chelsea, Mass., Hospital.

#### CAPT. BARTLETT'S TWENTIETH REPORT.

There have been admitted during the year, 367 officers and men, and 343 have been treated outside of the Hospital, needing but slight medical attention, making in all 710 for the past year, and 14,688 in twenty years.

Two weekly meetings have been held and religious reading distributed; in the aggregate 52 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms, 200,000 pages of tracts, 1,800 religious papers and 190 Magazines.

There has been much religious interest and 34 have given hope of a better life, 920 in twenty years; many returning to tell of God's mercy to them. During the year 17 have died, three a few days after entering the Hospital, making 576 in twenty years. Dr. J. B. HAMILTON, the surgeon in charge, has been very successful in critical surgical operations, and the patients have had excellent care. This, with the good sanitary condition of the Hospital has kept the death roll less than two and a half per cent.

I have been treated with great kindness by Drs. HAMILTON and BROWN, the

Steward, and all the *employees*, for which they have my thanks. Brothers Clapp, Larsen and Gordon have assisted in the meetings, for which they too have my thanks. I desire, also, to make grateful mention of Master Brooks, who has given out books weekly from the library, and also the Bible and Tract Societies which have liberally supplied their publications.

I have been absent from my work about five weeks, taken in two vacations, in twenty years.

### Norfolk, Va.

There was a largely increased attendance at the Bethel services, in February, and semi-monthly Temperance meetings have proved a great success. The same increase of interest was manifest in the Sunday School.

### Recent Library Testimony.

From our Rooms at Boston, Mass., we have lately had report as follows, from loan libraries returned from vessels on which they have been used.—The Captain of the *Cora Etta* who had Library No. 2,002, says,—“The library work is the greatest blessing to the seamen.”—From No. 2,936, brought from the bark *Witch*, where it has been for two years,—the word is:—“It has been very much read, especially on the Sabbath, and has proved a blessing to the whole crew.”

“A Captain who had Library No. 3,932, on the schooner *D. Morford* has held a daily religious service on board, and the books have been a great help to him in his Christian work.”—Of No. 3,993, we hear:—“The books were read to the twenty-three men in the crew, in the place of a religious service.”—Captain Anderson of the brig *J. L. Bigelow* had Library No. 4,862, and writes:—“The books were much read. At Turk's Island we laid aside, dismasted, and loaned the books to the people there, for which they were very thankful. I scarcely know how to express my gratitude to the good friends that are supply-

ing ships with books. Enclosed find \$2 for the good cause.” Another Captain who returns Library No. 5,813, says:—“I would not go to sea again without a library.”

### A Seaman's Joy in Christ.

A sailor on board a U. S. Naval vessel wrote from Shanghai, a few months since, to one of our laborers at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard:—

“The gunner of our ship is a religious man, and preaches the Gospel for us. It is so good for me, every day, to be with him, talking about Jesus Christ. I like to read my Bible better than novels, and other things that are against God. Oh, how merciful is God to us poor sinners! It is for me like a new life.”

Later, dating his letter at Shanghai, last Christmas Eve, he says to the same friend:—

“This night is the greatest in a Christian's life. Therefore I will write a few lines to you. Oh! I am so happy, because I have found my Savior. How good is He with us!—and the great Lord who has converted me! I sought and I have found! How true is every word in that blessed Bible! I—a poor sinner who never kept his commandments,—me He has forgiven!

“Oh, how happy I am now! We have meetings on shore here, every Thursday and Sunday,—and now with the Savior I have my greatest joy..... How sweet it is to go to Him with all my sorrow and trouble, and know that He will help a poor sinner! Every day brings me closer to that tender-hearted Savior.

“I thank you much for your kind and welcome letter. It did good to my sinful heart, because you are an older, and I a younger child of God!.... ‘Jesus,’ dear and loving brother, and protector, sounds always in my ears. Tell every sailor on Cob Dock (at the Brooklyn Navy Yard) about our happiness. I wish you and all the brothers and sisters, a Happy Christmas. *‘As high as Heaven is above the Earth,—so great is His mercy towards them that fear Him.’*”

### Obituary.

J. E. SPENCER.

This faithful laborer passed to his heavenly rest, from the Presbyterian Hospital in this city, on the 14th March.



He entered the Society's service as Missionary, at the New York Sailors' Home, in 1876, and continued there until he was taken to the Hospital on the 18th February last, by his fellow-missionary, Mr. C. A. BORELLA. Himself a seaman converted to God a few years since, in a remarkable manner, at sea, by the reading of a book from one of the Society's Loan Libraries, we have watched his labors for souls since his connection with us, with increasing satisfaction, as we witnessed the constant blessing of God upon them, and upon the worker also. Few converts to Christ from the sons of the sea ever give themselves more heartily to effort for the Master's glory,—few exhibit more gracious evidence of personal growth into the divine likeness. It had been our hope that his stalwart frame and noble soul would for years to come, continue to spend and be spent for the good of sailors,—but he is not, for God has taken him. We close up the broken ranks, and press on in our own labor, sorely mindful of his absence, trusting to God for a new baptism into his spirit, and waiting a discharge from toil which shall bring us once more with him face to face. He died in a Christian's peace. Services were held at the Church of the Sea and Land, Rev. Drs. Hopper and Murphy officiating, on Sunday the 16th, and the remains were taken to Buffalo, N. Y.

### U. S. Life Saving Service.

The last Annual Report covers operations to June 30th, 1878, and is a voluminous document. There were 171 disasters to vessels in the twelve months preceding the date named, and on board of these vessels were 1,557 persons. The lives saved numbered 1,331, and those lost, 226. Of these last, 183 perished in the disasters to the U. S. Steamer *Huron*, and the Steamship *Metropolis*,—98 in the former, and 85 in the latter.

The shipwrecked persons sheltered and succored at the stations, were 423. The value of property saved was \$1,097,375,

of that lost, \$1,527,360. The disasters involving the total loss of vessels and cargoes were 59.

The disasters of the year were greater in number, and severer in character than the service has ever before encountered; a fact established by the record of 171 disasters within life-saving limits, against 134, the highest number of any former year, and of 59 vessels and cargoes totally lost, in contrast with the highest antecedent record of 34.

The subjoined table gives a summary of results in the field of life-saving operations for the last seven years, the period since the introduction of the present system.

#### General Summary

*Of disasters which have occurred within the scope of life-saving operations, from November 1st, 1871 (date of introduction of present system), to close of fiscal year ending June 30th, 1878.*

Total number of disasters.....	578
Total value of vessels.....	\$8,800,457
Total value of cargoes.....	\$4,957,684
Total value of property saved.....	\$8,065,322
Total value of property lost.....	\$5,686,819
Total number of persons on vessels..	6,387
Total number of persons saved.....	5,981
Total number of lives lost.....	306
Total number of persons sheltered...	1,382
Total number of days' shelter afforded.....	3,716

Thirty new Life Saving Stations, and seven Life Boat Stations were authorized by Act of Congress, June 18th, 1878, and these have already been established, so far as time has permitted. The whole number will probably be established during the present Spring.

Various improvements in Life Saving appliances were made during the year, notably the production of the Lyle Gun for firing shot lines to stranded vessels. Lieutenant Lyle of the U. S. Ordnance Department has devised a gun and shot, the entire weight of which is 202 pounds (mortar and bed weighing 185, and the shot 17 pounds), which has attained a maximum range of 695 yards. In respect of weight, and range, as well,—this is a great advance upon any ordnance heretofore used for such purposes.

Acknowledging donations of books, etc., the Report says:—

"The establishment is also peculiarly indebted to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York, for continued efforts in aid of filling the station libraries, in addition to the regular transmission to each crew of their interesting monthly publication, THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and for hearty co-operation with the service in other important ways."

The Report gives detailed accounts of services by the Life Saving crews from July 1st, 1878, to Nov. 30th, 1878. It also presents Capt. J. H. Merryman's Report upon the wreck of the steamer *Hetropolis*.

Appropriations for the service for the fiscal year were \$198,060 00, and the expenditures were \$186,611 77. Besides this amount, \$39,772 31 was disbursed for contingent expenses, out of an appropriation of \$40,000.

Extended tables of wrecks for the season of 1877-8 are printed in the Report, with a list of all the Life Saving Districts and Stations on the coasts of the U. S., on and after Dec. 10, 1878, and very much other interesting and valuable matter. The Report concludes with Lieut. Lyle's Report on Life Saving Ordnance, illustrated by many plates.

### The Saving of Life at Sea.

Lieut. T. B. MASON of the U. S. Navy, read a paper on this subject at a meeting of the American Geographical Society, at Chickering Hall, in this city, on the evening of February 27th. It was profusely illustrated by models, pictures, the stereopticon, etc.,—proved to be of very great interest and value, and we expect to present portions of it, from the author's manuscript, 'with illustrative engravings, in the next number of the MAGAZINE.

### Life on the "Isaac Webb."

Our readers have often had the privilege of hearing from Capt. SAGUINE, of the Pilot Boat *Isaac Webb*, whose Christian influence upon his men has long

been steadily felt. A friend who has lately been with him, writes:—"To say nothing of the courteous and gentlemanly treatment I received from the gentlemen on board, during my stay, I cannot forget the beautiful books that I saw there furnished from the Loan Library of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, among them, "The Life of Father Taylor," "Home Truths," "Fables of Infidelity," and others.

The part of my experience most gratifying to me was on the Sabbath, when I saw the crew mustered in the cabin and Divine service performed in an appropriate manner by our kind friend.

Wishing your Society every blessing and success, I remain yours,

J. T."

### Floating Wealth.

"The District of the city of New York" includes the waters of New York Bay and Harbor, East River and Long Island Sound bordering on Westchester county, to the Connecticut line; the north and south shores of Long Island, Staten Island, and that part of Hudson and Bergen counties lying on New York Bay and Hudson River, and the navigable waters of the Hudson River. The district possesses a water front of about seven hundred miles, and the wharf fronts of New York port cover twenty-five miles. Marine sailing papers are issued at New York city, Albany and Troy, on the Hudson, and Cold Spring, Port Jefferson and Patchogue, on Long Island.

It may not be generally known that a record of each vessel is required to be kept at the Custom House, showing when and where built, the dimensions, material and tonnage, and the names of the owners; there is also a record of bills of sale and mortgages. In case of the sale of a vessel, in whole or part, the law requires the surrender of the vessel's papers to the Collector, that new ones may be issued in conformity to such change.

The various matters arising under the navigation laws necessarily require from the Collector and his officers a careful discrimination in determining the intricate questions which are constantly presented under the above laws, that the interests of the government and the owners of vessels may be alike protected.

#### *New York's Shipping.*

The following figures show the tonnage of the district on January 1, 1879:—

Sail vessels under register foreign trade, number 814; tonnage, 481,545.28.

Sail vessels under enrolment or license for the coasting trade or fisheries, 1,884; tonnage, 100,922.81.

Steamers under register foreign trade (wood hulls), 43; tonnage, 56,146.43.

Steamers under register foreign trade (iron hulls), 19; tonnage, 43,266.25.

Enrolment or license coasting trade (wood hulls), 546; tonnage, 138,241.49.

Enrolment or license coasting trade (iron hulls), 34; tonnage, 35,812.93.

Total of steam vessels, 642, with 273, 467.10 tons.

Barges and rigged vessels enrolled or licensed, 379; tonnage, 94,234.24 tons, to which may be added the total sailing vessels as above, viz:—2,198 of 582,468.09 tonnage, and 642 steam vessels of 273, 467.10, making the grand total number of vessels of the port of New York, 3,219, with a capacity of 950,169.93 tons.

#### *Port of Albany.*

Sail vessels, enrolled or licensed, 50; tonnage, 3,452.41.

Barges, &c., unrigged, 138; tonnage, 22,452.04.

Steamers, 116; tonnage, 20,401.90.

Total number of vessels, 304; tonnage, 46,806.39.

#### *Port of Troy.*

Sail vessels, enrolled or licensed, 11; tonnage, 1,015.

Barges, &c., (unrigged vessels), 403; tonnage, 35,822.77.

Steam vessels, 51; tonnage, 8,818.29.

Total number of vessels of Troy, 465; tonnage, 45,650.06.

#### *Port of Patchogue.*

Sail vessels, enrolled or licensed, 198; tonnage, 2,811.77.

#### *Port of Port Jefferson.*

Sail vessels, enrolled or licensed, 117; tonnage, 10,590.10.

Steam vessels, 2; tonnage, 133.13. Making a total of 119 vessels and 10,723.23 tons.

#### *Port of Cold Spring.*

Sail vessels, enrolled or licensed, 98; tonnage, 7,064.04.

#### *Recapitulation.*

The following is a tabular statement, giving the results of the above lists in a condensed form:—

<i>Ports.</i>	<i>No. of Vessels.</i>	<i>Tonnage.</i>
New York . . . . .	3,219	950,169.93
Albany . . . . .	304	46,806.39
Troy . . . . .	465	45,650.06
Patchogue . . . . .	198	2,811.77
Port Jefferson . . . . .	119	10,723.23

Total of district..4,398 1,052,731.42

The steam fleet of the district numbers 811 vessels, embracing a tonnage of 302, 820.42. It is estimated that if all the above vessels were placed in a line they would reach from Albany to New York, a distance of 164 miles.—*Herald.*

#### **Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.**

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and sixty-nine arrivals at the HOME, during the month of February, 1879. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$2,610, of which \$100 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$1,174 to relatives and friends,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Fifteen men were shipped without advance during the month, and seven were sent to the Hospital.

#### **Position of the Principal Planets for April, 1879.**

MERCURY is an evening star during the forepart of this month, setting on

the 1st, at 7h. 59m., and north of west  $18^{\circ} 58'$ ; is stationary among the stars in Aries on the evening of the 6th, at about 11 o'clock; is in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 17th, at 5h. 43m.; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 20th, at 10h. 58m., being  $4^{\circ} 31'$  south; is again stationary among the stars in Pisces on the afternoon of the 29th, at about 2 o'clock.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st, at 8h. 41m., and north of west  $19^{\circ} 39'$  is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 24th, at 10h. 29m., being  $2^{\circ} 43'$  south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 3h. 22m., and south of east  $25^{\circ} 12'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 15th, at 2h. 44m., being  $3^{\circ} 25'$  south.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 4h. 18m., and south of east  $15^{\circ} 34'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th, at 6h. 41m., being  $4^{\circ} 8'$  south.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 5h. 40m., and north of east  $46'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 19th, at 5h. 48m., being  $7^{\circ} 32'$  south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters in February, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 66, of which 30 were wrecked, 2 burned, 10 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, 6 foundered, and 19 are missing. The list comprises 7 steamers, 7 ships, 23 barks, 4 brigs and 27 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,623,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *b* burned, *a* abandoned, *cs* sunk by collision, *f* foundered and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Wycliffe, *w.* from Philadelphia for St. Nazaire.  
Zanzibar, *m.* from New York for Glasgow.  
Aberfeldy, *f.* from Philadelphia for Ipswich.  
Luisa, *f.* from Galveston for Havana.  
S. A. Stephens, (tug), *b.* (at Erie Basin).  
Belle of Texas, *w.* from Memphis for Jacksonville.  
Memphis, *w.* from Liverpool for New Orleans.

### SHIPS.

Philena Winslow, *w.* from Cardiff for Singapore.  
Van Dieman, *s.c.* from Liverpool for Sandy Hook.  
Andrew Lovitt, *a.* from Baltimore for Rouen.  
Dunsyre, *a.* from New York for Havre.  
Nuovo Rattler, *m.* from New York for Cetta.  
Storkora, *a.* from New York for Bremen.  
Elizabeth Hamilton, *a.* from Philadelphia for Trieste.

### BARKS.

Fanny J. McLellan, *w.* from New Orleans for Rouen.  
Runnymede, *w.* for Astoria.  
Edw. Albrow, *m.* from Matanzas for New York.  
Vigilant, *m.* from Baltimore for Oporto.  
Aurora, *w.* from Pensacola for Harlingen.  
Gaule, *w.* from Pensacola for Marseilles.  
Alpheus Marshall, *w.* from New York for London.  
Sunlight, *m.* from Baltimore for Newcastle, E.  
Eroe, *m.* from New York for Cetta.  
Giuseppina Cocurullo, *m.* from New York for Marseilles.  
Tilde Figlia, *b.* from Boston for New Ross.  
Lord Raglan, *a.* from Savannah for Liverpool.  
Proserpina, *m.* from New York for Bordeaux.  
Reuben S., *m.* from Philadelphia for Queens-town.  
Hawthorne, *w.* from Singapore for Boston.  
Ymer, *m.* from Baltimore for L'Orient.  
Jane Rowland, *a.* from New York for Lynn.  
Stefano Padre, *w.* from New York for Aberdeen.  
Viking, *a.* from Norfolk for Lowestoft.  
New England, *a.* from Baltimore for Galveston.  
Julia Fisher, *m.* from Newry for Baltimore.  
Kong Harold, *a.* from Baltimore for Drogheda.  
Gertrude, *m.* from Coosaw, S. C. for Drogheda.

### BRIGS.

Riverside, *w.* from St. Mary, Ga. for Montevideo.  
Corsair, *m.* from Bull River for Plymouth, E.  
Adelaide, *w.* (at Arecibo, P. R.).  
Moses Day, *w.* from Sagua for Philadelphia.

### SCHOONERS.

Cunard, *m.* (Fisherman).  
Scud, *w.* (at Orleans, Mass.).  
Sea Witch, *w.* (at Lepreau, N. B.).  
Mary Elizabeth, *w.* (in Chesapeake Bay).  
Helen A. Hoyt, *f.* from Charleston for Boston.  
Bessie Grenfell, *w.* from New York for Saffi.  
Eunice Rich, *f.* from Boston for Barbadoes.  
A. Seaman, *f.* from Richbucto for Providence.  
S. T. Baker, *m.* from Baltimore for Pernambuco.  
Geo. Seeley, *w.* from Havana for Galveston.  
Jennie K., *w.* from Liverpool, N. S. for Boston.  
Oliver Jameson, *a.* from Bermuda for Charleston.  
Texana, *w.* (on the Mexican coast).  
John C. Reed, *m.* from Miragoane for New York.  
Goldsmith Maid, *f.* (Fisherman).  
Albertina, (Br.), *w.* from Fortune Bay for Boston.  
Torpedo, *w.* from Lubec for Boston.  
P. Blake, *w.* from St. John, N. B. for Charleston.  
Empress, *w.* (at Grand Manan, N. B.).  
Ocean Pearl, *m.* from Hakodadi for San Francisco.  
Cygnet, *m.* from Hakodadi for San Francisco.  
Sarah Louise, *m.* from Hakodadi for San Francisco.  
Rival, *w.* (Fisherman).  
Fannie Reed, *w.* (at Cape Porpoise, Me.).  
Carrie E. Nunan, *w.* (at Goose Rocks, Me.).  
David H. Tolck, *w.* from Sagua for New York.  
Rattler, *w.* (Fisherman).

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

JANUARY, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*.—97 English, 31 American, 14 French, 10 Italian, 7 Greek, 8 Norwegian, 4 German, 4 Spanish, 4 Dutch, 2 Danish, 1 Austrian, 1 Librarian, 1 Portuguese, 1 Russian, 1 Swedish, 6 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 192. In this number are included 17 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*.—13 English, 2 German, 2 American, 2 Spanish, 1 French, 2 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 22.

## Receipts for February, 1879.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Chester, Cong. church.....	\$ 5 00
Concord, South church.....	9 73
Rochester, Cong. church.....	10 00

### VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. ch., to const.	
George A. Wattles, L. M.....	48 37

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, South church.....	50 00
Boston, Wm. Jones, for library.....	20 00
Campello, Cong. church.....	8 00
Chicopee, 2nd Cong. church.....	18 80
Ipswich, 1st church and society.....	18 68
Linden, friends.....	2 80
Marion, Mrs. S. M. Briggs.....	1 00
Middleboro, Central Bap. ch. S. S. for library.....	20 00
Millbury, 1st Cong. church.....	11 70
Monson, Cong. church add'l.....	5 00
Newburyport, Ladies Bethel Soc'y for library.....	20 00
Newton Centre, Anonymous.....	1 00
Newtonville, Cong. church.....	15 02
North Andover, Cong. church.....	25 00
Northampton, 1st Cong. church.....	57 69
Northfield, Cong. church.....	10 00
Pepperell, Cong. church.....	8 40
Pittsfield, Mrs. S. H. Stevenson.....	1 00
Quincy, Cong. S. S.....	14 80
Royalston, Miss Candace Bullock.....	20 00
South Lynnfield, S. S.....	1 00
A Sailor's Brother.....	10 00
Springfield, South Cong. church.....	11 88
Sturbridge, S. S.....	8 00
West Brookfield, Cong. church.....	18 00
Friends for books to replenish lib's.....	14 10
Westfield, 2nd Cong. church.....	15 35
Worcester, Salem St. S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00

### RHODE ISLAND.

Westerly, Cong. church.....	5 05
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### CONNECTICUT.

Brantford, Eckford Davis.....	1 00
Colchester, 1st Cong. ch. and S. S.....	21 00
Enfield, 1st Cong. church.....	14 24
Greens Farms, Cong. church.....	20 00
Greenwich, 2nd Cong. ch. of wh. S. S. for library.....	78 35
Hartford, Mrs. Wm. Ely.....	3 00
Mystic River, Benj. Barrows.....	2 00
New London, 2nd Cong. church, of wh. trustee estate of late H. P. Haven, \$200, and R. H. Chapell Memorial library, \$20.....	358 51
Norwich, Broadway Cong. church.....	139 15
Sharon, Mrs. Ann M. E. Cowles.....	1 00
Westford, Cong. church.....	5 00
Wethersfield, Cong. church.....	14 12
Wolcottville, Cong. church.....	17 64
Woodbury, North Cong. church.....	15 00
Mrs. C. P. Churchill.....	2 00

### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Lafayette Ave. Pres. ch., of wh. W. W. Goodrich, Esq., for lib'y, \$20.....	153 42
Clinton Ave. Cong. church.....	182 44
Brooklyn, Summerfield M. E. church, of wh. to const. Rev. Geo. F. Ketel, D. D., L. M., \$30, and ships' libraries, \$40.....	87 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Candor, M. E. church.....	2 38
Chili, Pres. church.....	8 15
Gravesend, Ref. church, of wh. John I. Lake, \$10.....	30 16
Mount Morris, Mr. John R. Murray, for "A. V. M." library.....	20 00
New Paltz, Ref. Dutch church.....	11 00
New York City, Broadway Tabernacle, of wh. L. M. Bates, \$12.....	240 52
A. A. Low & Bros.....	100 00
E. D. Morgan.....	25 00
In memory of Samuel Allen, Esq., for library.....	20 00
Mrs. Julia F. Noyes.....	20 00
Bethany Miss. S. S., Broadway Tabernacle, for library.....	20 00
"B," for library.....	20 00
Mrs. H. Holden.....	10 00
R. I. Dodge.....	10 00
Samuel Willels.....	10 00
Mrs. Lispenard Stewart.....	10 00
Misses N. and M. Niles.....	5 00
S. W. Green.....	5 00
Mrs. A. Storer.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Capt. W. Doller, bark <i>Northern Queen</i>	4 00
Mrs. Capt. J. T. Conant, bark <i>J. M. Clark</i> .....	3 00
"R".....	2 00
James Cassidy.....	1 00
Owego, M. E. church.....	5 05
Peekskill, Mrs. Augusta C. McKinney, for library.....	20 00
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. W. C. Sterling, for library.....	20 00
River Valley, M. E. church.....	2 07
Saratoga, L. W. James.....	1 00
Seneca Falls, Mrs. H. C. Silsby.....	1 00
Sherburne, H. J. Dunham, for lib'y.....	20 00
Spencer, M. E. church.....	2 00
Waverly, M. E. church.....	15 63
Friend.....	3 00

### NEW JERSEY.

Madison, Presbyterian church.....	30 67
Sea Plain, (U. S. L. S. S.) Capt. Sam'l Ludlow.....	1 00
Trenton, Union Street M. E. church.....	3 00
Vineland, Pres. church, add'l.....	1 00

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Jeffersonville, Mrs. Harriet W. Whiting	1 00
Philadelphia, Ernest, Constance, and Ralph Paddock, of St. Andrew's S. S., for library.....	30 00
16th St. M. E. church.....	2 75

### DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Mrs. S. C. Dupont.....	3 00
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### MARYLAND.

Auburn, H. C. Trumbull.....	5 00
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### VIRGINIA.

Onancock, B. S. Rich.....	2 00
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### ILLINOIS.

Batavia, Rev. John W. Windsor.....	1 00
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### IOWA.

Osage, G. C. Wallingford.....	1 00
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\$2,370 62



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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## A Letter To Sunday Schools, by a Seaman's Chaplain.

SAILOR'S SNUG HARBOR, NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y.

*To Sabbath Schools throughout the Country.*

*My Dear Children:—*

Our sailors are scattered all over the world, and are without any of the advantages of stated religious instruction, such as you enjoy from sabbath to sabbath. There are altogether, belonging to all nations, perhaps as many as two or three millions of them;—they are mostly young men, between the ages of 15 and 45, full of vigor and enterprise, capable of doing a great deal of good, or of harm, according as they are in possession of, or are destitute of, some religious instruction and example. But, alas! of a very large number of these, it may be very truly said, as our Lord Jesus said of the multitudes that followed Him, that they are like “sheep without a shepherd.” And they are exposed to other perils and dangers from storm and shipwreck, from exposure and disease, which together sweep thousands of them into eternity every year.

From these causes, the average life of a sailor is only about 28 years, and the average *sea life* is less than 12 years, so that sailors, as a rule, die young. If, with this fact, we couple their religious destitution, and their careless lives, it

must fill the mind with sadness, and make us feel like doing something to save them, if we can.

As a class, seamen know very little about God and His word. They very seldom keep His Sabbath; they very seldom read the Bible or good books, first, because they have but little love for either;—and second, because they have been so long neglected by the Church of Christ and by church going people. Out of more than ten years of a sailor's life, which I spent on the sea, nine years passed without my ever meeting with a christian seaman or officer, or even one praying man. And yet these wanderers of the sea are a very useful body of men, not only because they bring from other lands to us, many of the luxuries, and many of the necessities of life, but because they speak many languages, and visit many people in all the countries of the globe.

They have, therefore, great opportunities, if they were only good men, of carrying the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those people, and at the same time, of showing them how Christianity governs

the life, and makes all men who possess it, whether on the land or on the sea, *better men*. But I am sorry to say, that all men who go to sea, do not carry a Christian influence with them, nor show a Christian example. Yet they, like you, have precious souls to save.

It is, however, not quite so bad now, as it was when I was a sailor, thirty-seven years ago, because many good people, who love Christ, and who love their fellow men for His sake, have sent good men to them, to show them the way of life, and persuade them to love the Savior, who died for them, and who began His ministry among them on the shores of the sea of Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. Sailors' churches and ministers, Sailors' Homes and Reading Rooms, are now found in very many of the seaports of the globe. Sea libraries are set afloat by the thousands, filled with good books for the sailors to read while they are on the great waters. Seamen's Friend Societies, and Bethel Societies have been organized all over the christian, and in many parts of the heathen world. Perhaps you yourselves have done something in this way, out of your own savings, and many of you know, from a happy experience, the truth of the Savior's words, that "it is more blessed to give, than to receive." (Acts xx: 35.) Many Sabbath-Schools have helped on this good work too, but there remains yet, very much more to be done. Thousands of vessels are yet without libraries, and hundreds of thousands of sailors are yet unconverted. We must, therefore, not "be weary in well doing, for in due season" (that is, in God's time) "we shall reap, if we faint not." God says to us, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." (Eccles. xi: 1.)

It may be, that you are still doing, and are willing to do more in this direction for our own blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. For, what we do from a good motive to our fellow men, we do

for and to Him who died for us. Again, children situated as most of you are situated, have the ability and opportunity both to do much good, if they only have a willing mind. It is true that you are little people, but you are very many, and a very small piece of money, a very little kind word or act from each one, would, if all put together, make, in the whole, a very large amount. You sometimes sing the words,—*"Little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean, and the solid land."* The missionaries once wanted a vessel to sail from island to island in the great Pacific Ocean, but they had no money, and ships cannot be built without money, so they just whispered a word to the sabbath-school scholars of America, and the ship was built, and rigged; provisioned and paid for, by the pennies of the children, and was sent on her way to carry the Gospel of Christ to millions of Heathens in the isles of the sea, who were waiting for God. And many more things like this, can be done, if each of you will do his or her part. Will you, dear children, promise to try and lift your end of the load? I hope you will not be displeased with me for writing this letter. I only meant to "*stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance.*" If you think I ought not to have troubled you, let my love for the sailor (with whom I have sailed and labored for the past forty-seven years) be my excuse!

Believe me your true friend, and the friend of the sailor,—

C. J. JONES, Chaplain.

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CHARLIE ROSS' father compares his quest for his lost boy to a search in a deep, dark abyss by the light of a taper, where he hears now and then a little voice in the darkness crying, "This way, papa, here I am;" and when he goes in the direction of the sound, he finds that it is only the voice of his own hopes and the whispering of his own heart.

## Are All the Children In?

The darkness falls, the wind is high,  
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;  
The storm will soon begin;  
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,  
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—  
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;  
Their forms within my arms I hide;  
No other arms are sure;  
The storm may rage with fury wild,  
With trusting faith each little child  
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near;  
They'll go from this warm shelter here  
Out in the world's wild din;  
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow;  
I'll sit alone and long to know  
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,  
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,  
And love is true when tried?  
Or will they find a broken reed,  
When strength of heart they so much need,  
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best;  
I'll shield them now, and yield the rest  
In His most righteous hand;  
Sometimes the souls he loves are riven  
By tempests wild, and thus are driven  
Nearer the better land.

*Youth's Companion*

## The Girl who could Scream and Pray.

"And do you want those pretty yellow flowers up the bank?"

"Oh, me so glad!"

"Glad to have them, Bessie?"

"Yes."

So Annie climbed the slope near the road bright with yellow blossoms, as if it were a bank of gold, and filled her apron with the shining spoil.

Then Bessie wanted some clover-heads on the other side of the road. Farther along she wanted buttercups, with their bright petals upon their slender stalks moving down the road in a long procession, as if, this being market day in the town near by, a lot of spindle-bodied market men were all going to market each with a lump of butter on his head.

So little Bessie and Annie her sister wandered farther and farther along the

dusty way, till right across it shot the long dark lines of the railroad track.

"What is dat, Annie?"

"That? That is the railroad track."

"What for?"

"What is it for? Oh, the big train comes along those big rails, and the engine goes 'choo, choo,' and the whistle goes 'scream, scream,' and oh, it's a dreadful noise they make!"

"They do, Annie?"

"Yes, Bessie, and you must not go near them. Stay by me. The train will come along pretty soon."

Even then it was nearer than Annie thought, racing through the deep rocky cut about three miles away.

"Don't you want, Bessie, some flowers over the fence in the woods?"

"Me does ever so much."

"Well, stay here on this rock. *Don't stir.*"

Annie raced into the woods and left the chubby-faced little girl demurely sitting on a rock. But the thought of the big train, the whistle, and the engine that went "choo, choo," had strange attractions for Bessie. The two long dark rails fascinated her as if they were two black snakes stretching across the road, and they had stopped to turn their heads and look at her with their wicked eyes, saying, "Come, little girl!" And little Bessie went to them. There she stood very near the rails wondering where they went, wondering, too, what kind of a thing it was that came along the track, making the noises Annie had told about.

All this time Annie was up in the woods gathering the flowers. "What is that?" she asked.

Burr-r-r! Boom-m-m! Roar-r-r!

"Why, that noise is the train coming! I hope Bessie didn't go near the track," thought Annie. Out of the woods, into the road, she flew, and there was Bessie standing right near the track, and round the curve within two or three hundred feet the dreadful train was crashing and thundering, screaming away!



Bessie was so near the rails that it seemed as if she must be struck by the engine. What *could* Annie do? It was impossible to reach Bessie, though quite near her. She could scream, and she could pray, she thought.

"Bes-sie!"

And then she said, "Dear Jesus, do save her!" It seemed as if her prayer flew right up into the very sky. She looked, and Bessie, hearing Annie's sharp scream, had turned suddenly, had seen the train, and back into the dust of the road she tumbled,—saved!

"That was a narrow escape!" said the engineer to the fireman, looking back. So Annie thought.

From the time of Bessie's falling to her arrival at home, where Annie lugged her, it seemed but a very few moments, and there Annie told her mother all about it.

"Why, mother," she said, panting, "I could do just two things. I could only scream, and then I had just time to put in a little prayer. And I do believe God heard it and saved her."

"That's the way always, child. Do what you can, and remember to put in the little prayer."—*Child's World*.

### "I'd Get In Somewhere."

Our dear little boy was watching with his grandma one Sabbath the people returning from church. She pointed one and another out to him, saying, "This is a Baptist lady, this a Methodist," &c., when Freddie, seven years old, said, "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?"

"No," was the answer.

"To the Baptist?"

"No."

"To the Methodist?"

"No."

"Well, grandma," said he in his quiet, earnest way, "if I was in your place I'd get in somewhere."

Freddie lived only a few months longer,—a little mound tells the story,—but his words live after him,—“apples of gold in pictures of silver.”—*Interior*.

### An Unconscious Sermon.

Mr. Harvy was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream or even a house where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable-looking farm house, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years old came out into the road with a small pail and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvy, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvy thought little of it, supposing, of course, that the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and, therefore, he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one; I am lame, and my back is bad, sir, and mother says no matter how small a favor may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a very large favor, and this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance, and the houses are at some distance from the road, and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvy looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.—*Young Folks' Magazine*.

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President*.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.

80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary* :—

Rev. S. W. HAWKS, Cong'l House, Boston.

**For December, 1878, January and February, 1879.**

**DECEMBER, 1878.**

<i>No. of Library,</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
5136..	Lieut. H. C. Keene, Chelsea, Mass.....	Schr. Lugano.....	West Indies.....	7
5140..	M. De Wolf and M. De Wolf Rogers, Bristol, R. I.....	Ship Swallow.....	New Orleans... ..	20
5141..	M. De Wolf and M. De Wolf Rogers, Bristol, R. I.....	Schr. Nellie S. Terrill....	West Indies.....	7
5143..	"Gov. Phillips' Book Fund," Andover, Mass.....	" Hattie M. Crowell.....	Sierra Leone.....	7
5147..	Central Cong. S. S., Middleboro, Mass.....	" Cora Etta.....	Gaudaloupe.....	10
5533..	Rev. David Dickey, Rochester, N. Y....	Bark Gemsbok.....	Zanzibar.....	16
5534..	S. S. Cong. church, Middlebury, Conn....	" S. R. Lyman.....	Dunedin, N. Z.....	18
5535..	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Oxford, Mass....	" Sam'l H. Nickerson.....	Bordeaux.....	14
5536..	Mrs. R. Wild, Providence, R. I., for the <i>Howard Library</i> .....	" American Lloyds.....	Gibraltar.....	12
5537..	Mrs. Robert Townsend, Syracuse, N. Y., for the <i>Thos. J. Van Antwerp Library</i> .....	" Alex'r Campbell..	Cuba.....	12
5539..	Stimson Lester, New Rochelle, N. Y....	" Reviewer.....	Havre.....	18
5540..	Miss M. B. Auchincloss, New York City, for the <i>Hugh Auchincloss Brown Lib'y</i> , Pres. church, Troy, N. Y.....	" Annie Reed.....	Bombay.....	12
5541..	Young Peoples' Christian Union, 1st Pres. church, Troy, N. Y.....	Ship Seminole.....	San Francisco.....	30
5542..	F. Queen, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa., for <i>Library in name of N. Y. Clipper</i> .....	" Isaac Reed.....	Yokohama.....	27
5543..	Thomas H. Suckley, Rhinebeck, N. Y....	Bark J. F. Whitney.....	London.....	15
5544..	" " " " " "	Ship Conqueror.....	San Francisco.....	25
5545..	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Troy, N. Y., in memory of <i>Alfred De Forest Gale</i> .....	" St. Nicholas.....	" ".....	30
5546..	Thomas H. Suckley, Rhinebeck, N. Y....	" Oneida.....	Melbourne.....	24
5547..	Miss E. S. Cowles, Scotch Plains, N. J., and Miss M. L. Ackerman.....	" Bonanza.....	Antwerp.....	30
5552..	William Libbey, Jr., New York City....	Cunard Steamer Scythia	Liverpool.....	62
5553..	" " " " " "	U. S. Life Sav. Service, Sta. No. 50,	Dist. No. 2,	4
5554..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	7
5555..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	5
5556..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	5
5557..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	7
5558..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	7
5559..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5560..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5561..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	7
5562..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5563..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5564..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5565..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5566..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	7
5567..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5568..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	6
5569..	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	" " " " " "	7

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

## The thirty-five libraries refitted and reshipped were:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished,	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
1711.	Mrs. Samuel Field, W. Philadelphia, Pa.	Schr. E. T. Lee.....	Gaudaloupe.....	8
3401.	S. S. Shephard church, Cambridge, Mass	Brig Wanderer.....	Martinique.....	10
3563.	S. S. Cong. church, Westville, Conn	" Water Lily.....	Rio Grande.....	8
3808.	S. S. Wash'ton Ave. ch., Sea Neck, N. J.	Schr. Luola Murchison..	Buenos Ayres.....	9
3890.	S. S. Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.	" Mary Helen.....	St. Domingo.....	10
4491.	Mrs. Isaac Pruyn, Catskill, N. Y.....	" Joshua Grindle.....	Martinique.....	7
4584.	Miss A. E. Cleaveland, Westport, Conn.	Bark Princess Louise...	Sydney.....	11
4688.	S. S. No. Cong. ch., Winchendon, Mass.	Brig S. A. Collymore....	Rio Grande.....	10
4851.	S. S. Cong. church, Groton, Mass.....	" Goodwin.....	Smyna.....	10
5266.	" Woodburn Twenty," Hartford, Conn.	Schr. N. S. McLelland....	Rio Hache.....	7
5381.	S. S. M. E. ch., 2nd St., New York City.	Brig Leonora.....	Exeter, Eng.....	10
5388.	Mrs. Nancy J. S. Bayne, Medina, N. Y..	Schr. Freddie L. Porter.	Philadelphia.....	8
5390.	Miss P. A. Eldridge, Springfield, Mass..	Brig Starlight.....	St. Lucia.....	9
5514.	Miss Abby Coe, Newark, N. J.....	Schr. Jennie A. Stubbs..	Rio Grande.....	8
5515.	S. S. Pres. church, Greenport, L. I.....	" Joseph T. Baker...	Philadelphia.....	10
5595.	S. S. Miss'y Ass'n, New England Cong. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y., (E. D.) being the Willie Lockwood Library.....	" Fannie Pike.....	Kingston.....	8
5648.	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Peekskill, N. Y..	" Victor.....	Cuba.....	6
5705.	Fred. A. Libbey, New York City.....	" Asa H. Pierce.....	".....	7
5740.	William Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	" Franklin.....	Galveston.....	8
5753.	S. S. Pres. church, Watertown, N. Y.....	Brig Hector.....	Curaçoa.....	8
5758.	Simeon Lester, New Rochelle, N. Y.....	Schr. Ann Amelia.....	Cuba.....	7
5759.	S. M. Middlebrook, Bridgeport, Conn.....	Bark Edwin.....	London.....	10
5947.	John W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" Recovery.....	Antwerp.....	18
5953.	Mrs. F. P. Gilbert, New Haven, Conn.....	Schr. Busiris.....	Demerara.....	8
6003.	Richard P. Buck, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y., being Spofford Memorial Library.....	Bark Emma Francis....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
6085.	" A Friend," (deceased) 2nd Ref. ch., New Brunswick, N. J.....	Brig Emma Dean.....	Porto Cabello.....	9
6140.	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Enfield, Conn.....	Schr. M. W. Drew.....	Jacksonville.....	7
6304.	Newburyport, Mass. Bethel Society.....	Bark Jane Adeline.....	Laguayra.....	12
6357.	Childs' Miss'y Soc'y, 1st Pres. church, Morristown, N. J.....	" Oneata.....	Java.....	12
6258.	Charles E. Nott, Bristol, Conn.....	" Sunbeam.....	Europe.....	16
6274.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Colchester, Conn.....	Brig Don Quixote.....	Belfast.....	9
6343.	S. S. M. E. church, Atlanticville, N. J.....	Bark Belgium.....	Antwerp.....	14
6347.	Society for Savings, Hartford, Conn., being the William A. Spencer Library.....	" David Babcock.....	Gibraltar.....	16
6407.	American Seamen's Friend Society.....	" Alaska.....	Batna.....	12
6414.	Fred. A. Libbey, New York City.....	Schr. H. E. Riley.....	Galveston.....	10

JANUARY, 1879.

During January, 1879, sixty-six loan libraries, thirty-two new and thirty-four refitted were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,548 to 6,572, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,135, 5,142, 5,144, 5,145, 5,146, 5,148, and 5,149, at Boston.

5135.	S. S. Central church, Haverhill, Mass..	Bark Caroline Morris....	Bristol, England...	20
5142.	"Gov. Phillips' Book Fund," Andover, Mass.....	" Loring.....	Australia.....	13
5144.	S. S. Cong. church, Campello, Mass.....	Brig Cadet.....	New Zealand.....	10
5145.	Capt. Joshua Hall, Newburyport, Mass.	Schr. James Boyce.....	Baltimore.....	10
5146.	S. S. No. Cong. ch., St. Johnsbury, Vt.....	Ship Ida Lily.....	Europe.....	14
5148.	".....	Brig Bigelow.....	South America....	7
5149.	"Gov. Phillips' Book Fund," Andover, Mass.....	Bark Emma Florence....	San Francisco.....	20
6548.	Rev. G. P. Sewall, Cayuga, N. Y.....	Ship John Mann.....	Antwerp.....	20
6549.	S. S. 3rd Cong. ch., New Haven, Conn..	Bark Nellie Baker.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
6550.	S. S. Cong. church, Windsor, Conn.....	" Mary A. Greenwood	Callao.....	14
6551.	Centennial Mission, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Moro Castle.....	Honolulu.....	12
6552.	Miss Gray, Boston, Mass.....	" Harrison G. Johnson	Shanghai.....	22
6553.	Flora, Fanny, Nora and Hattie, class 23, S. S. Pres. ch., Lancaster, N. Y.....	" Elinor Vernon.....	New Zealand.....	15
6554.	" Augusta," New Hartford, Conn.....	" Capri.....	London.....	15
6555.	Thos. H. Suckley, Rhinebeck, N. Y.....	" Jesse Gilbert.....	Liverpool.....	14
6556.	".....	" C. O. Whitmore....	Calcutta.....	18
6557.	Mrs. Theodore Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the "K. G. P. Library".....	Ship Ruby.....	Antwerp.....	25
6558.	Mrs. Theodore Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the "Freddie Terrill Library," Auburn, N. Y.....	" Young America....	San Francisco.....	33
6559.	Mrs. Theodore Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the "Katie Terrill Library," Auburn, N. Y.....	Bark Clifton.....	Adelaide, Aust'la..	12

# QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6340.	Mrs. James O. Morse, Englewood, N. J.	Ship Bohemia.....	San Francisco....	25
6341.	Mr. David A. Allen, Hanover, Conn.	Bark H. A. Blanchard...	Cape Town.....	12
6342.	Siloam church S. S., Elizabeth, N. J.	" Amelia.....	Trieste.....	15
6343.	Pres. church, Burlington, N. J.	" Reindeer.....	Martinique.....	10
6344.	Joseph C., Hannah R., Sarah D., and Mary E. Stegner, East Castle Rock, Minn.	" Clara.....	Sydney, N. S. W..	15
6345.	S. S. 2nd Ref. church, Kingston, N. Y.	Ship Enos Soule.....	San Francisco....	23
6346.	1st Ref. Pres. church, Philadelphia, Pa.	" Sarmatian.....	Yokohama.....	20
6347.	S. S. Cong. church, Bristol, Conn.	" Pacific.....	Buenos Ayres....	14
6348.	Mrs. L. A. Schermerhorn, Homer, N. Y.	" Fleetford.....	Batavia.....	21
6349.	Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, Utica, N. Y.	" Independence.....	Valparaiso.....	20
6350.	S. S. Cong. church, Greenville, Conn.	Bark Davis Eckhoff.....	Plymouth, Eng..	12
6351.	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	" Evie J. Ray.....	Leghorn.....	12
6352.	Ernest, Constance and Ralph Paddock, Philadelphia, Pa.	Ship Onelda.....	Melbourne.....	24

## The thirty-four libraries refilled and reshipped were:—

1436.	Dr. Henry A. Robbins, Washington, D.C.	Schr. Joseph G. Stover..	St. Johns.....	7
2250.	Isaac Van Doren, Millstone, N. J.	Brig Bessie May.....	St. Jago.....	9
3517.	S. S. Ref. church, Hopewell, N. Y.	Schr. Carrie S. Hart.....	Cuba.....	9
3596.	Miss E. S. Coles, New York City.....	Brig Kitty Clyde.....	St. Kitts.....	8
3117.	Asa H. Goddard, Princeton, Mass.	Bark Belvidere.....	Havre.....	14
3505.	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Bell Plain, Minn.	Schr. Jordan L. Mott.....	St. Domingo.....	7
3538.	S. S. Cong. ch., Mystic Bridge, Conn.	" Playfair.....	Coastwise.....	6
3580.	S. S. Wethersfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.	Bark Norman.....	London.....	14
4103.	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Danbury, Conn.	Schr. Hattie E. King.....	Mayaguez.....	9
4353.	S. S. Cong. church, Westminister, Mass.	" Sallie M. Evans.....	Brazos.....	7
4386.	Cong. church, Bristol, R. I.	" Sophia Krantz.....	.....	9
4435.	S. S. 1st. Cong. church, Pittsfield, Mass.	" Almira Wooley.....	Jacksonville.....	7
4450.	Miss M. L. Mitchell, Tarrytown, N. Y.	" Stampede.....	West Indies.....	6
4447.	S. S. Cong. church, Wakefield, Mass.	" John R. Halliday.....	Para.....	9
4451.	Cong. church, Mansfield, Conn.	Brig Nellie Ware.....	Jamaica.....	8
4754.	Rev. J. O. Fiske, Bath, Me.	Schr. Laura E. Messer.....	West Indies.....	8
4774.	South church, Salem, Mass., and S. S. Winslow church, Taunton, Mass.	" Jesse Elizabeth.....	Charleston.....	6
4914.	Mrs. L. R. Marshall, Natchez, Miss.	" Charles Morford.....	Havana.....	8
4917.	E. W. Bliss, New York City.....	Brig Earle.....	Surinam.....	8
4948.	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Suffield, Conn.	" Alice.....	Turk's Island.....	8
5032.	Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.....	Schr. B. J. Hazard.....	Georgetown.....	9
5039.	Miss J. M. Williams' S. S. class, 1st Cong. church, Fair Haven, Conn.	" William G. Lord.....	Galveston.....	9
5264.	S. S. Bap. church, Whitesboro, N. Y.	" Charlotte Fish.....	.....	7
5313.	Soldiers' Children's Home, Trenton, N.J.	" Hattie A. White.....	Cape Hayti.....	7
5346.	Jas. H. Miniszek, New York City, being the Lulu Miniszek Library.	" O. D. Witherell.....	Baltimore.....	8
5346.	S. S. Cong. church, Fowlerville, N. Y.	" Mary E. Oliver.....	Santa Mingo.....	8
5362.	Agnes Ledlie Sheffield, Saugerties, N. Y.	" John S. Wood.....	New Orleans.....	8
5303.	S. S. No. Cong. ch., St. Johnsbury, Vt.	" Charles E. Moody.....	West Indies.....	6
5365.	Mrs. S. B. Crocker, Vernon, N. Y.	" Delhi.....	Porto Rico.....	7
5112.	John W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Bark Bell Steward.....	Ireland.....	16
5343.	Mrs. T. M. Painter, North Haven, Conn., being the D. W. McMahon Mem'l Lib'y.	Schr. Joseph Baker.....	Progresso.....	10
5354.	Eight Young Ladies of Cong. church, West Killingly, Conn.	Bark T. F. Whiton.....	Montevideo.....	10
5403.	American Seamen's Friend Society....	Brig Kossack.....	Marseilles.....	8
		Bark Bonnie Doon.....	Havana.....	12

## FEBRUARY, 1879.

During February, 1879, sixty-one loan libraries, eighteen new, and forty-three refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,573 to 6,581, and 6,600 to 6,605, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,150, 5,153, and 5,154, at Boston.

5150.	S. S. Salem Street Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.	Ship McLaurin.....	Calcutta.....	22
5153.	W. H. Jones, Boston, Mass.	Schr. Effie J. Simmonds.	Portsmouth, Va...	7
5154.	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.	U. S. Sloop-of-war Vandalia.....	.....	250
5373.	"Somebody's Son," New York City.....	Brig H. M. Rowley.....	Cuba.....	12
5374.	S. S. Missy Soc'y Pres. church, Bloomfield, N. J.	Bark Coryphene.....	Zanzibar.....	19
5375.	Ladies' Union Soc'y, Madison, Conn.	Ship Gatherer.....	San Francisco....	25
5376.	C. H. Dabney, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.	Bark Mabel.....	New Zealand.....	14
5377.	S. S. Ref. ch., Harlem, New York City.	" Cardenas.....	Monrovia.....	10
5378.	S. S. Cong. ch., East Windsor Hill, Conn.	" Commerce.....	and 4 passengers Cape Town.....	12

# QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

No of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6579.	M. E. church, Tremont, N. Y.	Bark Samos	Gibraltar	12
6580.	Nathan Stephens, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" John M. Clerk	Adelaide	16
6581.	M. E. church, Vineland, N. J.	" Regina Tolck	Gibraltar & Cadiz	10
6600.	Bethany Mission S. S., Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	Ship M. P. Grace	San Francisco	20
6601.	J. B. McCreary, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.	Bark Silas Fish	Valparaiso	14
6602.	S. S. class 1st Cong. church, Stamford, Conn., for Harriet G. Davenport Library	Ship Florida	Callao	28
6603.	S. S. Central Bap. ch., Middleboro, Mass.	Bark Calcutta	Java	17
6604.	H. J. Dunham, Sherburne, N. Y.	" Vilora H. Hopkins	Buenos Ayres	15
6605.	W. W. Goodrich, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" John L. Hasbrouck	Montevideo	12
<i>The forty-three libraries refitted and reshipped were:—</i>				
969.	S. S. Ref. church, Coxsackie, N. Y.	Schr. George B. Somes	West Indies	6
1006.	S. S. Cong. church, Wellfleet, Mass.	" Ephraim & Anna	Virginia	6
1330.	Hattie Wyman, Winchendon, Mass.	" Ramon De Aquiria	St. Domingo	8
1419.	S. S. So. Cong. ch., Middletown, Conn.	" E. J. Hamilton	Charleston	6
1538.	S. S. Cong. church, Castleton, Vt.	" City of Chelsea	Nassau	7
1914.	Mrs. C. W. Martin's Family Bible class, Auburn, N. Y.	Brig Dashaway	Porto Rico	8
2002.	Cong. church, Winter Street, Bath, Me.	Bark Shawmut	West Indies	14
2223.	James C. Holden, New York City	Schr. Alpha	West Indies	7
2231.	S. S. Pres. church, Chambersburg, Pa.	" William Jones	Para	8
2417.	S. S. Mercer St. Pres. ch., N. Y. City	Brig D. W. Hennessey	Porto Rico	8
2936.	S. S. Chapel St. Cong. ch., New Haven, Conn.	Bark Witch	Coast of Africa	12
3091.	Boston Seamen's Friend Society	Schr. Mary E. Amaden	West Indies	7
3154.	S. S. Ref. church, Fishkill, N. Y.	" Isabella Alberti	Porto Rico	7
3728.	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Le Sueur, Minn.	Brig Belle Prescott	South America	9
3873.	S. S. Cong. church, Talcottville, Conn.	Schr. Remington	West Indies	8
3879.	S. S. Bap. church, Pike, N. Y.	" Florence Dean	Coasting	9
3932.	Rev. W. V. Wilson, Port Monmouth, N. J.	Bark Shetland	Rio de Janeiro	12
3993.	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Newburg, N. Y.	Schr. Pinkham	Coast of Africa	7
4213.	S. S. class 99, Plymouth ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Brig Ransom	Matanzas	9
4397.	Rev. Wm. Segur, West Medway, Mass.	Schr. Minnie C. Taylor	Porto Rico	9
4654.	Dea. Hobart's S. S. class, No. Amherst, Mass.	Brig J. M. S.	Demerara	8
4669.	Yearly Bequest E. N. N., Holbrook, Mass.	Bark Santee	Africa	12
4674.	Miss F. Sinclair, Allston, Mass.	Brig Suleron	Havana	9
4675.	Miss M. Leslie Allen, Lowell, Mass.	Schr. Ethel A. Merritt	West Indies	7
4694.	Pilgrim ch., North Weymouth, Mass.	Brig Eaglet	St. Thomas	9
4793.	S. S. class No. 35, Plymouth ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Schr. Jefferson	Galveston	8
4862.	S. S. Cong. church, Northboro, Mass.	" John B. Howell	Havana	10
4884.	S. S. Salem Street Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.	" Eleanor	Georgetown, B. C.	8
5017.	Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland	" M. A. Drewry	Trinidad	8
5090.	" " " " " "	" Mary Matthewson	— and 3 passengers	6
5250.	Mrs. C. Green's Bible class, Cong. ch., Homer, N. Y.	Brig Alice	Demerara	8
5253.	Mrs. John Duff, Jamaica Plains, Mass.	Schr. Charlotte Jameson	Progreso	9
5343.	S. S. Miss'y Asso'n, 2nd Pres. church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Eagle	West Indies	6
5559.	S. S. Bap. church, Brockport, N. Y.	Bark Bella Wooster	Havre	10
5813.	S. S. Cong. church, Rocky Hill, Conn.	Schr. Charles E. Heiler	West Indies	7
5863.	S. S. Ref. church, Saugerties, N. Y.	Bark Northern Queen	Rouen	15
5907.	Fred. A. Libbey, New York City	Schr. O. H. Pennington	—	7
6010.	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City	Brig Susan Bergen	Pelotas, Brazil	9
6045.	Miss Helen Sheffield, Saugerties, N. Y.	Bark Geneva	Buenos Ayres	10
6070.	Child's Miss'y Society, 1st Pres. church, Morristown, N. J.	Schr. B. J. Willard	Laguayra	9
6163.	S. S. Ref. ch., Port Ewen, N. Y.	Brig Walter Smith	Montevideo	9
6356.	S. S. Cong. ch., So. Windsor, Conn.	Bark C. F. Ward	Havana	10
6857.	S. S. Cong. church, Groton, Conn.	Brig Cora Green	Cuba	9

## SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in Dec., 1878—38</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in Dec., 1878—35</i>
" " " Jan., 1879—32	" " " Jan., 1879—34
" " " Feb., " —18	" " " Feb., " —43

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*Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York.*



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## ANNIVERSARY.

The FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, junction of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, New York, Monday, May 5th, 1879, at 7-30 p. m. The names of speakers upon this occasion will be announced hereafter.

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### THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE AT SEA.

The very valuable paper read by Lieutenant T. B. MASON of the U. S. Navy, before the American Geographical Society, in this city, on the evening of February 27th, and noticed in our last MAGAZINE, has been published by the Society with accompanying illustrations. We present to our readers, a general view of its range and scope, with such extracts from it as are of special pertinence to our pages.

The paper treats the general subject, under five heads: personal efforts,—aids to personal efforts,—aids to combined efforts,—the preservation of ships, and the U. S. Life Saving Service. We print what is said upon the first of these topics, viz.:—

#### *Personal Efforts.*

“The first and most important necessities for preservation, in case of marine accidents, are: *coolness* and a *knowledge of swimming*. Coolness, because it allows you to use your mind, to think what it is best to do; if your mind cannot tell you, it will at least *advise* you

to keep out of other people's way, and do what others, better informed, may suggest.

"Swimming, because it enables you to take care of yourself in the water, and perhaps assist others. It is true that a person who could not walk, could still get about by the aid of crutches, mechanical chairs, and the assistance of others; so a person who cannot swim *may* be saved. There are times, however, when, there being no artificial means at hand, only swimming will save you.

"Some here may know the old story of 'the philosopher and the boatman,' who were crossing a river in a boat. The student had been telling his companion that he had wasted *most* of his life by not knowing how to read and write. Soon after, the boat sinking, the boatman asked if he had learned to swim, and on being informed in the negative, remarked that *he* had wasted the *whole* of his.

"Swimming should be learned when young; it is a delightful exercise, affording much amusement, as well as a feeling of security to yourself and to your friends when you are near the water. No young person would consider it a hardship to be taught, but few comparatively now have the opportunity.

"The great majority of people cannot swim, and, strange as it may seem to you, there are many who follow the sea as a profession who cannot swim a stroke.

"There should be swimming tanks attached to all our gymnasiums and schools, where children should be taught to swim as they are now taught, or ought to be taught, calisthenics, dancing and riding.

"I have often heard persons say that the best way to teach a child

to swim was to pitch it into deep water, and thus force it to look out for itself. This might teach some, but certainly it would be a most risky method, and one not likely to be tried by a parent. One of the first principles in the instruction is not to frighten the pupil. Confidence once destroyed can rarely be replaced.

"Some persons teach swimming by supporting the beginner's head. This is a slow and sometimes unsuccessful way, as is that of using life preservers—neither begetting that all-important quality, self-confidence.

"At the United States Naval Academy, where all the cadets are taught to swim, the following method is practiced:—

"When the new cadets enter, each year, they are asked if they can swim; those who say they can are required to demonstrate the fact; if they show proficiency, they are excused from farther attendance in this branch, and are allowed to join the older cadets in deep water bathing. The others are excused as they become expert. Those who cannot swim at all, and they form the large majority, are taken in hand by the swimming master.

"They are told that the body, being full of air, will float just as an empty bottle does; that the nose is like the spout of the bottle; it is all that it is necessary to keep out of the water when open; the mouth being kept closed, as is recommended for all other physical exercises. That when they wish to dive, they must cork up the bottle, or rather, hold their breath. That in swimming, the body must be at perfect ease, and they must not attempt to keep more than the nose out of water.

"The extra buoyancy of the

body depends on the difference between the weight of the water displaced and the body displacing it. Of course any part of the body which is not displacing water has to be carried as dead weight. The extra buoyancy of an ordinary sized man's body is about eleven pounds. The weight of the head is from eight to nine pounds. If they try to push the head up out of water they destroy the easy position of the body, and lose the extra buoyancy. A stout person has greater extra buoyancy than a thin one.

"Drowning is caused by allowing the water to replace the air in the body; this causes the body to become heavier than an equal volume of water, and therefore to sink.

"The point where a body sinks is generally marked by air bubbles. After sinking the first time, the body sometimes rises to the surface again. This has been known to be repeated even a second time.

"Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking (or rather of walking upstairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes.

"The general principles of swimming having been given, the pupil is placed in a tank, about 70 ft. by

15, shelving from about 1 ft. to 10. In order that the tank may be used in winter, it is furnished with a system of steam pipes for heating the water. The pupil is made to lie out in the shallow water, and shown how to strike out. He is then put into a swimming belt; this is a contrivance consisting of a pole, to the end of which is attached a line; at the end of this line is a belt; this belt passes under each arm and across the chest. The pupil lying in the water is told to strike out. The instructor, supporting him with the pole, walks along at the side of the tank; as soon as he sees that the boy is doing well, he gradually slacks down the pole, which the pupil cannot see, as it is behind him, and cannot feel because he is water-borne. When this point is reached, the instructor informs him that he is swimming. If he gets frightened the instructor supports him again; if not, the ice is broken, and no farther trouble is experienced.

"Once having learned to swim, learn to float, and also to swim on your back; by this means you can rest yourself, and thus remain in the water a long time. Never remain in from choice, however, after your body begins to feel chilly.

"Next learn to swim without using your arms; you have then those members at liberty to assist others.

"Never jump in after a person who has fallen into the water unless you are certain that you can be of assistance to him. There are instances of apparently drowning persons rescuing their would-be preservers.

"If a person falls overboard and cannot help himself, go to his assistance if you can; if he can help



himself, remain where you can assist him out of the water. If you determine to go in, divest yourself of as much of your clothing as possible, especially your shoes. It will be well to mention here that if you are going where you are liable to get into the water, you should have your shoes ready to kick off, or better still, wear low ones.

"Having reached the person in danger, if he is not cool and collected, do not approach him so that he can seize you, or he may drag you down with him; either let him exhaust himself, or approach him from the rear, and get him by the hair, or, if he is unprovided with that valuable article, under the chin. Get him on his back, placing yourself in the same position behind him, supporting his head with your hand; strike out for the shore, or wait for other assistance; in this way you can save two or more persons if they are cool subjects. With a very unruly person it is sometimes necessary, for their own good, to use violence; strike them so that they may become insensible. An insensible body, when not filled with water, is very easily handled.

"Where a person has gone down, be guided by the bubbles if you cannot see him. Keep your eyes open, and approach him just as directed for surface work."

#### *The Preservation of Ships.*

Under this heading, Lieut. MASON presents his views very compactly, and, as it seems to us, with especial pertinence. He says:—

"The dangers to which ships are usually subjected are: burning, colliding, upsetting and stranding. Much can be done to protect the ship against all of these dangers,

and it should be the traveler's duty to assure himself, before engaging passage, that all these precautions have been taken. This could easily be shown by a sworn statement and plans, with a heavy penalty attached to deception. At present the competition is so great between companies that they have to do everything as cheaply as possible. There is not to-day one single vessel sailing or steaming from this port or any other which is properly provided. If a law were passed, either by constituted authority or the good sense of the traveling public, they would all start fair in the race for safety. We see references made to watertight compartments and collision bulkheads. They do not exist, in practice, any more than we can call the walls of this room watertight. Some of the vessels are provided with partitions, which might be made water-tight, but not at the moment when they are needed. To be of use, they must be so beforehand. There must not be a single opening in them below the water-line, and even for some distance above it, as the line of flotation would be raised, by the filling of one of the compartments, to a considerable extent. A very small hole, such as a sluice-valve, takes from a partition any claim to be called water-tight. Any one who has studied hydrostatics knows what a quantity of water can pass through a small orifice in a short space of time. Compartments must be absolutely water-tight. They must be several stories high, and the decks or floors of these stories must be absolutely water and airtight. The bottoms must be double. The whole under water, and up to at least six feet above the water, part of a ship, must be like a honeycomb. The bulkheads

must run fore and aft as well as athwart ship. The engine and boiler-rooms must be in compartments as well as the rest of the ship. This can easily be done if it must be done. The shafts can be made to work through water-tight bearings through the partitions, just as they do in the stern-post. The very part of the ship occupied now by an immense open space, is the one which we should most subdivide. The forward compartments should be very small, so as not to lift the screw and rudder out of the water when they filled. The coal should be stowed well up on both sides of the engines and boilers to protect them, and also to be at hand, so that no excuse could be made of difficulty of getting at it on account of the bulkheads. Each compartment should have a separate pump, and each of these pumps should be fitted to work for water or air. None of the engines for working these pumps should be placed down in the engine-room where a fire might cut them off. Each compartment should be fitted with an electric fire alarm, and if possible with an automatic extinguisher. Cargo should all be packed in water-proof cases, or, better still, in barrels. The compartments being full of such packages would admit but little water. What did come in could be forced out by turning on the air-pump. The steering gear of all ships should be worked by steam and hand, and the helmsman placed forward close to the officer of the deck, who should be there also. A second apparatus should be placed aft in case of accident. The officer of the watch should be able to stop the engines himself without leaving the bridge. This can be done by electricity, and has been worked successfully

aboard a French man-of-war. There should be an ample supply of fire extinguishers, buckets and axes always at hand. There should be permanent steam or water pipes such as are fitted in hotels and large buildings, by which steam or water could be sent to every part of the ship by syphon or other pumps. Each apartment should be provided with a tap to this pipe, and a piece of hose long enough to reach any part of it.

"In case of meeting a vessel at sea, in the daytime, there is generally but little danger of collision, but collisions have occurred; therefore we must guard against them. The great cause of collision is a want of knowledge of what the other ship is doing or going to do. In other words, how she has her helm. This could easily be remedied by having a semaphore at the mainmast head, similar to those used on railroads; this to be connected automatically with the steering wheel. As port is always designated by red (let us suppose because port wine is of a reddish color) and starboard by green, when the helm was put to port, the red arm would rise in proportion to the angle of the rudder; when the helm was amidships neither arm would be up; when the helm was put to starboard the green arm would rise. In this way, on any side, the position of the helm could be seen.

"At night lights might be attached to these arms, or the officer of the watch might carry in his starboard and port pockets a green and a red signal, which he could burn in the same way. It was ordered at one time by the English Board of Trade that this light system should be adopted in the following manner: That a light of the color of the side to which the helm was put should be shown on deck on approaching,

or a little ways up the rigging of a vessel. A vessel always carries, or should always carry, at night (some owners and captains are so mean that they attempt even to evade this law, by not carrying their lights when they are clear of the harbor authorities,—men-of-war should be empowered to capture every vessel found without lights), on the starboard side, well forward, a green light, so protected that it cannot be seen abaft the beam; on the port side, a red light. A steamer carries at her foremast head a white light. In practice, when the helm signal was exhibited, confusion arose, because all the colored lights were so nearly on a line. This caused the order to be rescinded. I propose that the lights carried by the officer of the watch shall be of the system which is now coming into operation for general signals—that is, that the light shall be projected into the air by being fired out of a pistol or case. This would prevent all confusion, and it could then be seen on all sides. The signal lights which I have here are made by Mr. Edward S. Linton, and would be just the things to carry out the idea. They are cylinders stopped at one end, and containing any number of stars that may be desired. These stars are projected one after the other, at equal intervals, to a great height in the air, where they burn. The machine is put in operation by striking the cap against a hard substance, such as the bridge, rail, or deck. By carrying these in the two side pockets, or in pouches on a belt, they come naturally to the hand, which is instinctively put in motion on giving the order to the helmsman. They are drawn out and fired instantaneously by the person giving the order, so that the factor of error liable to occur by

having another person bungle, and perhaps break a lantern, is also eliminated. The rocket which I have here, made for me by the same gentleman, is fitted so as to be fired by merely pulling the primer tape, and thus doing away with the necessity of looking for a light and perhaps having it blown or washed out.

“An electric light at the mast-head would do much to prevent collisions and stranding, by lighting up a vessel and its surroundings. Such a light could be supplied with electricity by the engines, and put in operation or extinguished by the officer of the deck himself. It will probably seem that I am multiplying too much the duties of the officer of the deck; but I think that any one who has ever occupied that by no means enviable position in time of danger, will agree that, being placed in a central position with a good all-round view, the more all different operations can be brought under your own personal control the better. It is getting more difficult every year to get intelligent assistants.

“Having enumerated some of the general precautions that might be taken, let us see how they would apply to our cited dangers.

“Fire, by localizing it by bulkheads; by giving the alarm by automatic means; by subduing the fire by extinguishers, automatic or portable, or with steam water and compressed air.

“Collisions, by preventing them by the precautions proposed; if not prevented, localizing the damage by bulkheads and compartments. The vessel would also be strengthened to resist the shock by the network of partitions. The pump and air pumps would free the compartments, the waterproof cases pre-

vent the goods being saturated. All persons likely to hold positions on board a vessel where they will be required to look out for lights, should be thoroughly examined in regard to Daltonism or color blindness. Recent researches in the German and French navies prove that many persons are thus affected. Upsetting must be prevented, in the first place, by the naval architect when he plans his vessel; by the stevedore when he loads her, and by the seaman when he handles her. Although within the province of this paper, our limited time and your already overtaxed patience will not permit me to go more fully into this subject than to call your attention, if you are professional men, to the excellent new method of Mr. Forbes for reducing top hamper, and to the fact that when the rolling period of the ship and the period of the sea approach very closely, it is better to heave to or change your course.

“Stranding must be prevented by navigation, by continual sounding and reference to the chart when approaching the shore. As under the previous head, I must omit the interesting technical facts connected with improved compasses and sounding apparatus, especially those of Captain Belknap and Lient. Commanders Sigsbee and Jewell. Improved methods of approaching dangerous places, such as the method proposed by Lieutenant Truedell, of the French Navy, now employed as a captain in the service of the Transatlantic Company, for entering the harbor of New York in foul weather. There is one point, however, referring to this head and that of collision, which I would like to call your attention to; it is the fact that fogs are not generally very high above the water: that a vessel's masts sometimes project into

a clear atmosphere above,—that if a man is sent aloft, where, by the bye, one ought always to be, at least during the daytime, to look out for wrecks and rafts, or boats, he can often see the masts of approaching vessels, land, and other high objects. This is not generally thought of, even by sea-going people. A story is told of a captain, who was cruising off Wilmington, in the South, a few years ago, for the benefit of his health. At night, the vessels all hugged in close to the bar, to pick up excursion parties, who might be carrying out too much cotton. One morning (it was foggy) this officer decided, as he was very close in, to wait later than usual. Suddenly he heard the pleasant whistle of a shell, right between his masts; followed by another, with a slight improvement of aim. He politely requested one of his men to go aloft, and see what was the matter. This individual suddenly emerged into the clear sunlight, and took an instantaneous view of the Mound Battery, which was also enjoying a beautiful morning. It is needless to say that the vessel changed her range, and that the captain had learned a lesson.”

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### Obituary.

CAPT. WILLIAM F. SHEFFIELD, an old New Haven sea-captain, died at his home in Stonington, Conn., in April, after an illness of but a few hours duration. He had been acting as a jurymen at New London, and returned home to spend the Sabbath with his family. On the following Monday he fell a victim to a fatal disease. Only a month since he and his wife celebrated their silver wedding, a gay and happy throng being present. Capt. S. was 65 years of age when he died.

## THE SEAMAN'S WIFE.

BY ANDREW S. KADIE.

*Dedicated to Miss Janet Peters, Glenlyon Villa.*

Despair had seiz'd my very soul,  
For want my child did cry,  
And I had nothing in the house,  
Nor wherewithal to buy.

With naught to give  
How can she live?  
And yet she must not die.

Not one small bit had we to eat  
Since morning. Now 'twas night;  
I could not beg, I'd rather starve,  
And thought to steal with fright,  
When that dear child,  
So sweetly smil'd,  
Turn'd darkness into light.

I wrapt my plaid around the bairn,  
So that she would not freeze;  
And as she lay upon my arms,  
I sank upon my knees,  
And humble felt,  
As there I knelt  
To Him that hears and sees.

"Father, in mercy, pity have  
On strangers in this land,  
And send my husband safely here.—  
We want his helping hand."  
But as I prayed  
The words did fade  
Like waters in the sand.

Still hope, sweet hope, kept whispering:  
"Some generous soul you'll find,  
Who'll help you in your great distress,  
For here they've been so kind."  
Yet fears would rise,  
While my poor eyes  
With tears were almost blind.

I rose up from my bended knees,  
And close beside the door  
Was plac'd before my wondering eyes  
A basket on the floor.  
Oh Thou, indeed,  
Who know'st our need,  
Did'st send this welcome store.

For all I ask'd and more I got,  
We feasted with delight,  
And bless'd the unknown hand which brought  
Such plenty for the night.  
And that sweet pet  
No more did fret.  
But looked so pleased and bright.

Yet sadden'd thoughts would crowd my brain;  
I felt as if alone,  
And trembled at my helpless state,  
For prospect I had none.

What then is life  
But care and strife  
With every comfort gone?

When my dear husband left his home  
Disown'd for taking me,  
And nothing here could find to do  
He shipped and went to sea.  
On the Gulf coast  
The ship was lost.  
But where, O where is he?

While deep in thought a double knock  
Struck on the lower floor,  
"Tis papa, mamma,"—cries the child,  
While I ran to the door.  
And then my ear  
Did plainly hear:  
"Yes, sir, up one flight more."

I heard his well-known voice say thanks,  
The world again had charms,  
And sorrow from my heart soon fled  
When free from false alarms.

For near to bliss  
Was that pure kiss,  
When circled in his arms.

Oh, such delight my heart did feel  
When he was mine again,  
For thoughts of sad mishaps or death  
Had almost crazed my brain.  
When joy is rife  
It gives new life,  
'Tis sunshine after rain.

He told us of the fearful storms  
That drove the ship ashore,  
And said: "Lov'd hearts, I never thought  
I'd see you any more.

'Twas such a shock,  
When we struck rock  
Amid the breakers' roar.

"Yet nearly all on board were sav'd.  
For we were close to land;  
But our good ship was soon a wreck,  
And lay upon the strand.

When Captain Greene,  
Of barque May Queen,  
Engag'd me as a hand.

"'Twas then the agents stopped your pay,  
The vessel being lost,—  
Which shows how much they care about  
The seaman, tempest-tost.

To them what's life  
In child or wife?  
They can but starve at most.

But brighter skies, my own true hearts,  
Once more we cross the foam;  
See here's a purse well filled with gold  
That's sent to take us home.

Father forgives.  
And mother lives!  
So writes dear brother Tom."

And when I told him what had pass'd  
Since he had gone to sea,  
He bravely said:—"I love the land.  
The country of the free,

Nor shall forget.  
Till life has set,  
What it has done for thee."

*Evening Post.*

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### IV.—EZION-GEBER.

On the eastern arm of the Red Sea, known as the Gulf of Akabah, once stood a commercial city, where now the traveler only finds a dry bed of the sea occasioned by the gradual elevation of the land in that direction, similar to that change which has been taking place upon the other arm, and which seems to be a literal fulfillment of the prophecy, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea."

This was Ezion-geber, or the Giant's back-bone, whose jagged ranges of rocks, that lined the shore, may possibly have suggested the name. It is of special interest among the seaports of the Bible as marking three important epochs in the history of the ancient people of God,—the end of their wanderings in the wilderness,—the dawn of their commercial greatness under Solomon, and their decline under Jehoshaphat.

The first mention which is made of this ancient mart is in Numbers xxxiii, 35, 36, where it is simply noticed as the point of departure, after the forty years' wanderings of Israel in the wilderness, for the land which God had given to their fathers for a possession. It was evidently in that remote period an important centre of trade, because of its situation on

the eastern tongue of the Red Sea, and thus the evident gate for the Edemites and others to the great highways of commerce. To this point, where doubtless the ships might even then be seen which were engaged in ventures down the Red Sea, and then eastward toward the early centres of the world's population the Israelites came, after they had finally left the wilderness. From this point northward lay the deep valley of the Ghor, reaching to the Dead Sea and supposed by some to have been once the bed of the Jordan through which its waters passed out into the Red Sea. It was by but a few stages of travel after leaving this port that they came into the borders of their future home, and entered on the inheritance promised to Abraham and his seed. From this time onward no mention is made of Ezion-geber until the age of Solomon, when it assumes prominence and importance as the scene where was inaugurated the foreign commerce of the Jewish nation. The vast expenditures which were made by that monarch, not only for the Temple and his palaces but for the maintenance of his regal splendor, which made his court the wonder of the world, could not have been met except on the conditions of heavy burthens of taxation laid

upon the people or upon vast revenues derived from commercial intercourse with other nations. Palestine was a land of immense agricultural wealth. Its fields of wheat and corn, its orchards and meadows, its vineyards and olive-yards and palm-groves, its fragrant spices, its vast herds of sheep and cattle, were enough, not only to sustain an immense population within fifteen millions of square acres, but to furnish abundant articles of commercial value whose exchange would bring them large revenues. It was a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fig trees and pomegranates, whose surplus could be used for the importation of gold, or the luxuries which gold could purchase. But the field for this commercial activity could be reached either by caravans traversing the vast interior regions of the East, or by ships passing down the Red Sea and then skirting the coasts of Arabia and Persia and India, even to China. Hence Solomon, in the inexperience of his people in all maritime business, again secured the aid of his allies, the Phœnicians, in the building and manning of his Navy. Ezion-geber was selected as the centre of this new enterprise. Here the ships were to be built, and hence they were to sail on their long voyages, in which, doubtless, the most distant nations were reached. In the absence of material in the adjacent country, it was needful again to resort to the forests of Lebanon, and the timber was floated down from Tyre to some point on the Mediterranean, whence it was conveyed by land carriage to Ezion-geber, or it may have found its way thither by the Nile and through the canal which then connected it with the western tongue of the Red Sea. To this great undertaking Solomon gave his per-

sonal attention, going himself to Ezion-geber, as we read in 2 Chron. viii: 17. There he looked upon the busy scenes of a seaport, stimulated into new life by the vast preparations which were making for the opening trade between his people and the nations lying around and beyond the Red Sea.

To him it must have been a new experience, brought up as he had been amid the scenes of a land with but a small sea-board and few maritime interests. We can fancy the monarch passing down by the shore and stopping here to see the laying of the first timbers of a ship and then to admire the proportions of one just ready to be launched, after having watched at other points all the intermediate stages of construction, here the forge of the smith, and there the shops of the shipbuilder, with saws and axes and chisels and hammers in busy and constant action. At length the vast navy was completed, made up of what were called "Ships of Tarshish," as now we call vessels India-man, or whale-ships or otherwise, from the purposes for which they are intended, or the countries which they are to visit.

From the length of time which they occupied in a voyage (nearly three years), we may conclude that they did not confine their visits to ports simply on the Red Sea. There are traditions, which many writers have accepted, that they made the complete circuit of the African coast, ending their voyage at Tartessus, or Tarshish, in Spain. It is most probable, however, if we judge from the freight with which these ships returned, that they made a coasting voyage westward, and that after passing out of the waters of the Red Sea, having touched at African

and Arabian ports on their way down, where they may have obtained the gold of Ophir, they turned eastward and then coasted along the Indian Ocean, visiting on their way those countries where were found as articles of trade, algum trees and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks. These latter are especially the products of India, and seem to point directly to that country as one at least of the parties with whom the ships of Solomon now opened a new trade to the people of Israel.

That it was a source of immense revenue may be readily seen by the repeated reference to the wealth of Solomon and to the financial condition of his capitol. But all the glory and renown of this monarch and his age soon passed away. In his declining years as he reviewed his life and looked back over all its splendor he wrote over it,—“vanity of vanities,” and warning his son of the folly of trusting in human wealth or greatness, he passed away to see in the light of eternity that the soul is more precious than the world with all its wealth and renown, and all its vast schemes of commercial enterprise.

It is probable that with the succeeding divisions which weakened the nation, and with the gradual decay of their power and wealth, Ezion-geber lost its trade and gradually fell into a decline, which corresponded with that of the people upon whom its prosperity had largely depended. Once more in succeeding years an effort was made to restore to it its former life and activity. Jehoshaphat, though himself a wise and good king, was yet drawn into political combinations with men who were idolatrous and wicked. His eldest son had married the daughter of Ahab

and Jezebel to whose vileness and injustice there seemed no limit. Joining afterwards in an alliance with their son he sought to renew the Red Sea Navy and commerce, designing to send his ships to Tarshish, or to engage in the same commercial enterprises which had once brought in such vast revenues to the people during the reign of his illustrious ancestors.

But his plans were suddenly and utterly defeated. Even before his navy was launched the word of God came to him by the mouth of his prophet which foretold the coming destruction of his hopes. His alliance with the idolatrous house of Ahab was to be followed by a sure and complete failure, and so it proved. For in the simple words of Scripture it is said,—“The ships were broken at Ezion-geber.” Either by gross mismanagement of ignorant pilots, or by a sudden tempest, whose wrath no power could withstand or skill evade, the navy was wrecked upon those rocky shores, and the enterprise was never renewed. As the power of Eden and of Judah waned and their commerce declined, this ancient port sank into decay, and time and its changes have obliterated all marks and evidences of its former life and activity. It witnessed the growth, the prosperity and the decline of the Jewish nation, and then sank into its grave, leaving no trace of its ancient glory and no stone to mark the spot where it once stood.

There is, according to Dr. Robinson, a small body of brackish water called El-Ghudyān which is the possible site of the old seaport that occupied so prominent a position in the days of Solomon. There is this in favor of the correctness of the supposition that it is near to Elath as was the ancient Ezion-



geber: 1 Kings, ix 26. This city still remains, under the name of Ailah. Mounds of rubbish mark its locality, and a small fortress occupied by a governor and a garrison of soldiers forms one of a line of forts for the protection of pilgrims on their way from Cairo to Mecca. But the waters have literally failed from

the sea, the white sails of ships no longer appear like a cloud upon the horizon, silence reigns where once the cheery songs of sailors were heard, the old seaport has disappeared, and the busy scenes of commercial life and activity that were once witnessed here have passed away forever.

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### PITCAIRN ISLAND.

This small and rock-bound island, only seven miles in circumference, is, of all pieces of land on the globe, farthest removed from any of the great continents. It will be found in or about latitude  $25^{\circ}$  south of the equator, and longitude  $130^{\circ}$  west of Greenwich, being nearly half way across the widest of ocean spaces, between Australia and South America, and some distance southeast of the Society Islands. The island was discovered by Captain Carteret in 1767, and named after one of his officers called Pitcairn, who was the first to call attention to it.

A singular interest attaches to Pitcairn Island from the dark romance connected with its settlement by the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty* in 1790. This vessel had been sent out to the island of Tahiti for the purpose of collecting bread-fruit-trees, which, it was proposed to introduce into the West Indies. On the voyage out the crew suffered much from inhuman treatment at the hands of the commander, Lieutenant Bligh, of the Royal Navy; but the mutiny did not take place until the ship had secured her cargo, and was about to return home. On the 28th of April, 1789, the vessel was taken possession of by Fletcher Christian, the mate, who, with a num-

ber of followers, forced his superior officer, together with eighteen companions, into a launch, set them adrift, and turned the ship's head toward the island of Toubouai. Here they had determined to land; but the natives presented so savage an aspect that Christian decided to go back to Tahiti.

In spite, however, of the impression produced in the first instance by the natives of Toubouai, it was on this island that the mutineers first attempted to form a settlement. Land was purchased from the chief of the tribes, and a fort was in process of construction, when quarrels ensued, and a part of the white men demanded that Christian should take them back to Tahiti. This was done; but the leader of the mutineers, knowing that he was not safe at a point which would first of all attract the English ship that must certainly be sent out in search of the *Bounty*, determined to seek refuge in some one of the more remote islands. Eight only of the men he had led into crime were inclined to accompany him. With these, however, there was a young Toubouaian chief and his two friends, who had become so fond of Christian they would not leave him. Three Tahitian men, with their wives, also joined the party, and one of the women took with

her her infant daughter ten months old. In all, twenty-eight persons determined to follow the fortunes of Christian.

It has been ascertained that a copy of Captain Carteret's *Voyage to the South Seas* was among the books left on board the *Bounty*, and this volume, describing the loneliness of Pitcairn Island, probably determined Christian to search for it as a safe retreat for himself and his followers. From a want of correctness in the latitude and longitude indicated by the original discoverers, the cruise occupied several weeks. When it had begun to appear hopeless, a distant rock was descried rising abruptly in the midst of the ocean. On nearing it this proved to be Pitcairn Island, the asylum sought for by Christian—a rock not two leagues in its greatest extent, far from the haunts of ships and of men. The course of the *Bounty* was directed to a bend in the shore, destined to be her last resting-place, and which has ever since borne the name of “Bounty Bay.” After making a survey of the island, Christian divided it into nine portions, retaining one for himself, and distributing the remaining eight among his companions. Every available article was then removed from the vessel, even to the planks from her sides, the copper nails, bolts, etc., masts and sails; and in order to leave no trace which might lead to discovery, they set fire to her hull, and then sunk the remains in twenty-five fathoms of water. This event took place January 23rd, 1790.

For twenty years the mystery that hung over the fate of the *Bounty* and her mutinous crew remained unsolved. From the time of their leaving Tahiti nothing

had been heard of them, and the first tidings came when an American, Captain Folger, touched at Pitcairn Island in 1808, and on his return reported his discovery to the English government. It had been impossible for concord to exist among such desperate characters as the mutineers, and in the course of ten years from the time of their arrival on the island, all the Tahitian men, all the sailors, with the exception of one Alexander Smith, who subsequently changed his name to John Adams, and several of the women, had died of violence or disease. In September, 1814, an English vessel called the *Britain* stopped at the island, and found Adams still alive and commanding the respect and admiration of the whole little colony by his exemplary conduct and fatherly care of them. Solitude had wrought a powerful change in Adams, and his desire to instill into the young minds of the descendants of his old companions, who, like himself, had taken wives from among the Tahitian women, a correct sense of religion, had been crowned with complete success. According to the statement of the captain of the *Britain*, a more virtuous, amiable, and religious community than these islanders had never been seen. They were also visited by other English vessels, and the reports concerning them fully corroborated the first accounts.

In 1830 the colony consisted of eighty-seven persons, when a long drought, together with a bad season for their plantations, gave rise to fears that they might be overtaken by famine. It had long been a matter of grave consideration, that, as their numbers increased, the want of water would be severely felt, and in consequence

a proposal was made to the islanders by the English government to remove them to Tahiti. This proposal in due course was submitted to Queen Pomaré, who seconded it with great zeal, and agreed to receive them into her dominions. Early in March, 1831, they all embarked in the *Sarah Anne*, and arrived at Tahiti on the 21st of the same month. A tract of rich land was assigned to them by the queen, and the Tahitians assisted in collecting wood, and also in constructing houses for their new friends, whom they looked upon as relations. One old woman came from a distance to recognize a long-lost sister in one of the surviving women who had left Tahiti in the *Bounty*. A few months, however, at Tahiti convinced the Pitcairn Islanders that they could not be happy in their new home. Their simple austere mode of life and their rectitude of conduct rendered the licentious and lax morality of the Tahitians most repugnant to the Pitcairn people; and notwithstanding the kind hospitality shown them, especially by the queen, they determined, if even at their own expense, to return to their beloved island home. This was done in September of the same year, an American brig conveying the little party back to Pitcairn.

Nine years later the islanders were visited by Captain Elliot, of the English ship *Fly*, when they begged to be taken under the protection of Great Britain, on account of the annoyances to which they had been subjected by the lawless crews of some whale-ships which had called at the island. Accordingly Captain Elliot took possession of Pitcairn in the name of her Majesty the Queen of Eng-

land, gave them a "union-jack," and recognized their self-elected magistrate as the responsible Governor. He also drew up for them a code of laws, some of which are very amusing from the subjects of which they treat. The code, however, has been of much service to the simple islanders. Not long after they became British subjects the inhabitants of Pitcairn began to be distressed about their old difficulty,—the inability of the island to support their increasing numbers. They appealed to their English rulers to make some provision for them, and when Norfolk Island, which is situated in the West Pacific, seven or eight hundred miles from Australia, had ceased to be a convicts' penal station, her Majesty's government allowed the Pitcairn Islanders to emigrate thither.

In 1859 two families returned to Pitcairn Island, the heads of which were William and Moses Young, two cousins, aged thirty-three and thirty years. The oldest member of the party was William Young's wife, thirty-nine years old, and formerly the widow of Philip M'Koy. Her children by her first husband swelled the number of emigrants to seventeen, the proportion of the thirteen children being ten girls to three boys. When asked their reasons for leaving Norfolk Island, they pleaded the health of their wives, with whom the severe weather of the latter place did not agree. They farther added that they did not consider Norfolk Island as their own; that no one could be kinder than the Governor of New South Wales, of whom they spoke with great respect; but that a school-master and a miller had been placed among them who were not of them, the school-master

having charge of the sheep on the island, which they had been led to believe would have been their own property; and that some sappers and miners, with their wives and families, had also been quartered on the island; that their own magistrates, formerly only responsible to the people themselves, were now held responsible by government for the performance of certain obligations by the people; and that altogether they found it was so different from the life of freedom and irresponsibility, to all but themselves and their elected magistrates, they had led at Pitcairn, that they had a longing to be back to the island, where nobody could interfere with them, however good and kind the intention, and however necessary, perhaps, the interference.

In 1874 these two families were joined by several others from Norfolk Island, and the present population of Pitcairn numbers about fifty persons, among whom is Elizabeth George, eighty-eight years of age, a daughter of one of nine original mutineers who reached the island in 1790. A grandson of Fletcher Christian is also there. The small community is said to be healthy, moral, and religious; they are governed by a "magistrate and chief ruler in subordination to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain," whose duties are merely nominal, for no case of crime of any kind,—and the use of profane language is classed among the criminal acts—has occurred for many years. The name of the present holder of the office is James Russell M'Koy. Divine service is held every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and at 3 p. m. It is conducted by Mr. Simon Young, strictly in accordance with the liturgy of the Church of England.

A Bible class is held every Wednesday, when all who conveniently can attend. There is also a general meeting for prayer on the first Friday in every month. The observance of Sunday is very strict. Being visited only by chance passing vessels, perhaps not half a dozen times in the year, the islanders are of course entirely dependent upon their own resources.

From their occasional intercourse with Europeans the Pitcairn Islanders have, while retaining their virtuous simplicity of character and cheerful hospitable disposition, acquired the manners and polish of civilized life, with its education and taste. They are passionately fond of music and dancing, the latter characteristic being evidently a legacy from their maternal ancestry. The men are chiefly engaged in whaling and herding cattle or in cultivating their gardens and plantations, while the women, who seem to be the more industrious class, attend to their families, manage the dairies, and occasionally take part in field labor.—*Harper's Weekly*.

### Little Genevra Sawyer.

HER PERILOUS RIDE IN THE BUOY  
FROM THE WRECKED SCHOONER  
OFF BARNEGAT.

"She was a dainty, gleesome little thing, and every one who saw her had a heart full of sympathy and love for her," said Capt. Young of the Coast Wrecking Company, yesterday. He was speaking of Genevra Sawyer, the eighteen months old daughter of Capt. Irving E. Sawyer, who was saved on Wednesday from the wreck of the schooner *David H. Tolck*, near Barnegat, in which her father and mother perished.

Capt. Young had only just returned from the scene of the disaster. He started for there on Wednesday morning, and had to ride six miles along the beach in an open wagon, and then work his way in a small boat through the ice in Barnegat Bay, to reach the wreck. The weather was stinging cold. In going to the place he passed the bodies of the sailors, Johnson and June, which had been washed up on the beach and kept there for the Coroner. The bodies were frozen stiff.

Capt. Young's eyes glistened as he continued his story about little Genevra Sawyer. "One of the first things I did on getting to Harvey's Cedars, Long Beach," he said, "was to hunt her up. I found her in charge of Mrs. Hazelton, the kind-hearted wife of the hotel proprietor at the beach. She was toddling around after Mrs. Hazelton in the kitchen when I got there. She sometimes caught hold of the folds of Mrs. Hazelton's dress, and prattled 'Mamma,' the only word she could speak. In a room next to the kitchen lay the bodies of her father and mother, covered with a cloth."

Capt. Young was told that when the child was taken ashore in the breeches buoy, from the stranded schooner she was not in the least injured. Before parting with her the mother seemed to have taken every precaution to keep the little one warm and save her life. She had the child wrapped in thick flannels, with a hood over her head, and red socks on her feet. Around her neck was a comforter. The ice cold water which dashed over the buoy on its way to the shore numbed the thinly clad mate in whose arms the child was carried, but left her unhurt. Her father and mother could see her from where they

were lashed in the frozen mizzen rigging, as she was lifted out of the buoy by Capt. Pharo and the beachmen, and taken to the Life-saving Station. Her little eyes opened in wander as the outer coverings were removed from her. She seemed to miss her mother, and began to cry; but after Mrs. Hazelton had fondled her, the dimples reappeared in her face, and her blue eyes sparkled with happiness.

The station men who recovered the bodies of Capt. Sawyer and his wife from the wreck, informed Capt. Young that Capt. Sawyer must have first lashed his wife in the rigging before trying to secure himself. When found her head was resting against his breast.

The news of the disaster reached Capt. Hopkins, of the bark *Vilora H. Hopkins*, the brother-in-law of Capt. Sawyer, on Thursday noon, while he was loading his vessel in the East River with a cargo for Buenos Ayres. He and Mr. John Swan, the son of Mr. William H. Swan, of South street, the consignee of lost schooner, started at once for Harvey's Cedars, to look after the bodies and take care of the orphaned child. Yesterday Mr. Swan telegraphed to his father: "Bodies all here. Baby is well." The bodies of Capt. Sawyer and his wife will be forwarded to Millridge, Me., and it is thought that their orphaned daughter will also be taken there and given to the care of her grandparents, although several who have seen her have expressed a desire to adopt her.

The schooner *Tolck* belonged to Capt. Sawyer and his father and brother-in-law, and Mr. Swan and one or two others. The Sawyers are supposed to have had her insured for a small amount.—*N. Y. Sun, March 1st.*

## The Sailor's Text.

### A TROUBLED SEA.

*"The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."*—Isaiah lvii. 20

WHAT a description! Reader! is this a picture of thee? It must be so, if thou art still without God and without hope,—the question of thy Salvation unsettled,—unready for death, unmeet for judgment. You cannot live happy. You cannot die happy as you are. There is no peace, saith God, to the wicked! The pearls of the ocean, and the mines of the earth, if all your own, could not purchase peace for you, with sin unforgiven, your heart unchanged, your soul unsaved. Continue no longer in this state of guilty disquietude. Hear the voice of God saying to you, as the Ship-master said to Jonah when he lay fast asleep in the sides of his vessel,—“What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God!”

“While wandering still from God and heaven,

With sin uncancell'd—unforgiven,

Vain shall the world, with syren voice,

Bid the unpardon'd one rejoice.

“Where shall I find a holy calm,

But in Thy blood, Thou dying Lamb?

My only hope of mercy lies

In Thine atoning sacrifice.”

### “Them That Sail With Thee.”

#### A NARRATIVE OF CONVERSION ON BOARD SHIP.

In our issue of Jan. 16th, we briefly stated the fact that six young men had been received into the membership of the Mariners' Church, San Francisco, all of them having been brought to Christ on board ship through the instrumentality of a Christian shipmate. We have received from a correspondent in Dundee, the following extracts of a letter, dated San Francisco, Nov. 11th, 1878, from this Christian sailor, giving the details of this remarkable work of God's saving grace. Names are purposely omitted.

“After I sent that letter (referring to a former letter sent by him), things got worse, and the crew began to desert from the ship. The consequence was that only four besides myself remained. The young converts also went, with only one exception.....I can now see that God was overruling all this for our good. The

captain engaged another crew in N—, and we sailed for San Francisco. I suppose they were the wickedest and most ungodly set of men I ever sailed with; one man in particular. I cannot describe to you his character in any other way than by saying he was a living hell. Wherever I went, fore and aft the ship, there was hell..... I lived in this hell about three weeks.

“I said one day to the sailmaker, ‘Something must be done towards bringing the Gospel to these sinners.’ He said he could take no part. You may think this strange in him, but remember he is only a young convert. On the third Sabbath at sea, the captain sent forward to ask us if we would take the meeting on that evening. The sailmaker refused. I said, ‘These men are on the brink of hell, and shall we not try to save them? I will go single-handed, and who knows but God will work among us yet, and give us a great blessing!’ I went to the devil's leader, and told him

that I was to lead the meeting, and asked him if he would come. He had never been in the cabin before. He cried, 'Who's got a penny? I will toss up; two heads out of three, and I will go the meeting.' Some one brought him a shilling, and he tossed, and it came down head every time. And he went to the meeting. But he came out blaspheming worse than ever.

"It was my look-out from eight to ten o'clock that night, and this man had to relieve me at ten o'clock. Just before he came up to relieve me, I knelt before God, and asked Him to strengthen me to speak to this man, and that I might rightly deliver his message; and when he came I spoke to him. At first he did not want to listen, but gradually he became interested, and at twelve o'clock, that night, he was brought to the feet of Jesus.

"He prayed for the first time in his life. Two days afterwards the Savior revealed Himself to his soul. He met me at midnight, on Tuesday, in an ecstasy of joy, saying, 'I have found Him!' He could do nothing but bless and praise his holy name. His shipmates knew that he had been seeking the Lord, for they saw the change in his life; and when he found the Lord Jesus precious to his soul, it soon spread over the ship that F—was converted. There seemed to be a solemn awe come over every man on board, for they were convinced that nothing but the power of God could work this change upon their shipmate.

"On the following Sabbath, at the close of the evening meeting, he stood in the presence of all hands, and declared what great things the Lord had done for his soul. This testimony was used to convict other two of the crew; and during the following week they were brought to the feet of Jesus, and were made to rejoice in the love of a sin-pardoning God. And again, at the close of the meeting on the following Sabbath, they too gave in their testimony of the power of Jesus

to save. During the next three weeks following, the same things occurred as on the passage out to Melbourne. No more swearing; cards thrown aside; men reading their Bibles and singing hymns; some in secret prayer; and one by one giving their hearts to the blessed Jesus.

"I do praise and bless God for this wonderful work of his grace. For it is satisfactory to know that there are no doubts among these young converts. Each one God has blessed with full assurance of his acceptance in the Beloved....

"Oh, the wonders of redeeming love! What has the Lord Jesus wrought among us? He hath changed the ship from hell to heaven. We have now two prayer-meetings each week in the fore-castle, and two Gospel services in the cabin on Sabbath.... But there are yet many of my shipmates both fore and aft, unsaved. Pray for us, and you will be partakers of our joy."—*London Christian*.

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### The British Mercantile Marine.

In 1876, the British Merchant Marine numbered 25,479 ships registered in the United Kingdom, Isle of Man, and Channel Islands, representing a tonnage of 6,263,333. There were also 12,201 vessels registered in the Colonies, representing a tonnage of 1,701,245, or a total for the British Empire of 37,680 vessels and 7,964,578 tons. The Red (English) Ensign waves over 348,959 seamen, exclusive, of course, of fishermen and men in other small craft. It is probably true, as is claimed, that this is a Mercantile navy almost as large as that of all the navies of all other nations on the globe put together.

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THEY PRAY THE BEST, who pray and watch;  
 They watch the best, who watch and pray;  
 They hear Christ's fingers on the latch,  
 Whether He come by night or day.  
 Whether they guard the gates and watch,  
 Or patient, toil and pray and wait.  
 They hear His fingers on the latch,  
 Whether He early comes, or late.—*Hopper*.

## Growing Old Gracefully.

*Lines read at a family gathering around Mrs. A. H. C., aged ninety-three years, in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 15th, 1879.*

### I.

Softly, oh! softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly with tenderest care;—  
Sorrow and care did they often bring nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.  
Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

### II.

Far from the storms that are washing the ocean,  
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;  
Far from the waves that are big with commo-  
tion;  
Under full sail,—and the harbor in sight!  
Growing old cheerfully,  
Cheerful and bright.

### III.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chill-  
ing;  
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest;  
Past all the currents that wooed thee unwilling,  
Far from the port of the land of the blest.  
Growing old peacefully,  
Peaceful and blest.

### IV.

Never a feeling of envy or sorrow,  
Where the bright faces of children are seen;  
Never a year from their youth wouldst thou  
borrow,  
Thou dost remember what leeth between.  
Growing old willingly;  
Gladly, I ween!

### V.

Rich in experience that angels might covet;  
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,  
Rich in the love that grew from and above it;  
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears.  
Growing old wealthily;  
Loving and dear.

### VI.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened,  
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve;  
Many a face at thy kind words has brightened,  
"It is more blessed to give than receive!"  
Growing old happily;  
Blest, we believe.

## Mortality Among Seamen.

An official Return to the British Parliament states that 4,076 seamen in the British service died abroad in the year 1875; viz: 1525 drowned by wreck; 987 drowned otherwise, 306 killed by accident, 15 killed through murder or homi-

cide, 28 suicides, 124 deaths from unknown causes, 1091 deaths through disease; total, 4,076.

"Nearly 3,000 sudden deaths out of 4,000! What proportion of this frightful slaughter is due to the counter-attraction of drink and drinking establishments may be estimated from the following facts which occurred in Marseilles, France, a few months ago.

"March 18th, 1878. J. C., aged 28, (married, 4 children,) of bark *Arbutus*, carried down drunk to his hammock, and found dead there next morning.

"May 5th, 1878. H. R., aged 26 (married,) ship's carpenter, on board steamer *Himalaya*, after heavy drinking, attempted to cross the plank from the ship, fell in and was drowned.

"May 20th, 1878. G. S., aged 53, (married, 6 children,) was imprisoned in February for having, while drunk, stabbed a companion; on release, left the port, returned on board the steamer *County of Sutherland*, went on shore, and after being missed for 5 days, his corpse was found in the docks.

"June 16th, 1878. J. L., aged 26, night-watchman on board English steamer *Helmstedt*, fell or precipitated himself into the dock. Body recovered 7 days after.

"Here we have," says the Chaplain of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at Marseilles, "within three months, four British seamen in the prime of life, destroyed by drink, leaving three widows and ten orphans! Mentioning this to a mate in port, he assured me, that during the ten days his steamer was at Odessa last spring, no less than three British seamen perished there under similar circumstances. Of the five men now in prison here, four of them said, two days ago they were there from having taken 'a drop too much.'

"Such facts tell more eloquently than any words," adds the Chaplain, "the necessity of more earnestly, actively bestirring ourselves in behalf of our seamen. In the endeavor to elevate them heavenwards, there should be concurrently with evangelization, special efforts and agencies against their special temptation, Intoxicating Drinks."



## THE LAST TERRIBLE LOSSES OF LIFE AMONG GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.

Desiring to furnish our readers with full and authentic information concerning the recent sad losses at Gloucester, Mass., we print the following letter just received at the office of the Society, and add to that, the mournful record of this and other similar occurrences, as made up, there, for one of the local papers. The charity of every human heart must go out in a sympathy not to be set forth in words, as the thought of all the sorrow bound up in this terrible calamity comes up to the mind. It is not improper to say that at their last monthly meeting our Board of Trustees made an appropriation of one hundred dollars, for the relief of those at Gloucester, who have suffered the loss of friends, in these fearful wrecks.

GLOUCESTER, April 16th, 1879.

"Yours of the 15th at hand. I thought the printed statement enclosed, would make such an article as you desire. One other full crew, the *Gwendolan's*, was also lost with the vessel, about the same time. *We have lost since January 1st, 1879, 190 men, leaving 69 widows and 160 orphans, which loss, in addition to the widows and orphans previously made, makes our city the abode of a large number of needy, who are likely to continue so for some years, as most of the children are young.*

"The contributions received have been generous, and none are now suffering for necessary articles.

Yours truly,  
J. O. P."

*An Appalling Calamity to the Gloucester Fishing Fleet!—Thirteen Vessels Supposed to have Gone Down in the February Gales, Carrying with them 143 Men, Causing 57 Widows and 149 Fatherless Children—Work for the Charitable—Recapitulation of Losses by Other Gales.*

If the grave apprehensions which are felt for the safety of the vessels mention-

ed below, are realized, the gale of February 21st, 22nd, will result in the loss on Georges of thirteen Gloucester vessels, of a tonnage of 835.82 tons, and a value of \$50,000. Unlike the ordinary calamity of fire which occasionally startles whole communities, there is no return from abroad in the way of insurance, as the loss in the fisheries is borne by a mutual association among the vessel owners, and the amount insured, \$36,289, is a direct draft upon the fishing industry of the city.

But the loss of property is of minor importance to the great sacrifice of life, and the sorrow and suffering entailed upon the survivors of those who are gone. The aggregate crew lists of the thirteen missing Georgesmen number *one hundred and forty-three men*, who leave behind them 57 widows and 149 fatherless children.

Similar disasters of more or less prominence have not been infrequent in our local history. For the past two years our fishing losses have been comparatively light, but in 1876 the record was a melancholy one. In the December gales of that year ten vessels and ninety-eight men went down, and the losses for the year numbered twenty-seven vessels, of a value of \$150,000, and two hundred and twelve men. In 1875 the losses numbered sixteen vessels and one hundred and twenty-three men. In 1873 thirty-one vessels and one hundred and seventy-four men were lost, leaving forty-seven widows and eighty-six fatherless children. Fifteen vessels and one hundred and twenty-four men went down on Georges, the Banks and in the Bay St. Lawrence, in "The Lord's Day Gale," August 24th, of that year. In 1871 nineteen vessels and one hundred and forty men were lost. In 1862 we had a February (24th) gale similar to that of this year, when out of a fleet of seventy sail upon the Bank, fifteen vessels and one hundred and twenty men were lost, leaving seventy widows and one hundred and forty-four fatherless children. The whole number of losses for the year was nineteen vessels and one hundred and sixty-two men.

In the following list of Georges vessels not heard from since the late gale, the insurance is all in the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Insurance Company. The men not otherwise specified are

reckoned as hailing from Gloucester, being natives or else having followed fishing from this port for many years.

Schr. *George B. Loring* sailed for Georges Feb. 15th, and has a crew of ten men, as follows: George W. Lane, master, leaves wife and six children; Joseph M. Lane, brother to master, leaves wife and four children; Reuben H. Ellis, wife in Maine; Morris Riley, wife and two children; Ambrose Thebedo, James M. Boynton, George Whitman, Jas. White, George Yates, Edward P. Townsend. She was owned by George Norwood, built at Essex in 1860, 58.50 tons, valued with outfits at \$2,119, insured for \$1,917.

Schr. *Maud and Effie* left port on a haddocking trip on Tuesday Feb. 13th. Was last seen on Georges Feb. 20th, the day of the gale, and should have been home long ere this, as these trips usually occupy but a few days. There is a bare possibility in common with all the missing vessels that their crews may have been taken off by some outward bound vessel and tidings may yet come of their safety; but even this ray of hope in consideration of the terrible storm which swept over Georges, becomes dim, especially when most of the fleet were more or less injured. The *Maud and Effie* had a crew of 14 men, eight of whom were married; two were brothers, and there were also five brothers-in-law on board, as follows: John McIsaac, master, leaves a wife and three children; Michael McIsaac, wife; Joseph Nowlan, (brother-in-law to the McIsaacs), wife and one child; Edward Gordan, wife and one child; Andrew Swinson; Roland McDonald, wife; Edward Shearman, (brother-in-law to Joseph McAskill), wife and two children; Allen McDonald, East Boston, wife and two children; Joseph Rogers, wife and four children; Joseph McAskill, (brother-in-law to Shearman); Neal Baaton; Wm. McMaster, William Frazier and Roderick Steele, unmarried. The *Maud and Effie* was 85.23 tons, built at Bath, Me., in 1877, owned by Mr. Willard G. Pool; valued at \$5,235 and insured for \$4,581.

Schr. *Otis D. Dana* sailed for Georges Feb. 10th. Had a crew of ten men, as follows: William Willoughby, master, leaves a wife and one child; Archibald McCatheren, wife; Boley Bushey, wife and four children; John Garvey, wife and seven children; (this was Garvey's first and last trip to Georges); George C. Stearns, wife and three children; Peter Mason, steward, wife and three

children. Charles Netherwood, John Atwood, Frederick Hill, and Paul A. Peterson, single men. The *Dana* was owned by Messrs. Pettingell & Cunningham, 64.28 tons, built at Essex in 1868; valued with her outfits at \$3,395. Insured in the Gloucester Mutual Fishing Insurance Co. for \$2,989.

Schr. *Jacob Bacon* sailed for Georges, Feb. 3rd. Her crew list comprised twelve men, as follows: Christian Arderson, master, James Powers, Charles Fox, alias Johnson, Richard Carroll, widowed mother and two children dependent upon him, Patriok Sullivan, (of New Bedford), James Bowie, Conrad Carlson, Frank White, Hugh Hennan, steward, John Seerman, Edward F. Jameson, John Wilson. Her crew were all active men in the very prime of life. She was owned by Messrs. Cunningham & Thompson, 66.44 tons, built at Essex in 1877; valued with her outfits at \$5,186, on which there is an insurance of \$4,600.

Schr. *John Dove* sailed Feb. 8th. She had a crew of eleven, as follows: Lewis Caliste, master, leaves a wife and one child; Alex. Gerry, wife and two children; John Coughlin, wife and three children; Theophilus V. Porter, wife and two children; Samuel West, William Delroy, Joseph Enos, Benjamin Decoste, Edward Levange and Benjamin Levange, brothers, and Charles Campbell, single men. She was 59.02 tons, built at Essex in 1868; valued with outfits at \$3,193, on which there is an insurance of \$2,857. She had new masts, new standing rigging, a new suit of sails, and mostly new running gear.

Schr. *Morning Star* sailed Feb. 7th. She had a crew of ten men: John B. Spanks, master, leaves wife and two children; David Gorman, wife and two children; William W. Shelton, wife and two children; Andrew Davis, wife and two children; David Jones, wife and two children; F. H. Stimpson, John Black, James Roberts, Charles Ibey, Michael Mooldoon, single. She was 52.92 tons, owned by Jos. O. Proctor, Jr., built at Essex in 1859, and valued with outfits at \$1,895, on which there is an insurance of \$1,721.

Schr. *Annie Linwood* sailed for Georges Feb. 3rd. She was reported with a trip ready to come home just previous to the gale, and her owners have given her up. She had a crew of eleven men, as follows: Thomas Connell, master, leaves a wife and two children; Patriok O'Brien, wife and four children; Frederick J. Knowels, wife and one child; Daniel D.

Morrison, wife and two children; John Silver, wife and three children; Frank Ferris, wife and five children; John Smith, John Lawrence, Angus McDonald, August Mitchell, one unknown. Owned by Messrs. Rowe & Jordan, 59.09 tons, built at Essex in 1871; valued with outfits at \$3,725, insured for \$3,322. John Patience who was reported in this vessel did not sail in her.

Schr. *Sea Queens* sailed Feb. 1st. She had a crew of ten men, viz: Charles Wilson, master, leaves wife and two children; Nicholas M. Thompson, wife and four children; A. W. Peterson, Oloff Jensen, Niels Hanson, Axel Olssen, John Anderson, William Brown, August Peterson, single; Peter Trumbull, wife and one child. These were mostly smart, active young men, Norwegians and Danes. She was 61.47 tons, owned by Andrew Leighton, built at Bath in 1868; valued with her outfits at \$3,242, insured for \$2,900.

Schr. *Mary Carlisle* also sailed Feb. 1st, with a crew of eleven men, as follows: Joseph Scott, master, single; John L. Ingersoll, leaves wife and one child; Ralph Irving, wife and seven children; William Merchant, Alex. Cogill, Oliver Thompson, Alex. McMaster, Peter McKinnon, and George Matthews, single; Philip Vibert, wife and one child; Cyrus Young, wife and two children. She was owned by Andrew Leighton, was 66.78 tons, built at Essex in 1865; valued with outfits at \$3,425, insured for \$3,060. Geo. Matthews, with his companion, Geo. H. Hale, was upset in a dory, off this port in December, and picked up by schr. *Jennie R. Moss*, of Bath, Me. Her captain was glad to pay the men liberally for their services in piloting her in. Hale also shipped in the *Carlisle*, but left her just before sailing, and thus saved his life.

Schr. *Lottie F. Babson* sailed Feb. 12th, with a crew of eleven men, as follows: Seward Reynolds, master, leaves wife and four children; Robert Reynolds, single, brother to master; John Graves, leaves widowed mother; Lorenzo Chute, John Batson, Daniel Tatton, George Poolar, Samuel Thompson, Fred. Hall, steward, and two whose names are unknown. She was built in Essex in 1866, 61.96 tons, owned by Messrs. D. C. & H. Babson; valued at \$2,505, insured for \$1,096.

Schr. *Annie Hooper* sailed Feb. 7th. She had a crew of eleven men on board, viz: Patrick Foley, master, leaves wife and five children; Samuel Shano, steward, wife and two children; Joseph

Smith, wife and seven children; David Hogan, wife and three children; Manuel Smith, wife and five children; Stephen Hally, Jackson Clark, Fitz E. Oakes, Michael Hart, William Fisher, alias Anderson, of Ohio, and Peter Peterson, single. She was 69.27 tons, built at Newburyport in 1868, owned by Madocks & Co.; valued with her outfits at \$3,485, insured for \$3,112.

Schr. *Mary Low* left port Feb. 13th. Had on board a crew of eleven men, viz: James F. Dunton, master, of Westport, Me., leaves wife and children; John Tarr, hailing from Rockport, Mass., leaves wife and children; Philippe Deveau, of Rockport, wife and four children; Elkanah Nason, of this city, wife and three children; Ariel P. Burnham, Westport, Me., wife and children; Paul Thebadeau, of Rockport, Joseph King, Frank Sylvia, Fred. Kenniston, Joseph White, Peter Jennison, of this city, single. Owned by David Low & Co., built at Essex in 1865, 63.97 tons, valued at \$2,430, insured for \$2,126.

Schr. *Joshua S. Sanborn* left port Feb. 18th. She had a crew of eleven men, as follows: George Gray, of Brooksville, Me., master, leaves wife and children; William Carter, of this city, wife and one child; John H. Holmes, of this city, wife and three children; Michael Allen, Rockport, Mass., wife and three children; Edward Walton, Rockport, wife and two children; John J. Williams, Rockport, wife and four children; James Burge, Roland D. Blodgett, Bertram Blake, John A. Howard, all of Maine; Charles Claherty. Owned by David Low & Co., built at Essex in 1864, was 63.89 tons, valued at \$2,295, insured for \$2,008.

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## Obituary.

CAPT. WILLIAM LIESEGANG.

In the death of Captain LIESEGANG whose funeral was attended at the Warren St. M. E. church in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 18th April, a genuine sailor passed to his heavenly home. Captain L. was widely known in New York, as a seaman for many years, as a follower of Christ, and as a steady supporter of the Christian church. He was one of the first boarders in the New York Sailors' Home, when it was originally opened in 1838, at 140 Cherry St., under care of Capt. Roland Gelston.

## New York City.

Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER, Missionary, during January, February and March, 1879, visited 2,248 vessels of all classes, made 572 visits to sailors' boarding-houses, and 32 to asylums and hospitals, besides being present at 126 religious and temperance meetings, and conducting 42 religious services. Out of his long and wide experience in this labor, he speaks of the distribution of religious literature on these vessels, and elsewhere, in his work, as of incalculable value. We have room to present from his voluminous and very valuable report, only that portion which substantiates this statement. Only by presenting "line upon line" in the promulgation of facts in this connection, is the truth to be made impressive that in our advanced day and generation, more real good is done in the use of the printed page in Christian work, than ever before in the history of evangelical effort. Mr. Slater says:—

"They (the books and papers) do a silent work like the 'leaven hid in the measures of meal.' They take the place of the 'trashy novel and song book,' and prepare the mind that the heart may be opened to receive the 'truth that makes wise unto salvation.' This is true, not only by the kind recognition with thanks, by which the religious reading is received, but also, as we see that the work of salvation has been wrought in the hearts of many, through their agency. During my visits on board the canal boats in Atlantic Basin, Mrs. J.—— R.—— met me in the companion way of her canal boat, with greetings, and with glad heart, happy voice and uplifted hands, saying, 'My dear boy, William, has been converted to God, through reading the religious papers that you gave to us.' This mother in Israel, always received me in my visits with a 'halo' on her countenance, but now her joy knew no bounds.

"Also a captain and wife on an ice barge in the employ of one of the Ice Companies on the Wallabout Basin, Williamsburgh, both found peace in Christ while in prayer in the cabin of their vessel and both attribute their conversion to the religious reading I gave them.

They are now, with their little children, regular attendants at 'Appleton Mission' near the Basin.

"While passing along Washington Avenue to make my regular visits on the above basin, when near Flushing Ave., a young man stepped out from a mob of roughs (who never let me pass without in some way persecuting) and walked by my side, saying, 'they called you old religionist, and I thought if you were a Christian you could help me out of my troubles.' I said, I could and would by the Lord's help. He said, 'I am a good mechanic, had good employment, good relatives, good friends, but through drunkenness have lost all now and I am entirely destitute and in want.' I said if he would break away from his associates in sin, would meet me at the 'Appleton Mission' at 8 o'clock meeting and listen to what would be said there, and be determined to profit by it, that I knew God would lift him out of his destitution, give him a new heart and employment. He said he would do so. I gave him a LIFE BOAT and left him to himself, saying,—be sure to meet me at the Mission. He came and took the lowest seat.

"The testimonies of God's people were direct and applicable to his case and condition. He arose and went forward a few seats. The Holy Spirit seemed to be speaking to his heart. 'Come up higher.' He moved forward to the front seat, and told of his condition and his desire to become a Christian, adding —'when left to myself, the tract given me by the brother who invited me here touched my heart and showed how great a sinner I had got to be.' He sat down asking the prayers of Christians, the tears flowing freely. At the close of the meeting a gentleman came forward, wrote on the back of a card the direction of his factory, and told him that on Monday morning he could come to work. We made provision for the poor man until then.

"The following Sabbath afternoon, at the Mission meeting he was present, 'clothed and in his right mind,' stood up and bore testimony to the saving grace of God in the change of heart and life he had received. He grasped my hand and said, 'God has done all you said He would. He has truly lifted me out of my destitution, given me work, and a new heart.' The tract or LIFE BOAT, bears the important part, through Divine grace, in this poor man's conversion.

"While visiting the shipping, the chief mate of the iron steamship *Excelsior* of North Shields, England, invited me on board, to his room, where we had for a while precious religious conference and prayer. This brother is an earnest active Christian, belonging to the Church of England. He said, 'this ship is a Bethel ship, we have our regular prayer-meetings and religious service on board. The captain and all hands attend. The Lord is good to us. Everything seems to favor the ship, cargo and all on board. We have good freights, fair winds, fair weather and quick passages. It is all of the Lord.' It was good to hear this man of God, of authority (and under authority) speak of 'Christ in the ship.' Though it was a busy day (Saturday), the rain pouring down from heaven while the wheat was pouring through the shutes from the steam elevators into the hold of the ship (not to have the ship ready to sail on Sabbath, for the mate said, 'the ship has never sailed from port on Sabbath, since I have been in the employ'), before taking my leave Mr. Fitzgerald gave me a package of tracts that had been read and re-read during the passage, remarking that they would do to distribute again. *Mark, here, the spirit for the distribution of religious reading.* I gave him in return a bundle of *LIFE BOATS*, and *SEAMEN'S FRIENDS*.

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### Portland, Oregon.

The first annual meeting of the Portland Seamen's Friend Society was held, March 16th, 1879, in the First Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. A. L. LINDSLEY, *Pastor*,—and our chaplain STUBBS has forwarded to us, a full account of it. The church was filled, and many persons were unable to obtain seats. The address of the president, Hon. H. W. CORBETT, reviewed the history of the year. Chaplain Stubbs presented the first annual report of the Society, from which it appears that \$5,955 11 have been subscribed for a Home and Bethel Fund, and \$5,348 90 collected. Of this \$3,517 19 have been expended. The receipts for current expenses were \$885 42,—mainly church collections: the expenses were \$794 91. In the previous eighteen months,

our own Society had paid to the support of the Mission, \$1,200. The Report presented the secular, benevolent and religious results of the eighteen months' labor under the headings,—Temperance, Reading, Preaching, Prayer Meetings, Correspondence, Visiting the Sick, Burial of the Dead, Relief of the Distressed, and Coöperation. With the facts in relation to what has been done, our readers have been kept familiar, by repeated publications in the *MAGAZINE*, from this far off port of labor for the sons of the sea. The recent tidings of the many conversions of sailors in connection with the efforts of chaplain STUBBS (see *MAGAZINE* for March, page 88) make a record for which this auxiliary of the parent organization will have reason to bless God in all its subsequent history. Addresses were made by Rev. J. H. Acton, Rev. J. A. Cruzan, and Rev. Dr. Lindsley, and a collection of \$170 was taken up.

We congratulate our friends in Portland, and especially our worthy chaplain and his esteemed wife, upon so gratifying an anniversary. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, as follows:—*President*, Hon. H. W. Corbett; *Vice-President*, Dr. G. H. Chance; *Sec. and Treas.*, E. Quackenbush; *Superintendent*, Chaplain R. S. Stubbs.

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### Religious Life Under Difficulties.

The following extracts from a Sailor's letter lately received by our Missionary at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Yard, shows in what noxious soil the religious life of the writer is growing. May divine grace continually water and fructify the seeds which are in danger of being choked and killed! The letter is dated on the U. S. man-of-war *Monongahela*, Feb. 19th, 1879, and says:—

"With joy did I receive your letter of the 8th of January, and I am indeed very happy to see that you don't forget us poor sailors. O for the comforting words you always give me! And you must be—

lieve that we need comforting lines, because it is nothing else but cursing and blaspheming and taking God's name in vain, from morning till night, by the ship's company.

"I thank you from my heart for all your kindness to me. Your lines help me, and comfort me. In this world we have troubles and temptations, but we hope and rejoice in the home after this, with God, where there is no sin or temptation. Oh how thankful we ought to be for all God's goodness to us! We cannot do enough for Him, that ever loving Father above. Yes, thanks be unto Him, to Jesus and to the Holy Spirit.

"I am converted now, and have peace with God. So, with God's help have I persuaded another young brother, and he is now a true follower of the loving Savior. O how little thankful I am to Him for it! He answered my prayers. How little is it we can do for all His goodness to us. When we are sitting together in the evening, talking about Jesus' love how do I, in my thoughts, think that He is between us, showing us the prints in His hands, and all we have to do is to believe on His holy name!"

### Our Anniversary Speakers.

Hon. R. W. THOMPSON, Secretary of the U. S. Navy, Rev. Dr. E. R. CRAVEN, of New Jersey, Rev. CHARLES R. TREAT, of Connecticut, and Lieut. T. B. MASON, U. S. N., are expected to make addresses at our coming Anniversary, May 5th. The music on the occasion will be furnished by the choir from the U. S. Training Ship *Minnesota*, under the direction of Prof. HUDSON.

### Refitting the Sailor's Home.

The old Sailors' Home at 190 Cherry St., in this city is soon to be among the things that were. Plans have been adopted, and contracts signed, according to which changes are at once to be made in the building, that will make it virtually a new one, and provide for sailors in New York, a Home probably unexcelled in its appointments, by any other in the world. The alterations and repairs, which have

already been begun by a large force of workmen, are to be very thorough, and will, it is expected, be complete about Sept. 1st, of the present year.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER will occupy temporary quarters for a SAILOR'S HOME, at No. 111 Monroe St., between Rutgers and Pike Sts.

### Safely Over.

Rev. Dr. A. G. VERMILYE, our new Chaplain at Antwerp, Belgium, sailed from this port, for his field of labor, on the 26th of March, with his family, and at last advices had reached Rotterdam, in good health, and in readiness for his work.

### The Annapolis Naval Academy.

The annual presentation to the graduating class at the U. S. Naval Academy, will take place this year at Annapolis, Md., on the third Sabbath of May, on which occasion Rev. A. A. WILLITS, D. D., of Philadelphia, will make an address.

### Our Loan Libraries at Pitcairn's Island.

*Apropos* of the article on page 140 of the present number of the MAGAZINE, in regard to Pitcairn's Island, we may say that Capt. WARLAND of the American ship *Twilight*, greatly interested us during his call at our Rooms, a few days since, by the details of his short stop at the Island, on his last voyage from San Francisco to this port. The captain spent a part of last Christmas Day at Pitcairn's, and was much delighted with the simple and happy islanders, of whom there are now over eighty. Their reception of their visitor was most cordial, and he was able to supply them with several articles from his ship's stores, which they much needed. Among other things left with them was Loan Library

No. 6,234, which we had placed upon the *Twilight* before she left New York. The christian people on the island were especially desirous of securing the books. Five or six weeks before Capt. Warland's visit, Capt. JORDAN of the American ship *J. S. Spinney*, had left with them, in the same way, our Loan Library No. 5,942. It was a matter of very pleasant interest to find, on turning to our records, that each of these libraries was provided by the same gentleman, Mr. JOHN W. HAMERSLEY of this city, who, by these donations, now finds himself supplying literary and Christian food for one of the most unique and interesting peoples on the face of the earth.

### Almost a Charmed Life for its Work Of Blessing.

Years ago, our Loan Library No. 1,711, contributed by Mrs S. W. FIELD, West Philadelphia, Pa., was reported to us as having been burned at sea, with the vessel on which it had been placed. But that was an error, and in Dec. 1878, *thirteen years after its original shipment*, we had the pleasure of refitting, and sending it out again,—this time on the schooner *E. T. Lee* of Calais, Me., bound for Guadaloupe, in care of Capt. BLATCHFORD, 8 men in crew. It must have been read by hundreds of sailors in this long period.

### "Chart and Compass."

We notice, with great pleasure, the receipt of the first four numbers of this Magazine, established in January of the present year, by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society at London, England, with Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS, its Secretary, as Editor. We welcome him to this new and appropriate field of labor for Sailors, and assure him that he will find it a most agreeable and useful one for cultivation. *Chart and Compass* bids fair to be one of the most interesting and serviceable of our exchanges.

### A Testimonial from the Long Island U. S. Life Saving Stations.

Capt. HENRY E. HUNTING, of Bridgehampton, L. I., the Superintendent of U. S. Life Saving Stations in District No. 3, (on the Long Island Coast), appeared in our office, a day or two since, to express his own appreciation and that of the Keepers and Surfmén of the Service, in his district, of our services rendered to them in the provision of books, and of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. His utterances were very hearty, and before leaving, he handed to us the voluntary donations to aid our work, from his district, acknowledged below. The donors who have made these offerings from their own earnings, to show their gratitude to the Society, and to assist in its work, may rest assured that we appreciate, and honor them for their beneficence. *Donations to the Seamen's Friend Society from the 3rd U. S. Life Saving District.*

<i>Station.</i>	
No. 7, Keeper Stutzen.....	\$1 00
" " Surfmén .....	1 00
" 12, Keeper Cook and surfmén.....	1 00
" 19, " Smith.....	50
" " Surfmén.....	1 00
" 20, Keeper Bell and surfmén.....	1 00
" 21, " Rogers .....	1 00
" 22, " Thurber .....	1 00
" 23, " Baker .....	1 00
" 24, " Rhodes .....	1 00
" 25, " Jeffrys .....	3 50
" 26, " Oakley .....	1 00
" 27, " F. E. Wicks .....	1 00
" 28, " A. C. Wicks .....	1 00
" 29, " Ketcham .....	1 00
" 31, " Tesu .....	1 00
" 32, " Raymon .....	3 50
" 33, " Johnson .....	1 00
" 34, " Abrams .....	1 00
" 35, " Reinhart .....	1 00
" 36, " Carman .....	1 00
" 38, " Ruland .....	2 00
H. E. Hunting, Bridgehampton, L.I., Supt. 2 50	
\$30 00	

### Further Protection For English Seamen.

*Word on the Waters* (London) for April, 1879, says that Lord Norton's arrangements for intercepting the money of homeward-bound naval sailors, and forwarding both their earnings and themselves to their homes immediately on arrival within the Port of London, only began to operate in February, 1878. It is very satisfactory to find that 1,446 seamen and apprentices, and £21,983 of their

earnings, were transmitted during that year from their ships on the Thames direct to their homes, thus depriving the crimps to that extent of their expected prey. This sum is exclusive of £97,792 remitted by money-orders after the usual delay of two or three days idle waiting for payment, and £9,835 lodged in the Savings Bank. The ratio of remittances was 8s 9d per man more than in the previous year. We join the editor in hoping that the day is not distant when seamen's wages will be so paid in the British Merchant Navy, and add the hope that similar provisions may be made in a like direction in the United States.

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and seventy-eight arrivals at the HOME, during the month of March, 1879. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$1,477, of which \$400 was sent to the Savings Bank, and \$625 to relatives and friends,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Nine men were shipped without advance during the month, and six were sent to the Hospital.

### Position of the Principal Planets for May, 1879.

**MERCURY** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 4h. 25m., and north of east 8° 31'; is at its greatest elongation at about midnight on the 14th, being then 28° 5' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 17th, when it is favorably situated for observation, rising on the morning of this day at 3h. 49m. and north of east 11° 36'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 19th at 3m. past midnight, being 8° 47' south.

**VENUS** is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 9h. 51m. and north of west 31° 49'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 24th at 1h. 17m., being 1° 1' north at this time, is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 27° and 65° south.

**MARS** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h. 25m., and south of east 16° 17'; is in conjunction with Jupiter on the forenoon of the 9th at 10h. 58m., being 52m. south; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 14th at 4h. 52m., being 6° 0' south.

**JUPITER** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h. 34m., and south of east 12° 55'; is in conjunction with the Moon on

the forenoon of the 14th at 10h. 24m., being 4° 49' south.

**SATURN** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 3h. 57m., and north of east 2° 35'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 17th at 6h. 7m., being 7° 48' south.

*N. Y. University.*

R. H. B.

### Marine Disasters in March, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 42, of which 9 were wrecked, 8 abandoned, 3 burned, 4 sunk by collision, and 18 are missing. The list comprises 3 steamers, 1 ship, 14 barks, 4 brigs and 30 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$435,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w.* were wrecked, *a.* abandoned, *b.* burned, *s.c.* sunk by collision, and *m.* missing.

#### STEAMERS.

Guillermo, *s.c.* from Baltimore for Liverpool. Elizabeth, (yacht) *b.* from New York for Charleston.

Santa Rosa, (tug) *b.* (at Pensacola).

#### SHIP.

Home, *a.* from Antwerp for New York.

#### BARKS.

Rockwood, *m.* from New York for London. E. Shun, *a.* from New York for Queenstown. Albertina, *b.* (on West coast of Africa). Carron, *s.c.* from New Orleans for Leith. Admiral, *w.* from Dunkirk for Baltimore. Ysuzquiza, *a.* from Baltimore for Newry. Semplice, *s.c.* from Bordeaux for Baltimore. Friedrich, *a.* from Darien for Queenstown. Hattie Goudey, *w.* from Philadelphia for Rouen. Ruth, *w.* from Galveston for Salerno. Caroline Premuda, *m.* from Calais for Philadelphia.

Fidente, *m.* from New York for Constantinople. Mercurias, *m.* from Liverpool for Hampton R's. Luedna Durkee, *a.* from New York for Bordeaux.

#### BRIGS.

Marion, *a.* from Charleston for Dublin. Destino A., *w.* from St. Marys, Ga. for Marbella. L'Avvenire, *a.* from Milazzo for New York. Henriette Burchard, *w.* from Padang for New York.

#### SCHOONERS.

E. C. Dolliver, *a.* (Fisherman). Maud and Effie, *m.* (Fisherman). Mary Carlisle, *m.* (Fisherman). Sea Queen, *m.* (Fisherman). Annie Linwood, *m.* (Fisherman). Annie Hooper, *m.* (Fisherman). Gwendolen, *m.* (Fisherman). Otis D. Dana, *m.* (Fisherman). Jacob Bacon, *m.* (Fisherman). John Dove, *m.* (Fisherman). Morning Star, *m.* (Fisherman). Lotta F. Babson, *m.* (Fisherman). Geo. B. Loring, *m.* (Fisherman). Mary Low, *m.* (Fisherman). J. S. Sanborn, *m.* (Fisherman). Mary Helena, *w.* (Oyster vessel). Emblem, *w.* from Hyde Co., N. C. for Wilmington, N. C. Wm. H. Morgan, *s.c.* from Charleston for Baltimore. Ida & Annie, *w.* from St. Thomas for Cardenas. C. L. Lovering, *w.* from Port Johnson for Montville.



## Receipts for March, 1879.

## MAINE.

Blue Hill, Cong. church..... \$ 6 25

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Littleton, Cong. church..... 8 00  
Piermont, Pastor's Family, Tithe Box. 3 00  
Rindge, Cong. church..... 2 07

## VERMONT.

Cornwall, Rev. Jno. C. Houghton..... 1 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, S. S. South Cong. ch., for  
library..... 20 00  
Boston, a friend, for library..... 10 00  
Cambridge, Shepard ch., of wh. \$20  
for library..... 74 00  
Charlestown, Winthrop church..... 22 52  
Dunstable, Mrs. J. Whitney, to const.  
George W. Fletcher, L. M..... 30 00  
Framingham, S. S., add'l..... 2 00  
Hinsdale, Cong. church..... 50 00  
Longmeadow, Ladies' Benev. Soc'y... 17 47  
Lowell, Kirk St. church..... 38 50  
Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Battles for lib'y. 25 00  
Jacob Rogers, for libraries..... 50 00  
Northampton, 1st church S. S..... 10 00  
Orange, Rev. A. B. Foster..... 5 00  
Randolph, Cong. church..... 82 09  
Sheffield, Cong. church..... 13 25  
Spencer, 1st Cong. church..... 50 00  
Springfield, Olivet Cong. church..... 22 72  
Swampscott, Cong. church, for lib'y. 10 00  
West Barnstable, Cong. church..... 21 00  
Worcester, Mission Chapel..... 5 42

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Union Cong. church S. S.,  
A. J. Gale's class, for library. \$20. 25 29

## CONNECTICUT.

Bridgewater, S. S. Cong. ch., for lib'y. 20 00  
Deep River, Eva M. Bidwell..... 3 00  
Derby, Edwin S. Thompson..... 2 00  
Franklin, Cong. church..... 6 00  
Greenwich, Fred. A. Hubbard..... 5 00  
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. church. 5 00  
Meriden, O. B. Arnold, Esq., with  
prev. don. to const. L. D..... 70 00  
Middletown, South Cong. church..... 38 85  
New Haven, Mrs. Frances P. Gilbert,  
for library..... 20 00  
Newington, Cong. church..... 13 56  
New London, 1st Cong. church..... 20 00  
Old Lyme, Cong. church..... 9 78  
Putnam, 2nd Cong. church..... 12 00  
Rockville, 1st Cong. church..... 18 85  
Somerville, Cong. church..... 20 00  
Wallingford, Cong. church..... 31 93  
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church..... 9 47

## NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Plymouth church..... 123 06  
S. S. Sands St. M. E. ch., for lib'y. 20 00  
E. D. South Third St. Pres. church. 31 42  
Cambridge, Cong. church..... 10 00  
M. E. church..... 2 00  
Catskill, two S. S. classes, Christ Pres.  
church..... 8 69  
Clyde, M. E. church..... 10 07  
Cortlandville, M. E. ch., to const. Rev.  
Geo. W. Izer, L. M..... 30 00  
Fultonville, Ref. church..... 8 32  
Homer, M. E. church..... 2 00  
Hudson, Miss Louisa A. Macy..... 2 00  
Kingston, 1st Ref. church..... 38 44  
Marcellus, S. S. Pres. ch., for lib'y. 20 00  
New York City, Miss Serena Rhine-  
lander..... 100 0

Mrs. Sarah Bartholomew..... 50 00  
L. P. Stone..... 50 00  
Miss Mary Bronson, for Genoa..... 50 00  
St. Paul's M. E. ch., to const. Rev.  
O. H. Tiffany, D. D., L. M..... 30 00  
W. P. Douglas..... 25 00  
Miss Mary Strong, for library..... 25 00  
W. W. Kip..... 20 00  
Mrs. A. C. Kip..... 20 00  
Miss Frances R. Shaw..... 20 00  
Sam'l D. Davis..... 20 00  
John Turner, for Carrie A. Turner  
library..... 20 00  
Geo. F. Betts..... 15 00  
J. G. DeForest..... 10 00  
Thomas Scott..... 10 00  
H. W. Loud & Co..... 10 00  
James L. Banks, M. D..... 10 00  
Naylor & Co..... 10 00  
W. R. Powell..... 10 00  
Cash..... 10 00  
Geo. D. Phelps..... 10 00  
Cash..... 10 00  
Mrs. L. P. Siebert..... 5 00  
H. P. M..... 5 00  
W. H. Tallier..... 5 00  
Norman White..... 5 00  
Mrs. R. S. King..... 5 00  
Cash..... 5 00  
Cash..... 5 00  
W. B. Kendall..... 5 00  
Capt. M. Moaher, bark *Sultana*..... 3 00  
Capt. Davis, schr. *Maud Briggs*..... 2 00  
Capt. Isaac Peterson, schr. *H. R.*  
*Ritter*..... 1 00  
Miss E. F. Parish..... 1 00  
R. W. Clark..... 1 00  
Romulus, Miss R..... 1 00  
Sag Harbor, Mrs. Jona Havens..... 5 00  
Sherburne, M. E. church..... 4 33  
Skaneateles, Friends..... 4 05  
Pres. church..... 11 16  
Tremont, M. E. church, add'l..... 1 00  
Waterloo, M. R..... 2 86  
A Friend..... 26

## NEW JERSEY.

Bayonne, S. S. M. E. church..... 20 00  
Elizabethport, M. E. church..... 6 14  
Greenville, M. E. church..... 3 25  
Morristown, South St. Pres. church,  
of wh. W. L. King, \$100; Mrs. and  
Miss Graves, \$100; for Somebody's  
Boy, \$25..... 357 73  
Newark, 2nd Pres. church, add'l..... 7 83  
Parsippany, Pres. church..... 22 00  
Ridgewood, Paramus Union S. S., for  
library..... 20 00  
Trenton, 3rd Pres. church..... 16 40

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, 18th St. M. E. ch., Miss  
Cattell, for library..... 20 00

## MARYLAND.

Green Run, U. S. L. S. S., Capt. J. J.  
Conner and crew..... 2 00

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, for  
the Thomas F. and Eliza M. An-  
derson Mem'l Library..... 20 00

## GEORGIA.

Savannah, Mrs. Ingersoll Washburne. 4 09

## OHIO.

Bellbrook, Daniel Holmes..... 5 00

## PORTO RICO.

Arroyo, Mrs. W. S. Lind, for library. 20 00

\$2,358 08



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### What Happened in a Snow-storm.

Nearly a century ago there lived a pious man named Christian Zirchel, a mile north-east of Frederick, Maryland, which was then a straggling village. By his industry Zirchel had supported his family on what was then regarded a moderate competence. He had his patch of cleared ground and a plain, rude house. In the spring of the year he was taken seriously ill, and after a few weeks of suffering died, leaving a wife and four children under twelve years of age. The poor widow, with her orphan children, managed by thrift and economy to procure the needed comforts of life during the summer, autumn, and earlier part of the winter. The country was sparsely settled; her nearest neighbor lived a mile away. Fuel was easily procured, for heavy forests were all around, and timber was of little value.

As the winter gradually wore on, her stock of provisions grew less and less, filling her mind with much anxiety. In the month of March, when her food was about exhausted, there came a heavy fall of snow, covering over and obliterating the few roads in the neighborhood. The snow also drifted heavily against her cabin, which had only one door. Against this door the snow settled so compactly, to the depth of five feet, that the family

were unable to make their way out. They were prisoners.

The widow began to realize their situation. Without more than sufficient provisions for one day, and shut in from all human help, what would become of them? No earthly probability that any traveler would come into such an out-of-the-way place through such snow. From the depth and compactness of the snow it might lie for several weeks. No hope of human help. The pious woman turned her thoughts to God. She told the eldest child to repeat the explanation of the first article of the creed in Luther's Catechism:—"I believe that God hath created me and still preserves to me my body and soul; that he daily provides me with all the necessities of life, guards me from evil, wholly induced by paternal love and mercy."

The mother then took her German hymn-book and sang Gerhardt's hymn:

"Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands."

She then took her Bible and read from the thirty-seventh Psalm: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust in him, and he shall bring it to pass." She then offered a fervent prayer that her

Heavenly Father would, according to his promise, protect and feed her helpless household.

The day passed, but no signs of help. The second day the prayers of the good woman became more fervent. A mere morsel had been left for a scanty breakfast, and now the children were crying for dinner. The prayers of the mother were earnest, and uttered aloud, that her Father in heaven would send some messenger with food to satisfy the hunger of her children. These prayers were at length interrupted by a pounding on the top of the door. In response to her inquiry a voice said, "Open the door." This was done with difficulty, but, partially open, she saw a man standing on the drift holding in his hand the bridle-rein of his horse. She said, "You are a stranger, but you are a messenger from God to preserve these children from starvation."

The man said, "I paused for some time before knocking at your door. I overheard parts of your prayer; I have learned its general import. I am a drover from Washington county. I sold a drove of cattle in Baltimore, and am on my way home. The roads through the woods are so drifted that I lost my way. I saw the smoke from your chimney, and came here to ask what direction I am to take for your village. But first of all, as you seem to be in distress, what can I do for you?"

She informed him that for several days her children had been on short allowance, and had merely a crumb to-day; the last morsel was gone. It was impossible for her or her little ones to make their way through the snow to the nearest house, a mile off.

The stranger said he had passed a mill, probably a mile or two back; by following the track his horse had made he could reach it. He would bring her half a bag of flour.

When he returned, by the assistance of his horse treading down the snow, he

contrived to open a path from the door. He also aided in getting additional fuel from the woods, then gave her about five dollars in coin, and said, "So late in the season, this heavy snow cannot last long. Your meal will keep you in bread for several weeks; by that time you can buy with this money more provisions." The benevolent man then took his leave.

The very next day the sun shone with great warmth, and the snow melted rapidly. The widow Zircbel lived for many years, and never afterward knew what famine and want were. No sceptical caviling could ever make her doubt that the hand of the Almighty had interposed to save her and her children from starvation. For ever afterward she was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer.

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### The Best Time.

My very dear only daughter lay dying. She had been a thoughtful, praying child, having professed religion at twelve years of age, and lived a devoted and useful life. Severe pain at times almost took away the power of thought. Between these severe attacks of suffering she looked back on her childhood's experiences, and forward into the blessed future, with equal clearness and joy, as she said, "There's a delightful clearness now." As I sat by her bed we talked as her strength would permit. Among the many things never to be forgotten she said:—"Father, you know I professed religion when I was young, very young—some thought too young,—but O, how I wish I could tell everybody what a comfort it is to me now to think of it." Reaching out her hand,—her fingers already cold,—and grasping mine, she said, with great earnestness:—"Father, you are at work for the young. Do all you can for them while they are young. It is the best time,—the best time. O, I see it now as I never did before. It is the best time,—while they are young,—the younger the better. Do all you can for them,—while they are very young."

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to January 1st, 1879, was 6,426; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 5,545. The number of volumes in these libraries was 342,228, and they were accessible to 251,670 men. Eight hundred and ninety-one libraries, with 32,076 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,230 men.*

During March, 1879, seventy-three loan libraries, twenty-two new, and fifty-one refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,606 to 6,620, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,151, 5,152, 5,153, 5,154, 5,155, 5,156, and 5,157, at Boston.

*The fifty-one libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 1,825,	No. 2,754,	No. 3,571,	No. 4,291,	No. 4,908,	No. 5,086,	No. 5,717,	No. 6,181,	No. 6,498,
" 1,870,	" 3,040,	" 3,599,	" 4,307,	" 4,927,	" 5,222,	" 5,747,	" 6,197,	" 6,511,
" 1,931,	" 3,069,	" 3,678,	" 4,388,	" 4,932,	" 5,232,	" 5,797,	" 6,207,	" 6,515.
" 2,049,	" 3,081,	" 3,741,	" 4,469,	" 4,984,	" 5,515,	" 5,875,	" 6,265,	
" 2,207,	" 3,260,	" 3,790,	" 4,774,	" 4,990,	" 5,563,	" 5,946,	" 6,353,	
" 2,564,	" 3,343,	" 3,920,	" 4,814,	" 5,019,	" 5,705,	" 5,987,	" 6,399.	

*Matters of Interest in Library Work.*

## VALUED TESTIMONY—THE BOOKS ARE SERVICEABLE IN SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The S. S. of the First Presbyterian Church, Syracuse, N. Y., sent out Library No. 6,197, in October, 1877. Dating his letter at Boston, 24th March, 1879, the steward of the vessel which had it, writes:—

"It has been with me in this vessel for several voyages. I trust the books have been a blessing to many. They have been loaned out and read both fore and aft, and have been thankfully returned. One year ago last February as we were in Rio de Janeiro, the yellow fever was raging very severely there, especially among the fleet of shipping. Four of our crew were taken on shore to the hospital with the fever. They were interested in the library books, and desired, each, to take a book with them. One colored man of the crew wished to take the Bible with him. I took the liberty of letting him have it, and we heard the report of his death soon after. I hope the Word of God was a comfort to him in his dying hour. The other books, I also trust, were a blessing to the

others, and that the sweet consolation of the Gospel pointed them to that Savior who came to seek and save the lost. The books are still in good condition. I think they make a choice selection to benefit seamen. I desire the library to go with us again, as we are now bound to Matanzas, W. I. The missing books were replaced by an agent of your Society, for which I feel grateful.

"I remain, sincerely, yours in Christ,  
O. E. N.,

*Steward of Bark J. H. Chadwick."*

## AFTER A FEW DAYS, NO SWEARING.

The Captain of the ship *Ida Lilley*, on which we placed Library No. 5,146, contributed by S. S. North Congregational Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt., writes, in report:—"After the first few days of reading the books, there was no more foul language used by any of the men."

## THE WIDE SCOPE OF THEIR USEFULNESS.

As to Library No. 5,282, contributed by Miss Davidson of Philadelphia, we hear from the Captain of the schr. *S. G. Pinkham*, at Boston, over date of Feb. 28th, 1879. He says:—

"In returning it to you for exchange, let me express through you to the donor my sincere thanks. It was shipped by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY on board the schr. *S. G. Pinkham*, of Boothbay, Me., in New York. Since its shipment it has made two voyages to the coast of Africa, has been in ports in China, at Manilla, and also in different ports in the West Indies. It has been of great benefit to the men under my charge, as well as to myself. It has also been perused by Missionaries in foreign lands, and in a few instances I could not refuse the earnest appeal for a volume, knowing well the good it would do. During the time it has been on board my vessel I have had several crews, and it has been in constant use and had a good effect on the men. The tracts accompanying the library have been read by the crew, then given away in ports where they were greatly appreciated. Wishing the Society God-speed in its noble work, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,

A. H. PINKHAM,

*Master schr. S. G. Pinkham."*

LIFE SAVING STATIONS RENEW THEIR WITNESS.

So far as we know, the sending of Library No. 3,966, contributed by Wm. E. Downes, of Birmingham, Conn., to the U. S. Life Saving Station at Truro, Mass., was the first instance of our libraries going to any of the Stations of the Service, and paved the way for the work we have been permitted to do, since then, in providing a hundred of the stations, with good books. Of that library, Keeper Weston of Station No. 9, Dist. No. 2, of the Service, wrote to us, on the 20th of March:—

"It has been fully appreciated, and has, without doubt, been the means of doing much good. You have the hearty thanks of all who have had access to it. My crew join me in thanks, also, for the splendid (Libbey) library since donated

to this station. Could you see the eagerness with which some of the books are read, I think you would truly say, 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' I wish you God-speed in your noble work."

So, writing on the same date, Keeper Clark of Station No. 6, Dist. No. 9, at Erie, Pa., says:—

"Your library (No. 6,283) received at this Station, is filled with interesting and valuable books, which are read and appreciated by myself and crew. Their pleasant companionship has helped to while away many an otherwise monotonous and lonely hour; and their pure teaching will, I trust, be treasured up in our hearts, and prove to be of priceless value both in time and eternity.

"The monthly numbers of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE come to us as the visitations of a constant and faithful friend. We carefully file away each number and will have them bound. Many thanks for your kindness, and thoughtful attention to our wants! God speed you!"

QUEEN VICTORIA honors the Bible. To a foreign prince who asked how she explained England's prosperity and power, she said, as she lifted one which lay upon the table, "To this book may be attributed my country's greatness."

A LITTLE BOY, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said:—"I know something that is quicker than thought." "What is it, Johnny?" asked his pa. "Whistling," said Johnny. "When I was in school, yesterday, I whistled before I thought; and got whipped for it too."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec. & Treas.

L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.

80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HAWKS, Cong'l House, Boston.



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No. 6.

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### OUR FIFTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The Anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY which was celebrated, 5th May, 1879, at 7: 30 p. m., at the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, was the third in the series of Anniversary week Services. A very large audience was present. The chair was taken, at the hour named, by WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., one of the Vice-Presidents, (for seventeen consecutive years the Society's honored President), in the absence of RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., President, who was detained from attendance, by illness.

In his opening remarks, Mr. Booth said:—

We are called together, again, to attend the Fifty-first Anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. I am pleased, in the absence of the President, to preside at another anniversary of an organization with which I have been connected and whose anniversaries I have had the privilege of attending for many years.

In coming together, now, it is a source of gratification to myself and will be to each one of you, that we meet at the close of a year of successful work. At no former period, during over twenty-five years' connection with the Society, have I known the institution to be in a more efficient condition, doing its work more usefully, both in the home field and in the foreign field. It has its chaplaincies in many of the principal ports of the world; its libraries, now numbering nearly 6,500, are floating on every sea; its home work is strengthened and is progressing in every direction.

The institutions which it has aided in establishing, in former years,

have also been doing an efficient work. I say, 'institutions.' One of these is a Board for licensing Sailors' Boarding-houses, (in the city of New York). That organization was established by this Society. The law of the State, which was obtained through the influence of our Secretary, has been in operation a number of years, and during the last year it has been more efficient than at any former time. The duties of the U. S. Shipping Commissioner's office continue to be satisfactorily discharged. Its work has been done, perhaps more quietly, with less friction, and less opposition, than heretofore. In former years there was the most intense and unjust opposition to the shipping office, while now, I believe, it is largely in favor with the best merchants and the best shipping masters, and is patronized, largely by the sailors. In addition to its ordinary work, it does an excellent temperance work among seamen, for no seaman can be shipped or discharged, who is not in a proper state to sign his name. The Sailors' Boarding-house 190 Cherry St., has been standing there for nearly forty years, during which time it has accommodated almost 100,000 seamen. It has also been instrumental in changing, to some extent for the better, the character of other seamen's boarding-houses. It has now been so long in existence that it requires complete renovation and repairs. The Board of Trustees of the Society have decided to put the building in complete repair, altering, enlarging and re-modeling, making it fit for present uses with all modern improvements. That will cost not far from \$30,000, and the Board looks to the public to sustain them in thus making this institution what it should be for the accommodation of sailors, and what it should be to do credit to the city of New York."

The Rev. Dr. E. P. ROGERS of the South Reformed Church, then read the 60th Chapter of Isaiah, and offered prayer, after which the hymn "Cling not to a broken spar," by Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land, was sung by the choir of the U. S. Training Ship *Minnesota*, from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, under direction of Prof. HORTON. The boys who made up the choir, were twenty-four in number, and by their manly appearance, and their musical performances throughout the evening, they added materially to the interest of the audience in the services. At the close of this hymn, the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., read the following abstract of the Fifty-first Annual Report.

A few months ago, on the Sabbath before going to sea, five young sailors from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, representing five different nationalities, stood up together and in the presence of the great congregation, made a public avowal of their Christian faith, solemnly dedicating themselves to the life-long service of God.

They had been hopefully converted through the agency of one of our missionaries; and for their confession of Christ and spiritual enlistment, were drawn to a church where the Seamen's Cause, earnestly commended from the pulpit, is prayed for every Sabbath, and annually aided by generous gifts.

On the other side of the continent, our Chaplain at the mouth of the Columbia River and on the waters of Puget Sound, once a sailor, has been permitted to see his faithful labors crowned with success, and from British, German and Scandinavian, as well as from American vessels visited by him, many officers and men "turning to the Lord," and giving themselves in their life on the seas, to the spread of the Gospel and the saving of souls.

These incidents, identifying the kingdom of Christ, as embracing alike the land and the sea, happily serve to illustrate in its aims, its modes, its resources and its results, the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. This work in its several departments has been prosecuted for another year with recognized usefulness, and the manifest approval of God.

Under the consciousness of an attained manhood, the Society started off from its SEMI-CENTENARY, formally celebrated in connection with our last Anniversary, to make the FIFTY-FIRST year of its beneficent career an improvement, if possible, upon all that had gone before. In many respects this purpose, as the record of the Society's operations exhibits, has been realized; for notwithstanding the stringency of the times and various unanticipated hindrances, nearly its full corps of Chaplains, Missionaries, Colporteurs and helpers—in this and foreign countries—with sundry necessary transfers and here and there a demanded re-enforcement—has been kept at work, and its activity in other directions vigorously maintained.

We would humbly record our gratitude for the opportunities for Christian work with which we have been favored and for the blessing of God which has rested upon our manifold endeavors. At home and abroad, directly and otherwise, the Society's influence for good has been more or less felt in well nigh every sea-port, and on all the oceans of the world.

The CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES, BIBLE AND TRACT DISTRIBUTORS, COLPORTEURS, helpers and others who have been aided (wholly or in part) from its Treasury, have wrought this year at St. John's, N. B., and on the Labrador Coast;—in the Scandinavian countries;—at Hamburg in Germany;—at Antwerp in Belgium;—in France, at Havre and Marseilles;—at Genoa and Naples in Italy;—at Yokohama in Japan;—in the Sandwich Islands;—at Valparaiso, S. A.;—and in the United States at Portland, Or., and on the waters of Puget Sound,—at San Francisco,—Galveston,—New Orleans,—Pensacola,—Savannah,—Charleston,—Wilmington, N. C.—Norfolk,—Portland, Me.—Portsmouth,—Boston,—Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo,—on the Erie canal and its connections,—and in the cities and vicinities of New York and Brooklyn. The labors of these devoted men have been blessed to the rescue, comfort and conversion of very many seamen. They have preached the Gospel in bethels and on ship-board, have visited sailors in the fore-castle, hospitals, and elsewhere, conversing with them, giving them the scriptures, and in every possible way befriending them, with reference to their temporal and spiritual good.

**LIBRARY WORK.**—The number of libraries sent out during eleven months ending April 1st, 1879, is EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE, (of which TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE were new, and FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT refitted) on vessels carrying 9,040 men; making the total number of new libraries sent out since the work was inaugurated, (1858-9), twenty-one years ago, SIX THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWO; containing at least 349,828 volumes, and accessible by reshipment, to 254,295 men. The whole number of libraries shipped in the U. S. Navy is EIGHT HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE, accessible at different times, to 101,680 men.



The number of HOPEFUL CONVERSIONS AT SEA, previously reported, (more than a thousand,) in connection with this single agency, has of late been largely increased.

The following letter, just received from a sea-captain, will serve to illustrate somewhat our library work, and show how it is esteemed by sea-faring men:

"NEW YORK, APRIL 25TH. 1879.

SEC'Y OF THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR:—I herewith submit the report of Library No. 4,386, which left this port February 1878, on the *Mary B. Dwyer*, on a trading voyage to the Cape de Verde Islands, thence to French, English and Portuguese settlements, where the vessel was sold to an English house and sent to London. During all this time I kept the library open to all comers, as well as the crews. Many of the volumes were read with marked interest. Everywhere I went I found a great demand for Bibles and Testaments, especially in Catholic countries. In fact, the first question asked me was, "Have you any Christian books?"

While returning from London, on the *Denmark*, of the National line, I had the library open to crew and passengers, the books being all in use at once, and some going all around, especially the Gospel and Temperance volumes. I received many thanks for the success of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in the master's service.

I have also had the library with me, since then, on the bark *Ann Elizabeth* from New York to the Canary Islands, thence to St. Thomas and Cuba and back to New York, during which time it has been freely used by the crew, some of whom expressed themselves in warm thanks for the pleasure it afforded them. I am now to sail on the bark *Bridgeport* for the River Platte and think seriously, on my return from this voyage, God willing, of putting a library afloat in my own name.

Thanking you for the use of No. 4,386, and praying for the day when every vessel leaving our shores shall be a Bethel carrying the Gospel to every land,

I am yours, &c.,

DAVID WALLACE."

The same generous patron of the Society through whose liberality we were last year enabled to supply eighty-two of the U. S. Life Saving Stations, has continued his kindness in that same direction, so that now we have ONE HUNDRED of our libraries, ministering to the cheer, guidance, and encouragement of the hardy men who along the line of our sea-coast are seeking to rescue shipwrecked life and property. Most touching expressions of gratitude come to us from these desolate men, for the books sent to them and the interest shown in their culture and spiritual welfare.

In this connection it may be stated that the Sixth Annual presentation of books to the graduating class at Annapolis Naval Academy was made in June, 1878, and letters from the Chaplain, Rev. ROBERT HUDSON, U. S. N., through whose kindness the books were distributed, say that they were welcomed and appreciated.

THE SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, has during the past year, accommodated 1,994 boarders. These men temporarily deposited with the Superintendent, \$28,247, of which amount, \$14,809 were sent to relatives and friends, \$2,776 were placed to their credit in the Savings Banks, and the balance returned to the depositors.

The whole number of boarders since the HOME was established, in 1842, is 95,194.

Relief has frequently been furnished to shipwrecked and destitute seamen. Some discharged from the hospitals as incurable, and some permanently disabled from accident or other causes, have here been provided with transportation to their friends, or assisted in their applications for admittance to the Sailor's Snug Harbor. Many also have found at the HOME, not only physical comfort, but the forgiveness of sin, and spiritual life and peace.

Family worship, (with a Wednesday and Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and other occasional services,) has been regularly maintained in the chapel of the institution, and the resident Missionary has been allowed to see his labors signally approved.

The much needed and long talked of remodeling, enlargement and virtual rebuilding of the SAILORS' HOME, has, after careful deliberation, been undertaken, and

the work, involving a large expenditure, is now in the hands of contractors, to be finished by the 1st of September. Special donations to that object, and also for the re-furnishing of the Home, will be gladly received. Safe and comfortable temporary accommodations for seamen are provided at 111 Monroe street, between Pike and Rutgers streets.

**PUBLICATIONS.**—The Society has published during the past year, 84,000 copies of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, and for gratuitous distribution among seamen, in all, 20,000 copies of the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, and over 200,000 copies of the *LIFE BOAT*, for the use of Sabbath Schools throughout the land. These various monthly issues seem to be growing in popular favor, and are evidently regarded as valuable and useful. Three editions, of a thousand copies each, of Mr. PIERSON'S admirable tractate entitled "*SHIP'S LIBRARIES*," and a fourth edition of a thousand copies of the "*DUTY OF THE CHURCH TO THE MEN OF THE SEA*," by Rev. C. J. JONES, Chaplain at the Sailor's Snug Harbor, have been widely distributed. The several carefully prepared papers whose reading gave marked interest at our *SEMI-CENTENARY* have been printed, and wherever circulated, as with other smaller publications, have served to awaken attention to the magnitude of our work and its bearing upon the evangelization of the world. The *SAILOR'S TEXT BOOK*, and the *SEAMEN'S HYMNS* have been freely supplied upon application.

**SPECIAL GRANTS.**—Appropriations have been made at different times throughout the year in aid of special cases of distress among our sea-faring parishioners.

We were glad to befriend, in response to authorized appeals, the sailors in southern hospitals, during the yellow fever panic of last summer, and also the widows and orphans of those—one hundred and ninety and more—who were lost from Gloucester and elsewhere, during the terrible gales that have latterly swept along the New England coast.

We have also responded to earnest applications for help from Auxiliary Societies and independent Seamen's Missions; and by personal assistance have rendered a kindness to many a worn out sailor that we have reason to believe will not be forgotten, but have its promised "recompense of reward."

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT.**—Generous grants have been made us by the American Bible, Tract, and other societies, and various publishing houses in this and other cities have furnished us suitable books for our libraries at reduced rates. The Trustees of the Lindley Murray Fund, have shown us similar favor.

Prof. BULL, of the New York University, has for another year, made the astronomical calculations, which have added so much to the value of the *MAGAZINE*.

The leading private, as well as public hospitals of the city have received and gratuitously ministered to such sick seamen, as we have sent to them; and the Colored Home and Hospital in 65th Street has shown us like favors.

Several Railroad, Steamboat and Ocean Steamship Companies have also kindly responded when asked to assist in the transportation of disabled seamen to their homes, all which the Report most gratefully acknowledges.

**FINANCES.**—A statement of receipts and expenditures is made by the Treasurer at each monthly meeting of the Trustees, and upon approval is referred to an auditing Committee. These monthly statements for the year just closed, have been examined, compared with their vouchers, and found correct.

In the year ending April 1st, 1879, the receipts of the Society into its Treasury from all sources (including a small previous balance) have been \$78,440 89: expenditures, \$77,647 73. The local auxiliary Societies have reported of this, the sum of \$12,447 56.

Fifty-eight persons during the past year have been constituted Life Members, and four persons by a special donation of \$100 each to that end, have been constituted Life Directors of the Society.

**IN MEMORIAM.**—The Society has lost a valuable worker, in the death (March 14th) of Mr. JAMES E. SPENCER, himself a sailor, and converted at sea by the reading of a book from one of the Society's libraries. He came into our service in 1876, and since that time, by night and day, "in season and out of season," on ship-board and on shore has successfully wrought at winning souls. He was a faithful servant of Christ and is doubtless wearing, *now*, the faithful servant's crown.

At the close of the reading of the abstract, Rev. Dr. KERR of the Fourth Presbyterian Church in New York City, moved the adoption of the following resolution:—

*Resolved*, "That in view of the Fifty-first Annual Report, to an abstract of which we have just listened, it becomes us as friends and patrons of the Society, to record our sense of the divine goodness in sending us another year of successful work in behalf of sailors; that we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the judicious management of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and to commend it to the Christian and philanthropic public as eminently deserving their confidence and generous aid."

In offering the resolution, Rev. Dr. Kerr spoke as follows:—

It is exceedingly gratifying, Mr. President, to hear such a report, and particularly so, I think, when we remember that this last year has felt the great financial stringency almost as much as its predecessor. It is very evident from what has been stated here to-night, that the MASTER, who in the days of His flesh chose many of his friends and disciples from the boats and boat-landings of Judea and Galilee, is still looking towards this class of our fellow men, and is proving his interest by continuing his special benediction upon this Society which has so long and lovingly labored in their behalf.

Rev. ISRAEL P. WARREN, D. D., of Portland, Me., Corresponding Secretary of the Society from 1856 to 1858, seconded this resolution, and said:—

I beg leave, to second the resolution which has been offered, and were I to consult my own feelings, I should like to have it extended backwards twenty years, to the time when I last had the privilege of being on this platform and closing the brief period of service which I rendered to this Society. This review of the working of the year, has been, with various changes, a review of the work of twenty years.

I recognize these agencies. The old Sailors' Home! What scenes of interest occurred there! These Chaplains! How many of them we were permitted to take by the hand, and welcome, as they came home! How many cheering letters we received from them in those days, twenty years ago! And this wonderful Library Work! It commenced, sir, at that very time. It has been going forward as one of the most conspicuous features of your work during all this period, and one upon which, apparently, the blessing of God has most significantly rested!

It seems to me,—I was not permitted to be here last year, at your Semi-Centennial, when you reviewed fifty years of work,—it seems

to me as we look back upon this entire period, that all the friends of seamen are called on to be very grateful to Him who rules the sea as well as the land, for the work of divine grace which has been carried forward in so remarkable a manner, in a field once thought so hopeless of any good result to the cause of Christ. I will not prolong these remarks, but I have pleasure in seconding the resolution which is due to the administrators of this service as well as to those who have labored in this work, and to Him who presides over all.

The resolution having been passed unanimously,—“Pull for the Shore” was sung by the young sailors from the *Minnesota*, when Rev. Dr. E. R. CRAVEN of Newark, N. J., addressed the audience, pleading for increased labors on behalf of seamen, with great directness and force. His remarks were in answer to the question,—*Why should we labor to evangelize the seamen?* and his points in reply were, that this should be done not only because of the words of Jesus,—“*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,*”—but, 1st, because of their special needs; 2nd, because of their peculiar relations to us; 3rd, because of their peculiar relations to the evangelization of the world. He declared the work for which he was pleading to be a most hopeful one, and said that it should be prosecuted; 4th, because of sailors' special aptitude for evangelization. Rev. Dr. Craven cited from the record of the remarkable revival of religion occurring last winter at our Mission in Portland, Oregon, to illustrate this assertion, and asked,—“What church in America can show a more blessed record in proportion to those brought under the influences of the Gospel?”

The Chairman then spoke of the large number of conversions to Christ, in connection with the Sailors' Home in Cherry St., New York, and introduced Rev. Mr. McNAMARA who gave a modest but moving account of his own awakening and conversion while in attendance upon a Saturday evening prayer meeting at that institution.

A telegram was then read from U. S. Secretary of the Navy, Hon. R. W. THOMPSON, announcing his inability to be present, owing to the illness of his daughter, after which Rev. CHARLES R. TREAT of Greenwich, Conn., was introduced, and delivered an address in which he referred to the Semi-Centenary celebration of the Society in 1878, as having been a time for retrospection, and contrasted this Fifty-first Anniversary, with that one, as being rather an occasion for looking to the future, and asking what God will work for us, and by us for seamen, in the years to come. He also called special attention to the library work of the Society, giving impressive testimony to its value from personal experience and observation, on ship-board, and earnestly urged its support. It is a pleasant thing to know that, perhaps as a first fruit of the anniversary in its bearing on our

library work, a lady in the audience was led by what she then heard of it, to transmit \$100 to our treasury, for the issue of five new libraries which are already on their way, almost literally to the ends of the earth, and are now being read by the many sailors for whom they were so provided. The Rev. Mr. Treat closed his address with the declaration that it is for the disciples of Christ to say when the conversion of the abundance of the sea to God shall take place; and spoke words of cheer which should incite them to do it, speedily. We hope to present extracts from the speeches of Rev. Dr. Craven, and Rev. Mr. Treat, if not the speeches entire, in future numbers of the MAGAZINE.

The exercises were closed with the following remarks by Chaplain RAWSON of the U. S. Navy, succeeded by the doxology and benediction.

I wish to say a few words this evening because of my experience, as to the value of this Society, and also to add my testimony to what has been said in regard to the fact that connected with many vessels and meeting a large body of sailors, I have never yet found one single man of them who did not believe in Almighty God.

I know the value of these libraries sent on board ships. Some kind friend sent one on board the ship to which I was attached in the South Pacific, and I am ashamed to say, I never made any return to the Secretary in reference to it, because I was detached from the ship. But those books were read to death, read to pieces, so much so that I did not know how to get them together, and finally I had to collect the scattered remnants. I can also testify to the excellent selection of those books. Very often, books have been sent to sea, that were useless for the purposes of improvement,—old arithmetics, grammars, and geographies. But every book selected by the Secretary of this Society is a book that the sailor likes to read.

Chaplain Rawson then spoke of the young sailors on the *Minnesota*, and of the Christian and other work done for them, and closed by adding:—

There is great danger in the surroundings of seamen. You know somewhat about it; you cannot realize all. After having been for weeks and weeks confined to a vessel, they come on shore with a sudden freedom from restraint, and but too many are ready to tempt them into scenes where they may fall into shame and degradation. These men want to be upheld, to be guarded, as far as we can guard them, to be encouraged. Notwithstanding all discouragements, notwithstanding all the things that fight against them, I can testify that as a class they are noble, generous, honorable men. I do not know more honorable men in the world than sailors. They know what the meaning of the word *honor* is. Captain FROBISHER, in an article on the exploration of the Arctic Sea, said:—‘we found the ice strong, but we found God stronger, and He brought us safely through.’

And so it is with all Christian work. The discouraging and cold things are strong, but God Himself is stronger.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## V.—TARSHISH.

In the tenth chapter of Genesis we first meet with the name Tarshish as one of the sons of Javan, of the family of Japhet, who with his brethren settled the isles of the Gentiles and 'divided their lands, every one after his tongue, after their families, in their nations.' This name does not occur again until it is found in the 1st Kings, x: 22, in connection with the history of Solomon, of whom it is said 'the king had at sea a navy of Tarshish with a navy of Hiram.' In 2 Chron., ix: 21, the same fact is repeated with the addition that the 'king's ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Hiram.' In the same book at the xxth Chapter, Tarshish is again mentioned as a sea-port, to which the vessels of Jehoshaphat were destined, but which they did not reach. Twice in the Psalms mention is made of the ships of Tarshish.

Several times in the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel the same port is spoken of as evidently a great commercial centre.

And twice in the history of Jonah, Tarshish is alluded to as a port to be reached by a sea-voyage from Joppa. The exact position of this old mart of commerce thus frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, has been a subject of long and earnest discussion. From an apparent similarity in the names, it has been attempted by some writers to identify it with the Tarsus of Cilicia, which was long famous for its ship-building and where many important events occurred in connection with the history of Macedon and of Rome.

But there are too many serious objections to this view to its acceptance as a solution of the question. A less objectionable theory gives the name to several commercial centers which had grown up under Phœnician colonization, and which were associated with Tyre as their chief market for the disposal of their wares. The learned author of *Carthage and her Remains* advances this opinion and maintains with much ingenuity that the original and oldest of these centres was Carthage, whose foundations were laid 1234 B. C., by Phœnician colonists. He derives the name Carthage from a verb which means to cut, or make a compact, and Tarshish from one which signifies to break or subjugate, and holds that the one name was given to such colonies as amicably submitted to Phœnician rule, and the other to such as were obtained by conquest. Hence he affirms that there were several colonies bearing one or the other of these titles, not only on the Mediterranean coast but as far as the British isles.

That Carthage was the Tarshish of the Scriptures he seeks to prove:

1st. From the fact that the Chaldee paraphrase of the Old Testament renders the word Tarshish by Africa, as in Jer. x: 9, 'silver thinned is brought from Africa.' He also adds that Theodoret in his comment on this passage, calls Africa, Carthage.

2nd. The second argument is based on the famous Punic inscription found on a stone at Nova in Sardinia, and now deposited in

the Museum at Cagliari. It reads as follows: "At Tarshish was expelled the Father of Sardinia. Peace, O peace to him that came, Shalathan the son of Rashbon, the Prince of conquest."

Both tradition and history point to the Carthaginians as the colonizers of Sardinia, and this inscription seems to identify them with Tarshish, which appears to have been the early name bestowed upon this ancient Phœnician city, which for ages disputed with Rome the empire of the world.

3rd. The third fact which Dr. Davis adduces is that, according to Leo Africanus, Tunis was originally called Tarshish, and that the oldest mosque of that city, now closed because of its dilapidated condition, is known as the Tarshish mosque. If the facts thus appealed to were sufficient to warrant the belief that Carthage was the Tarshish of the Scriptures it would answer the question, which must often have arisen in the minds of students of the Bible, why Carthage, which in the time of the Kings of Israel was one of the most important cities of the world, is never mentioned among the histories of the word of God. But as there are other answers to this question so there are other theories as to the site of Tarshish.

If we recur to the name as it first appears in the Scriptures, we find it in connection with the people who established settlements in the northwestern parts of the Mediterranean, known in the Old Testament as the isles of the Gentiles. So also, we read in Isaiah lxvi: 19, "I will set a sign among them, and I will send those that escape of them unto the nations, (or Gentiles); to Tarshish, Pul and Lud, that draw the bow, to Tubal and Javan, to the Isles afar off." This

association of names at once make it evident that Tarshish was far to the West of Palestine where these words were written, doubtless some city in the south of Europe.

That it had intimate commercial relations with the ports on the Phœnician coast is evident from the fact that when Jonah desired to evade the duty of warning Nineveh, he found at Joppa a ship bound for Tarshish, on which he took a passage which was to terminate so strangely as to be ever after memorable.

Yet as the Scriptures have not distinctly stated where Tarshish was, we are to seek for a solution of the question by such facts as may shed light upon it, either as found in the sacred records or in the history which has come to us through other sources.

If we turn to Ezekiel xxvii: 12, we find that the products which came from Tarshish were silver, iron, tin and lead. These were the exchanges which purchased the riches of Tyre, and which were sold at her fairs, and by which her merchants were made rich. The enumeration of these articles in connection with Tarshish seems, in the opinion of most commentators, to point to the Spanish Peninsula, as the nearest and most likely region in which they were all to be found in such quantity as to become prominent articles of export.

Ancient writers speak of Spain as abounding in these very minerals, so much so, that even the stalls of their horses were decorated with silver, while some of the richest mines of tin and lead are even to this day found in that same region and iron also is abundant.

Here in this rich mineral region the Phœnicians early founded a colony, to which they gave the

name of Tartessus, selecting for its site the mouth of the ancient Boetis, now known as the Guadalquivir, and but a short distance from another of their trading ports, the modern Cadiz. Between this sea-port and the Phœnician Capitol a constant and remunerative intercourse was held in which the other cities of that region shared, for it would seem that the prophet Jonah found at Joppa a vessel bound for Tarshish which took passengers as well as freight at a certain and fixed tariff of charges.

The only difficulty which recurs in thus fixing upon this distant port as the ancient Tarshish, is the fact that in the Chronicles the Tarshish there mentioned seems to have been a port accessible to Ezion-Geber on the Red Sea. Thus we read (2 Chron. xx: 36), "And he joined himself with him to make ships to go to Tarshish and they made the ships in Ezion-Geber."

But in the 1st Kings xxii: 47, the same fact is referred to in these words, "Jehoshaphat made ships of Tarshish to go to Ophir for gold." There are four solutions of this difficulty which present themselves,—1st, that the compiler of the Chronicles copying from the Book of Kings probably used the words "of Tarshish" as designating not the character of the ships, but their destination, whereas the name "ships of Tarshish" as first used was simply intended to indicate the use and construction of the vessel, as we now say merchant-ships, or India-man.

2nd. If the ships built at Ezion-Geber were really intended for Tarshish, they may have reached there by the canal from the Red Sea to the Nile, or,—

3dly. It has been supposed there was another Tarshish in Africa or Southern Asia.

4th. There is a fourth answer to the problem, which is that the ships from the Red Sea actually reached Tartessus in Spain by the circumnavigation of Africa.

The first of these solutions seems the most readily to meet and remove the difficulty, and leaves us free to accept the fact that Tarshish was one of the most distant of the early Phœnician colonies, whose commerce was so rich and vast that it gave its name to a class of vessels known as ships of Tarshish, which thus became the symbols of commercial enterprise. The river on which it was seated was a thoroughfare down which came the wealth which, though it was to find its way to Tyre and to add to her greatness and glory, also made Tarshish a place of honor and renown. In those early ages Spain was the richest land in the world, both for her gold, silver and the baser metals. It was because of their lust for these products of the mines that the Phœnicians came thither and established their colonies. The affluence of gold and silver filled them with amazement, and led to the opening of that vast trade which was for ages kept up between the eastern and western limits of the Mediterranean Sea. And when the prophet would recall to Tyre her ancient glory that was soon to depart forever, he said, "Tarshish was thy merchant in all riches. The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market and thou wast replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the seas."

Jeremiah says again, (x: 9), "silver spread into plates was brought from Tarshish." And from this statement it would seem that this sea-port and its surroundings was the centre of manufactures and art as well as of commerce. The streets of that busy port were



alive with buyers and sellers, with merchants and artisans. Ship-yards lined the shores of that beautiful bay, noisy with the sound of the hammer, the saw and the chisel, and echoing with the cries of the workmen, as they plied their tools to shape and fit the timbers, or united in lifting them to their places and carried on their work towards its completion. Rafts and shallow vessels loaded with lumber or minerals or grain were gently floating down upon the tide. Ships were entering the port or spreading their broad sails for their long and perilous voyages, or receiving or discharging their freight, while the merry songs of sailors from Africa and Asia and Europe were mingled in one vast chorus of joyous and cheerful industry.

And yet all this prosperity was to cease and the very city to sink forever from the sight of man.

There is a wondrous significance in the contrast which the Psalmist draws (Ps. xlviii: 7) between the security and permanency of the Church and the instability of human greatness, "Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind," while of Zion he adds, "God will establish it forever."

Tyre and Tarshish have alike passed away with all their wealth and power. Their names have disappeared, their commerce has ceased, their once busy harbors are silent and deserted, and other cities have risen to take from them their crown and sceptre, and to leave them desolate ruins, from which there comes but this sad lesson, "The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it to stain this pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth."

And yet, while we read in the history of Tarshish, as of Tyre, the mutability of all human institu-

tions, there comes to us from the sacred oracle the assurance that even commerce shall eventually be tributary to the advance of God's kingdom, and of the highest interests of His Church.

In the 45th Psalm we read among those who shall grace and honor the Church in the day of her espousals to her great head, "the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift." And again, in the 60th Chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet describes the glory of the Church in the abundant accession of the Gentiles, "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the holy one of Israel, because he hath glorified thee." Thus do the prophecies of the word of God perpetuate the name of this ancient seaport which has long passed away from the sight of man, by making it tributary to the honor and glory of the Church, and so while the name of the wicked shall rot, they who are in any wise identified with the Church in its conflicts and victories, or who contribute to its upbuilding and success shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

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### Perfect Rest.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store.  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more,  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

*Miss Proctor.*

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE FRAMED WHALE-SHIP.

BY REV. JOHN G. HALL.

Martha's Vineyard, like its sister island Nantucket, is an historic nursery of hardy seamen, who, for many generations, have sailed all seas, both in merchant ships, and in the oily whalers. From this source the island has been enriched by the "abundance of the seas," rather than by the products of the soil, or by "the fruit of the vine." The native grape that Bartholomew Gosnold and his fellow-navigators described as literally covering the ground, and filling the forests, has disappeared; together with the trees which these clambering vines selfishly clung to, temporarily embellished, and eventually destroyed. The island is emphatically inhabited by sea-faring men, alike in, and out of, active service.

Dropping in, the other day, at the house of one of the many retired mariners of Edgartown, I noticed on the walls an unusually attractive picture, finely framed, of a large and comely whale-ship; represented as on the North West coast, with the crew cutting up her last "right whale," ere she spread her canvas for home. I was much struck by the rare execution of the print, the like of which I had scarcely ever seen, and remarked upon it to the owner. In reply, Mr. D——, himself formerly largely experienced in whale fishing,—having in that business doubled Cape Horn eighteen times, and the Cape of Good Hope once,—said, that the representation was faultlessly accurate, as, also, the print itself very costly.

It was sketched, he farther stated, by a gifted gentleman of New

Bedford, the owner of the ship, and taken by him to France, where it was engraved. And then he proceeded to say to me how the print came into his possession. "For," said he, "I must tell you."

After prefacing his narrative with the remark that the gentleman was, when he first knew him, by his own avowal, a sceptic in religion, he added, in substance, as follows:—

"Some years ago, after I became a Christian, I had occasion to go over to New Bedford, where I spent the night, putting up at one of the hotels. After attending a prayer-meeting at a neighboring church, when I came to retire to my room, and had shut the door, I took out my little testament, and, as my custom was at home, read a chapter aloud, and then kneeled down and prayed, also aloud, supposing myself unheard by anybody but God. And in the morning, when dressed, I did the same, and went down to breakfast, and then took a seat in the gentlemen's parlor.

"Not long afterward there came in a very fine looking gentleman, who immediately approached me, and said, in a very pleasant voice, 'Good morning, sir.' I answered, 'Good morning, sir,' and then he immediately addressed me as follows:—

"'Pardon me, sir, but my attention has been quite unusually awakened by what I over-heard last night, and again this morning, from your room, my own room being adjoining. And, if you will excuse me, I will also say, that I noticed you when you arrived yesterday afternoon, and learned where you were from. Also, as there was

advertised a great show, of an unusual character, in the Town Hall, for the evening, I was surprised to hear you inquire of some one, if there was a prayer-meeting near, and to express your decision for the prayer-meeting. As I knew you were from the Vineyard, a place so cut off from the main-land, I supposed, of course, that you would prefer to see the show.

“‘I, myself, went to the show; but either your choice of the prayer-meeting, or something else, caused me to be uninterested, and I very soon left it, arriving back at the Hotel in time to hear you say to some one, that you had had a precious meeting. And what I have just over-heard from your room, has much impressed me, in regard to this matter of religion, and if I am not going too far in my request, I would very much like to hear something of what you are wont to term, I believe, your experience.’

“‘At this,” continued Mr. D——, “I arose to my feet, sailor-like, and standing facing him, began telling somewhat of the way in which the Lord had been dealing with me. He, at the same time, took out his watch, a large and valuable one, and held it open in his hand, as though he had an appointment elsewhere to keep, which I afterwards found was the case. I narrated to him, as succinctly as I could, my religious experience; my change from being a wicked man, to a man of faith and prayer. In the meantime, others of the boarders began to gather up to us, so that by the time I got through there was a listening circle about us of a dozen or fifteen.

“‘Now,’ said the gentleman, (or Mr. A——, as I shall call him,) ‘I have listened to you for forty-five minutes, a thing which I would not have done for the greatest

Doctor of Divinity in the world; I never suffer them to speak to me on this subject; but in you I perceived what I judged to be perfect sincerity, and, moreover, I saw that you were an uneducated man, and not a professional one in this line. And allow me to say, that I have been exceedingly interested in your narration. Go on, sir, in your new life, your good course. Do God’s work, as you perceive it, without halting, or weariness. And now I must waive my breakfast, as I see by my watch, and go immediately to my office. Will you go along with me?’

“‘To this,” continued Mr. D——, “I consented; and joining arms we walked down the street together, talking all the way. The spacious office was handsomely furnished, and ornamented with pictures and prints, this one of the whale-ship among them, which immediately drew my attention. Noticing this, Mr. A——stepped up, and said that he had sketched it himself, and had had it engraved, in Paris, at a cost of five hundred dollars. And then telling me that he had an imperious engagement in another part of the city, and re-iterating the pleasure he had had in meeting me, and hoping that we should meet again, he shook my hand warmly, and we bade each other good-bye.

“‘About two weeks subsequent to this, there arrived at my door, (said Mr. D——,) on the Vineyard, a box, which, when opened, revealed this large and elegant print, handsomely framed, and carefully packed, accompanied by a letter from Mr. A——, in which he referred again to his great gratification in our interview, and also expressed anew his best wishes and hopes for my welfare, in this life and in that to come.

"One or two other letters passed between us afterwards, called out by a little return present of choice fruit that I sent him from the island; and then I heard from him no more, until, just recently, I perceive by the papers that, having traveled to a foreign land for his health, he has passed away from earth, in what state of mind, I am uninformed, but my hopes are for the best."

Mr. D—here ceased his narrative, and I bade him adieu. He himself is far from being in good health, and may possibly, not long hence, follow his interesting acquaintance into that wonderful country beyond. And if, when there, he finds that his Christian conduct in that hotel, his choice of a prayer-meeting in place of a popular show, his audible prayers in his bed-chamber, and his manly recital of his religious experience in the midst of a circle of strangers, were blessed by God to the conversion of a soul, how boundless will be both his gratitude and joy? Such wisdom as this, shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament, —as the stars for ever and ever."

But even while he here still lives, how thankful must he be, as often as he thinks of it, that God gave him the requisite grace and boldness for that most singular encounter with Mr. A—! And as a memento of it, even before his eyes, on the walls of his dwelling, how highly must he prize this framed picture of the whale-ship!

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SOME PEOPLE stand confounded at the mysterious motions of the wheels of Providence. The stoutest heart is sometimes alarmed in contemplating them. But faith looks to him in whose hands the wheels and their motions are. It does not look at the wheels, it looks to the GREAT MECHANIC.—*Cecil*.

### Vessels Lost At Sea.

*No Tidings of Sixteen Missing Ships—Six Steamships and Ten Sailing Vessels Missing—Heavy Losses in Grain—Improvement in Stowing Cargoes of Grain.*

The probable loss of the steamship *Bernina*, of the Great Western Steamship Company, which sailed from this port for Bristol, England, on March 29th, and has not been heard from since, awakens memories of other steamships which sailed from port and were never heard of again. Among these are the steamship *President*, which sailed from New York for Liverpool, March 11th, 1840; the steamship *Pacific*, of the Collins Line, which left Liverpool for New York January 23rd, 1856, and the steamship *City of Boston*, which sailed from New York by way of Halifax for Liverpool in January, 1870. Hundreds of people besides the crews were lost on these three vessels, and not a single person was rescued to tell the story of the wreck.

Five steamships—four British and one German—carrying freight, but no passengers, which sailed from the United States last winter, and one which sailed from England, are missing. Another became leaky and was abandoned. Four of these vessels were from New York, one from Boston, one from Philadelphia, and one from England bound to Montreal. Six of these were loaded with miscellaneous cargoes, principally grain, and it is thought that the grain, and the manner in which it is stowed, may have had something to do with their loss. From the marine records it appears that one ship and nine barks, beside a number of brigs, with cargoes of grain are also missing. Two steamers and sev-

eral sailing vessels have been obliged to return to port because the cargoes had shifted in a storm, making the voyage dangerous. There is a law which directs that in loading vessels with grain a limited quantity shall be stowed in bulk, and the rest in bags. When the grain is stowed in bulk, the underwriters require the inspectors to have ceilings and shifting boards built amidships on a line with the keel, to prevent the cargo from shifting when the ship rolls heavily. But it is claimed that many ships employ "independent" inspectors, and that in such cases the shifting-boards are so light that they give way the first time the vessel rolls; then the cargo shifts, and the centre of gravity is displaced. If this occurs in a very severe storm the ship is almost certain to be wrecked.

The first steamship missing this season was the *Copia*, from Barrow, England, bound to Montreal. She sailed from Barrow on September 11th, for Montreal, and has not since been heard from. The number of persons on board, and the quality of the cargo are not known here. She was an iron vessel, built in 1876.

The *Herman Ludwig*, which sailed from New York for Antwerp on September 28th, with a miscellaneous cargo, has disappeared without leaving a trace. She was an iron screw steamer of 951 net tonnage, built in 1870, and owned by Steinman & Ludwig, of Antwerp.

The steamship *Homer*, sailed from Boston for Liverpool on December 15th, with 43,000 bushels of wheat and other cargo, and no news of her has ever been obtained. The next steamship which disappeared was the *Zanzibar*. This was one of the vessels of the Fruit Merchants' Shipping Association, em-

ployed in bringing fruit from the Mediterranean. She belonged to what is called the Unicorn Line, and was chartered by the State Line to take the place of the steamship *State of Louisiana*, which was wrecked in December. She sailed from New York, January 11th, for Glasgow, with 2,103 barrels and 6,753 sacks of flour, 47,593 bushels of wheat, and other miscellaneous cargo. She was an iron screw propeller, of 1,460 tons, built in 1877, and was owned by W. Glynn, of West Hartlepool, England.

The steamship *Aberfeldy* sailed from Philadelphia for Ipswich, February 18th, with 60,000 bushels of corn, and in a heavy storm the vessel sprung a leak, the corn swelled and the vessel was abandoned. She was an iron screw propeller of 862 tons, built in 1875, and was owned by Groves, Maclean & Co., of West Hartlepool.

The steamship *Surbiton*, left New York for Rotterdam on February 18th, with a miscellaneous cargo, a large part of it being grain. The only clew of any kind concerning her was brought by the ship *Regent*, which picked up a boat on March 18th, with the name *Surbiton*, painted on the stern. The *Surbiton* was an iron screw steamer, built in 1877, of 883 tons burden, and owned by Watts, Milburn & Co., of Newcastle.

The steamship *Bernina*, of the Great Western Steamship Company, which sailed from this port March 29th, for Bristol, England, carried a miscellaneous cargo, including 66,650 bushels of grain. The *Bernina* was built at Newcastle, England, in 1876, and was owned in South Shields. She was of 1,161 tons burden.

Peculiar features in the loss of these vessels are that none of them carried passengers; that they were

English built steamships, with water-tight compartments and comparatively new, and that they were all of less than 1,500 tons in carrying capacity. The loss of property caused by these disasters is estimated at \$1,500,000.

The sailing vessels with grain cargoes from the United States which, in the past season, have been missing so long that no doubt of their loss is entertained, are: ship *Nuova Rattler*, from New York for Cetto, with grain; barks — *Rockwood*, New York for London; *Fidente*, New York for Constantinople; *Proserpine*, New York for Bordeaux; *Eroe*, New York for Cetto; *Giuseppino Cocurullo*, New York for Marseilles; *Ruben S.*, Philadelphia for Queenstown; *Rivadeo*, Baltimore for Sables d'Orléanes; *Sunlight*, Baltimore for New-Castle; *Vigilant*, Baltimore for Oporto. All of these vessels were of wood with the exception of the *Rivadeo*, which was of iron and built in 1855.—*N. Y. Tribune*, May 9th, 1879.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### The Italian Mercantile Marine.

The following figures, taken from official statistics, show the extent and character of the mercantile marine of Italy, on the 31st December, 1878. Since Italy became a united kingdom, her flag has become familiar in all the principal ports of the world, and in consequence of the economical way in which Italians sail their ships, they already rank as no mean competitors in the leading freight markets. During the last few years Italian ship owners, as well as those of other countries, have suffered from the dullness of trade, and shipbuilding has been prosecuted with less vigor than formerly. In

1878 the national yards supplied two hundred and sixteen sailing vessels, the aggregate tonnage of which was 27,889 tons, and three small steamships measuring together 79 tons; that is sixty-nine ships and 9,379 tons less than in 1877.

In the same year twenty-seven vessels of 7,905 tons were purchased from other nations, and of these six were steamers of 3,536 tons. Iron ship-building is still in its infancy in Italy. With the exception of the monster iron-clads built by Government at Spezia, Leghorn and Castellamare, only small steamers have been attempted hitherto, and it will be long before Italy will be able to compete with other maritime nations in this department, owing principally to the want of coal and the consequent expense of working iron.

Excepting a few of the smaller coasting traders, all the steam vessels under the Italian flag have been built in foreign yards, and a large proportion of them bought at second hand. They can scarcely be said to represent fairly the enterprise of private capitalists, for it is well known that the seventy-seven steamers representing 43,297 tons, belonging to the *Rubattino* line, have been bought in great measure with public money, and these form about one half of the entire steam fleet of the Italian Mercantile Marine.

The total amount of shipping at the close of last year was eight thousand, five hundred and ninety ships with an aggregate tonnage of 1,029,357 tons, of which one hundred and fifty-two only were steamers measuring 63,030 tons. About three-fourths of the sailing vessels are small craft under 100 tons engaged in the various fisheries and in the coasting trade, so that there are less than two thousand vessels,

between sailing ships and steamers fit to be employed in long voyages, and of these only three hundred and sixty-four are between 600 and 1,000 tons, and nineteen above 1,000. It will thus be seen that the Italian mercantile marine is very small for a country holding such a geographical position, and boasting between 3,000 and 4,000 miles of coast between islands and mainland.

Of all the Italian ports, Genoa has always been the most important, and at the present day it ranks only second to Marseilles in the Mediterranean. Government has voted a considerable sum of money,

in addition to the twenty millions of francs given by a Genoese nobleman, for the enlargement and improvement of the harbor, and extensive works are now being carried on which are expected to make Genoa one of the first shipping ports of the world. Of the Italian vessels that are engaged in foreign trade, nine hundred and fourteen, measuring together 469,707 tons, hail from the province of Genoa, that is about one half of the entire number of sailing vessels and steamers above 100 tons.

D. M.

*Genoa, Italy, 25th April, 1879.*

### Tonnage of European Ports.

The following comparative tabular statement showing the entry tonnage of the chief ports of Europe for 1878, was compiled by Col. Weaver, U. S. Consul, at Antwerp, Belgium, from information obtained from official sources, but chiefly from the United States consular officers at the several ports.

PORTS.	Tonnage of arrivals from foreign countries and dependencies.		Tonnage of arrivals of all vessels from the United States.		Total tonnage of arrivals of United States vessels.	Tonnage of coasting or interior river trade not comprised in totals of second column.
	STEAMERS.	TOTALS.	STEAMERS.	TOTALS.		
London.....	3,028,505	5,250,814	224,074	584,722	92,105	3,869,460
Liverpool.....	2,869,317	4,360,998	1,507,712	2,170,178	320,748	2,029,295
Antwerp.....	2,169,374	2,779,956	154,231	438,321	43,660	1,512,093
Marseilles.....	1,863,577	2,538,401	3,364	80,200	25,874	560,832
Hamburg, * ..	1,732,460	2,233,029	116,496	206,616	+ 22,387	917,663
Havre.....		1,882,286		508,854		310,492
Hull.....	941,546	1,403,984	28,999	180,095	12,445	229,000
Amsterdam, * ..	748,801	1,104,008	none	112,417	+ 8,593	
Bremen.....	503,802	1,012,338	203,318	515,457	36,963	
Southampton...	825,610	880,628	91,914	106,413	804	265,069
Bordeaux.....	529,526	855,181	3,444	119,425	15,647	467,912
Glasgow.....	393,146	632,584	217,443	269,154	9,858	1,154,472

\* For the year 1877. † For the year 1878.

IN THE YEAR ending at Michaelmas, 1878, 9,879 seamen, on board 463 English and 49 American vessels, visited the port of Marseilles in France. Of English speaking seamen on board Swedish, Norwegian and Danish vessels, there were about 3,000 or 4,000. The Seamen's Club and Reading Room at M. recorded on its Register, during the year, 5,255 visits, or 2,055 more than in the last previous twelve-month,—Mediterranean ports having been unusually busy since the opening of the Black Sea.

## Fear Not, Thou Carriest Christ!

BY REV. T. S. PERRY.

*"And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm. But the men marvelled, saying, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him!"*

However loud the tempest,  
The night however dark,  
Fear not, O brother sailor,  
If Christ is in your bark:  
No storm will ever harm you,  
The wildest e'er that blew,  
If Christ, who stilled the tempest,  
Sails in the ship with you.

So keep eye on the compass,  
On helm a steady grip,  
You will not strike or founder,  
While Christ is in the ship.  
Work on, and sing, my brother,  
You ne'er will come to wreck,  
For He who walked the waters,  
Stands by you on the deck.

Then watch with eye unsleeping,  
Strong be your heart and hand;  
And He who brought the ship to shore,  
Will bring you safe to land;—  
The land of calm and sunshine,  
Where, storms and perils o'er,  
Safe moored within the harbor,  
You'll sail the seas no more.

## The Turning-Point of a Life-Battle.

There is such a thing. I was reminded of it years ago while passing through Charles street, Boston, in company with a friend, a thriving merchant, who, though young, was famous for his success and liberality. At a certain point near the church, where Dr. Sharp was then the preacher, he paused suddenly, and exclaimed:

"Stop a minute! Just here I once fought for my soul's life, and by the grace of God got it."

"Pray tell me about it," I replied.

"It happened in the time of my clerkship," said he, "soon after coming from my country home to the city.

"I left my room one Friday evening for a stroll by this Back

Bay. While standing here a moment I was hailed by a young clerk, whom I had often met in Kilby street. He was two years older than myself, smart, clever, with an air and manners that were to me very attractive.

"Looking toward 'the Hill' over there—then notorious for its haunts of illicit pleasure—he said, 'I'm so lucky to have met you. Now come up the hill with me; we'll have such a nice time.'

"Young and social myself, it seemed impossible to resist. How could I? Having taken a few steps toward 'the Hill,' all at once the sight of the chapel in the rear of the church reminded me of an indefinite promise I had made to an old friend, that I would join him 'some time' on a Friday evening at the weekly meeting there. But I was moving 'the other way.' It seemed now as if I heard his voice of warning, 'If you go yonder to-night you will never again feel like going to the chapel. Which party will you join? Answer.'

"It was the crisis of my life. Here I stood where two ways met. The debate was torture. I prayed inwardly. Power came. I stopped short, mentioned the pledge given to my older friend, bowed off, and hastened to the chapel.

"What a welcome I had there! I soon felt myself at home, and am at home there yet, in companionship with a band of young men, true fellow-workers, who are trying, under the leadership of Christ, 'to make the world better for being in it.'"

The epitaph of this "good soldier" may be found at Forest Hill Cemetery:—

"TO NATHANIEL RIPLEY COBB,  
"Died May 22, 1834, aged 36, and during a mercantile career of twelve years dispensed upward of forty thousand dollars."



## The Sailor's Text.

SOUNDINGS.

*"Prove your own selves."*—2 Cor. xiii. 5.

There is no sea half so treacherous as the human heart. Reader! be ever letting down your sounding line. Examine your state before God. Better to discover your real condition now, than to have your keel grazing the rocks of destruction, and find yourself, when it is too late, a wreck for Eternity!

"Sound" yourself, and see whether you carry about with you an habitual sense of the Divine presence. Do you love holiness? Do you hate sin? Do you shun temptation? Do you take pleasure in God's Word? Do you set aside some brief time every day for prayer? Do you not only believe in Christ as your Saviour, but do you follow Him as your Great Example? Do you strive to love Him—serve Him—trust Him—obey Him—and honor Him before others? Having fled to Him on a Throne of Grace, are you prepared to meet Him on a Throne of Judgment?

"Whene'er becalm'd I lie,  
And all my storms subside,  
Then to my succor fly,  
And keep me near Thy side:  
Far more the treach'rous calm I dread,  
Than tempests bursting overhead."

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### The Mariner's Mission.

Musing on the past, thinking of the broad space of ocean I have sailed over, the different ports I have entered, and the people of different climes with whom I have conversed, I have asked myself many times, how much have I done to save the fallen race? Though I may often have spoken words of cheer to those that were in darkness; and distributed the inspired words of God, and Christian reading which carries light to heathen lands, still there is much more I could have done. And there is an inspiration within, calling me to make one more effort in His holy name to try and turn some erring one to the Savior.

I cannot think of mariners in any other light, than as the missionaries of the world. The sailor steps on board his noble ship; he sails from port to port, he carries with him the inspired Word of God, he holds it out to the unconverted, he tells them of a Savior's love, he

kindly persuades them to cast away their idols made with hands that perish in a day, he invites them to worship the true and living God, who enlightens the dark and groveling minds. He tells them of his own bright, Christian home, of the Sabbath-school and its teachers, of the grey-haired pastor, standing upon Zion's walls, proclaiming the gospel; how he listened to those teachers; how the Spirit came, as though borne on angel's wings of love, bearing him higher and still higher, until he was ready to enter the portals of heaven.

Again he tells them of his childhood home, of his sainted mother, and the dear old cradle hymn, sung so softly, sweetly, and plaintively,

"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed,  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently fall upon thy head!"

Again he tells them of that prayer of which his dear mother always reminded him when he quietly laid his head upon his pillow,—

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Mariners! as you carry these loved stories to foreign lands,—never I beg you, tire in your Master's work. Speak of the Savior's love, to each other, of His sufferings on Calvary, of his last commands on earth. Speak of "His mighty love, mighty to save."

Speak to your shipmates of temperance, how it ennoble man. Tell them to look not on the wine cup when the wine is red, to turn from it, to pass by it, touch it not. It will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

Think of that great and noble gift that God has given you, your immortal soul. Think of it in the quiet watches

of night, when the moon is riding high in the heavens; when the stars remind you of loved ones now far up in the city of light. As you pace the deck of your ship remember all these things, and then think of the mission God has assigned you. So, plant the gospel in foreign lands. There it will bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit fit for the Master's use. Raise your own standard high to the wind, that it may float out in the breezes of heaven, and carry glad news all over the world. Be strong in Christ's strength, perfect in His perfectness, glorified in His glory, that thou mayest so pass through this trouble-filled world, and in the world to come have life everlasting!

*Carver's Harbor, Vinal Haven, Me.*

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Labrador Coast.

REV. S. R. BUTLER, writing from Esquimaux River, January 28th, says that the weather last winter was remarkably mild. Up to the 15th of that month, traveling on the ice was not practicable; usually it is so in November.

Their winter settlement was larger than usual. The school prospered, under the care of Miss HAMPTON of Montreal. Children were very eager to learn, often running off in the morning without breakfast, when they heard the school-bell ring. In spiritual matters, the outlook was not so promising. New families moving into the settlement had caused some disturbances, Mr. Butler deprecates this, but adds:—"the hand that is guiding us is still the same as in the past, and in the right time, no doubt, will bring good out of the seeming evil. There are a faithful few who stand firm, and they are a comfort."

A new Wesleyan Mission had been started at Red Bay, sixty miles distant. Besides that, Mr. Butler knows of no

nearer mission than the Moravian, 400 miles to the northward. To the west, there is nothing but Roman Catholicism, until Quebec is reached; the mails are carried a good part of the way by men traveling on foot from the lower St. Lawrence, and the last two to three hundred miles by dog-team.

#### Sweden.

##### HELSINGBORG.

During the first quarter of this year, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT visited vessels as usual, and was kindly received by sailors. The Association of ladies for the sailors' mission had furnished twenty-two vessels with Bible-bags which were very thankfully accepted. Christian friends had also begun to hold tea meetings for seamen, at one of which Mr. W. presided. Fifty to sixty sailors were present. Prayer and addresses from sailor missionaries were accompaniments of the other exercises. Bible cards were also distributed, and a choir sang hymns.

## GEFLE.

Laboring here and in this vicinity, in January, February, and March, Mr. E. ERIKSSON had great success in his work. At Soderhamm, twenty-five converts joined the Baptist church, and additions were also made to the churches in Gefle. In Shutskar, scores of men and women were brought to Christ, and special prayer seasons have been continued since the week set apart for that service in January.

## Denmark.

## COPENHAGEN.

Letters from Rev. ANDREAS WOLLESON, dated in April, speak with much cheer of the continued good work of God among sailors, in connection with the mission services. Navigation had commenced for the season, the ice having broken up, and cases of special religious interest were occurring among the men to whom he was privileged to preach the Word of Life.

## Germany.

## HAMBURG.

From this mission, to which we have sent for a year or two past, such aid as has provided for special religious attention to American sailors, Secretary EDWARDS writes us:—

“We expect to begin building immediately,—the building and grounds to cost about £4,000. But we are to have rents coming in from the cellar and two stories, which will not be needed, at least at first, for the Institute. The Bethel will be large enough for 150 seamen. Captains will have a room for themselves, and the sailors will have a large reading room. Besides this, there will be an excellent home for our Missionary. We expect to lay the foundation stone in June.”

## Antwerp, Belgium.

We reprint from a late number of the *Brussels Belgian News and Continental Advertiser*, what its Antwerp correspond-

ent says of a gentleman in whom our Mission there has long had a firm and most serviceable friend.

“The official confirmation of the nomination of Colonel WEAVER, United States Consul at Antwerp, to the post of Consul-General at Vienna, has been received with sincere regret in our commercial and official circles. During a residence of nine years he has gained the esteem and respect of all who have been brought into contact with him, and while his departure is regarded as a loss that cannot easily be repaired, he is receiving the hearty congratulations of his many friends on the well-merited recognition of his services. “Colonel Weaver,” says the *Précurseur*, the leading paper here, “took a great interest in the development of our trade, and especially in that of our maritime and commercial relations with the United States. By valuable reports to his Government, from which we have often extracted important information, and by his personal influence in matters which he has often brought to a successful conclusion, Colonel Weaver has contributed as much as lay in his power to the prosperity of the port of Antwerp. Most punctual in the discharge of his official duties, active and laborious, he has never neglected an opportunity of rendering service to the merchants of Antwerp trading with America. There is no exaggeration in saying that his personal activity has greatly promoted the large increase in the arrivals of vessels from the United States at Antwerp, which, from 62,867 tons in 1869, had risen to 438,321 in 1878, or seven-fold.” The career of Col. Weaver, says the same journal, shows what can be done by a man of energy and intelligence. He was formerly editor, and is still one of the owners of the *Republican* newspaper, and as such occupies an influential position in the American press. His rank of Colonel was earned during the late war. On leaving the army he became professor of

mathematics and military tactics at the university of West-Virginia, until he was named United States Consul in Italy, where he remained only one year, and was then transferred to Antwerp. Col. Weaver will probably leave towards the middle of May. He will be succeeded by Mr. John H. Steuart, now Consul at Leipzig."

The following resolution expresses the sentiments of the Board of Trustees of our own Society, in view of the departure of Col. Weaver from Antwerp.

"The Trustees would avail themselves of the occasion of the retirement of J. RILEY WEAVER, Esq., from the position of U. S. Consul at Antwerp, Belgium, to record their high personal regard for him, and their sense of obligation for the manner in which he has discharged the difficult and delicate duties of his office, in which, as they have reason to believe, he has ever sought the highest welfare of seamen, rendering also, at all times, to those in our service there engaged in evangelical efforts in behalf of sailors, such counsel and aid as have been compatible with his official relations to the Government he has represented with honor and success.

We would express the hope that in his new position, he will find an ample and agreeable field for his distinguished abilities."

### France.

#### MARSKILLES.

"Since I last wrote you," says Chaplain D. S. GOVETT, "we have a new American Consul, Mr. GOULD, who was at Birmingham, Eng., for nine years. I am thankful to say he takes a great interest in our Sailors Club, coming, at times, to the Sunday evening service, and at times reading from modern authors, at our weekly meeting." Ladies and gentlemen have recently provided a literary entertainment for the sailors, and Mr. G. adds,—“evangelical and temperance work are not neglected."

### Chelsea, Mass., Hospital.

"Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT," says the *Boston Journal* of April 22nd., "conducted religious worship in the Marine Hospital yesterday evening between 6 and 7 o'clock. After singing a hymn, and prayer, he read the 34th psalm, and explained the promises as he read, calling the attention of the convalescent seamen to their importance for their future encouragement when beset by the hardships and privations incidental to their lives at sea, and the temptations to which they were exposed ashore. The promises of the Old Testament were confirmed and intensified by the teaching of Jesus, who came to seek and to save those who were lost. The salvation from sin which he taught was free to all, for all were under sin, until redeemed. He earnestly entreated the seamen not to let another day pass without giving themselves unreservedly unto the Lord, who was ever standing to receive them with outstretched arms. All who had done so could bear witness to the comfort and peace which they enjoyed, and the blessed hope of eternal joy and happiness. There was no mystery in religion, its requirements were plain and simple, easily to be understood, and blessed in their consequences.

"There were three other persons present who spoke and prayed in the same way and assisted in the singing, which was also led by Captain Bartlett. Since the good Dr. Bancroft was removed, a new set of rules has been adopted for the government of the hospital. During his administration each of the evangelical denominations in turn, used to assist in the religious exercises, now only three persons with Capt. Bartlett are admitted; on the plea that more are liable to disturb the patients. There are only 22 in the hospital at present, and of these only 10 were able to attend. The services were held in one of the upper wards. Capt. Bartlett has been a regular attendant at the hospital for nearly 21 years, and during that time some 15,000 pa-

tients have been admitted, and of these 929 have been converted. During the past year 34 have experienced religion. At present the hospital is in charge of FRANCIS H. BROWN, M. D., and is a model of neatness in all its departments."

### New York City.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in New York, was lately held at the Church of the Heavenly Rest. The annual report of the Society was read after the conclusion of the regular service. From this it appeared that the missionary work of the society at its three missions, the floating Church of Our Savior, at the foot of Pike St., the reading-room on the pier at Coenties Slip, and the Chapel of the Holy Comforter, at No. 565 West St., had been the means of bringing aid and comfort to many of the class which it is the peculiar object of the society to reach. Nineteen thousand Bibles, testaments, prayer-books, religious works, papers and tracts have been distributed among the boatmen and seamen. Over 800 sailors took advantage of the comforts of the new Sailor's Home, at 381 Pearl St. That the sailors appreciate this, the report says, is shown by their frequent returns to it, and by the large amount of money (\$28,520 47) that they have intrusted to the society's care. The expenses of the society during the past year have been less than \$10,000. Yet to meet this amount the society has been forced to obtain a loan of \$1,400. The Rev. SAMUEL COOKE, D. D., rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, preached the anniversary sermon.

### Seattle, Washington Territory.

In April, our Chaplain STUBBS of Portland, Oregon, acting for the Portland Seamen's Friend Society, leased for three years, at Seattle, suitable apartments, to be used as a Seamen's Bethel, Coffee and Reading Room. The Chaplain has

in some sense, carried his "war into Africa," these rooms being next door to the "Centennial Saloon."

### United States Naval Academy.

#### PRESENTATION OF BOOKS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

The seventh annual presentation occurred at Annapolis, Md., May 18th, and proved an occasion of unusual interest.

Commodore PARKER, through whose kindness a Sabbath had been assigned for the service, lay prostrate with what is feared to be his last sickness, but the acting Superintendent, Commodore F. V. McNAIR, certainly did everything in his power to facilitate the desired and accomplished success.

The day was lovely, and Annapolis was in its best attire. The Academy grounds could not have looked more attractive, and groups of young people and children here and there, mostly from the officers' families, enlivened the whole scene.

At the hour appointed, and with military order and precision, the members of the Academy assembled in the beautiful chapel, making a congregation, including the professors and others connected with the institution, of between four and five hundred, and that of more than ordinary thoughtfulness and culture.

After the regular morning prayers, conducted by the Chaplain, Rev. ROBERT HUDSON, a brief address was made by its Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. HALL, of New York, explaining the object and operations of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its relation to the special service at hand, also introducing the Rev. Dr. A. A. WILLITS of the Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, who preached a most admirable and effective discourse to the young men on the duty of "serving their generation according to the will of God."

This was followed by a memorial gift

of books to each of the graduating class, sixty-five in all, according to the intention of those christian ladies, who originated the movement, and who continue to follow it with their sympathies and prayers.

In the evening, upon invitation from Captain MERRILL MILLER, the visiting gentlemen attended the prayer-meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Academy, held on the practise-ship *Santee*. There were about sixty cadets in attendance, many taking part and all evidently enjoying the service. The meeting was presided over by a young Japanese, ranking very high in his studies, and having the esteem and respect of his classmates and instructors.

The services throughout the day seemed to give great satisfaction, and the expressions of officers and students encourage the belief that good was accomplished thereby.

Thanks are due to Commodore MCNAIR and Captain MILLER, and especially to Chaplain HUDSON for various courtesies and invaluable aid in arranging for the successful visit.

### Another Conversion from Good Reading.

Brigadier General UPTON writes from Fortress Monroe, Va., as follows, in answer to our invitation that he attend the presentation of books to the cadets at the U. S. Naval Academy, on the 18th May.

FORT MONROE, May 16th, 1879.

My Dear Sir:

Your kind favor of the 15th, is received. Could I be at Annapolis next Sabbath it would give me great pleasure and satisfaction to witness the presentation of books to the naval cadets, but duties which cannot well be laid aside will prevent my attendance. To-day, at the instance of Mrs. Martin, I wrote to the American Tract Society relative to the books to be presented to cadets at West Point.

If the cadets of the two Academies will but take each his volume to his first station, the seed planted cannot fail to bring forth good fruit.

Only last summer, a gentleman now in civil life, but a cadet a class or two ahead of mine, at West Point, told me that he owed his conversion, while stationed in Arizona, to the *Life of Capt. Vicars*, which providentially came into his hands.

With many thanks for your kind letter, believe me,

Very truly yours,

E. UPTON.

### Progress of Loan Library Work.

The following statements exhibit in tabular form, the increase of our Loan Library work, from its systematized beginnings, twenty-one years since. No one who intelligently examines it and comprehends what these figures mean, can fail to be assured of God's recognition and blessing upon a work which has so steadily and evenly come to its present magnitude. The virtual provision of TWELVE THOUSAND LIBRARIES for the men of the sea, such as we have thus sent out, is a marvellous fact in the history of agencies for their evangelization.

	New Libraries sent out.	Reshipment of same.	Total.
In 1858-9..	10		
" 1859-60..	94		
" 1860-61..	113		
" 1861-62..	117		
" 1862-63..	218		
" 1863-64..	421		
" 1864-65..	396	475*	815
" 1865-66..	307	252	559
" 1866-67..	534	219	753
" 1867-68..	437	330	767
" 1868-69..	347	400	787
" 1869-70..	359	425	784
" 1870-71..	326	400	726
" 1871-72..	312	424	736
" 1872-73..	360	384	744
" 1873-74..	368	456	844
" 1874-75..	460	438	898
" 1875-76..	326	464	790
" 1876-77..	307	492	799
" 1877-78..	386	497	883
" 1878-79..	244†	490†	742†
	6,508	6,144	12,646

\* Total reshipments to that date.

† For eleven months only, to April 1st, 1879.

### Trustees Elected.

At the meeting of the Society, held at the close of the late Anniversary, the following gentlemen were elected Trustees for three years, or until May, 1882 :

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq.,  
 REV. H. LOOMIS, D. D.,  
 WM. A. BOOTH, Esq.,  
 REV. E. D. G. PRIME, D. D.,  
 ANTON A. RAVEN, Esq.,  
 HORACE GRAY, Esq.,  
 REUBEN W. ROPES, Esq.,  
 CHARLES F. HARDY, Esq.

### Growth.

If there has ever been a month in the history of our Loan Library work, now in the twenty-first year of its prosecution, during which so great a number of libraries have been shipped as in April, 1879, the fact is unknown to us. By the LIFE BOAT, printed with this number of the MAGAZINE, our readers will see that we then sent out THIRTY NEW LIBRARIES, and made SIXTY-FIVE RESHIPMENTS, a total of NINETY-FIVE; from our Rooms in New York and Boston. These contained 3,384 volumes, and were accessible, on the vessels where we placed them, to 1,123 sailors.

### Obituary.

Since his annual contribution in aid of our work, reported in the present number of the MAGAZINE, Admiral GODON of the U. S. Navy, has died. He was esteemed for his private as well as for his public virtues, and everywhere made friends for the cause of truth and righteousness. An extended notice of his life and character will appear hereafter.

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Superintendent, reports one hundred and fifty-nine arrivals at the HOME, during the month of April, 1879. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$2,250, of which \$125 was sent to the Savings

Bank, and \$980 to relatives and friends, —the balance being returned to depositors.

Twenty men were shipped without advances, during the month, and four were sent to the Hospital.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

### The Waiting Isles.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

#### I.

Far in the ancient regions  
 Of darkness and of crime,  
 When Satan's serried legions  
 Swept wide the bounds of time;  
 When all Judea's borders  
 By heathen feet were trod,  
 On Zion's isles her warders  
 Waited the law of God.

#### II.

When inland tribes were quaking  
 Beneath the Serpent's might,  
 Messiah's star was breaking  
 On many an island night;  
 By eldest Jewish waters,  
 Jehovah's prophets saw  
 His island sons and daughters  
 Still waiting for His law.

#### III.

Since then, what Heavenly lustre  
 Beams on the great wide sea!  
 The isles, in many a cluster,  
 Have heard of Calvary.  
 The cross has told its story  
 A listening world around;  
 And realms of endless glory  
 Have echoed back the sound.

#### IV.

The captive islands waited,  
 And oh! how sure it came!  
 God's ships, with mercy freighted,  
 Published the Savior's name:  
 God's sailors bravely bore it  
 To many an island shore,  
 Till idols fell before it—  
 Man worshipped them no more!

### Position of the Principal Planets for the Month of June, 1879.

MERCURY is a morning star during the fore part of this month, rising on the 1st at 3h. 44m., and north of east  $21^{\circ} 48'$ ; is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 18th, at 6h. 49m.; after this, is an evening star during the remainder of the month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 19th at 5h. 54m. being  $1^{\circ} 4'$  south of that luminary.

VENUS is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 10h. 39m. and north of west  $86^{\circ} 39'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon at

8m. before noon on the 23rd, being 4° 1' north.

**MARS** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 1h. 19m., and south of east 5° 24'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 12th at 6h. 51m., being 7° 45' south; is in conjunction with Saturn on the afternoon of the 30th at 2h. 30m., being 1' north.

**JUPITER** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 6h. 14m., being then 8° 19' south of the Equator; is in quadrature with the Sun at 57m. past midnight on the 2nd; is in conjunction with the Moon at 14m. before midnight on the 10th, being 5° 23' south.

**SATURN** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h. 24m., and north of east 4° 7'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 18th at 6h. 43m., being 8° 6' south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters in April, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 66, of which 33 were wrecked, 15 abandoned, 4 burned, 2 sunk by collision, 7 foundered, and 5 are missing. The list comprises 2 steamers, 4 ships, 12 barks, 6 brigs and 42 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,165,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w.* were wrecked, *a.* abandoned, *b.* burned, *s.c.* sunk by collision, *f.* foundered, and *m.* missing.

### STEAMERS.

**Surbiton**, *m.* from New York for Rotterdam.  
**Great Republic**, *w.* from San Francisco for Astoria.

### SHIPS.

**Lake Michigan**, *m.* from Portland for London.  
**Lancaster**, *b.* from Galveston for Liverpool.  
**India**, *a.* from Rio Janeiro for New York.  
**Batavia**, *w.* from New York for Shanghai.

### BARKS.

**Homeward Bound**, *w.* from Amsterdam for New York.  
**Kingdom o' Fife**, *a.* from Samarang for New York.  
**R. C. Bulgin**, *m.* from Galveston for Liverpool.  
**Nordmaling**, *w.* from Galveston for Liverpool.  
**Emma C. Beal**, *w.* from Liverpool for Gloucester.  
**Norina**, *w.* from New Orleans for Gibraltar.  
**Hunius**, *w.* from Baltimore for Bordeaux.  
**Bretagne**, *m.* from Pensacola for Greenock.  
**Ada**, *a.* from Almeria for Philadelphia.

**Velocity**, *s.c.* from Hull for Philadelphia.  
**Oriental**, *w.* from Philadelphia for Queenstown.  
**Panola**, *s.c.* from New York for Havana.

### BRIGS.

**Bertha Heyn**, *w.* from San Francisco for Rio Grande.  
**Manzanilla**, *w.* from Calais for New York.  
**Gazelle**, *w.* (at Natal, Africa).  
**Isaac Carver**, *w.* from Cardenas for Delaware Breakwater.  
**H. H. McGilvery**, *w.* from Calais for New York.  
**Eliza Morton**, *w.* from Portland for Matamoras.

### SCHOONERS.

**A. W. Collins**, *m.* from Hayti for New York.  
**Jas. M. Vance**, *w.* from New York for Chickahominy.  
**Julius Webb**, *w.* from Virginia for New York.  
**Kate McLean**, *w.* from New York for Westerly, R. I.  
**Ida L. Ray**, *w.* from Bucksport for New York.  
**E. G. Edwards**, *w.* from Philadelphia for Boston.  
**Allie Oakes**, *w.* from South Amboy for Boston.  
**Emma**, *w.* from Perth Amboy for St. John, N. B.  
**John W. Hall**, *w.* from Philadelphia for Boston.  
**Arctic**, *w.* from Port Johnson for Danvers.  
**Dan'l Brittain**, *w.* from Boston for Philadelphia.  
**Gem**, *b.* from Rockland for New York.  
**Rose**, *w.* from Lubec for Boston.  
**A. H. Edwards**, *w.* from Richmond, Va. for Boston.  
**Volant**, *w.* from Eastport for Boston.  
**Clara Merrick**, *f.* from Philadelphia for Wilmington, N. C.  
**Lily B. French**, *a.* from Boston for Wilmington, N. C.  
**Sarah J. Fort**, *w.* from Hoboken for Boston.  
**S. & E. Corson**, *w.* from Philadelphia for Boston.  
**M. E. Eldridge**, *b.* from Philadelphia for Boston.  
**Nellie Bell**, *a.* from Portland for New York.  
**Herbert Manton**, *a.* from Boston for New York.  
**Convoy**, *b.* from Rockland for New York.  
**Henrietta**, *a.* from Pensacola for New York.  
**J. Middleton, Jr.**, *f.* from Jacksonville for Demerara.  
**Tunis Bodine**, *f.* from Hoboken for Providence.  
**Chas. A. Jones**, *f.* from Charleston for Woods Hole.  
**Malta**, *w.* (on Kent Island, Md.)  
**Mansfield**, *a.* from Rockland for New York.  
**Alice M. Lewis**, *w.* (Fisherman).  
**Brazos**, *f.* from New York for Philadelphia.  
**Nadab**, *a.* from Philadelphia for Newburyport.  
**Buena Vista**, *f.* (at Lake Ponchartrain).  
**L. S. Barnes**, *w.* from Wiscasset for Boston.  
**Frances**, *w.* from San Francisco for Point Reyes.  
**Jamestown**, *a.* from Baltimore for Salisbury.  
**Katie**, *a.* from Barbados for Boston.  
**Odeon**, *f.* from Rockland for Boston.  
**Speedwell**, *a.* (off Mosquito Coast).  
**Bennington**, *a.* from Boston for Havana.  
**J. W. Peasley**, *a.* from New York for St. Johns, N. F.  
**T. T. Tasker**, *a.*

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

FEBRUARY, 1879.

**Sailing Vessels**:—76 English, 18 American, 15 Italian, 13 German, 8 Austrian, 8 Norwegian, 6 French, 4 Danish, 4 Dutch, 3 Greek, 3 Portuguese, 2 Spanish, 1 Mexican, 1 Russian, 1 Swedish, 1 Turkish, 5 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 169. In this number are included 24 vessels reported missing.



*Steamers*:—11 English, 1 Austrian, 1 Chilean, 1 Spanish, 1 French, 1 Japanese; total: 16. In this number are included 8 steamers reported missing.

MARCH, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—46 English, 23 German, 13 Norwegian, 11 French, 10 American, 9 Italian, 5 Dutch, 3 Swedish, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 2 Greek, 8 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 133. In this number are included 18 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—9 English, 2 Spanish, 1 German; total: 12. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for April, 1879.

### MAINE.

Bath, Winter St. Cong. church.....	\$25 55
Biddeford, 2nd Cong. church.....	13 61
Lubec, U. S. L. S. Service, Dis 1, Station No. 1, H. H. Myers, Keeper.....	4 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bedford, Legacy, James French.....	48 71
Bristol, Cong. church.....	2 77
Concord, Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, for library.....	20 00
Greenville, for lib'y in memoriam Bell Scriptures, by Amos Scriptures.....	20 00
Nashua, Olive St. church and Soc'y.....	17 22
1st Cong. church.....	13 68
Northwood, Cong. church.....	3 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Thomas D. Quincy.....	10 00
Danvers, Maple Street church.....	14 40
East Medway, Cong. church.....	10 54
Gardner, Cong. church.....	10 00
Globe Village, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. \$20 for library.....	38 70
Granby, Mrs. J. Church's S. S. class, for library.....	10 00
Leominster, Cong. church, of wh. \$10 for library.....	24 65
Longmeadow, Gents' Benev. Soc'y.....	17 45
East Cong. church.....	11 50
Manchester, Cong. church.....	15 90
Maplewood, Cong. ch., for library.....	20 00
Marshfield, Cong. church.....	14 56
Medway Village, Cong. church.....	12 30
Monson, Mrs. N. M. Fields, S. S. class for library.....	12 00
Cong church.....	5 24
North Leominster, L. Woods, S. S. class, for library.....	20 00
Oxford, Cong. church.....	9 88
Peabody, South church.....	26 18
Plympton, Cong. church.....	1 75
Rockland, Cong. church.....	75 00
Springfield, South church, add'l.....	6 32
South Wellfleet, Alvin A. Paine.....	1 00
Swampscott, Cong. ch., for libraries.....	40 00
Wakefield, Henry Fisher's S. S. class, for library.....	20 00
Whitinsville, estate E. W. Fletcher, pr. Chas. P. Whitin, Exor.....	50 00
Wilbraham, Cong. church.....	7 24
Woburn, Cong. church.....	38 19
Worcester, Old South, Monthly Concert.....	9 63
Brig <i>Bigelow</i> , Capt. Anderson.....	1 00
Brig <i>Eureka</i> , Capt. Doane.....	1 00

### RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Central Cong. church....	25 00
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### CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, Cong. church, add'l.....	4 42
Clinton, Cong. church.....	16 50

Greenwich, T. S. Pinneo, for Linsley

library.....	20 00
Middletown, 1st Cong. church.....	59 17
Naugatuck, Cong. church.....	10 00
Stamford, Cong. church.....	22 76
Thomastown, Cong. church.....	22 72
Waterbury, 2nd Cong. church.....	108 80
West Haven, Cong. ch., S. S. for lib'y.....	20 00
Wethersfield, S. S. Cong. church, Miss Stillman's class, for library.....	20 00
Windham, Cong. church.....	15 36

### NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, U. S. L. S. S. Stations, Dis. 3, through Henry E. Hunting, Supt.....	30 00
Brooklyn, Pilgrim church, R. P. Buck, \$100; the Misses Thurston, \$20; G. H. Nichols, and Mrs. H. M. Hemington, each \$20 for library.....	367 09
Nathan Stephens, for library.....	20 00
Cooperstown, W. W. Lord.....	10 50
East New York, Reformed church.....	7 83
Fayetteville, S. S. Pres. church.....	10 00
Hastings-on-the-Hudson, James Bowler, for library.....	20 00
Madison, Cong. church.....	2 00
New York City, Broadway Tabernacle Missionary Ass'n., for libraries.....	40 00
Jonas Marsh Libbey, for libraries.....	40 00
Prot. Epis. ch., Seamen's Mission, for libraries.....	40 00
Cyrus W. Field, to const. self a L. M.....	30 00
Robert Gordon.....	25 00
S. Humphreys.....	25 00
Arnold, Constable & Co.....	25 00
Mrs. James Brown.....	20 00
15th Street Pres. ch., Miss'y Ass'n, for library.....	20 00
Admiral S. W. Godon, U. S. N.....	10 00
Willard Parker, M. D.....	10 00
Hoyt Bros.....	10 00
Mrs. P. Bullard.....	10 00
D. D. Lord.....	10 00
Wm. Alex'r Smith.....	10 00
T. A. Brouwer.....	10 00
R. Irvin.....	10 00
S. D. Babcock.....	10 00
A. Norrie.....	10 00
Alfred C. Post, M. D.....	5 00
Edward H. Peaslee, M. D.....	5 00
Isaac N. Phelps.....	5 00
N. Fisher.....	5 00
Lewis T. Lazell.....	5 00
Charles G. Landon.....	5 00
A. Hall.....	5 00
W. W. Niles.....	5 00
Three Friends.....	5 00
Capt. Montgomery, brig <i>Alice</i> .....	10 00
Capt. Bragdon, schr. <i>Clifford</i> .....	5 00
Perry, Pres. church.....	5 00
Rome, 1st Pres. church.....	10 55
Southampton, Pres. church.....	20 60
West Winfield, Cong. church.....	5 25

### NEW JERSEY.

Belvidere, 1st Pres. church.....	7 20
Madison, Loantaka S. S., for library.....	20 00
Newark, Lewis C. Grover, Esq.....	5 00

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Bloomsbury, Mrs. Mary L. Neal.....	5 00
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### OHIO.

Oberlin, Mrs. E. S. Mead's S. S. class, for library.....	4 48
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\$2,026 65

### Gloucester Sufferers.—Special.

New Haven, Ct., R. J. Fellowes.....	\$20 00
Morrisania, N. Y., Widow's Mite.....	2 00




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### A German Story.

In a castle on the Rhine, in the most beautiful part of Germany, about forty years ago there lived a man of noble character, with his only son, who was a comfort to his father, and a blessing to his people.

On a certain occasion, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the father. As soon as he came into the castle, he began to talk of God in terms that chilled the old man's blood, on which he reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending Him who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God,—he had never seen him.

The old man did not notice the reply at this time, but the next morning took occasion first to show a beautiful picture which hung on the wall.

"My son drew that picture," said he.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

Going into the garden the visitor was shown many beautiful flowers and plants.

"Who has the ordering of the garden?" said the gentleman.

"My son," was the reply, "he knows every plant, I may say, from the cedar Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him, soon."

He then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school and where he caused all the poor orphans to be nourished at his own expense.

The children in this house looked so happy and innocent that the French gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle he said to his host.

"What a happy man you are to have such a good son."

"How do you know I have a good son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know he must be both clever and good if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No; but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do; please come to this window; and tell me what you see from it."

"Why, I see the sun shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a river at my feet, and a vast range of woods; and I see pasture grounds, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields, and many cottages here and there."

"And do you see anything to be admired in all this? Is there anything pleasant or lovely or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think I want common sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes, my friend?" said he somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the good man, "if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his works, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handiwork as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my friend, say again that you do not know God, unless you would have me suppose that you have not the use of your senses."

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### Tom's Victory.

"That Ned Lane," said Tom Bixby, doubling up his fist and stamping his feet, "is a mean, spiteful, wicked boy. I wish he was dead, I do!"

Then Tom broke down and fairly burst into tears. His mother, who had heard his angry words, came out to the garden to see what had caused them. She, too, was indignant at what she saw. There was Tom's pet doggie, Fawn, stretched out stiff and cold on the grass. Around his neck a string was tied, from which dangled a card. On it these words were written, in a scraggly, blotted hand:—

"He'll never chase my chickens no more.—NED LANE."

"Oh, mother," cried Tom, "look at poor, poor Fawn! See what that cruel Ned has done! Oh how I hate him! I'll be revenged!"

Fawn had been a favorite with all the Bixby family, and in spite of the fact that he would pursue chickens and tear the dresses of passing ladies, or catch and hide away stockings and handkerchiefs when they were laid upon the grass to bleach, Mrs. Bixby had borne with

him. She had hoped that his youthful faults would be cured in time. She knew that Ned Lane had been made very angry because of the loss of two rare fowls which Fawn had shaken and torn to pieces, and she felt that Fawn had been a great annoyance to the neighbors,—a great transgressor. But what to do with Ned was question, for Tom's heart was almost broken.

"Tom," she said, "you say you hate Ned. Do you wish what I heard you say just now,—to be really revenged?"

"Yes, mother; I want to see him suffer. I wish all his chickens were gone."

"Ned has done a cruel deed, and I do not wonder that you are very deeply grieved; but, my son, he that hateth his brother is a murderer."

"He's not my brother."

"In one sense he is; yet I am sure you do not mean that you would really like to see him dead and cold like your dog. If you think of the meaning of your words, I am sure you wish him no such ill. I think there is a way by which you can make him very sorry for this, and yet keep your own self-respect."

The gentle tones won their way to Tom's heart. He sat down by his mother, and she passed her soft hand over his hot brow and soothed him tenderly. Then she gave him her plan for being "quits," as he called it, with Ned, and for getting the victory.

The next day, when Ned Lane met Tom Bixby on his way to school, he was rather mortified to hear nothing about Fawn. He was prepared to defend himself if attacked, but Tom passed on in silence. He tried to say, "Hallo, Ned!" but failed in the attempt. All the morning, however, when the boys were in their classes together, Tom looked and acted as usual, and at recess he engaged heartily in games with the other boys.

When Ned, feeling more and more uncomfortable, went home to dinner, a surprise awaited him. A superb pair of Brahmapootra fowls had arrived, with a string and card attached:

"For those my poor Fawn chased.—  
TOM BIXBY."—*Angel of Peace.*

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.*

During April, 1879, ninety-five loan libraries, thirty new, and sixty-five refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,512, and 6,621 to 6,642, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 5,158, 5,159, 5,160, 5,161, 5,162, 5,163, and 5,164, at Boston.

*The sixty-five libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 944,	No. 2,810,	No. 4,018,	No. 4,746,	No. 5,085,	No. 5,360,	No. 5,808,	No. 6,036,	No. 6,496.
" 1,557,	" 2,848,	" 4,067,	" 4,747,	" 5,069,	" 5,381,	" 5,818,	" 6,131,	
" 1,971,	" 3,399,	" 4,132,	" 4,758,	" 5,070,	" 5,517,	" 5,843,	" 6,252,	
" 1,980,	" 3,427,	" 4,560,	" 4,853,	" 5,117,	" 5,547,	" 5,863,	" 6,261,	
" 2,039,	" 3,741,	" 4,593,	" 4,898,	" 5,127,	" 5,661,	" 5,888,	" 6,376,	
" 2,138,	" 3,814,	" 4,630,	" 4,917,	" 5,311,	" 5,693,	" 5,919,	" 6,577,	
" 2,154,	" 3,916,	" 4,702,	" 4,933,	" 5,357,	" 5,728,	" 5,938,	" 6,432,	
" 2,731,	" 3,930,	" 4,743,	" 5,023,	" 5,359,	" 5,770,	" 5,935,	" 6,496,	

*Matters of Interest in Library Work.*

## CHILDREN SEND GREETING WITH THEIR LIBRARY.

A teacher sending us twenty dollars for a library, to go out in the name of her class in the S. S. of Congregational Church, at Wethersfield, Conn., says:—

"Can the enclosed letter be fastened to the door of the Library case? The boys wanted to communicate directly with the sailors, and I could devise no other way." We print the boys' letter below; it was placed as was asked,—and we add that we are always pleased to receive and comply with such requests.

*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Ps. xlii: 1.*

*Dear Sailors:—*

Perhaps you will care more for these books if you know who sends them to you, and something about us.

We are a Sunday-School class of eight boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, and we have earned the money for this library ourselves, by raising and selling pop corn. At a fair we made \$10, since then we have raised the rest in different ways. Now we are very much interested in you and in the books, and hope they will really help you to be good. We would be glad if you would write us something about yourselves and how you like the library.

Ellie R. Wolcott, Robert W. Robbins, Jerry B. Standish, Marshall S. Loveland, Herbert W. Wells, Edward S. Tillotson, Wm. F. Wells, George Crane.

Alice W. Stillman, Teacher.  
Wethersfield, Conn.

*He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much. Luke xvi: 10.*

## A Bird's Nest.

There is a pretty nest in the museum of Brown University, which shows what wisdom God can give to a little bird. The nest was hung by strings, so the babies would be rocked to sleep by every breeze. But as they grew heavier the

mother-bird found that her twig was too weak. So she looked around until she found a stout cord. This she wove around the nest, and then hung it up to a strong limb overhead. This steadied it and made all safe.

### A Little Talk to Boys.

When I meet you everywhere, boys,—on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your own homes, or at school,—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours. But very often I find one great thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you. Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside politely for them to pass first. Sometimes you say "the governor," or "the boss," in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, Sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother;" but keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word *gentleman* is a beautiful word. First, *man*—and that means every thing brave, and strong,

and noble; and then *gentle*—and that means full of all these little kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentle man! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—*Up-Stairs.*

### "Cheer Him."

At a fire in a large city, while the upper stories of a lofty dwelling were wrapped in smoke, and the lower stories all aglow with flame, a piercing shriek told the startled firemen that there was some one still in the building in peril. A ladder was quickly reared, and diving through the flames and smoke until it touched the heated walls, when a brave young fireman rushed up the rounds on his errand of mercy. Stified by the smoke, he stopped, and seemed about to descend. The crowd was in agony, as a life seemed lost, for every moment of hesitation appeared an age.

While this shivering fear seized every beholder, a voice from the crowd pealed out, "Cheer him! cheer him!" and a wild "hurrah" burst from the excited spectators. As the cheer reached the fireman, he started upward through the curling smoke, and in a few moments was seen coming down the ladder with a woman in his arms. That cheer did the work.

How much we can do to help the brave ones who are struggling with temptation, or almost fainting in their effort to do good to others! Don't find fault with your brother in his trial, but "Cheer him." Give him a word that shall urge him on in the way, and, if you can't help him in any other way, give him a *cheer*.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.  
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec. & Treas.  
 L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.  
 80 Wall Street, New York.  
 District Secretary:—  
 Rev. S. W. HANKE, Cong'l House, Boston.



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No. 7.

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### THE UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

By the kindness of Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. of this city, we present the following extract from their Annual Cyclopedia for 1878, as printed in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1879. It was prepared for the Cyclopedia by W. D. O'CONNOR, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of the Service, and is, therefore, so nearly an official exposition of its equipment and working, that it is to be received as a full and reliable exhibit in these respects. A complete presentation of facts as to the organization, progress, *personnel* and achievements of the Service is of course essential to a comprehension of its value to the country and to the world.

Tested by any just judgment we believe there can be no difference of opinion concerning that matter. Our long entertained conviction is that in the nature of its aims, the results it has accomplished, and in its promises, the Service reflects the highest honor upon its projectors and administrators,—and through them upon the American people. Heretofore we have given much care from time to time, to the varied interests of the Service, having supplied ONE HUNDRED of its Stations with as many of our Loan Libraries, and we willingly afford large space in this number of the MAGAZINE, for the article which follows.

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The scheme of this service places the long chain of complete life-saving stations on the Atlantic beaches within an average distance of five miles of each other, the object being to maintain the intercommunication of patrol, and effect the speedy assembling of several

crews in case of the occurrence of a wreck requiring multiplied efforts. The complete life-saving stations are generally situated just behind the beach, among the low sand-hills common to such localities. They are typically two-story houses, mainly built of tongued and grooved pine, with gable roofs, covered with cypress or cedar shingles, and strong shutters to the windows, and are securely bolted to a foundation of cedar or locust posts, sunk in trenches four feet deep. Their architecture is of the pointed order, somewhat in the chalet style, with heavy projecting eaves and a small open observatory or lookout desk, on the peak of the roof, from which spires a flag-staff. The walls of the houses are painted drab, with darker color for the door and window trimmings, and the roofs dark red. Over the door is a tablet with the inscription "U. S. LIFE-SAVING STATION."



FIG. 1.—LIFE-SAVING STATION.

The appearance of the houses is tasty and picturesque. Their dimensions are from eighteen to twenty feet wide by forty feet long; the later houses are twenty by forty-five. Below, they contain two rooms. One of these is the boat-room, about ten feet high, occupying over two thirds of the ground-floor space, or measuring about sixteen by thirty feet, and opening by a broad double-leaf door into the weather. In this are stored the boats, life-car, wreck-gun, and most of the apparatus. The other room, about eight feet high, and

measuring about twelve by sixteen feet, is the general living-room of the crew. The second story contains three rooms, one for the storage of the lighter apparatus, one for the sleeping-room of the keeper, and one for that of the men; both of these furnished with cot-beds in sufficient number for the accommodation also of the occasional guests sent to the stations by shipwreck. At stations where there is communication with the Signal Service, there is an additional room in the upper story for the accommodation of the signal officer. The later and better built stations have interior walls of lath and plaster, and are furnished outside with cisterns for the collection of rain-water. The lack of fresh water on the beaches is one of the hardships of station-life.

The life-boat stations are usually twenty-four feet high from base to peak, forty-two feet long by twenty-two feet wide, exterior measurements, and contain a loft above, and a room below, twelve feet high, twenty feet wide, and forty feet long, for the accommodation of the life-boat and its gear. They are built of matched and grooved pine, with gable roofs shingled with cedar, and are painted like the other stations. They are placed on piles at the water's edge, or set on the inner side of the piers, and are furnished with an incline plat-

form, or trap in the floor, along which the life-boat is let down and launched into the water by a windlass. Over the door of each is a tablet inscribed "U. S. LIFE-BOAT STATION."

The houses of refuge are two-story structures, of a style common at the South, with broad gabled roofs, an ample veranda eight feet wide on three sides of the structure, and large chimneys in the rear, built outside of the wall. The houses are of pine, raised about six feet from the ground on light wood posts, and the roofs shingled with cypress. Instead of glass, the windows are fitted with wire-gauze mosquito netting. The houses are about thirty-seven feet long by fifteen feet wide, not including the veranda space. The upper story is a loft, the lower has three apartments. Each house has capacity for succoring twenty-five persons, with provisions to feed that number for ten days. A boat-house is provided for each station, furnished with a galvanized iron boat with sculls.

A complete life-saving station, fully equipped, costs about \$5,000: a life-boat station about \$4,500; and a house of refuge about \$3,000.

The stations are fully provided with all minor appurtenances apposite to their purpose, such as anchors, grapnels, axes, shovels, boat-hooks, and wreckers' materials and implements generally; and those which are inhabited are also furnished with stoves, cot-beds, mattresses, blankets, and the utensils requisite for rude housekeeping. The crews find their own provisions. The stations are also provided with all the most approved appliances for saving life from wrecks. First among these is the six-oared surf-boat, the light weight and draught of which make it the only boat yet found suitable for service for the flat beaches and shoaling water of the Atlantic and Gulf coast.



FIG. 2.—SURF-BOAT UPON ITS CARRIAGE.

Though not invariably of the same model, it is usually of cedar, with white oak frames, without keel, varying in dimensions, but generally from twenty-five to twenty-seven feet long, from five and one half to six feet wide, and from two feet three inches to two feet six inches in least depth. It has commonly air-cases at the ends and along the interior sides under the thwarts, which make it insubmergible, and is



fitted with cork fenders running along the outer sides to protect it against collision with hulls or wreckage. Its weight is from 700 to 1,000 pounds. It is guided by a long steering oar, the steersman standing in the stern. In the hands of the skilled surfmen of our coasts, it is capable of marvelous action, and few sights are more impressive than the passage out through the flashing breakers of the frail red boat, lightly swimming on the vast intumescence of the surge, held in suspension before the roaring and tumultuous comber, or darting forward as the wall of water breaks and crumbles, obedient to the oars of the impassive crew. Though sometimes thrown back and broken in desperate and unavailing efforts at a launch against a resistless sea, this boat, which might be upset easily, has rarely in the history of the service been capsized in passing through the surf, so great is the skill of her gallant oarsmen; and certain great surfmen, like Captain Hildreth, of Station 39, New Jersey, say that in it they will face any sea in which a life-boat can live.

On the Lakes and the Pacific coast, where steep shores or piers command deep water, and by mechanical contrivances heavy boats can be launched directly into it, the English life-boat is in general use.

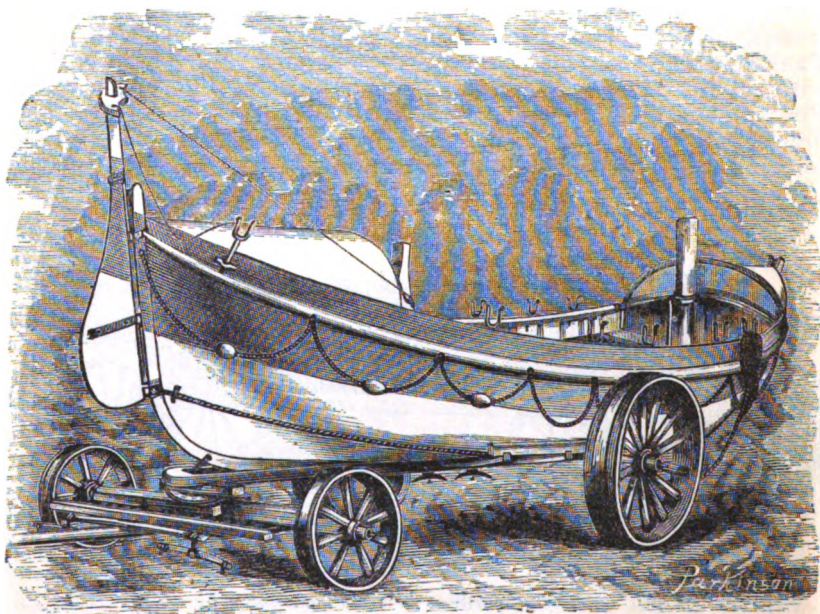


FIG. 3.—SELF-RIGHTING LIFE-BOAT UPON ITS CARRIAGE.

This wonderful contrivance, the result of a century of repeated effort, is of massive strength and stability. It is built of double diagonals of mahogany. The size generally in use in this country is about twenty-seven feet in length, a little over seven feet broad, three feet eight inches deep, carrying eight oars, double-banked, and weighing when

empty, 4,000 pounds. It is self-righting and self-bailing. In other words, when thrown over, which is difficult to be done, by a heavy sea, it instantly rights and empties. The first of these two extraordinary characteristics, to which a great number of advantages are sacrificed, is effected by a ponderous false keel of iron, which gives the lower part of the boat a constant determination toward the water, while an equal determination from the water is maintained for the upper portion of the boat by a distribution of air-cases at the sides and ends, scientifically proportioned. The self bailing result is effected by a deck adjusted with reference to the draught of the boat, so that, whatever be the load of the latter, the deck is above the load-line; and being fitted with tubes extending vertically down through the bottom of the boat, it follows that whatever water the boat takes on board falls through the tubes, in obedience to the law which compels fluids to seek their level, and leaves the deck free. The delivery tubes are furnished with self-acting valves, opening to the downward pressure of the water shipped by the boat, and shutting to the pressure of the jets from below. Cork ballast adds by its weight to the stability of the boat, and augments its buoyancy in case the boat be stove. Two masts, made detachable, are provided, fitted with two low lug-sails and a jib. The boat is well-nigh invulnerable, but its great weight and draught, and the resistance its high bows offer to the wind, often make its towage by steam-tug necessary to enable it to reach a wreck at a distance. Particular attention is given to the stowage of its ropes, lines, anchors, and other articles carried in life-boats, these being arranged by a strict method with reference to economy of space and facility of use, and always kept on board, ready for service, lest any of them should be forgotten in the excitement of a sudden summons for wreck duty.

Carriages of a peculiar construction are provided in England for the transportation and launching of these boats, together with skids and rollers for returning them to their carriages; but at present in this country they are let down by the trap or inclined platform directly into the water, the station being always at the water's edge. The surf-boats are provided with carriages, by which they are hauled from the

1. Anchor.
2. Cable.
3. Bow heaving-line or grapnel-rope and grapnel.
4. Drogue-rope.
5. Stern heaving-line.
6. } Veering-lines.
7. }
8. Jib outhaul or tack.
9. Mizzen-sheets.
10. Drogue.
11. Life-buoy.
12. Loaded cane, heaving-line, and tub.
13. Tailed block.
14. Pump-well hatch.
15. } Deck-ventilating hatch-
16. } es.
17. Foot-boards for rowers.
18. Side air-cases.
19. Relieving tubes & valves.
20. Samson's post.
21. Thwarts.
22. Central batten, to which the masts and boats-hooks are lashed.

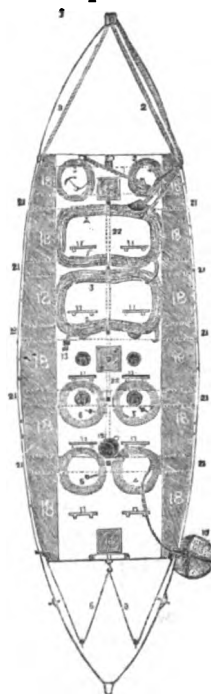


FIG. 4.—DECK-PLAN OF SELF-RIGHTING LIFE-BOAT SHOWING MANNER OF STOWING GEAR.

stations abreast of wrecks. They are four wheeled, with bed-pieces between each pair of wheels, on which the boat rests, and a long bar or reach connecting the front and back wheels, made separable, half-way, to enable the boat to be lowered to the ground by withdrawing a portion of the carriage. The American life-boat, invented by Captain J. M. Richardson, Superintendent of the First Life-saving District, five specimens of which are now in use, would seem to be better adapted for the service on our coast than the English, being considerably lighter and of less draught, and equally self-righting and self-bailing.

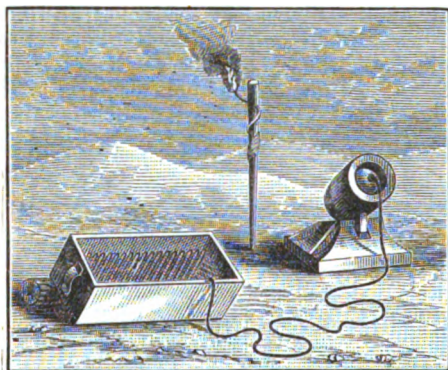


FIG. 5.—EPROUVETTE-MORTAR, FAKING-BOX, AND MATCH-STAVE.

When boat service at a wreck is impracticable, resort is had to life-saving ordnance. The gun first in use was an *épreuve* mortar, of cast iron, weighing 288 pounds, throwing a twenty-four pound spherical ball with a line attached thereto, its extreme range being 421 yards. This gave place to the Parrott gun, of cast iron, with a steel tube or lining, weighing, with its ash-wood carriage, 266 pounds, carrying a twenty-four pound elongated projectile, with a maximum range of 473

yards. The Lyle gun, which has superseded these, is of bronze, smooth bore, weighing 185 pounds, with a cylindrical line-carrying shot weighing seventeen pounds, and a range of 695 yards. The reduction in weight over the lightest previous ordnance is 110 pounds, and the increase in range over the old *épreuve* is 274 yards. Other advantages of the Lyle gun are its strength, owing to the tenacity and ductility of its material, its freedom from corrosion, and its exemption from the erosive action of gases, there being little windage, and from wear by the projectile, this being nearly the length of the bore. The projectile has a shank protruding four inches from the muzzle of the gun, to an eye in which the line is tied—a device which prevents

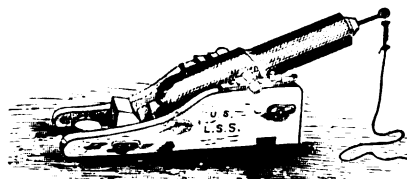


FIG. 6.—LYLE GUN.

the line from being burned off by the ignited gases in firing. The shot-line is made of unbleached linen thread, very closely and smoothly braided, is waterproofed, and has great elasticity, which tends to insure it against breaking. The lines in use are of varying thicknesses,

according to circumstances, ranging from one eighth to three eighths of an inch, and their length varies from 500 to 700 yards. The shot-line is carried in a faking-box—a wooden chest with handles for convenience in carrying. There are two or three sizes in use, the dimensions

of the largest being about three feet long by one and a half wide, and a foot deep. Connected with it is a frame, a little larger than the box, with a row of wooden pins set vertically into its four sides. A false bottom, which is a tablet of wood pierced with holes corresponding to the pins, is let down over them until it reaches their bases, and rests upon the frame. In disposing the shot-line, the faker begins at the corner, and coils it in successive diagonal loops or fakes over the pins, layer above layer, until the line is completely rove. The box is then let down over the pins, and fastened at each end to the frame. It is now ready for transportation to the scene of a wreck. When brought there, it is turned upside down, disclosing the false bottom, with the frame superimposed upon it. Two men, one at each end of the box, release the fastenings, and, each pressing his foot upon the false bottom to keep it down, the two lift off the frame, bringing away the pins with it. The false bottom is then lifted off the line, which remains in the box, disposed in the layers of diagonal loops or fakes made by the pins. The line is thus arranged to pay out freely, and fly to a wreck without entanglement or friction. The end is now tied into the eye of the shank of the shot in the gun; the box, which is always placed a few feet to the windward of the gun,

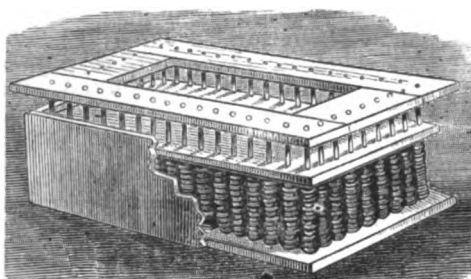


FIG. 7.—METHOD OF WITHDRAWING FRAME AND PINS FROM SHOT-LINE IN FAKING-BOX.

is canted up on one side at an angle of about forty-five degrees; and the line is ready for firing. The line is always brought ready faked to the scene of action and fired from the box. In case a second shot is necessary, the line is laid out in large loops upon a tarpaulin spread out upon the beach, which is called French faking. This is done to save time, twenty-five or thirty minutes being requisite to fake a line

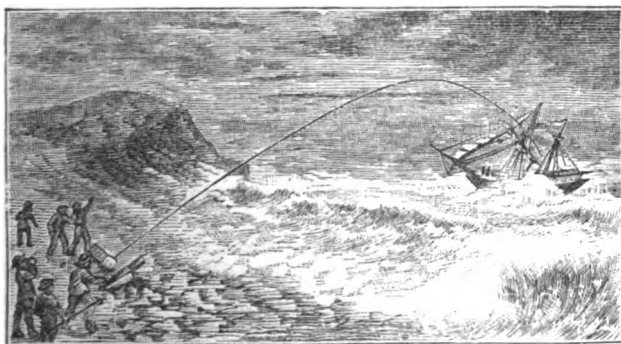


FIG. 8.—FIRING SHOT-LINE TO WRECK.

is canted up on one side at an angle of about forty-five degrees; and the line is ready for firing. The line is always brought ready faked to the scene of action and fired from the box. In case a second shot is necessary, the line is laid out in large loops upon a tarpaulin spread out upon the beach, which is called French faking. This is done to save time, twenty-five or thirty minutes being requisite to fake a line



properly in the box; but it is less desirable, as exposure to the flying sand or the rain or spray lessens the range by impeding the flight of the line. When the shot-line reaches the wreck, the shore end is connected with the whip or hauling line. This is an endless rope or ellipse, an inch and a half in circumference, and long enough to reach from the shore to the vessel. It is reeved through a pulley-block, having attached to it several feet of rope called a tail. The shot-line is tied around both parts of the whip, a few feet above the pulley-block, and the crew of the vessel at a signal haul the whip on board by means of the shot-line. With it goes a tablet called a tally-board, on which are printed, in French upon one side, and in English, upon the other, directions for properly setting up the whip-line on the vessel. When this is done, a signal is made to the shore, and a hawser of sufficient length and four inches in circumference, to which is attached another tally-board, bearing printed directions in English and French for its disposition, is tied to one part of the whip or hauling line, and is sent out to the vessel by the life-saving crew pulling upon the other part. Obeying the directions of

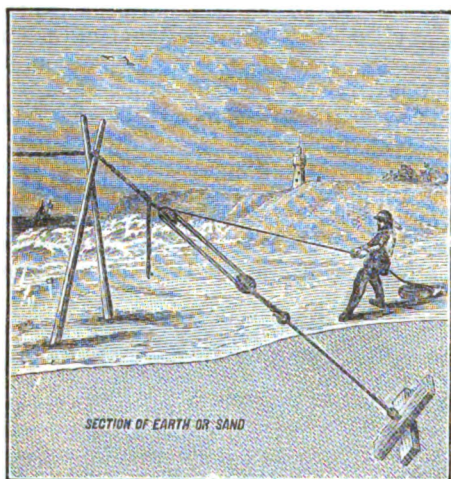


FIG. 9.—CROTCH, HAWSER, AND SAND-ANCHOR.

this tally-board, the men on the ship fasten the hawser to the mast about eighteen inches above the hauling-line. A crotch, made of two pieces of wood, three by two inches thick and ten feet long, crossed near the top, so as to form a sort of X, and bolted together, is erected, and the shore end of the hawser is drawn over the intersection. A sand-anchor, composed of two pieces of hard wood, six feet long, eight inches wide, and two inches thick, crossed at their centers, bolted together, and furnished at the center with a stout iron ring, is laid obliquely, in a trench dug behind the crotch. An iron hook, from which runs a strap of rope, having at its other end an iron ring called a bull's-eye, is now fastened into the ring of the sand-anchor. This strap connects by the bull's-eye with a double pulley-block at the end of the hawser behind the crotch, by which the hawser is drawn and kept taut. The trench is solidly filled in, and the imbedded sand-anchor, held by the lateral strain against the side of the trench, sustains the slender bridge of rope constituted by the hawser.

If there are a large number of persons to be saved, the life-car is used. This is a covered boat of galvanized sheet-iron, eleven feet four inches long, four feet eight inches wide, and three feet deep, weighing 225 pounds, which will hold six or seven persons. It is covered with

a hatch, and has a few perforations made in the top from the inside, which admit air, while their raised edges exclude water. It is suspended on the hawser by bails and rings, to which are also attached the hauling-lines, all these ropes being arranged to it before the hawser is fastened behind the crotch. It is evident that, by pulling on one part of the hauling-line, the life-saving crew can send out the suspended life-car to the vessel above the surface of the sea, and, when

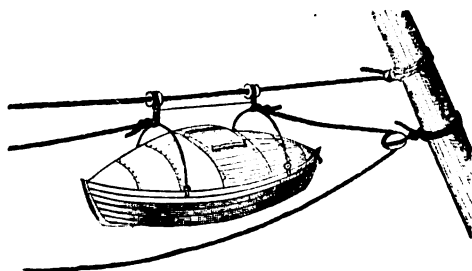


FIG. 10.—LIFE-CAR, WITH HAWSER AND HAULING-LINES.

it has received its load, draw it back to the shore by pulling on the other part. Its use has been uniformly successful, 201 persons having been saved by it from the immigrant ship *Ayrshire*, at its first trial, in a sea which made boat service impossible and which utterly destroyed the vessel. Another mode of using the life-car is the following: By means of the shot-line, a single hauling-line, something more than the length of the distance of the wreck from the shore, is drawn on board, the end of it being made fast to a ring at one extremity of the life-car. To a ring at the other extremity a similar hauling-line is attached, the end of which remains on shore. By the first hauling-line the car is dragged out through the water, as a boat, by those on board, and, having received its load, is dragged back again through the water by the line handled by the men on land. This method of working the life-car is resorted to under certain exigencies, but is less desirable than the other, because, although the people it contains are safe, the car is liable to be turned over and over in its passage through the breakers, much to their discomfort.

The large majority of the vessels now stranded upon our coasts being coasters (schooners and barks), with crews of from six to ten men, the breeches-buoy is more commonly used. This is a much lighter contrivance, and therefore easier to transport and handle, weighing only twenty-one pounds, and requiring for its use less heavy cordage, the difference in weight between the two with their appendages amounting to over 500 pounds. It consists of a common circular life-preserver of cork, seven and a half feet in circumference, to which short canvas breeches are attached. Four rope lanyards fastened to this circle of cork meet above in an iron ring, which is attached by a strap around a block, with composition sheaves, and is called a traveler. The hawser passes through this block, and the suspended breeches-buoy is drawn between ship and shore by hauling-lines, like the life-car. At each trip it receives but one person, who gets into it, sitting, holding to the lanyards, sustained by the canvas saddle, with his legs dangling below, and is pulled swiftly ashore. When there is imminent danger of the breaking up of the vessel, and great haste is required for the rescue, the hawser is sometimes dispensed with, one part of the hauling-line being used for the buoy to travel upon.

The apparatus having to be drawn by the men where horses are not accessible, a hand-cart is provided for this purpose, strongly built, with

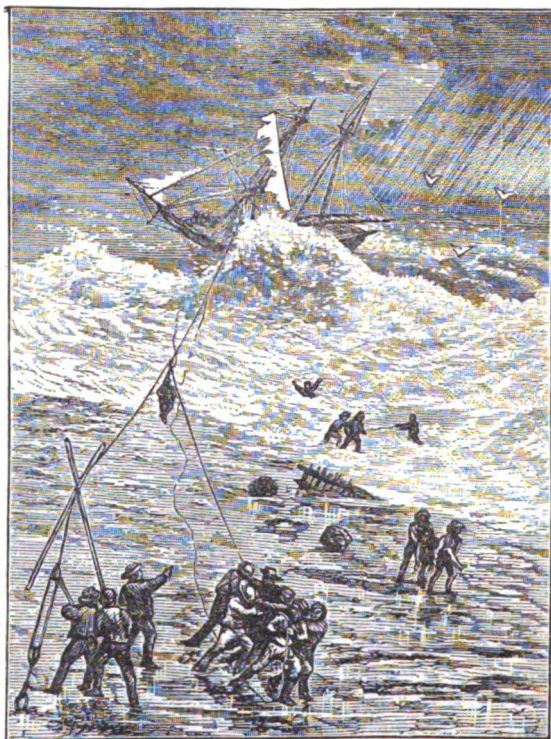


FIG. 11.—RESCUE BY BREECHES-BUOY.

large wheels having five-inch tires to keep them as much as possible from sinking into the sand. The surf-boat is dragged in the same way on its carriage.



FIG. 12.—USING THE BREECHES-BUOY WITH HAULING-LINE WITHOUT HAWSER AND TRAVELING BLOCK.

A medicine-chest is furnished for each station. It contains wine and brandy, mustard plasters, volatile salts, probangs, and a few other simple remedies and appliances for reviving exhausted persons or aiding to restore those apparently drowned, printed directions for the use of

which are pasted within the lid of each chest. A method of resuscitation is published in the regulations of the service, which is also practically taught to every member of the crews by the visiting surgeon. The method is that of Dr. Benjamin Howard, of New York, with certain modifications by Dr. John M. Woodworth, late Supervising Surgeon-General of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service. Its extreme simplicity of application and great general utility merit for it a particular description. It begins with the attempt to arouse the patient, who must not be removed, unless there is danger of his freezing, but his face exposed to the fresh air, the mouth and nostrils wiped dry, the clothing quickly ripped open so as to expose the chest and waist, and two or three quick, smarting slaps given upon the stomach and chest with the open hand. If the patient does not at once revive, a bit of wood or a cork is placed between his teeth to keep the mouth open, he is turned upon his face, a large bundle of tightly rolled clothing is placed beneath the stomach, and the operator presses heavily upon his back over the bundle for half a minute, or as long as fluid flows freely



FIG. 13.—THE FIRST STEP TAKEN, BY WHICH THE CHEST IS EMPTIED OF AIR, AND THE EJECTION OF FLUIDS IS ASSISTED.

from his mouth. (See Fig. 13.) The mouth and throat are then cleared of mucus by introducing into the throat the end of a handkerchief wrapped closely around the forefinger; the patient is turned upon his back, under which the roll of clothing is placed so as to raise the pit of the stomach above the level of any other part of the body. If an assistant is present, he holds the tip of the patient's tongue, with a piece of dry cloth, out of one corner of the mouth, which prevents the tongue from falling back and choking the entrance to the windpipe, and with his other hand grasps the patient's wrists and keeps the arms stretched back over the head, which increases the prominence of the ribs and tends to enlarge the chest. The operator then kneels astride the patient's hips and presses both hands below the pit of the stomach, with the balls of the thumb resting on each side of it and the fingers



between the short ribs, so as to get a good grasp of the waist. (See Fig. 14.) He then throws his weight forward on his hands, squeezing the waist between them with a strong pressure, counts slowly one, two, three, and, with a final push, lets go, which springs him back to his first kneeling position. This operation, which converts the chest of the patient into a bellows, is continued at a rate gradually increased from four to fifteen times in a minute, and with the regularity observable in the natural motions of breathing which are thus imitated. If natural breathing is not restored in three or four minutes, the patient is turned a second time upon the stomach in an opposite direction from that in which he was first turned, the object being to free the air-passages from any remaining water. The artificial respiration is then re-



FIG. 14.—THE POSITION AND ACTION OF THE OPERATOR IN PRODUCING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

sumed and continued if necessary from one to four hours, or until the patient breathes, and when life appears the first short gasps are carefully aided by the same method. From the first, if assistants are present, the limbs of the patient are rubbed, always in an upward direction toward the body and with firmness and energy, the bare hands being used, or dry flannels or handkerchiefs, and the friction kept up under blankets, or over dry clothing. The warmth of the body is also promoted, whenever possible, by the application of hot flannels to the stomach and armpits, and bottles or bladders of hot water, or heated bricks, to the limbs and the soles of the feet. As soon as breathing is established, the patient is stripped of all wet clothing, wrapped in blankets only, put to bed comfortably warm, but with a free circulation of fresh air, and left to perfect rest. For the first hour a little hot brandy-and-water, or other stimulant, is given, every ten or fifteen minutes, and as often afterward as may be expedient. After reaction is established, the patient is in great danger of congestion of the lungs, and unless perfect rest is maintained for at least forty-eight hours he may be seized with difficulty of breathing, and death ensue, if immediate relief is not afforded. In such cases a large mustard plaster is placed upon his chest, and, if he gasps for breath before the mustard takes effect, his breathing is assisted by the careful repetition of the artificial respira-

tion. In connection with this process the surfmen are instructed to consider the clinching of the jaws and semi-contraction of the fingers, which have been considered signs of death, to be on the contrary evidences of vitality, and to borrow from them hope and confidence for redoubled effort in the work of resuscitation. This is a discovery of Dr. Labordette, of the Hospital of Lisieux, in France. He found by numerous experiments that the jaws and hands relax, when death ensues, *rigor mortis* supervening later.

The Merriman life-saving suit is supplied to the stations, and often proves useful by enabling surfmen to effect rescues of individuals struggling in the breakers, and even to reach wrecks and assist benumbed crews to set up the life-lines. It consists of footed pantaloons of India-rubber, and above the waist of a double ply of the same material covering all but the face, and inflated severally in breast, back, and head, between the plies, by three rubber tubes. Being thus buoyant, and also impervious to air, its wearer can neither drown nor freeze. Since its original introduction at the stations, the exploits of Paul Boyton have given it celebrity.

Upon occasions of boat-service, the life-saving crews are required by regulation to wear the cork life-belts devised by Captain Ward, the Inspector of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution of Great Britain. These life-belts weigh severally only four and a half pounds; are



FIG. 15.—LIFE-SAVING DRESS.



FIG. 16.—CORK LIFE-BELT.

flexible, being composed of a series of small blocks of cork strung together; have crenellations under the arms, leaving those members unimpeded in action; and, by rendering the surfmen secure from drowning, double their efficiency to assist others in case of exigency.

The stations are opened for service on the seaboard from September 1st to May 1st, or for a shorter period wherever deemed prudent, and on the Lakes from the opening to the close of navigation. Strict watch and ward is maintained during this period,—at the life-boat stations by lookout, and at the complete life-saving stations, by patrol.

The period between sunset and dawn is divided into watches, each kept by two men of the crew of six at the several stations. In conformity with this routine, two men issue at sunset from each coast station. They carry beach lanterns and are provided with Coston signals, which are cylindrical cases of combustible materials, fitted into percussion holders. One man goes to the right, the other to the left, each continuing along the beach, keeping watch to seaward, until he meets a similar patrolman from the next station, when he returns to the starting-point, where he sets out again, keeping up his march until the term of his watch expires and that of the next patrol begins. Thus, every night, along the ocean beaches, in moonlight, starlight, thick darkness, driving tempest, wind, rain, snow, or hail, a file of sentinels is strung out, steadily marching, on the lookout for endangered vessels. The duty is arduous, often terrible. Storm tides flooding the beach, quicksands, the bewildering snowfall, overwhelming blasts, bitter cold, are often conditions to the journey. The result is that, should a vessel strand, which usually takes place on some shoal or bar at from one to four hundred yards' distance from the beach, instead of being left unnoticed for many hours, to be torn to pieces by the furious surf, she is sure to be soon discovered by the patrolman. Seeing her, he at once strikes the bottom of his percussion holder, driving its spike into the Coston cartridge, which ignites with a fierce deflagration, reddening the darkness, and notifying those on board the wreck that they are seen. The patrolman then races to his station and brings the crew. The keeper knows by the state of the surf whether the boat can be used, or whether to resort to the life-car, or breeches-buoy. The boat always puts out if possible, this being the speediest mode of succor. If the surf be impassable, the wreck-gun casts its lariat over the wreck, the hawser and hauling-lines are set up, and the imperiled seafarers are drawn ashore. By whatever mode the rescue is effected, it involves hours of racking labor, protracted exposure to the roughest weather, and a mental and bodily strain under the spur of exigency and the curb of discipline which greatly exhausts the life-saving crews. In the case of the boat-service, whether by surf-boat or life-boat, tremendous perils are added to new hardships. The result of these gallant toils in the rigors of the winter beach and the drench of the surf, since the date of original organization in 1871, has been extraordinary. During this period of eight years, statistics show that there have been, within the scope of life-saving operations, 6,287 persons imperiled on stranded vessels. Of these, 5,981 were saved, and only 306 lost—197 of these at wrecks remote from stations, or at times when they were closed, and the others, in nearly every instance, under circumstances which rendered human aid impossible. During this period the stations have also given succor to 1,382 persons. Their crews have, moreover, notably performed wreckers' duty, and saved large amounts of marine property. The virtue of organization is attested by these results, but large credit must always be given to the noble fidelity, capability, and dauntless courage of the stout groups of seven who man the lonely stations. Wherever native manliness is held in honor, these heroic Pleiads of the seaboard beaches, and the gangs of nine who drive the life-boats through overwhelming seas upon the Lakes and the Pacific, with hearts greater than danger, can never fail of their meed.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## VI.—CYPRUS.

The Chittim or Kittim of the Old Testament is the Cyprus of the New, as is distinctly affirmed by Josephus, who writes that Cethima (son of Javan and grandson of Japhet) possessed the island of Cethima which is now called CYPRUS. In the tenth chapter of Genesis we meet with the name of Kittim associated with that of Tarshish and others of the descendants of Noah through Japhet and Javan, among whom the isles of the Gentiles were divided. The first notice of the island as a port is found in Numbers, xxiv: 24, in which Balaam says, "and ships shall come from the coast of Chittim and shall afflict Asshur and shall afflict Eber, and he also shall perish forever!"

Twice in the prophecy of Isaiah, Chittim is mentioned in connection with Tyre and Sidon. Jeremiah alludes to it in the address to Jerusalem,—Ezekiel speaks of benches of ivory brought to Tyre out of the isles of Chittim, and Daniel re-echoing the prophecy of Balaam says, when describing the career of Antiochus Epiphanes, "For ships of Chittim shall come against him, and he shall be grieved and return." From these early notices of the island of Cyprus, then known as Chittim, it would seem as if, like Tarshish, the name had become almost generic, and was applied to all the islands lying in the eastern and central portions of the Mediterranean sea. Of these Cyprus was chief, and both from its position and its mineral and agricultural resources, became,

very early in the history of the world, a place of great commercial importance. Though lying one hundred miles west of the Phœnician coast, and fifty miles south of Asia Minor, its lofty mountains were always visible and ever must have been an important landmark for the sailor, whether homeward or outward bound. Whether the Phœnicians were the earliest colonists of this island or not, it is evident that they obtained a very early foothold here, and held its wealth at their command.

The island was peculiarly adapted to commercial purposes, affording as it did on all sides, sheltered and commodious harbors, or roadsteads, in which ships might lie safely. Its extreme length is one hundred and fifty by about fifty miles in width, and on its eastern extremity is a long tongue of land pointing like an index finger towards Antioch, the early home of the Christian Church. It is an island of great natural beauty and fertility. Aromatic herbs of all kinds, cotton and tobacco, wine, oil, silk and fruit of the finest quality are there produced. Dyewoods and drugs, and precious stones and minerals are also obtained there. With such attractions to men of commercial enterprise it is not strange that Cyprus was very early in the history of the world an object of interest for colonists, and a subject of strife among the nations of the earth. Even heathen mythology laid its claims upon this island as the birth-place of Venus, who was hence often

called Cypria, and to whose worship many temples were there dedicated. The Tyrians were doubtless the first to profit by the settlement and improvement of this island. Its woods and forests furnished abundant materials for ship-building, and its wines, oils and fruits, all rich and rare, were the very materials out of which to build up a vast and remunerative commerce. In all its best harbors cities arose which became the nuclei of small kingdoms into which the island was divided. Salamis was the natural outlet for all the wealth of agricultural products which distinguished the easternmost slope of the Cyprian mountains and of the plains lying between them and the sea. This city was largely settled by Greeks, and flourished until the time of Constantine, when it was destroyed by an earthquake. The modern town of Famagosta stands about two miles from its site and is largely built up out of its ruins.

Citium was perhaps the oldest Phœnician settlement, on the southeastern side of the island and may still be identified by the ruins which may be traced near the modern Larnica. This was doubtless the most important centre of commerce upon the island, and in the time of its greatest prosperity its harbor was crowded with vessels from Greece, and Egypt, and Phœnicia and all the great nations bordering on the Mediterranean. On the southwestern point of the island was Paphos, near which heathen mythology placed the scene of the appearance of Venus, when rising from the sea, and where was a temple dedicated to her honor, which afterward became distinguished from its association with some of the triumphs of the Gospel. Modern research has not only brought to light im-

mense treasures of Cyprian wealth and art, but has also decided many important questions as to the early settlements of the island. Coins of exceeding value, inscriptions, bas-reliefs, statues, jewelry, bronzes, pottery and glass have been brought to light and have largely aided in illustrating the early history of Cyprus.

The celebrated Di Cesnola collection, now in possession of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, was gathered by its original owner while acting as U. S. Consul at the island.

Mr. Seward in describing his visit to Gen. Di Cesnola says of the antiques which were then shown to him, "He has gone down through at least three centuries in tiers one above another, and has unearthed more than fourteen thousand articles from the tombs of successive generations which flourished through a period of probably two thousand years.

"The lowest stratum is a collection of articles as rude as the attempts of carving and sculpture of the North American Indians. These were either made or copied from the ancient Assyrians or Egyptians. Then comes the next stratum comprising the improved works of art of the Phœnicians. Next come the relics of the Persians, next after them in the ascending series are those of the Greeks, lastly those of the period of the Roman Emperors. In every layer of them we found manifold figures of Venus, the guardian goddess of the Cyprians, in every attitude and association."

These ancient works of art, now brought up from the graves of buried centuries, testify to the successive changes wrought by the new forms of civilization to which the island became subject.

Yet in all its history, for ages,

each change but added to the moral degradation of the people. Egyptians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, Greeks or Romans, only introduced some new phase of the old idolatry, and left the people still corrupt and sensual. The mythical story of Pygmalion only illustrates the condition of society. So displeased was he with the morals of the people that he resolved never to marry, and only changed his plan when Venus gave life to a beautiful marble statue of his own creation, who became his wife and the mother of a race of kings. In the political changes which took place after the death of Alexander, Ptolemy obtained possession of Cyprus, after a long and serious struggle attended with heavy losses both of ships and of men. In the year B. C. 57, the island became a Roman province through the agency of Cato and his nephew Brutus, who carried back to Rome 7,000 talents of silver obtained by the sale of the royal furniture, made up of vessels of gold and silver, and tables and jewels of great value.

At the introduction of Christianity to the world, after the ascension of its divine author, Cyprus early received the truths of the Gospel, and has frequent mention in the New Testament as the scene of important movements for the extension of the Church.

Among those named in Acts iv. who were eminent for their faith and devotion, was Barnabas, a Levite of the country of Cyprus, to whose Christian kindness and courtesy Paul was largely indebted, and with whom he was intimately associated in the work and trials of the ministry.

And among those who were scattered abroad on account of the persecution of Stephen, some traveled as far as Phenice and Cyprus:

others were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, who traveled towards Antioch preaching the Lord Jesus. So that great numbers believed and turned unto the Lord. And to these new converts Barnabas the Cyprian was sent, that he might farther instruct and comfort them. Thus early in the history of the Christian Church we find Cyprus not only receiving the Gospel, but sending forth men who bore aloft the banner of the Cross, and aided in the conversion of many to God. At the first great missionary convention held at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas were set apart to the special work of preaching the Gospel in foreign lands, and the port for which they first sailed when leaving Seleucia, was Salamis, in Cyprus, the birth place of Barnabas. They must have seen the hazy outline of the mountains of that lovely isle even when their ship first trimmed her sails for her voyage, and as she neared the home of his youth, the heart of Barnabas may have leaped with joy as he saw the familiar scenes of his childhood come into sight, and looked upwards to the mountains which almost threw their shadows over his native city. Then they landed, and commenced their work by entering the Jewish Synagogues and speaking to their brethren of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Leaving this place they passed on through the island to Paphos, one hundred miles westward. To reach this point they must have passed through many villages and cities which were populous and thriving, and through several important sea-ports, whose harbors were filled with ships from every part of the Roman world. At Paphos perhaps was still seen the temple of Venus standing in a grove of great beauty, and in the market places might be found shrines and images, which

still indicated the idolatry of the place and times. There was a Roman deputy, a man of noble character, courteous, candid and intelligent, who was soon attracted by the preaching of the apostle and his associates, Barnabas and John, and who expressed a desire to hear them in his own house.

Among the members of his household was a Jew named Bar-Jesus, or Elymas, who, having proved recreant to his own faith by pretending to be a sorcerer or diviner, and who had by his false and wicked devices obtained a large influence over the mind of the Roman proconsul, sought to hinder the truth from entering his mind. Under a divine impulse the Apostle, whose name henceforth assumes the Roman form of Paul, denounced against him the judgment of heaven, and doomed to a temporary blindness, the man who had sought to keep out the light of the Gospel from the mind of the Roman noble.

At once darkness fell upon him and he went forth blind and helpless, seeking for some one to lead him by the hand. A miracle so marked and indisputable at once convinced the Governor, and he embraced and believed the Gospel. The conversion of a man so distinguished could not but have left its impression upon the island, and largely opened the way for the establishment and growth of the christian church.

After the separation of Paul and Barnabas, the latter minister, with John Mark, revisited Cyprus. The great Apostle when on his way from Ephesus to Tyre and Jerusalem again saw it, though he did not visit it. On that same memorable journey honorable mention is made of one Mnason of Cyprus, who was introduced to him at Cesarea and whose guest he became when he had reached Jerusalem.

Once more the Apostle caught sight of Cyprus on his way to Rome in the ship bound from Cesarea to Myra, and, as he swept by on its northern side, he must have recalled his early experiences there, and breathed a prayer that the seed he had sown might spring up in a plentiful harvest. There is no doubt as to the early and rapid spread of Christianity in that island. Churches were established in all its important cities, by the beginning of the second century, and the Greek form of Christianity is still the dominant religion over the island. Dr. Thompson of Beirut, in a visit to the island mentioned by Bonar and McCheyne in the history of their mission to the Jews, found in sixty villages the remains of ancient churches now ruined and desolate.

Cyprus has had a varying fortune since the decline of the Roman power. After the division of the empire it fell to the share of the eastern monarchs, then was conquered by the Arabs, under whose cruel oppression its cities were pillaged and their inhabitants massacred. Then Richard Cœur de Leon of England, landed with his troops when on his way to the Holy Land, and having dethroned Isaac, because of his inhospitable treatment of his *fiancee*, married Berengaria who had with three of her ships been driven into the coast of Cyprus by a severe storm that had divided their fleet. The island was afterward sold to the Knights Templars, and then to Guy de Lusignan whose descendants possessed it for three centuries, when it fell into the hands of the Venetians in 1489. After them came the Turks, under whose rule it continued, with a brief interval, until it came into the hands of the British government under the skilful diplomacy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Like all the lands which have fallen under the rule of the Turk, Cyprus has gradually declined in all her important interests. During the time of her greatest prosperity, under the influence of an active commerce, and with a population of nearly two millions, she sent out colonies, and could raise an army of 30,000 for her defense, and send forth fleets that were invincible, to meet the assaults of her enemies. Under the Byzantine empires her sad decline commenced, until now her population is estimated at only 180,000. Under a new, wiser, and more liberal policy, with all its agricultural and mineral resources, Cyprus may return to her ancient greatness, and her ports again become the scene of an active and remunerative commerce, while the truths uttered there ages ago by Paul and his associates may again become the sources of spiritual life and power to the people of the island.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Trust.

One day I stood watching the quivering sail  
Of our frail little bark in the howling gale.  
Afar from the shore, with its "sheltered lea;"  
Alone! in the midst of an angry sea;  
Anxious, I clung to the mast.  
I thought of my home, with its welcome cheer,  
Of my faithful wife, and children dear.  
No need to brush the tears away,  
They were dashed aside by the blinding spray  
As I turned to the stormy blast.  
In a moment a bird fluttered over my head;  
Weary, frightened, and well-nigh dead,  
Storm-driven, it wandered afar from the land,  
Bewildered, it flew in my half closed hand,—  
And was safe from the pitiless storm.  
Gently I bore it to cabin below,  
And opened my hand, but it would not go:—  
So I let it rest on my open palm,  
Where it dried its feathers, without alarm,  
And sang, when rested, and warm.

That little bird,—but a grain of dust,—  
Has taught me a lesson of simple trust.

When the storms of life beset my way,  
And my weary feet have gone astray  
From the path to the "better land,"—  
When tossed about on a sea of care,—  
My Savior stands waiting to help me there!  
When earth affords no "sheltered lea,"  
Like the bird,—to my Savior I shall flee,  
For a refuge in Jesus' hand!

H. S.

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### There Is No Death.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright, in heaven's jeweled crown,  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers,  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rain-bow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,  
And feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
And flowers may fade and pass away;  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,  
And bears our best loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers:  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,  
Sings now an everlasting song,  
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them the same,  
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life,—there are no dead.



## Items.

*Off for The North Pole.*

The U. S. Government Cutter *Jeanette* was to leave San Francisco, about the 15th June, for a three years' cruise in search of the North Pole. The *Jeanette*, it will be remembered, was purchased in England by JAMES GORDON BENNETT, and placed at the disposal of the United States Government for the purpose above alluded to. She was to leave San Francisco under charge of Lieutenant De Long, of the regular navy, with a crew of twenty-five men, accompanied by eight or ten scientists, the latter from various parts of Europe, who go partly at their own, and partly at the Government's expense.

The expedition will proceed by way of Behring's Straits, and carry supplies for an eighteen months' cruise, during which time it is expected to keep up irregular communication with the Department, and recount its discoveries. In the latter part of August, 1880, the Government purposes fitting up a special expedition to follow the *Jeannette*, with supplies for the remaining eighteen months of the expedition, and to render such assistance to the explorers as may then be necessary. The bureau of naval engineers at Washington repose great confidence in Lieutenant De Long's ability to accomplish the object aimed at by fitting out the expedition. He has made several discoveries in the same direction within the past five years, the last in 1876, when he placed the U. S. Government in possession of useful and important topographical information as to those northern latitudes. The Lieutenant is not restricted by the Government in the management of the expedition, beyond returning reports of the progress from all available points. The whole expense of the expedition to the Government is limited to \$18,000.

*Inter-Oceanic Communication.*

The *American Ship*, a new exchange, published in this city, says:—"The proceedings of the Paris conference to consider the possibility of a canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific at the Isthmus of Darien have thus far been of deep interest, and, we may reasonably believe, of practical advantage. Attention has been concentrated upon the respective merits of the several routes proposed;

the difficulties of each have been considered and estimates of their relative cost have been approximately reached.

"As the discussions have progressed, one and another of the half-dozen routes successively proposed and advocated have been dropped, until but two remain which are receiving consideration, and the latest advices indicate that, as at present estimated, neither of these can command the endorsement of Congress. Modifications of the Napipi-Atrato and Nicaragua routes are being prepared, but the opinion seems to be gaining strength that no practical result will be reached by the Congress. The stubborn facts which seem to compel this conclusion are pointed out by Professor Lawrence Smith, of Kentucky, one of the delegates, who says, *First*, that 'new and difficult problems in civil engineering have arisen, of which no satisfactory solution can be given. *Second*, that the question of navigation through such tunnels and locks as must be constructed on one or the other of the plans has never before arisen, especially as regards the tunnels. *Third*, the meteorological conditions of the regions through which the canal must pass are involved in doubt and contradiction,—so much so, indeed, that some of the leading engineers say that a canal at the Isthmus, with tunnels, would be interfered with so greatly by the tremendous rains and torrents as at times to completely obstruct navigation.' But although this Congress may fail to reach any practical conclusion, a vast deal of enlightenment to the public mind in regard to the true route for this grand enterprise will have been secured, and a greater stride towards its ultimate realization than has been made in all the four hundred years since the conception of such an enterprise dawned upon the world. The constantly developing resources of America, its rapidly increasing trade, and the necessities thereby created, together with the equally remarkable progress of scientific inventions, may, sooner than we apprehend, open the way for the inception and completion of the Isthmus Canal."

*The Proposed Mediterranean Sea.*

The sea proposed by Gen. Fremont, to penetrate the Southern Desert of California, says an exchange, is no wild scheme. Some centuries ago, it is plain to be seen, what is called the Colorado Desert was an inland sea 200 by 50 miles, and 300 feet deep, being an arm of the Gulf of

California. The sands that silted it up are barren as any ocean beach, and its influence makes a vast area of country beyond almost rainless. This extends far into Arizona, of which State the popular General is Governor. It is in the interest of that State that he presents his plan to the federal government. California would gain much by having such a navigable sea opening its back country to commerce, as well as healthful amelioration of its southern climate, and by increasing rainfall its productive agriculture would be enlarged. To Arizona it would open a port of shipment, doubling the value of its ores and metals, and cheapening its supplies. This is the same desert that Dr. Wozencraft has for some years been asking Congress to grant him, on condition that he will bring water to irrigate it, and fit it for agriculture. From a California point of view Wozencraft's plan is more utilitarian, and perhaps less costly and less tardy in realization.

#### *Sailors' Boarding-Houses.*

In Part 1 of the Court of General Sessions, (New York City) one day in May, before Judge Cowing, appeared some twenty-five sailors' boarding-house keepers, jointly represented by Mr. William F. Kintzing. A general plea of guilty, in answer to the charge of non-payment of license, was entered. Judge Cowing, in accepting the plea, said that he regarded the act of 1857 as a wise one for the benefit of the sea-faring class, but that he fully understood the wide difference existing between the so-called sailors' boarding-houses, and would very willingly suspend sentence in all cases of this class upon first complaint and plea of guilty, in order that the defendants might go before the Commissioners, leaving to them the decision of which were worthy to have license and which should be refused and forced to suspend business. All these had been the holders of licenses and were temporarily without by reason of neglect. Upon appearing before the Commissioners, in the afternoon, prompt renewal of their licenses was accorded.—*American Ship.*

#### *Saved from Shipwreck by Oil.*

The pouring of oil on troubled waters is generally regarded by sea captains more as a fine sentiment, than as a practical hint to be observed in times of danger;

but as far back as 1770, a Dutch East Indian trader claimed to have been saved from shipwreck on a treacherous reef, by pouring on the sea a jar of olive oil. Later, another instance is recorded, in which a vessel having been wrecked in a hurricane, a cask of lamp oil, which was kept in a small boat, became broken, and so quieted the sea in the immediate vicinity, that most of the crew succeeded in getting to an island near by.

"Captain Jarman, of the four-masted ship *Romsdal*, stated to a *Tribune* reporter recently, that although he had long known of the wonderful effects of oil poured upon a rough sea, yet he never had put his knowledge into practice until his last voyage. The subject having been recalled to his mind lately by an article in one of the seamen's tracts, (see *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, Oct., 1878, p. 297), he decided to test the recipe. He caused two canvas sacks, shaped like a bottle, to be made, each having a capacity of about three gallons of oil. These he filled with common lamp oil. Soon after, in the middle of the Atlantic, he encountered a violent hurricane with terrific seas, which lasted about twenty hours. The waves broke over the stern and threatened to swamp the vessel. Remembering his oil, he punctured the canvas bags, and caused one to be towed over each quarter. The effect, he said, was magical. The waves, although remaining at the same height, no longer broke over the stern; but for several yards around, where the oil had spread upon the water, there was apparently a calm. The ship was thus relieved from the tremendous shocks of heavy seas breaking over her, and the danger was considerably lessened. Captain Jarman thinks that the use of oil in the case of a ship hove-to in a storm, would be a very good thing. He says that although this was the first time he had ever tried the experiment, it was not novel by any means. He had known cases in which crews had escaped from vessels when it would have been impossible to lower a boat without its being swamped, except that oil was thrown over the ship's side, and the sea thus sufficiently calmed to allow the boats to be lowered without danger. He has also seen whaling vessels lying quietly while near by them other vessels were violently tossed about. The whaling vessels were so thoroughly saturated with oil, that the water remained calm all about them. He says that the method is so simple, and so inexpensive, that he intends to have oil bags always ready for use hereafter."—*Tribune.*

## The Sailor's Text.

### SAFE ANCHORAGE.

*"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.—Ps. lv. 22.*

When the tempest is threatening, the sailor never thinks of casting anchor on a bold headland, exposed to the sweep of the storm. He runs his vessel into some sheltered bay, where the waves have rocked themselves to rest.

Tempest-tossed Voyager on the Ocean of Life, here is a quiet shelter for thee! The world's refuges are refuges of lies. But "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Whatever thy troubles may be (and each has his own)—the burden of sin, the burden of sorrow, heart burdens, family burdens, trials with which a stranger dare not intermeddle—cast them ALL on Him, "for He careth for you all!"

"Give to the winds thy fears;  
Hope, and be undismay'd.  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,—  
God shall lift up thy head!"

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Then wait His time, so shall thy night  
Soon end in joyous day."

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Sweden.

##### GOTTENBERG.

Latest advices received from Rev. S. SWENSON state that during last Winter, God blessed his labor among sailors. Walking from vessel to vessel over the frozen sea, he was easily able to reach them, and do them good. He sustained regular services twice on the Lord's Day, and twice during the week. Several men were converted, and not seldom others asked for the prayers of Christians.

he found opportunity of ministry to a sick seaman, whom he there pointed to the Lamb of God. He became interested, was awakened to a sense of his sin,—then found peace and salvation through Christ.

Finding a widow on board, also, who, with her three children, was bound for Sweden, and had but a small sum of money in her possession,—he interested cabin passengers in her welfare, raising needed funds to send them on.

#### Norway.

##### CHRISTIANIA.

Mr. HANS H. JOHNSON, who went out from this city, has reached his post of labor in our service. He writes that on the second day out from New York,

#### Germany.

##### HAMBURG.

Twenty one hundred and ninety visits were paid to British and American vessels, in 1878, by the missionary of the Sailors' Institute; parcels of books were taken on board vessels leaving the ports

for long voyages, from the Institute, and in several cases, at the request of sea-captains, their vessels were supplied with Bibles and Hymn Books, to enable them to conduct worship on board during the voyage. Other distribution of reading matter was largely made. Sixty-six hundred and seventy-two visits were paid to the Reading Room by seamen. Divine service was regularly held every Lord's Day and evening. The meetings held during the year numbered 300, at which 5,230 seamen were in attendance.

## Belgium.

### ANTWERP.

By advices received just as we are going to press, we learn that Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, our newly appointed chaplain, is meeting with marked favor, and is having hoped for success in important negotiations relating to the Bethel. We await his next letters with very great interest.

## Italy.

### GENOA.

We have received copious extracts from the recent journals of Signor DELFINO, and Mr. JONES. The former has great cheer in his continued work of distributing the Bible and other religious reading, among Italian emigrants, on outgoing vessels,—and among the crews on some of them. His records illustrate with emphasis the power of the Sacred Word to attract and fasten upon itself the attentive interest of the human heart, among all classes of men, especially when it comes to them as a fresh book. We cite, as follows, from Mr. Jones' diary.

#### *At Work on American Vessels.*

*January 4th.*—Visited a newly-arrived American barque and had a kindly welcome from the Captain. The crew were all Scandinavians, but a well-conducted set of men, who spoke highly of the kindness shown them by Christian ladies and the Missionary in New York.

*Sunday, January 19th.*—Had a large morning meeting on board the *B—H—*, employed three boats in bringing my congregation, which numbered between seventy and eighty. At half past one had service on board the *U. S. S. G—*, when the attendance, being optional, as is usually the case in the *U. S. Navy*, was not large, still the meeting was a happy one. Several captains of American merchant vessels and a number of the ship's officers were present. In the evening had a most encouraging meeting, with upwards of fifty on board the Bethel, when Mr. MILLER preached to us from Exodus, xiv: 15.

#### *A New Convert—Seeking Christ.*

*February 17th.*—Visited the seeking one mentioned yesterday, accompanied by a Christian friend. We found him happy in a Savior's love and rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. His face beamed with joy as he told us that when praying for pardon, after I left last night, he saw the meaning of the passage in the liii of Isaiah, 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' I next visited another young man whose duty,—that of cook,—being finished for the night, we went together into my boat to be free from interruption. I soon found that he had long considered himself a very good sort of a man, but that his goodness had all fled before the Word of God, and he was now deeply anxious to be saved. We remained a long time conversing, and although it was too dark to see each other's faces, I have every reason to believe that the word was blessed to his soul. At parting he said we might never more meet on earth, as he was to sail early to-morrow, but he trusted through the merits of Jesus Christ, to meet me in Heaven.

#### *Sunday Labor.*

*Sunday, March 2nd.*—A fine morning. Went out early to collect my congregation. The captain of a large ship recently arrived, had given orders that no one was to leave the ship. I went to his cabin and explained that I would be responsible that no one whom I took to the Bethel should go on shore, 'in which case,' he said, 'you can take them all;' and accordingly quite a number of officers and men came with me, and we had a very good meeting. In the evening the meeting was still larger, and several of the men asked me to come for them when I had week night meetings.

*Sunday, March 9th.*—Had a very large meeting this morning. The Cap-

tain of the *G*—— lowered his boat and brought the sailors from his own ship and from those near. In the evening held service in the saloon of the Anchor Liner *C*——, when the Rev. Mr. Kay, of Palermo, gave us an excellent address. Rev. Mr. MILLER took part in the service, and he had in the morning preached on board the U. S. S. *G*—— so that the Word has been much proclaimed in our port to-day, and while we work may we patiently wait, believing that God will bless it in His own time and way.

#### *Making Ready for the Sabbath.*

*March 29th.*—I have, as usual on Saturdays, visited every British and American ship in port, including the American ships of war, giving invitations to to-morrow's services. Received a kind reception from the Chaplain of the U. S. Frigate *T*——, as also from the other officers.

*April 12th.*—Visited the U. S. S. *D*——, and had ready permission given to hold divine service on board, to-morrow. Went among the crew to tell them of it, and was welcomed among them. Two young lads took me below and got out their hymn-books to fix the hymns for to-morrow. Visited two new arrivals. On board one an old man said, 'You are Mr. Jones, whom I heard preaching two years ago. I have been longing to see you again, for I have never forgotten your words.'

#### *Distributing the Word.*

*April 26th.*—Took my tract and Bible bag on board the U. S. S. *G*——, when the men flocked around me for tracts. The heading of each suggested some word of exhortation or of counsel which was listened to respectfully by all. I next visited the U. S. S. *D*—— with a like result. The men were eager to tell me how much they had liked Mr. Miller's sermon. One man bought a Bible, and my bag would have been emptied if the men had had money. The executive officer sent for me to ask if I would hold divine service on board to-morrow, which I gladly promised to do."

#### NAPLES.

The Missionary, Mr. STEPHEN BURREWES, reporting, summarily, from Jan. 1st, to April 1st, 1879, says:—

#### *A Farewell to the Old Year.*

"On the last night of the old year a large number of sailors assembled in the

Bethel, and enjoyed themselves by singing and reading from 8 until 11 o'clock, when a religious service was held, in which the Captain of the brigantine *Zircon* and a clergyman of Naples took part. This service was a happy one and answered the double purpose of ushering in the new year in a Christian manner, and of checking the practice of deep drinking, so prevalent among our countrymen at that season. On the 7th of Jan., a remarkable meeting was held on board the *Z.*, where a room is fitted up for the purpose. The presence of God was felt. Several were noticed broken down, even to weeping. One Romanist seemed much impressed, and upon the return of the steamer, eight weeks afterwards, this man showed much sympathy, and again attended the preaching of the Gospel with marked attention. An Italian gentleman who was present, was so impressed, that he wrote to a friend in London, giving a favorable notice of the meeting, and the Gospel, which he seemed to appreciate.

#### *Labor with Newfoundland Fishermen.*

"The fleet of sailing vessels with fish from Newfoundland, remained during January and February. The crews of these vessels were remarkably steady, and attended diligently to the means of grace. The captains showed much sympathy. We had great pleasure in visiting these vessels, and found the sailors superior among their class; probably they were steady before coming to this harbor, but we are decidedly of the opinion that the word of God had free course among them and was glorified. Swearing, drunkenness and immorality were scarcely observable. The whole crew of one vessel became total abstinents,—this, and other causes hereafter to be mentioned prompted the formation of a temperance society in connection with the mission. Two sailors on the 2nd of this month voluntarily gave their names as the first members. Drink had been a curse to them.

#### *His Weekly Lecture—Temperance Society.*

"On Thursday, or some other week evening, we give a lecture on the Bible, illustrated by diagrams. This service is about the most successful of any connected with the mission. Each time the lecture is given, impressions are made, and we are frequently asked to re-deliver it to the same audience on a future night. The idea of the lecture is to show how the Bible was made, and is preserved,

and its blessing to the world. There are many sceptical men on board ships, but they are not dogmatic in their opinions, and being simple-minded, they readily receive any argument that has the appearance of truth.

"The reading-room in our floating Bethel is partitioned from the Chapel part, and it is frequented on week nights by the sailors from the vessels in harbor for the purpose of writing letters, reading papers and books, and playing simple games. Gambling is prohibited. Many of those who attend the reading-room express sincere gratitude for such a place where they can enjoy a happy night and feel free of the debasing influence of intoxicating drinks, and the unchaste society of low women. The reading-room has indeed proved a success.

#### *Sailors Seeking Tracts and Bibles.*

"Italian sailors in English vessels often ask for tracts in their own language. One evening last month, after a service in the fore-castle of a steamer, an Austrian sailor of Trieste, who was present, asked a Swedish sailor to tell him more of the subject; the Swede went over the story of the dying thief and thus became a missionary to his shipmates. Another Swede, cook in a sailing vessel here at present, has been stirred up. For eight years he had not seen a copy of the Scriptures in his own language. He asked for a Bible and requested to pay double for it. Though his time is fully occupied, yet in a few days he read the New Testament half through.

#### *Labor for American Seamen.*

"Services have been held on Sunday mornings on board of American men-of-war, who come to this harbor frequently. The officers were very kind and gave every encouragement in visiting the vessels. This is satisfactory, as only the flag-ships in the American Navy carry a chaplain. We regret to state that the executive officer of one ship refused us the privilege of carrying the message of the Gospel to the crew under the plea that the vessel was under repairs. The American ships coming to Pozzuoli, eight miles from Naples, are visited. We had a happy time in one of these vessels, lately, (the *Investigator*). Some of the men were at first averse to attending the service held on board, but ultimately all except one came.

#### *Difficulties, on Sunday Mornings.*

"In the harbor of Naples we have

much difficulty in our work, especially on Sunday mornings. At an early hour strong drink is introduced by the "sharks" from the shore. This practice, has, on several occasions, caused much confusion on board. When we begin our morning visits on Sundays, about 8 o'clock, the vessels are crowded with the natives selling coral and other ornaments, pictures, venders of disgraceful photographs, and hot coffee spiced with brandy and rum. It requires a bold heart to penetrate this Vanity Fair. The sailors never oppose our visits, though they are, as may be expected, often careless; and it is from such scenes that we draw our audiences on Sunday mornings. We generally get an attendance of about thirty in the morning,—from twenty to a hundred in the evening. Ladies and other friends from the shore give efficient help in singing, and this service is appreciated by our sailor friends.

#### *Three Months' Efforts.*

"During the three months 716 visits were paid to ships, 1,140 tracts given away, beside papers, 43 meetings were held in the Bethel and on board ships. 21 Bibles and Testaments in various languages were sold, and many Italian Gospel portions given away.

#### *At the Hospital.*

"The sailors in the International Hospital are regularly visited, and there have been tokens of blessing among them. One young man who was careless the first week, seemed much changed. He began to pray, and for several weeks he kept a Bible on a shelf near his bed which he loved to read, and made more use of than other reading."

### Valparaiso, S. A.

At the annual meeting of the Valparaiso Bible Society, March 30th, Rev. DAVID TRUMBULL, D. D., in the chair, the chairman reported that "the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY of New York, has given us for last year, the grant of \$200, in aid of our colporteur, in consideration of our work among sailors."

### Japan.

#### YOKOHAMA.

In December, 1878, January and February, 1879, Mr. W. T. AUSTEN went, day by day, "from ship to ship, telling

the story of the Cross. Sailors, like most other men," he writes, "have a right side to be got at. Dropping in among them of an evening, after their day's work is finished, I never fail to receive a hearty welcome from the different crews seated in the fore-castle. They tell me of those terrible struggles, temptations and trials, so unknown to most landmen, that beset and meet the sailor, both on shore and at sea. I continually urge upon them the great and solemn duty of giving themselves up to God, and of not being ashamed to confess His name; and I supply each sailor with good and useful reading. This work, I rejoice to say, has not been without fruit;—*four men* have, I trust, received a change of heart, and are standing out nobly for Christ. Our temperance work has been very successful during the winter months, the meetings have been well attended, and a large number of men induced to sign the pledge. This often proves to be the first step to religion. During the past quarter, I have held 81 Gospel meetings on shore and afloat, made 89 visits to the ships in harbors, and 46 to the hospitals, besides visiting the reading room, twice daily. Eleven seamen have visited me at my house, two of whom were hopefully converted."

### British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

*Compass and Chart* (London, Eng.) for June, reports the Annual Meetings, held at Assembly Hall, Cannon Street Hotel, May 11-13th. THOMAS BRASSEY, M. P., was in the chair. Addresses were made by Bishop CLAUGHTON, a Vice-President of the Society, J. Herbert Tritton, Thomas Scrutton and James E. Matheson, Esqs., and Major General Haig. The last speaker, who was just from India, described the Christian work which has been done with and for sailors in Calcutta, within the past few years. He spoke of its origin, from the revival, in 1872, among the Anglo-Indians,

through the preaching of Rev. William Taylor; dwelling upon the labors of two heroic women,—Mrs. May, and the wife of a Baptist minister. These ladies went into the grog-shops and brought out the sailors. But having no place of refuge, a coffee-room was opened. Soon the sailors' street, the worst in Calcutta, was changed. Magistrates and policemen testified of less violence, crime, and dissipation. Some of the rum-hells were deserted, while their own teas were crowded, and at almost every meeting souls were saved. These were the happiest hours of his life. Sailors are ready to receive the Gospel; and work among them is so encouraging that it will soon unfit one to do other work. He spoke of crossing the *Maidan* after the votaries of fashion had left, and you would see a praying ring of sailors, with scouts out, laying hold of passers-by and bringing them into the ring. So in Madras and Bombay the work is going on among the sailors. He showed the *grace of God* not only in saving these men, but *keeping* them though they went to sea immediately after their conversion. After this address, by General Haig, an old Welsh missionary of over eighty years of age (Mr. Evans), spoke of the former days, when he heard the Claytons, and saw the tears roll down the face of Rowland Hill, as he preached to the sailors in the old ship, and his labors with Capt. Plyn. Standing at the door of time, he prayed for God's spirit to fall upon his brethren, and he was ready to say, "Lord now lettest thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy Salvation."

Other missionaries of the Society also made addresses, and the meetings appear to have been full of fire and force.

### Obituary.

Commodore F. A. PARKER, Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., died June 10th. He had been ill since last April, and his death was not unexpected. Commodore Parker was a native of the State of New York, and was about fifty-six years of age. He commenced service in the Navy in 1839. He was an excellent officer and highly respected for his private virtues.

### The Sailors' Home.

The very thorough and extensive repairs and improvements at the **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry St., are rapidly progressing; and it is anticipated that the building will be ready for use, again, early in the coming season.

### Position of the Principal Planets for the Month of July, 1879.

**MERCURY** is an evening star during the whole month; is favorably situated for observation; sets on the 1st at 8h. 34m., and north of west  $31^{\circ} 12'$ ; on the 12th at 8h. 46m., and north  $24^{\circ} 1'$ ; and on the 31st at 8h. 14m., and north  $10^{\circ} 15'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st, at 9h. 39m., being  $2^{\circ} 45'$  north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 23rd; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 27th, at 5 o'clock, being then  $27^{\circ} 10'$  east of the Sun.

**VENUS** is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 10h. 3m., and north of west  $19^{\circ} 28'$ ; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 16th, at 1 o'clock, being then  $45^{\circ} 33'$  east of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 22nd at 10h. 47m., being  $4^{\circ} 8'$  north.

**MARS** is a morning star until the morning of the 22nd at 4h. 51m., when it is in quadrature with the Sun; on the 1st it rises at 38m. past midnight, and north of east  $5^{\circ} 35'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 11th, at 5h. 59m., being  $8^{\circ} 20'$  south.

**JUPITER** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 22m., being then  $7^{\circ} 53'$  south of the Equator; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius on the morning of the 2d at 8 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon in the forenoon of the 8th at 9h. 44m., being  $5^{\circ} 42'$  south.

**SATURN** is a morning star until the evening of the 7th at 7h. 17m., when it is in quadrature with the Sun; rises on the 1st at 36m. past midnight, and north of east  $4^{\circ} 59'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 11th at 4h. 11m., being  $8^{\circ} 20'$  south; is stationary among the stars in Pisces on the morning of the 28th, at about 5 o'clock.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

### Marine Disasters in May, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 41, of which 14 were wrecked, 8 abandoned, 1 burned, 2 sunk by collision, 1 capsized, 1 foundered, and 14 are missing. The list comprises 1 steamer, 8 ships, 12 barks, 2 brigs and 23 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$600,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w.* were wrecked, *a.* abandoned, *b.* burned, *a.c.* sunk by collision, *c.* capsized, *f.* foundered, and *m.* missing.

#### STEAMER.

Bernnia, *m.* from New York for Bristol.

#### SHIPS.

Mary E. Riggs, *w.* from N. Orleans for Bremen.  
China, *w.* from New Orleans for Reval.  
Seaforth, *a.* from Philadelphia for Genoa.

#### BARKS.

Lizzie Marshall, *w.* (At Dungeness, W. T.)  
Betty, *a.* from Antwerp for Philadelphia.  
Gladulus, *a.* from Duboy for Shielus.  
Egreumont Castle, *m.* from San Francisco for Queenstown.  
Coola, *m.* from Baltimore for Newry.  
Jessie Gilbert, *m.* from New York for Liverpool.  
Brother's Pride, *a.* from Cardenas for N. of Hatteras.  
Lalla W., *a.* from New York for Marseilles.  
Vesta, *w.* from Nagasaki for Changhai.  
Dartmouth, *m.* from Liverpool for D. Breakwater.  
Ellen Wignall, *m.* from Charleston for Dublin.  
Amañi, *b.* from New York for Barcelona.

#### BRIGS.

Anna D. Torrey, *m.* from Pensacola for Boston.  
Silas Alward, *a.* from Caruenas for N. of Hatteras.

#### SCHOONERS.

Calista, *m.* from Thomaston for New York.  
H. H. Seavey, *m.* from Perth Amboy for Bangor.  
E. J. McKinnon, *c.* from San Francisco.  
Pointer, *f.* from Boston for New York.



W. H. Whittaker, *m.* from Philadelphia for Gloucester, Mass.  
 E. Nickerson, *m.* from Boston for Port Royal, S. C.  
 Mollie, *w.* from Falmouth, Ja. for Milk River.  
 Eliza Christie, *w.* from Arecibo, P. R. for Baltimore.  
 Zina, *w.* from Boston for Machias.  
 G. C. Morris, *a.* from New York for Boston.  
 W. B. Thomas, *a.* from Windsor for Philadel'a.  
 S. P. Hall, *w.* from New York for Arroyo, P. R.  
 Geo. S. Low, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
 J. H. Christie, *m.* from Ponce for New York.  
 Baltic, *w.* from Grand Menan for Jonesboro, Me.  
 Ida E. Baker, *m.* (Fisherman.)  
 Sparkling Wave, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
 Concordia, *w.* (Near Tahiti.)  
 Eliza Magee, *w.* from Havana for Calbariem.  
 Armada, *s.c.* from Bear River for Boston.  
 Wm Thompson, *m.* (Fisherman.)  
 City of Gloucester, *w.* (Fisherman.)  
 Chas. S. Rogers, *s.c.* from Elizabethport for Boston.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

APRIL, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—38 English, 12 German, 11 French, 11 Dutch, 7 American, 6 Norwegian, 4 Italian, 4 Swedish, 3 Austrian, 2 Danish, 1 Chilean, 1 Greek, 1 Portuguese, 1 Russian, 2 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 104. In this number are included 10 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—3 English, 1 Austrian, 1 French, 1 Norwegian; total: 6. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for May, 1879.

### MAINE.

Augusta, South Cong. church..... \$ 15 83  
 South Berwick, Cong. ch., for lib'y... 30 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Meriden, Cong. church..... 6 00

### VERMONT.

Bennington Centre, 1st Cong. church. 21 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Bark *Hiram Emery*, Capt.  
 Wyman..... 1 50  
 Schr. *Lamoine*, Capt. Leach..... 1 00  
 Curtisville, Cong. church..... 6 00  
 East Weymouth, Cong. church..... 5 28  
 Enfield, Cong. church..... 14 41  
 Groton, Cong. church, of wh. Rev. B.  
 T. Robie, \$10, Mrs. E. Shumway,  
 \$10..... 45 00  
 Hinsdale, S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y  
 Methuen, Cong. church..... 20 00  
 Natick, Cong. church..... 8 50  
 New Bedford, Trinitarian church..... 15 00  
 North Amherst, Cong. church and So-  
 ciety, to const. Mendall M. How-  
 ard, and Ernest M. Roberts, L. M's  
 South Dennis, Cong. church..... 39 15  
 Stoneham, Cong. church..... 60 00  
 Worcester, Central church..... 10 90  
 Yarmouth, Cong. church..... 13 10  
 61 48  
 43 26

### CONNECTICUT.

East Windsor, 1st Cong. church..... 15 00  
 Essex, 1st Cong. church..... 15 54  
 Glastonbury, Eagleville chapel, to  
 const. "Frank Kenny," L. M..... 30 00  
 Guilford, 1st Cong. church, add'l..... 5 00  
 Haddam, 1st Cong. church..... 5 00  
 Hartford, Legacy James B. Hosmer,  
 per Roland Mather, Ex..... 2,000 00  
 Pearl street Cong. church S. S. for  
 libraries..... 40 00  
 Higganum, Cong. church..... 9 00  
 Mrs. Selden Usher..... 5 00  
 Meriden, Centre Cong. church S. S.  
 for library..... 20 00  
 Southport, Cong. church, Fred'k Mar-  
 quand, \$100, of wh. \$50 for Sa-  
 vannah..... 269 84  
 F. Marquand Monroe, for lib's..... 40 00  
 Washington, Cong. church, of wh. S.  
 S., for library, \$20..... 30 25  
 Westbrook, Elihu Chapman..... 20 00

### NEW YORK.

Albany, 1st Cong. church..... 36 50  
 Brentwood, E. F. Richardson..... 2 00  
 Brooklyn, Middle Ref. church..... 22 75  
 Gloversville, Pres. church..... 7 00  
 Johnstown, Pres. church..... 26 50  
 New York City, Mrs. Henry Rose, for  
 libraries..... 100 00  
 Mrs. Hannah Ireland..... 50 00  
 Benj. K. Phelps..... 25 00  
 William B. Dinamore..... 25 00  
 R. M. Olyphant..... 20 00  
 J. C. H..... 20 00  
 Brooks & Co..... 10 00  
 Mrs. J. W. Alsop..... 10 00  
 Mrs. A. D. Wilson..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Stillman Ilsley..... 10 00  
 G. A. Sabine, M. D..... 10 00  
 Edward L. Owen..... 10 00  
 E. M. Maxwell..... 10 00  
 D. F. Appleton..... 10 00  
 Miniature Bethel, Misses Taylor... 7 00  
 William Bliss..... 5 00  
 S. M. Swenson..... 5 00  
 Zophar Mills..... 5 00  
 J. Wm. Beekman..... 5 00  
 J. B. Hoyt..... 5 00  
 E. N. Toller..... 5 00  
 J. H. Abbot..... 5 00  
 L. N. L..... 5 00  
 S. V. Bagley..... 2 00  
 Alexander Miller..... 1 00  
 William Ballard..... 1 00  
 M. P. McElhinney, S. S. *Alhambra*..... 1 00  
 St. Johnsville, Ref. church, Miss Su-  
 san Whyland, for library..... 20 00  
 Troy, 2nd Pres. church, Dr. Irvin's... 43 50  
 Memorial church..... 8 39

### NEW JERSEY.

Elizabeth, S. S. West Elizabeth, for  
 library..... 20 00  
 Newark, 3rd Pres. church..... 36 27  
 Wm. P. Vail..... 4 00  
 Paramus, Ref. church..... 6 00  
 Ridgewood, 1st Ref. church, for lib'y.  
 Miss Cornelia T. Talmage, for lib'y. 20 00

### IOWA.

Green Mountain, 1st Cong. church... 14 40  
 \$3,590 35

Concord, N. H., Ladies' Seamen's Friend  
 Society, box clothing, valued at \$26 30



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. III: 1.

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*Communicated, by request, for the Life Boat.*

**Reminiscences—Loan Library Work—Seamen can be brought to Christ—  
Instances—Sunday School Benevolence.**

**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 Wall Street, New York, May 22nd, 1879.**

*To the West Elizabeth, N. J., Sunday School.*

*Dear Children and Friends:*—I received this morning, from your Superintendent, Mr. F. K. Day, a letter enclosing a check for \$20, for Loan Library No. 6,656, which is before you, to be sent to sea in the name of your School.

I need not tell you what pleasant memories that letter awakened of a sojourn of several months in Elizabeth during 1832, in the good old times, when Rev. Drs. Murray ("KIRWAN") and Magie were in their prime, and the Kelloggs, Woodruffs, and Cranes were among the leading men. I name them, for they have all gone to their reward, and their memory is precious.

Our Library work had its origin in 1858. A good woman in Massachusetts owned a cow, and when our District Secretary called on her, she stated that she had been impressed with the importance of placing good books within the reach of seamen, and that she had sold milk to the amount of \$5, and that she wished him to take it, and send a library

to sea, and as soon as her milk money amounted to enough, she would pay the balance. This was a work of faith and prayer, but the donor of that first library had no conception of the work she was starting. It has steadily increased from that day to this, till 821 were sent out last year, making the total number thus far, 6,656, as indicated by your library, containing over 350,000 volumes, more books than are found in the Astor Library;—in connection with which, about twelve hundred hopeful conversions have been reported.

It is more than forty-five years since I commenced my labors among seamen. There was then but one Mariner's church in the port of New York, and not a single Sailors' Home in the land. Now, we have, in the port of New York, nine Mariner's churches and preaching stations, and Sailors' Homes in nearly every important port in the world.

Ninety-five thousand one hundred and ninety-four (95,194) seamen have been

accommodated at our SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, New York.

My experience as a missionary among seamen, convinces me that they are very susceptible of good impressions,—no class more so. I have found parties playing cards on the Sabbath, when I would say to them—"it is wrong to play cards on Sunday, come, go with me to the Mariner's church." They stopped, threw the cards into the fire and went with me, and when they were seated, I returned to the boarding-houses and shipping, for others, and a dozen or so would accompany me each time.

A sailor while in mid ocean concluded to abandon his ship at the next port. He stole three books from the library, and without looking into them, placed them in his chest. Some time after, he took up one of them, carelessly, which he found was an explanation of a portion of Scripture, which led him to the Savior. He arrived in New York with over four hundred dollars, with great zeal for the salvation of souls. He went to the Moody and Sankey meetings, and after he became known, was admitted to the inquiry room, and was most efficient in directing sinners to Christ. His money was nearly exhausted, and he concluded to go to sea again, but the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY heard of him and secured his services as a missionary in this city. He was very faithful and successful, for nearly three years, passing away to his heavenly rest, March 14th, 1879, from the Presbyterian hospital.

Another sailor was converted by reading one of the books in a library, about four years ago, and has since been a faithful laborer, and has been instrumental in leading twenty-five of his fellow seamen to Christ.

The Sunday school I regard as a nursery of piety and virtue. It had not reached my native town when I left it, a loss I keenly feel to-day. Search the Scriptures. Cheer your Superintendent and teachers by your hearty interest in

the Bible. Hail the contribution box as your best friend, for you will enjoy that which you give, infinitely more than that which you keep. L. P. H.

### "Jesus Paid His Blood for Me!"

My little boy, three and a half years old, was playing one day on the nursery floor with his toys. I was sitting by, occupied with my work and my own thoughts. Suddenly he got up, and coming forward to me, his eyes bright and eager, and with a heightened color in his cheeks, he said very earnestly,—*"Jesus paid his blood for me."*

Whether for the first time or not I cannot say, but it seemed plain to me that the little heart had grasped the truth of the Gospel. He understood what Paul meant when he said,—*"Ye are bought with a price;"* and he could also say with Paul, *"He loved me, and gave Himself for me."*

In another minute he was playing again with his toys. And do my little readers think he played less merrily because of the thought of that loving Savior having bought him with his blood? Not so. It is only when we know that all is safe and well, because we are resting our souls on Him, and are seeking in every way to please and serve Him, that we are truly happy.

Jesus is saying to every little boy and girl just as much as to older people,—*"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."* He knows even little children have their burdens. *Little* burdens they may be, but then they are *little* children, so the burden often presses more heavily than grown-up people think. Whether of sin or sorrow, let Jesus bear it for you! He loves you. He bought you. As little Jamie said,—*He paid his blood for you.*

THOSE HAVE BEST LEARNED the meaning of Scripture, that have learned how to apply it as a reproof to their own fault, and a rule to their own practice.

## The Dying Sailor.

BY F. C. F.

He lay in his hammock, poor honest Jack Braying,  
The pallor of death gathering fast o'er his cheek:  
Said he to his shipmates: "I'm ready for sailing;  
My topsails are loosed and my anchor's a-peak.  
"Lay my battered old hulk 'neath the blue heaving billow—  
No monar h can ask for a more regal pall—  
And softly I'll rest as a babe on its pillow,  
Till the call for 'all hands' shall awaken us all.  
"I've often faced death 'mid the storm and the battle,  
And meeting him now brings no fear to my heart;  
For, sooner or later, with him all must grapple,  
And all that we need, is, to show a clear chart.  
"Last night in my dreams, I was under the shadow  
Of the old maple tree close to the mill;  
Could see my old home by the green grassy meadow,  
And hear the sweet notes of the poor whip-powill.  
"I would like one more view of the home of my childhood  
Before I make sail on Eternity's sea;  
The school-house, the church, and the deep-tangled wildwood,  
But alas! for poor Jack, that never can be."  
Down his bronzed, hardy cheek the warm tears were stealing,—  
The smile of his boyhood, so pleasant and soft,  
Like the smile of an angel, played over each feature,  
And the soul of the sailor was ordered aloft.

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## The Gentle South Wind.

"Now, Walter Harrison Ames, you get right out of that chair this minute, for that's my seat, and I want to sit there," and little Miss Rose, who looked more like a snapdragon just then, tried to shake her sturdy brother, who had a very cool way of pretending not to hear when he did not mean to heed, and who sat as calmly looking out of the window as if only a fly were attempting to move him.

Papa was reading in the other window,

but he seemed to know exactly what was going on, and so he called the little snapdragon, though he did not use that name, to come to him, as he had a story to tell her.

"This morning, Rose, as I was going down town," he began, "I met a disagreeable north wind and it snapped and snarled in a very spiteful way. It began by trying to injure the trees and break off the branches, but the branches were too strong for it and wouldn't give way. Then it rushed at me and blew my coat as hard as it could, and said in a gruff tone, as plain as a wind could talk, 'Take off your coat, quick, I won't wait.' But I laughed at the idea of obeying such a command as that, and so just buttoned my coat up as tight as I could, and the north wind tugged and tugged in vain.

"In the afternoon, as I came home, the south wind met me, and such sweet manners as it had! It came up and kissed me first, and then said so gently, as it played with my hair and patted my cheek, 'Open your coat, please, open your coat.' I opened it right away, every single button, for I was glad to get all the south wind that I could, and it is doing me good yet. Which is my little girl, the stormy north wind, or the sunny south?"

"The sunny south, papa," answered little Rose cheerily, as she went up to brother Walter and kissed and patted him, and said, "Please let me have that chair, Walter dear?"

Brother Walter didn't say one word, but he whisked out of the chair in a second, caught the little south wind up, clapped her in the chair, gave her two kisses and scampered off to play.—*Child's Paper.*

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A MISSIONARY in Jamaica once asked a little negro in a missionary school, "Who are the meek?" The child answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions."

FOR MARCH, APRIL AND MAY, 1879.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men.—Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

**MARCH, 1879.**

During March, 1879, seventy-one loan libraries, twenty new and fifty-one refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,606 to 6,620, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,151, 5,152, 5,155, 5,156, and 5,157, at Boston.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5151.	Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Battles, Lowell, Mass.	Bark Sarmiento.....	South Africa.....	13
5152.	Jacob Rogers, Lowell, Mass.....	Barkentine Frank Lambeth .....	West Africa.....	10
5155.	" " .....	U. S. Res. Cutter Hamlin.	Cruising .....	10
5156.	" " .....	Schr. A. H. Povert.	Coasting .....	8
5157.	S. S. Union Cong. ch., Providence, R. I.	Bark Edward Kidder....	Melbourne.....	15
6406.	Mrs. F. P. Gilbert, New Haven, Conn..	" Samuel D. Carleton	Sydney.....	14
6607.	Paranus (N. J.) Union S. S.....	Ship Earl of Granville...	London.....	16
6608.	John R. Murray, Mt. Morris, N. Y.....	Bark Mary C. Hall.....	Havana.....	12
6609.	Mrs. Augusta C. McKinney, Peekskill, N. Y.....	" Joseph Baker.....	Cuba.....	12
6610.	Isaac G. Porter, Tr., New London, Conn., being the Richard H. Chapell Memorial Library.	" Lizzie Merry.....	Progresso.....	12
6611.	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. S. Marion.....	( So. Pacific Squad-ron ) .....	200
6612.	" " .....	" .....	" .....	"
6613.	"B." New York City.....	Bark Elba.....	Havana.....	10
6414.	S. S. Cong. church, Bridgewater, Conn.	Ship St. David.....	San Francisco.....	28
6615.	Miss Isabel Allen, Princeton, N. J., being for library in memory of Samuel Allen.	" Sarah Hignett.....	San Francisco.....	26
6616.	Mrs. W. C. Sterling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Bark Sultana.....	Antwerp.....	17
6617.	Miss Frances R. Shaw.....	Ship British America.....	London.....	20
6618.	Mrs. Susan W. Lind, Arroyo, Porto Rico, W. I.....	Brig Thomas Owen.....	Guayaquil.....	9
6619.	John Turner, New York City.....	Ship David Crockett.....	San Francisco.....	32
6620.	New York City Epis. ch., Seamen's Mission.	" Niobe.....	Sydney.....	36

*The fifty-one libraries refitted and reshipped were :—*

1825. J. D. Pierce, Plymouth, Penn.....	Bark Flashlight.....	Havre.....	10
1870.....	Schr. C. H. Macomber.....	West Indies.....	6
1931.....	" Chromo.....	South America.....	6
2049. S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Manchester, N. H..	" Lew Hart.....	Havana.....	8
2207.....	" Aldine.....	Porto Rico.....	7
2554. B. F. Bancroft, Salem, N. Y.....	" Fourth July.....	Charleston, S. C.....	7
2754. Mrs. J. W. Burnham, Lowell, Mass.....	" Isaac H. Borden.....	Coastwise.....	4
3040. Dane St. S. S., Beverly, Mass.....	" Ximena.....	Coastwise.....	6
3059. S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Colchester, Conn.....	" Myrover.....	Charleston, S. C.....	8
3061. Miss L. M. Packard's S. S. class, Monson, Mass.....	Brig Clara Pickens.....	Cienfuegos.....	9
3260. S. S. Cong. church, Castleton, Vt.....	Schr. Truman L. Milford.....	New Orleans.....	9
3343. S. S. Pres. church, Metuchen, N. J.....	" Harry B. Ritter.....	Southern Ports.....	9
3591. Young People's Prayer Meeting, Plainville, Conn.....	In Sailors' Boarding-house.....	Boston, Mass.....	—
3599. Miss K. G. Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Bark Maggie Horton.....	Androssan.....	12

# QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
3673.	Pres. church, Oxford, N. Y.	Schr. M. B. Rulon	Para	8
3741.	Dr. Smith's S. S. class, Granby, Mass.	" Wm. H. Jones	Fernandina	10
3790.	S. S. Cong. church, Wareham, Mass.	" Addie B. Bacon	Savannah	8
3820.	S. S. Cong. church, Phoenix, N. Y.	" Addie Doane	Cuba	7
4391.	S. S. Ref. church, Flatlands, L. I.	" L. M. Eldridge	Galveston	8
4397.	Cong. church, Milton Mills, Mass.	" Ada Barker	Samana Bay	7
4388.	Geo. H. Brisbee, Attleboro, Mass.	" Starlight	St. Domingo	7
4459.	F. A. Libbey, New York City	Bark Western Sea	West Indies	11
4774.	Miss E. A. Lyon, Tarrytown, N. Y.	Schr. Palestine	Providence	7
4814.	G. H. Haddock and Ella M. Gardner, S. S. class, Wakefield, Mass.	" Warren Sawyer	Pensacola	7
4908.	H. W. Mitchell's Bible class S. S. Pres. church, Rome, N. Y.	" Maud Webster	Brunswick	7
4927.	DeWitt Mission Band, Coll Ref. Dutch ch., 29th St. and 5th Ave., New York City	" Remington	Havana	7
4933.	S. S. Miss'y Ass'n Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	" W. H. Card	West Indies	6
4934.	S. S. Bap. church, Brockport, N. Y.	Bark Victor	San Francisco	10
4990.	Mrs. Lispernard Stewart, New York City	Schr. Sullivan Sawin	Cadiz	10
5019.	Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland	" A. Shaw	Baltimore	8
5066.	"	" Jesse Hoyt	Trinidad	10
5222.	S. S. Cong. ch., Old Saybrook, Conn.	" Annie Myrick	Baltimore	5
5282.	Miss S. K. Davidson, Philadelphia, Pa.	" Annie Lee	West Indies	6
5515.	S. S. Pres. church, Greenport, L. I.	Brig Alcira	Maracaibo	8
5563.	S. S. Cong. ch., West Hartford, Conn.	Schr. Geo. B. Douglas	West Indies	7
5705.	F. A. Libbey, New York City	" Anna E. Kranz	New Orleans	10
5717.	S. S. Cong. church, Norfolk, Conn.	" Isabel	San Blas	7
5747.	S. S. Ref. church, Metuchen, N. J.	Brig Shannon	Lisbon	9
5797.	S. S. Miss'y Ass'n Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	" H. H. Wright	Montevideo	10
5875.	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Bloomfield, N. J.	Brig Three Cheers	Demerara	9
5946.	Mrs. E. M. Page, Miss Lable and Miss Augusta Blakeslee, North Haven, Conn., being Mrs. E. A. Blakeslee Mem'l Library	" Martha J. Brady	Oporto	8
5967.	L. B. Horton, Wellesley, Mass.	" F. I. Henderson	Montevideo	9
6131.	S. S. Bap. church, McGrawville, N. Y.	Schr. Colon C. Baker	Baltimore	7
6197.	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Syracuse, N. Y.	Bark J. H. Chadwick	West Indies	10
6307.	S. S. Pres. church, Sauquoit, N. Y.	Brig Ubaldina	Cape Town	8
6255.	S. S. Cong. church, Greenville, Conn.	Bark Brothers	Havana	10
6333.	Summerfield M. E. church, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Schr. Nellie Floyd	Coastwise	9
6399.	Bethany Mission S. S. Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	Bark Lewis T. Stocker	Havana	10
6496.	American Seamen's Friend Society	" Nicola	West Indies	10
6511.	"	" Albina, at Norfolk, Va.	Liverpool, Eng.	15
6515.	"	" Duchess	Salonica	14

APRIL, 1879.

During April, 1879, ninety-five loan libraries, thirty new and sixty-five refitted were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,512 and 6,621 to 6,642, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 5,158, 5,159, 5,160, 5,161, 5,162, 5,163, and 5,164, at Boston.

5158.	Henry Foster's S. S. class, Wakefield, Mass.	Bark John E. Chase	Bremen	13
5159.	In memoriam Bell Scripture, Greenville, N. H.	" Roebuck	Africa	10
5160.	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, Concord, N. H.	Ship Ice King	Batavia	22
5161.	Maplewood church, Malden, Mass.	" Formosa	Madras	22
5162.	Shepard church, Cambridge, Mass.	Bark Beatrice	East Indies	12
5163.	Dea. Leonard Wood's S. S. class, North Leominster, Mass.	" Hiram Emery	Melbourne	13
5164.	S. S. Union ch., Globe Village, Mass.	Ship James Bailey	San Francisco	25
6512.	American Seamen's Friend Society	" Senator, at Norfolk, Va.	Liverpool, Eng.	23
6621.	Summerfield M. E. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Bark James Peake	Montevideo	15
6622.	S. S. South Cong. ch., Andover, Mass.	" J. W. Holmes	Callao, S. A.	17
6623.	S. S. Pres. church, Marcellus, N. Y.	Brig Ned White	Wellington & Auckland	10

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6624	Loantaka S. S., Madison, N. J.	Ship St. Paul	San Francisco	28
6626	Nathan Stephens, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Alexander	Bremen	20
6626	S. S. 2nd Cong. ch., Greenwich, Conn.	" Three Brothers	San Francisco	50
6627	S. S. Miss'y Ass'n Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	At Headquarters "Life Saving Company" of New York City, Pier 29, E. R.		9
6638	Dr. T. S. Pinneo, Greenwich, Conn., for the <i>Linsley Library</i>	Bark Albert Russell	Java	15
6629	Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, Washington, D. C., as <i>Thomas F. and Eliza M. Anderson Memorial Library</i>	" Lottie Moore	Java	14
6630	S. S. Miss'y Ass'n Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	Ship Eric The Red	Yokohama	21
6631	N. Y. Epis. ch. Seamen's Mission	Brig Alice	Truxillo	8
6632	Miss Mary A. Strong, New York City	Ship Sumner R. Mead	Bombay	18
6633	James Bowen, Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.	Bark Sontag	Dunedin and Littleton, N. Z.	17
6634	Miss'y Ass'n S. S. 13th St. Pres. church, New York City	Ship Snow & Burgess	San Francisco	28
6635	18th St. M. E. church, Philadelphia, Pa., as the <i>Miss Cattell Library</i>	Bark Addie Sleeper	Brisbane, N. Z.	15
6636	S. S. M. E. church, Bayonne, N. J.	Ship Importer	China and Japan	27
6637	S. S. Sands St. M. E. ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Bark Hayden Brown	Melbourne	16
6638	Mrs. Sarah A. Rose, New York City	Ship Armenia	San Francisco	21
6639	F. Marquand Monroe, Southport, Conn.	" Muskota	Liverpool	28
6640	S. S. Pearl St. Cong. church, Hartford, Conn.	Bark Abiel Abbott		14
6641	S. S. Cong. church, Hinsdale, Mass.	Ship Twilight	Hong Kong	28
6642	S. S. Cong. church, West Haven, Conn.	Steamer Pastime		

## The sixty-five libraries refitted and reshipped were:—

941	S. S. Cong. church, Kensington, Conn.	Schr. Rightaway	Eluthera	6
1557		B. Young	Coasting	6
1971	S. S. Pres. church, Jersey Shore, Penn.	Brig Americus	Havana	9
1980	S. S. M. E. church, Jamaica, L. I.	Schr. S. C. Noyes	Cuba	7
2039	Cong. church, Agawam, Mass.	" Ridgewood	Georgetown, S. C.	7
2128	William Bright, Wilmington, Del.	" Wyoming	St. Lucie	8
2154	Reuben Towne, Esq., Brooklyn, N. Y.	" W. B. Fox	West Indies	9
2731	Mrs. W. S. Merrill, Merrimack, Mass.	" Daylight	Grenada	6
2910	Mrs. R. Gordon, New York City	" Mary J. Cook	Sabine Pass	9
2918	Mr. and Mrs. S. Wilde, Montclair, N. J.	" Nellie Eaton	Coastwise	7
3229	S. S. Cong. church, Birmingham, Conn.	Steamer Lancaster		19
3427	S. S. Cong. church, Sharon, Conn.	Schr. Addie Doane	Cuba	7
5741	Dr. C. B. Smith's S. S. class, Granby, Mass.	" Ella Matthews	Jacksonville	7
6814	S. S. class No. 11, Plymouth ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Belle Hardy	Baltimore	7
3916	A. F. Hazen, New York City	" John Bird	Cuba	7
3920	S. S. Cong. church, Phoenix, N. Y.	" L. W. Wheeler	Kingston	8
4013	W. G. Chaffee, Winchester, Mass.	Bark Jennie Cobb	West Indies	10
4067	Barron P. and Frank L. Du Bois, Key West, Fla.	Schr. W. H. Bailey	Para	9
4132	D. R. Holt, Lake Forest, Ill.	" T. H. Livingston	Portland	7
4590	Benj. De Forest, Watertown, Conn.	Bark W. H. Gunn	West Indies	10
4598	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City	Schr. B. T. Lee	Philadelphia	8
4680	Shepard Band, First ch., Cambridge, Mass.	" Marcus Edwards	Jacksonville	8
4702	S. S. Cong. church, Hartland, Conn.	Brig Robert Dillon	Buenos Ayres	8
4743	S. S. Cong. church, Newton, Conn.	Schr. Lilly	Charleston, S. C.	8
4746	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Metuchen, N. J., as the <i>Bouton Library</i>	Brig Orbit	Porto Rico	10
4747	Three classes in City Park Miss'n S. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.	Schr. Manuel R. Cuza		8
4758	Miss E. Spofford, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Brig Gipsy	Venezuela	10
4853	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.	Schr. John W. Bell	New Britain, Fla.	6
4893	Cong. church, West Medway, Mass.	" Geo. L. Fessenden	Coasting	7
4917	" B. Library, New York City	Brig Shasta	Hayti	8
4933	S. S. Miss'y Ass'n Broadway Tabernacle, New York City	Schr. J. P. Angus	Campeachy	7
5023	Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland	Ship Three Brothers	San Francisco	50
5025	" " " "	Schr. Ellen Storer	Philadelphia	9
5069	" " " "	Brig Odorilla	St. Jago de Cuba	9
5070	" " " "	Brigantine Eureka	West Indies	7
5117	S. S. Cong. church, Hopkinton, Mass.	Brig Goldfinder	" "	7
5127	S. S. Cong. church, Conway, Mass.	Bark Nonpareil	Cape Town, Africa	11

**QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.**

No. of Library.	By whom furnished,	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5311.	Samuel Morehouse, Fairfield, Conn.....	Schr. W. B. Steelman....	New Orleans.....	8
5357.	" Snediker Hendrickson, Jamaica, L. I. ....	" Harry White.....	Angostura.....	9
5356.	S. S. Cong. church, Chester, Conn.....	Bark Caribou.....	West Indies.....	11
5350.	S. S. Lafayette Ave. Bap. ch., Detroit, Mich.....	Schr. Storm Petrel.....	St. Augustine.....	7
5351.	S. S. 2nd St. M. E. ch., New York City....	Brig Johanna.....	Montevideo.....	9
5617.	S. S. Cong. church, Windsor, Conn.....	Schr. Elizabeth.....	Nova Scotia.....	6
5547.	Cong. church, Black Rock, Conn.....	" S. P. Hall.....	Arroyo, W. I.....	7
5561.	Joseph B. Sheffield, Jr., Saugerties, N. Y.....	Bark Mary Wiggins.....	Rochefort.....	12
5563.	P. S. Durfee, Newark, N. J.....	Brig Julia Blake.....	Porto Rico.....	8
5728.	Well Wisher, New York City.....	" Giles Loring.....	South Africa.....	9
5770.	Miss F. S. Platt, Owego, N. Y.....	Schr. Samuel Mackrill..	Jamaica.....	7
5803.	S. S. Pres. church, Lima, N. Y.....	Brig Rachel Coney.....	".....	8
5818.	S. S. M. E. ch., Benton Center, N. Y.....	" D. F. Brown.....	Bermuda.....	10
5843.	Guests of Old Orchard House, Old Orchard, Me.....	Schr. Yankee Blade.....	Newport.....	7
5863.	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	" W. Jones.....	Fernandina.....	8
5868.	Albert Porter, Esq., Niagara Falls, N. Y.....	Brig Leonora.....	Havana.....	10
5919.	Well Wisher, New York City.....	Schr. Anna L. Palmer....	Barracoa.....	8
5938.	Hon. A. Frank, Warsaw, N. Y., being William Augustus Frank Mem'l Lib'y.	" Frank Atwood.....	San Blas.....	7
5985.	S. S. Cong. church, Cheshire, Conn.....	Ship Callopee.....	London.....	25
6036.	S. S. 3rd Pres. church, Newark, N. J.....	Bark R. Murray, Jr....	Matanzas.....	11
6181.	S. S. Bap. church, McGrawville, N. Y.....	Schr. Calvin C. Baker....	Baltimore.....	7
6352.	Three Granddaughters of Capt. Theod. Bliss, New York City.....	Brig William Robinson..	Demerara.....	10
6261.	Nathan Stephens, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Mary E. Leighton....	Cadiz.....	9
6376.	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Bark Lizzie Perry.....	Japan.....	18
6377.	".....	Schr. M. N. Hale.....	Gibraltar.....	12
6432.	American Seamen's Friend Society....	Bark W. E. Heard.....	Newry.....	14
6496.	".....	Brig Speed.....	Montevideo.....	9
6498.	".....	Bark Nicola.....	West Indies.....	10

**MAY, 1879.**

During May, 1879, eighty-two loan libraries, twenty-one new, and sixty-one refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,643 to 6,655, inclusive, and 6,657 to 6,661, inclusive, with No. 6,663, at New York; and Nos. 5,165, and 5,166, at Boston.

5185.	S. S. Cong. church, Leominster, Mass..	Bark Taria Tapan.....	Arabia.....	15
5166	S. S. Cong. ch., South Berwick, Me....	" Norway.....	Africa.....	10
6643.	Miss Stillman's S. S. class Cong. church, Wethersfield, Conn.....	" Antioch.....	Java.....	18
6644.	Mrs. Sarah A. Rose, New York City....	Ship Hope.....	Cape Town.....	18
6645.	F. A. Libbey, New York City.....	{ U. S. Receiving Ship Franklin, at Norfolk, Va.....		
6646.	" " " " " "	U. S. School Ship St. Mary	Lisbon & Madeira.	135
6647.	Mrs. Sarah A. Rose, New York City....	Bark Joseph A. Ropes..	Zanzibar.....	150
6648.	" " " " " "	" Ada Carter.....	Pana.....	14
6649.	" " " " " "	" Idaho.....	Cienfuegos.....	10
6650.	Miss C. T. Talmage, Ridgewood, Bergen Co. N. J.....	U. S. Steamer Bache....	Coast Survey.....	11
6651.	G. H. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship St. Mark.....	San Francisco.....	30
6652.	S. S. Cong. church, Washington, Conn..	" Ruby.....	London.....	80
6653.	1st Ref. ch., Ridgewood, Bergen Co. N. J.	Bark John Wooster.....	Rangoon.....	12
6654.	Mrs. H. M. Remington, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Ship Jacob A. Stamler..	Havre.....	26
6655.	S. S. Pearl St. Cong. church, Hartford, Conn.....	" Olive S. Southard..	San Francisco.....	30
6656.	S. S. 1st Pres. church, Edgewater, S. I..	" Regent.....	Shanghai.....	18
6657.	S. S. Centre Cong. ch., Meriden, Conn..	" John Patton.....	Buenos Ayres.....	26
6658.	Miss Susan Whyland, St. Johnsville, N. Y.....	" W. McGilvery.....	Melbourne.....	20
6659.	John W. Hamersley, New York City....			
6660.	Miss S. Corwith and sister, Bridgehampton, L. I., for library " <i>in memory of our Mother.</i> "	Bark Arletta.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
6661.	" " " " " "	" George Moon.....	Java.....	19
6662.	John W. Hamersley, New York City....			

*The sixty-one libraries refitted and reshipped were :—*

668..Orin Thompson, Enfield, Conn.....	Schr. Nymph.....	Honduras.....	8
909..Mrs. Geo. Elder, Stamford, Conn.....	St'r William Woodward..	Baltimore.....	18
1879..C. B. Morris, Montclair, N. J.....	Br'g Josephine.....	Oporto.....	8
1921.....	"Happy Return.....	Porto Rico.....	8
1952..J. C. Platt, Supt. S. S., Scranton, Pa.....	"D. C. Chapman.....	Cuba.....	9



AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for	Men in Crew.
2120.	B. W. Bonney, New York City.....	Schr. James W. Brown...	Jacksonville.....	9
2197.	Mrs. Mary L. Bruere, Allentown, N. J. ....	Brig Nera.....	Cuba.....	8
2325.	S. S. Pres. ch., Poughkeepsie, N. Y. ....	Schr. Tom Williams.....	Para.....	9
3007.	Horace Peck, Bristol, R. I. ....	" Lizzie Major .....	West Indies.....	6
3484.	First Cong. church, Danbury, Conn.....	" Edward Slade .....	Virginia.....	6
3607.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Griswold, Conn.....	Sloop Noble.....	Norfolk.....	5
3781.	Ebenezer Carpenter, Attleboro, Mass.....	Schr. T. Harris Kirk .....	Para.....	7
3983.	S. S. Cong. ch., North Greenwich, Conn.....	Brig Tulla.....	Honduras.....	8
4268.	Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y South Pres. ch., Morristown, N. J. ....	Schr. Timothy Field.....	Martinique.....	6
4386.	E. B. Downing's S. S. class, Hanover, N. H. ....	" G. M. Porter.....	St. Kitts.....	6
4402.	S. S. Pres. church, Romulus, N. Y. ....	" Emerson Ropes.....	Demerara.....	9
4523.	S. S. Cong. church, Birmingham, Conn.....	" Hattie E. Giles.....	Mexico.....	7
4674.	Mrs. T. Sinclair, Allston, Mass.....	" Albert Smith.....	Havana.....	10
4710.	John De Forest, Watertown, Conn. ....	Brig Mary A. Doran.....	Cape of Good Hope .....	9
4944.	S. S. South Cong. ch., Salem, Mass.....	Bark Atlanta.....	New Zealand.....	12
4936.	S. S. Maple St. church, Danvers, Mass.....	" Fremont.....	Buenos Ayres.....	10
4914.	Mrs. L. R. Marshall, Natchez, Miss.....	Brig Erie.....	Surinam.....	8
4959.	S. S. Ref. church, Port Ewen, N. Y. ....	" Daniel Owen.....	West Indies.....	10
5006.	Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.....	" Stella.....	Montevideo.....	9
5038.	" .....	Schr. Maggie Abbott.....	Nuevitas.....	7
5109.	S. S. First church, Chelsea, Mass.....	" Lamolina.....	West Africa.....	12
5143.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., St. Johnsbury, Vt.....	" Cordova.....	Grand Banks.....	7
5202.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Northampton, Mass.....	" Clara M. Goodman.....	Para.....	7
5342.	J. R. Hills, New York City.....	" Juliet.....	South America.....	7
5510.	Simson Lester, New Rochelle, N. Y. ....	" Henrietta Simmons.....	Richmond.....	8
5556.	Cong church, Franklin, Conn.....	Steamer Josephine B.....	Coastwise.....	11
5585.	Dwight Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	Schr. R. E. Yates.....	Porto Rico.....	7
5660.	Rev. E. S. Williams, Minneapolis, Minn.....	" Alice Tarlton.....	West Africa.....	8
5733.	Young People's Christian Union, 2nd Pres. church, Troy, N. Y. ....	" Carrie E. Webb.....	Mobile.....	8
5795.	Mrs. Wm. Rankin, Newark, N. J. ....	Brig Sullivan.....	Montevideo.....	9
5807.	S. S. Bap. church, Norwich, N. Y. ....	Schr. F. R. Baird.....	Charleston, S. C.....	8
5906.	Reynolds Bros., Norfolk, Va.....	Bark Romance.....	Cape of Good Hope .....	15
5936.	S. S. West Pres. ch., Binghamton, N. Y.....	Schr. Emma H. Drum- mond.....	Jacksonville.....	8
5846.	John Rossiter, North Guilford, Conn.....	Brig Lizzie Merrill.....	New Orleans.....	10
5948.	C. S. Osborne, Newark, N. J. ....	Schr. Tam O' Shanter.....	Bahamas.....	7
5949.	John W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Brig O. C. Clary.....	Barbadoes.....	8
5950.	Bethel Mission S. S., Newark, N. J. ....	Schr. Fred. Smith.....	West Indies.....	7
5968.	S. S. Jefferson Ave. Pres. ch., Detroit, Mich.....	Brig Adele McLeon.....	West Indies.....	8
5970.	George Dayton, Peekskill, N. Y. ....	Bark Davis Eckhoff.....	Gibraltar.....	14
5980.	S. S. Cong. church, Rocky Hill, Conn.....	" Escort.....	Australia.....	13
6004.	Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Annie Burr.....	Buenos Ayres.....	9
6073.	S. S. Ref. church, on Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y. ....	" Atlantic.....	Bremen.....	12
6074.	Children's Miss'y Soc'y 1st Pres. ch., Morristown, N. J. ....	Schr. Marcla Reynolds..	Porto Cabello.....	8
6096.	John Rossiter, New Canaan, Conn.....	Bark Midas.....	Valparaiso.....	12
6152.	S. S. Bap. church, Pavilion, N. Y. ....	" Chignecto.....	Havre.....	13
6191.	S. S. Cong. church, Canandaigua, N. Y.....	Brig Belle of the Bay .....	Galveston.....	9
6198.	Dr. A. G. Coleman, Canandaigua, N. Y., being the <i>Eliza R. Coleman Memorial</i> <i>Library</i> .....	Ship Larnica.....	Bremen.....	16
6246.	S. S. M. E. ch., Point Pleasant, N. J.....	Schr. Annie Booth.....	Key West.....	9
6260.	Miss Gray, Boston, Mass.....	" Beth W. Smith.....	West Indies.....	7
6373.	S. S. M. E. church, Greenpoint, L. I.....	" Washington.....	Galveston.....	9
6401.	American Seamen's Friend Society.....	Bark Benefactor.....	West Africa.....	13
6403.	" .....	Brig Henry F. Wing.....	Cuba.....	8
6423.	" .....	Bark Bella.....	Valparaiso.....	14
6453.	" .....	Schr. W. R. Beebe.....	Savannah.....	8
6587.	Mrs. Theo. Polhemus, Brooklyn, N. Y., being the <i>K. G. P. Library</i> .....	Bark Kate Mellick.....	Bremen.....	12
6570.	S. S. Cong. church, Greenville, Conn.....	" Pohono.....	Bilboa.....	13

## SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in March, 1879—20</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in March, 1879—51</i>
" " " April, " —30	" " " April, " —65
" " " May, " —21	" " " May, " —61



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AUGUST, 1879.

No. 8.

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THE CHURCH AND THE SEAMEN:

A SERMON

*Delivered by Rev. J. C. Hartzell, B. D., in the Carondelet Street  
Methodist Church South, New Orleans, La., at the Eighth  
Anniversary of the New Orleans Seamen's Friend  
Society, Sunday Evening, May 25th, 1879.*

Is. lx: 5.—“*And the abundance of the sea shall be converted.*”

Chaplain PEASE has given us a brief, but interesting summary of his work for the year past in the Seamen's Bethel on Esplanade street, in this city.

That Bethel and the labors of the good chaplain are under the direction of the New Orleans Seamen's Friend Society, which organization is auxiliary to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. That Society, with its headquarters in New York, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. It was organized in 1828. Beginning as a small organization, it has grown to be one of the mightiest evangelistic agencies in the world. During the first ten years of its existence it received and expended \$91,000; during the second ten years, \$165,000; during the third decade, \$229,000; during the fourth, \$375,000, and during the last, \$655,000. The money received and expended by this

Society during fifty years of labor foots up the magnificent sum of \$1,516,986 78. With this money over one hundred and fifty bethels and chaplaincies have been established and maintained in the principal ports of the United States and foreign countries.

Sailors' Homes have been established at New York and elsewhere, in which every year tens of thousands of sailors find comfortable lodgings, good food, and are surrounded by Christian influences. For fifty years every month the SAILORS' MAGAZINE has been published, filled with reports of the work and its wonderful progress in all parts of the world. One of the chief works of this society has been to look after the intellectual and moral culture of the sailors while on shipboard. This is done largely by a system of loan libraries. A collection of carefully selected books is placed in a case, and loaned to a ship's crew during a voyage. Great care is taken in the selection of these books, and the blessed results are many. Intelligence is increased, idleness discouraged, and observance of the Sabbath helped. Hundreds of conversions are reported through the instrumentality of these books. Many cases are reported where sailors have mastered a language by the reading thus afforded. Sixty-five hundred of these libraries are now afloat on the lakes and oceans of the world.

A system of ocean colportage has also been established, by which the scriptures and religious tracts have been carried to the remotest parts of the globe, and distributed by pious seamen. In one year nearly 11,000 copies of the Scriptures, and 2,200,000 pages of tracts were sent forth upon 1,327 vessels. During the past twenty-five years 130,000 Bibles and Testaments, and 35,000,000 pages of tracts have been distributed, nearly all in the four languages of Southern Europe. None can fail to be impressed with the grandeur of the work being accomplished by this Society in behalf of the seamen.

No one fact gives better evidence of advancing Christian sentiment in the world, than the improved moral and intellectual condition of the sailors of to-day, as compared with fifty or even twenty-five years ago. An enlightened, international public sentiment, led and directed by Christian men, has thrown around seamen every possible protection law can give, and every year vast sums of money are expended for their bodily and spiritual welfare. John Wesley said in his day that "almost every English man-of-war was a mere floating hell." Sailors were condemned and treated as outcasts. The sentiment even prevailed that to be a Christian was neither expected or desirable among these men. To be "bully boys" and die in a storm, or in a naval battle for their country, was their highest glory. Now all this is changed. The laws of England and America respecting seamen are nearly everything that Christian philanthropy could ask. Seamen are measurably protected against imposition in all ports and when afloat. Under these laws the government assumes a complete guardianship over them and their interests.

But however much we rejoice in the good laws passed for seamen, we are to remember that their real salvation has to do with their souls. It is upon this that the church operating through such an organization as the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for the most part concentrates its power. Good laws are well. Every effort of shipmasters

to care for the bodily comfort and safety of their men is most commendable. The church has done much to bring these about, and herself seeks directly to bless their bodies and minds. Still the great work for seamen is to save their souls from the dominion of sin. By the church, in this connection, I, of course, mean all God's people in every nation and clime, no matter what their creed or name. And this leads me to mention a very important fact in relation to the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—it is not denominational.

It is now admitted by nearly all aggressive Christian workers that there are certain classes of Christian effort which can best be carried on by dropping all denominational differences and uniting in effort without regard to party or creed. More workers and more lines of influence can often thus be commanded, and then, it is a good thing to educate the churches up to believing that no one has all the truth, and that perhaps the very dogma a church may talk the most about, is the very one least needed in a hand to hand conflict with the devil. The World's Evangelical Alliance, the Young Men's Christian Associations, and the various Seamen's Friend Societies in Europe and America are grand illustrations of the real unity of the church, even amid the diversities of its organization and creeds. Christ is one, and all who love Him love each other. No one denomination can have an efficient church in every port, but there are good Christians in all parts of the world, who will unite under a common banner and work for the Master.

*The thought which I desire especially to emphasize, to-night, is the duty of the church to save the seamen, and utilize them in the conversion of the world.*

I. The duty of the church to save the men of the sea is included in Christ's commission, "Go ye, therefore teach"—that is make disciples of—"all nations." Sailors made up of all nations are men for whom Christ died, and therefore, their salvation is a part of the God-appointed work of the church. They number three millions to-day. That equals the population of the American colonies at the revolution. True, steamships are taking the place of sailing vessels, which require fewer men, but as international commerce grows, and as the lake and river systems of the world are more and more occupied by the commerce of individual nationalities, the number of all kinds of vessels will multiply and sailors will increase.

Instead of 3,000,000 who gain a livelihood upon the sea, the lakes and the rivers of the world, there will be probably twice as many in the near future. The church must save these men. The call to this duty is intensified by the dangers to which sailors of all classes are exposed. Their lives are exposed to many hardships, such as landmen are strangers to. Twelve short years is the average of a life of service on the sea, and the average natural life of a sailor is only twenty-eight years. The work of the church must therefore be done quickly or not at all.

II. Another thought bearing upon the duty of the church to seamen is this:—The church should always seek to use the best possible means for the accomplishment of her work in saving the world. The use of means to an end, or, in other words, the law of cause and ef-

fect, is God-appointed in all human affairs, whether physical, intellectual, social or moral. We must guard against the Jesuitical sin, that "the end justifies the means," but, on the other hand, the individual Christian worker, or church or denomination, or the universal church, must never forget, that no soul can be saved, no moral reform can be carried forward, no redemption of the world accomplished without a prayerful and diligent use of the divinely appointed means.

Following this fundamental law is the corollary that the church ought to avail herself of the best means within her reach for the accomplishment of her work. It is here that the devil flanks the church in many a battle, and postpones the triumph of the right. Take the temperance reform. How the devil has marshalled his forces along the line of every advanced movement!—poisoning the public taste, perverting the public judgment, dazzling and bewildering the minds of the youth, and substituting policy for principle even among Christians! And why all this, if not simply to deprave public sentiment so as to permit constitutions and laws which will protect the liquor traffic; knowing full well that a public sentiment which will permit these laws will also aid in their enforcement. While Satan can control constitutions and laws so as to protect and make respectable the liquor traffic, he can laugh at all other efforts to stay the awful effects of intemperance. As in the temperance cause, so in all her efforts. The church must seize upon the mightiest weapons for the destruction of sin and the propagation of her faith.

And now let me ask,—what mightier weapon can the church utilize in saving the world, than the men of the sea? Millions of men, most of them young men full of hope and ambition. What would Napoleon have given for one hundredth part of them at Waterloo? Sailors are men of generous impulses, and make grand Christians. Somehow the men who are in danger, oftenest, come to have a frankness of character, a directness of faith and breadth of charity which make them noble followers of Christ when once they are redeemed. Such is the sailor. The very impulsiveness of Peter which made him deny his Lord made him only the grander soldier for Christ when he was fully consecrated to his work. And the seamen have all languages. If those on any sea could be gathered to-day,—in the matter of language, they would be a reproduction of that company in Jerusalem, upon whom the Holy Ghost fell. If converted, that company could preach the Gospel to every principal nation of the earth. And then how providential their distribution! On every sea, on every river, in all latitudes and longitudes, in every harbor, the sailor is found, with time and opportunity to tell the story of the Cross. Oh, if the three million men of the sea were converted, how the Gospel would fly the "spacious earth around." Diodorus Siculus tells of a great fire that swept through the timber of the Pyrenean mountains, doing vast damage in the destruction of forests and castles. But as the heat increased, the ground at a certain spot on a mountain became hot, and the mineral substances near the surface melted and a stream of pure silver flowed forth, to the joy of the people in their dismay. So it would be if only

the sailors were saved, and the fire of God's love would go through their hearts, burning up the dross of sin, mellowing and sanctifying their robust, noble natures. Out of their souls would flow the pure silver of God's love to all peoples in all climes.

III. But there is still another view to take of this question of the duty of the church to the seamen, growing out of the law of necessity. The law of necessity runs parallel with the law of duty. It is no man's duty to do what he cannot understand the necessity of doing; and on the other hand, whatever is our duty to do must be done, or to the extent in which our interests are involved in that duty, we suffer the consequences. It is our duty to feed the body and refusing to do this we die. It is our duty to feed the mind, and refusing to do this we pay the penalty. It is the duty of society to protect itself against its foes, or society must perish. The State and the nation must enforce their laws and give peace and protection to all citizens, or die. Duty is but another word for necessity.

The sailors of the world *must* be saved, or the church fails, not only in its mission to them, who include nearly 9,000,000 of every generation, but also fails in its mission to the world, because the influence of the seamen, and the vast commercial power which they represent, must be favorable to the church, or she can never perform her mission. It is along the lines of commerce that Christianity propagates herself. All great church movements localize in the commercial centers of the world. It was at Jerusalem and Antioch, and Ephesus, and Rome, and other centers of commercial power, that the apostles planted their first churches. As then, so it is to-day. The foreign missions of the church center in the great cities like Peking, Canton, Hong Kong, Yokohama and Constantinople. The church must look to commerce for transportation and protection. Had it not been for the presidential veto of the late attempt to destroy our commercial treaty with China, it is probable that every American missionary now in that country would be murdered, or at home. It was the tea trade that battered down the Chinese wall of prejudice which for thousands of years held that people absolutely to themselves. And commerce cannot do without Christianity. The East India company of England tried that, but had, finally, to surrender to the cross, and give transportation to missionaries on its ships, and protection to them at all its trading ports; but on the other hand, all missionaries in foreign countries to-day are protected by commercial treaties.

The necessities of commerce have given the world its fleets, its ocean telegraphs, its laws of nations by which great international questions are settled by arbitration, and its postal laws by which the humblest citizen in America can speak with a friend in China for a few pennies. Last week a letter was laid on my desk from Madras, India, from a pensioned English soldier, asking about a son somewhere in Louisiana. With the letter was another from Bro. Evans, a Methodist missionary, who told me of his church work, and that he was building a \$12,000 edifice, and also inclosing printed slips giving detailed information of missionary work in that region. All this information came from the other side of the globe for a few cents. Chris-

tianity of herself could never have made such an event possible. I do not undervalue the power of Christianity upon commerce, but what is important for us to understand to-night is that only as the commerce of the world extends and is itself Christianized, can the world be saved.

Christian orators are accustomed to rejoice in the fact that the sword, the emblem of power, is in the hands of Christian nations. 'This is well. But to me it is a much more significant fact that the world's commerce is in the hands of Christian nations. Commerce represents not simply power, but law, intelligence, social order, stable government, enterprise, invention, the arts and sciences, everything which thousands of years of advance have given the race. A nation's commerce is a sure index to its vitality and power, and the morals of a nation's commerce are a true index to her Christianity.

Jesus "*began to teach and to preach by the seaside.*" His first converts were fishermen, and five, perhaps seven, of His apostles were men of the sea. Isaiah, in his prophetic vision of the redeemed world when Jesus shall reign supreme, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, says, that "the abundance of the sea shall be converted." There are no accidents in God's dealings with man. That little sea of Galilee, with its little boats, and companies of fishermen sailors, represented forces which could best be utilized by the Master, in planting His kingdom on earth. And we may also rest assured that it was no accident that led Isaiah to give the sea so prominent a place in his marvelous pictures of the redeemed world.

The sea covers more than three-fifths of the earth's surface: from it rise the vapors which give us rain to fill our rivers, to moisten our atmosphere and to make vegetation possible; the sea tempers the extremes of cold and heat, upon our earth, and presides mistress over many of the ever changing, yet never accidental climatic influences which moisten and purify the air, preventing dangerous extremes in winds and temperatures. The sea is the highway of the nations without which they could not know each other. On its bosom millions of men gain a livelihood, and in its ships multiplied millions of the world's treasures float every hour. As the world advances and international commerce grows, ships will multiply in numbers, and beauty, and strength and speed; sailors increase in numbers, in skill and in power for good or for evil. A nation's power is largely measured by her strength on the sea. England is mistress of the sea, and therefore up to this hour England is mistress of the world. Those little islands on the Western coast of Europe speak, and all nations give heed, because England's ships are in all waters.

As with nations so with the church. Jesus began at the seaside, and the church just in proportion as she lays hold of the world with the faith that will triumph, must begin at the sea, by saving its millions of men and making them preachers of Christ in all ports and upon all rivers and lakes.

God says: "The abundance of the sea shall converted." That word "converted" here means a change from one to another, and the meaning is that the "abundance of the sea," that is, its men, its ships and its vast commercial power, shall all be "converted," changed from the

service of the world to the service of Christ. Seamen are to be Christian men; piracy and all forms of dishonest trading on the sea are to end, armed navies are to be no more, and honesty and righteousness are to prevail on every sea. But these words mean more. Such are the relations of men that the abundance of the sea cannot be "converted" unless the whole earth be saved. The words, therefore, point to the time when "every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to God." That day will come, for God has spoken it and will bring it to pass. But God works by means. That word "shall" in his lips means power, certainty, but to man it means faith, action. It is man's work to use the means. Every law is a cause as well as an effect. Every relation in life has its purpose. Every moral triumph has its antecedent means. Every soul saved is the result of a co-operation of the human with the divine. When, therefore, God says "the abundance of the sea shall be converted," it is the Lord God Almighty speaking from the heavens, and calling upon the church to arise, and by organized, heroic effort to save the men of the sea and make every ship that floats a messenger of peace and good will.

In 1861 a terrific storm raged on the northeast coast of England. Eighty vessels were driven ashore, and forty-three were total wrecks, and eighty brave hearts were stilled beneath the washing waves, and eighty homes on shore were smitten with grief. Groups of anxious people dotted the coast and eagerly watched the vessels as they were tossed like corks toward the reefs. Every life-boat was out among the breakers doing heroic work. A dreadful night had passed, and in the morning a stout vessel was seen approaching the harbor. The signal of distress was flying. On, on she came. Her only hope was to pass round a reef lying out in the bay and get inside, so that the life-boats could reach her. But in this she failed, and, striking the reef, went down,—first the hull and then only a few feet of the two great masts remained above the waves. To these the crew of seven clung for life, while the waves and winds dashed and howled about them. The only means of rescue the people on shore had was the rocket apparatus, by which a line could be thrown over and beyond them, and to which they could cling and be dragged ashore. But while this was being arranged one mast was driven away, and the three men clinging to it went down. And just as the light touched the powder, and the mortar fired the ball that carried the line across the wreck, the other mast with the remaining three men and a boy clinging to it was swept away.

All now seemed lost. Sadness fell on every face. Hopelessly they drew in their line, but as it neared the beach something was found entangled in its folds. It was the sailor boy! At first he seemed dead, but gradually revived and became conscious. With wild amazement he looked about him and asked for his captain and his mate, and when told that all were drowned but himself, he stood overwhelmed for a moment and then lifting both hands, he exclaimed, "My mother's been praying for me! My mother's been praying for me!" Then he dropped on his knees in the wet sand and burying his face in his hands sobbed aloud.

Oh, that the faith of that mother for her sailor boy, could take possession of the church to-day, for the millions of men on the sea!



*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## IN MEMORIAM—CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS PROAL.

BY REV. C. J. JONES, CHAPLAIN SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

Captain AUGUSTUS PROAL, a retired ship master, departed this life at Orange, N. J., on the 1st day of June, 1879, in the 79th year of his age.

*"He, being dead yet speaketh."*—  
(Heb. xi: 4.)

The most glowing tribute that can be paid to departed worth, is given us in the language of the Holy Spirit, when He says of Barnabas, a son of the early church, that *"he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith."* And of Abel, the first among the righteous dead, that *"he being dead yet speaketh."*

May not the same eulogy be pronounced (in measured terms, perhaps,) on the decease of every sanctified believer in Christ, and every true worker in the vineyard of the Master, who is called to enter into the joy of his Lord? Such an eulogy would not be inappropriate to describe the life and character of our deceased brother. For, in the chamber where that *"good man met his fate,"* a life of more than ordinary energy and usefulness was closed to the church on earth. The results of that life, eternity alone can reveal in their fulness.

As I stood by the casket which contained the remains of my earliest earthly friend, memory carried me back over an interval of nearly forty years, to the hour, when, through his kind and loving words, the windows of my dark soul were first opened to admit the glorious light of the gospel of Christ. It is fitting, therefore, that I should

testify to his christian faithfulness, by a brief record of his useful life.

I learn, from a life-long friend of Captain Proal, that he was born of pious parents, in the city of New York, received a liberal education, and, at the age of seventeen, chose for his future, a life on the sea. Here his native energy found "ample room and verge enough." He passed consecutively through the various grades of seamanship, and rose to the position of mate, master, and part owner.

In 1827 he was chief officer of a fine ship in the European trade, and shortly after became master. In his earlier life he was noted for his cheerfulness. He was what is called a good fellow, a pleasant companion, persevering and full of energy; a man of strong passions, brave and fearless, and very demonstrative in whatever he undertook, or was interested in. Although the child of religious parents, and followed by many prayers, he does not appear to have had any decided moral convictions. So far was he from any conscious religious restraint,—as he told his friend,—that he often prayed that he might become an infidel, hoping thereby to be freed from conscientious scruples, as well as from the pain they too often induce.

As an officer he was severe and exacting with his men. Doing his own duty fully, he demanded the same from his subordinates. He was a strict disciplinarian, sometimes maintaining discipline by a resort to physical force. So conspicuous was this feature of his character, that seamen have spoken

of him as noted for his severity in bringing refractory Tars to terms.

But, how marvellous is the grace of God! The lion becomes a lamb, and the asperities of human passion are toned down by divine love!

In the year 1837, through the failure of his owners, he was thrown out of employment, and remained ashore for nearly two years unoccupied. It was during this interval that he was called to the death bed of a pious sister, who was passing away in the triumph of faith.

While he was standing near her bed side, she turned toward him, a look of great anxiety, which attracted the attention of her Pastor, Rev. Mr. EASTBURN, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York,—and led him to ask her if there was anything she desired to say. She raised herself with some difficulty, and pointing to her unconverted brother—said, “Yes. Pray that that dear brother may meet me in heaven.” That prayer is now answered. The solicitude of that dying sister led him to give his attention to personal religion, to which, as to all other matters that he engaged in, he gave his untiring and undivided efforts. Through the counsel of Rev. MANTON EASTBURN, and of his own brother, Rev. Dr. PROAL, of Utica, N. Y., he was led to submit himself to the requirements of the Gospel, and ultimately was permitted to experience a sense of pardoned sin, to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God, and to unite himself with the Church of the Ascension. He trusted alone in the mercy of God through the efficacy of atoning blood. But it was always difficult for him to forgive himself. Bishop Whitehouse, who knew him well, and who was familiar with his severe struggles for the victory over his own impulsive and passionate

nature, said:—“I never knew a man who had greater spiritual trials, or who made a greater effort to overcome himself.”

As soon as Captain Proal was assured of his conversion, and had consecrated his life to the service of Christ, he entered heartily and prayerfully upon the study of the word of God. Nor was this for his own sake alone. He very soon displayed the true missionary spirit, and became deeply interested in the salvation of other souls than his own. He gathered the young men of the church and congregation about him for the mutual study of the scriptures. So absorbed did he become in this delightful employment, that he did not care to look for service afloat, until he felt that his religious character was established beyond a doubt. His own experience told him what the nature of the conflict upon which he was entering, would be, and he desired fully to test the weapons of his warfare before entering upon it. Feeling secure in his new armor, he returned once more to the ship and the sea. He resumed command, as a Christian captain, as one who felt that he was now responsible to God as well as to his owners; and that the souls of all them that sailed with him were as much his special charge as were the ship and the cargo.

It was shortly after this, in May, 1840, that divine Providence led me within the sphere of his influence. He was, at that time, master of the ship *Harkaway*, of New York, lying in the dock at Liverpool. I shipped with him, before the mast, as an able seaman, and with the rest of the crew went on board and “turned to” on Wednesday forenoon. On Saturday afternoon, the captain came for-

ward, and calling the crew around him, said, in a pleasant voice, "Men, to-morrow is the Sabbath day, and I should be very much pleased to have you all attend church," giving as a reason, that we were "about to sail" on the following Tuesday, and that "we ought all to take the love of God to sea with us, in our hearts." He told us of the Savior's calling the fishermen, on the shores of Galilee, to be his disciples, and of their immediately leaving their ships and following him. He spoke also of the willingness of Christ to save sailors, as well as all other sinners, now, and closed by exhorting us all to become Christians.

We all listened attentively as he unfolded to us the precious promises of God to save sinners who repent. The result was we all promised to go to church. But a rehearsal of Sunday's doings, when we met in the forecabin on Monday morning, revealed the fact that but two of us (of whom I was one) had kept the promise.

I had then been nine years at sea, in men-of-war and merchant ships, of different countries, leading all that time a wild and reckless, and sinful life, and had never met the first man who gave expression to religious views, or who manifested any interest in the eternal welfare of his fellow men. Captain Proal was the only person who, up to that time, had ever brought divine things to my attention. Efforts to follow up the good impression were made during the passage to New York. Religious services were held every Sabbath, on the quarter-deck, wind and weather permitting, and weekly meetings for Bible reading and prayer in the cabin, the captain officiating and the crew and passengers invited to attend. The

first Bible I ever received he gave me. And when, at the end of the voyage I was called into the cabin to receive my wages, he, again, evidently unwilling that the blood of my soul should cling to his skirt, affectionately invited me to turn to the Lord.

I did not follow his counsel at that time, but it is due to his memory to say, that his effort to secure the salvation of my soul, though not crowned with immediate success, was, nevertheless, the first call to my religious progress, the first link in the chain of providential circumstances that led me ultimately to the foot of the cross, to a personal consecration of my life to Christ, and to a ministry of the word among seamen, which has been by no means barren of results, and which has already extended over a period of more than thirty years. So that "*He being dead yet speaketh.*" "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Let no one despise the day of small things! What encouragement does God offer to faithful workers, to cast their "bread upon the waters," and how often do we see the fulfillment of his promises, in its "return after many days!"

That the captain "builded better than he knew," is evident from the fact, that, referring to the above incident, in an article which he wrote for the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* of January, 1842, he says, speaking of two young men "with whom I had taken some pains for their instruction in the Bible, I had but little inducement to suppose my efforts had made any impression upon their hearts. And being thereby led to take a retrospective glance over the voyage, I was rather inclined to fear that possibly my own infirmities and inconsistencies had, at least, coun-

teredacted the influence for good that my efforts were intended to produce."

It will be seen that self abnegation led him to write bitter things against himself, unnecessarily. For while one of these two *then* young men has preceded him to the shadowy land, having first risen to the responsible position of a ship-master, and sailed out of New York for many years in that capacity,—the other one still lives, and is permitted, while yet in the full tide of ministerial usefulness, to write this memorial as his tribute of respect and affection for this truly good and useful man.

For a quarter of a century, at least, after this voyage of the *Harkaway* closed, Captain Proal continued to repeat the experiences I have described. With what results the record of the Book of remembrance before the throne will alone reveal. After leaving the active life of the sea, which he did about 1858 or 1856, he was employed as an Inspector in a Marine Insurance Company. He served faithfully in that position until 1863. In 1856 he was called to follow his beloved wife to the grave. After a year or two of a widower's life he married again. His estimable companion, who now survives him, and who cheered the ceasing years of his earthly pilgrimage, testifies to the domestic excellencies of his character, and to the enjoyments of their happy country home which she shared with him for so many years. She mourns his loss, but rejoices in the anticipation of a re-union before the great white throne.

I should add, before closing this paper, that our brother lost none of his interest in his fellow seamen. For after he ceased to be actively engaged in missionary efforts among them personally, he carried into

his retirement the same Christian sympathy for their souls that he had ever felt. The proof of this is seen in the fact that for the last twenty-five years of his life he was an active member and, for a time, Vice President, of the "Seamen's Friend Society" under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal church, of which he was a devoted and worthy member to the close of his life.

As the infirmities of age grew upon him he was more and more assiduous in his religious exercises, his Bible and Book of Common Prayers being his constant companions. His conversation was in heaven, and his only regrets were that he had not done more for his dear Savior who had done so much for him. In short, he died as he had lived, leaning on his Lord. His *life* was that of one who had chosen for his motto, "*Let me live the life of the righteous,*" and "*let my last end be like his;*" and his death was Peace. He sleeps in Jesus:—

"Blessed sleep,

From which none ever wake to weep."

— — — — —  
For the Sailors' Magazine.

## Welcome.

"The people gladly received him: for they were all waiting for him."— *Luke viii, 40.*

Why tarry so long on Gergesa's strand,  
Great teacher, kind and true?  
We wait for the touch of thy healing hand,  
Oh! come with blessings new!

We watch for the ship to heave in view,  
We watch for the gleaming oar,  
We watch for the hardy fishermen crew,  
To bring Thee to our shore.

"Sail Ho," is signalled from the height,—  
"Sail Ho," with answering cheer,  
Is given by men with a new delight,  
On the pebbly beach so pure.

Full larger it grows, the swelling sail,  
Fresh breezes follow fast,  
Hark to the generous joyous hail,  
"She's in the bay at last."

Oh! welcome to Thee on the western strand.  
Welcome thy healing power.  
Welcome thy strong uplifting hand.  
To touch and bless the poor!

H. T. M.

Eldorado, Ontario.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## VII.—CÆSAREA.

Although no mention is made of this port in the Old Testament, it is constantly appearing in the New, and was one of the important centers not only of commerce but of the Christian church through all the apostolic history. Before the time of Herod the Great, there possibly stood upon the site where he was to erect a magnificent city, a town which was known as Strato's Tower. The author of *The Land and The Book* thinks that it furnished the materials for the new port built in the time of and named after Augustus, the Emperor of Rome. Its position is twenty-five miles south of Mount Carmel, and about thirty-five miles north of Joppa.

An inspection of a map of the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, shows but few of those natural indentations which are needful as harbors, to form a safe retreat for ships during the prevalence of a storm, or where vessels may easily receive and land their cargoes. Yet the wealth of Phœnicia and Palestine demanded such outlets on the seaboard as Tyre, Sidon and Joppa. And it was needful that the deficiencies of the natural harbors should be made up by art,—at whatever cost of labor and money. The demands of commerce were imperative, and either merchants or the whole nation must be taxed to meet them.

Until the time of Herod there was no sea port between Dora and Joppa, a distance of about forty miles, a very serious deficiency, when all voyages were made along

the coast. Hence, when Herod, after the battle of Actium, was confirmed in the possession of the kingdom of Judea, to which were also added other provinces, he fixed upon the small landing and fishing place known as Strato's Castle, as a point on which to build a city that should at once be a political and commercial center for the people over whom he ruled. After arranging his plans, which were eminently designed to honor the name of the Roman Emperor, that was to be given to the new city, he summoned his architects and builders to accomplish his purposes, and in ten years erected a city of marble filled with magnificent temples and theatres, abundantly supplied with water by large aqueducts, adorned with works of art and taste, and having a commodious harbor where ships might lie in safety amid the severest storms that swept the coast.

To secure this last-named feature of his work, he constructed a mole of immense proportions, and enclosed a space equal to the Piræus, at Athens, for the accommodation of naval and merchant vessels. The mole was semi-circular, protecting the harbor on the south and west, and leaving only an entrance on its northern side. It was built of large stones fifty feet in length, and sunk to the depth of twenty fathoms in the sea. There were broad landing wharves around the harbor, and one of the landmarks for the sailor, on his approach from the sea, was a splendid temple dedicated to Cæsar the Ro-

man, which contained colossal statues of his patron, the Emperor, and of the city where was his throne. Thus was built a city which became at once the populous and splendid seat of Roman authority upon the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea. Here were the headquarters of its military forces, which might at any emergency be thrown upon any portion of the province requiring its presence. Here was the palace of those who represented the Roman Empire in the government of Judea and the adjacent territory. When the work was completed, and a city of marble stood on the shore which, but lately, had been only the resort of a few obscure fishermen, or of transient vessels taking advantage of a calm sea to drop or take on freight, the most costly preparations were made to do honor to the occasion of its completion and dedication. Josephus, who, though perhaps he often draws upon his fancy to fill up his sketches of historical facts, may be relied upon for the truthfulness of his most important statements,—says that “for this occasion the most expert masters in the different entertainments were engaged from all parts, such as musicians, swordsmen, wrestlers, racers and the like, who were to exhibit with the utmost dexterity in their several professions. This festival was instituted to the honor of Augustus Cæsar, and was attended with immense expense to the king, in contributing to its pomp, the magnificent curiosities, which were collected at any price from all quarters,—and to add to which, Julia, the wife of Cæsar, sent a great part of her most valuable furniture from Rome, with the choicest rarities of Italy, estimated at the value of five hundred talents,

so that nothing was wanting to complete its splendor. This grand spectacle was attended by an innumerable concourse of people from all quarters, and ambassadors from divers potentates resorted to it out of compliment to Herod, who were all entertained at the king's charge, with curious spectacles by day and sumptuous feasts at night, so that he acquired the reputation of a most magnanimous and generous friend.”

Thus by the force of a single mind, supported by the wealth at the control of a ruler under the authority of Rome, this splendid city rose at once upon this hitherto silent and tenantless portion of the coast, and proud ships bearing the symbols of Roman authority, and fleets of vessels laden with the wealth of commerce and agriculture and art, rode securely upon waters that but lately beat with untamed and pitiless power upon the shore. Here the Greek and the Jew mingled in commercial and civil life, though antagonistic in their social and religious peculiarities. The Gentile population was largely in the ascendant,—and constant and often bloody feuds were taking place between them, and the Jewish portion of the inhabitants.

Cæsarea was in the height of its power and glory when Christ was born. Its founder was still the king of the Jews, when the star seen in the East hovered over Bethlehem and the angels announced the birth of the Prince of Peace and the King of Kings.

No mention is made of any visit of Christ to this city. Yet soon after his ascension it became the theatre of many an important event in the history of the church which he had established. The first Christian preacher, whose visit to it is mentioned, is Philip the evan-

gelist, who, after his memorable interview with the Ethiopian Eunuch, passed on from Azotus, the ancient Ashdod, along the coast towns to Cæsarea, where he evidently had his home for several years. Shortly afterwards there came thither a few brethren with a new convert to the faith, who having escaped from his persecutors at Damascus, had come to Jerusalem, where his name at first sent terror to the hearts of the disciples as one who had scattered the church by his own bitter hostility to it. This was Saul, who was now brought to this port, that he might there take a vessel to his native city Tarsus, where he might have a brief respite until his great work of life should fairly begin. Shortly after this event there opens a scene of great interest as the first entrance of the Gospel to the Gentile world. Among the Roman officers who were here stationed in command of the army was Cornelius, who had become a devout and praying man under only such influences and light as a Roman soldier might find in his occasional interviews with those who received the truths of the word of God. The account of his conversion to the Gospel and of his admission to the church of Christ, with all his household, is found in the tenth chapter of the Acts. Instructed by an angelic visitant he sent to Joppa, thirty-five miles distant, where Peter, whose Jewish prejudices had been removed by a vision, and who was ready, though a Jew, to become the guest of a Gentile, was found and led to Cæsarea, that he might make known to this Roman soldier the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was in this city that Herod Agrippa met the representatives of Tyre and Sidon, who had come to sue for his clemency, be-

cause fearing his anger, and before whom, after accepting their humble acknowledgements, he appeared in the theatre in magnificent robes, addressing them in words which they applauded as the voice of a God, not of a man. And there too, in the midst of his vanity and splendor, he fell back under the stroke of an angel of God, and all his power and splendor was suddenly exchanged for death and the grave.

Here Peter came and abode, after having been freed from prison by the hands of an angel in answer to the prayers which were made for him by the church, and thus Cæsarea, built by a proud king who had sought the life of the infant Jesus, and afterwards the scene of the awful judgments of God upon another king, who sought the life of an apostle of Christ, became the home and refuge of the church, and the resort of many of her noblest witnesses to the truth. Here Paul landed on his voyage from Ephesus and Athens towards Antioch, as recorded in the eighteenth chapter of Acts. Here he stopped again on his next missionary tour, from Miletus, by the way of Rhodes, Cyprus, Tyre and Ptolemus or Acre. It was on this occasion that he was the guest of Philip, when he was warned by Agabus of the persecutions he was to encounter at Jerusalem. Ascending thither despite this assurance, he was assailed with violence and his life threatened by an infuriated mob, who were only prevented from carrying out their murderous purposes by the timely intervention of Roman authority. Once more he entered Cæsarea under the escort of a Centurion and his soldiers, and was left in the guard room of Herod's magnificent palace until a hearing might be

had before the proper tribunal. Here, in due time, he was brought face to face with his accusers from Jerusalem. Here he had that memorable interview with Felix, in which he reasoned with him on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and so sent the truth home to his conscience, that the guilty man trembled. And here he was left in bonds for two years, and permitted under the watch of a centurion to visit and be seen of his friends. At the end of this time he was again brought before the Roman authorities, and when he found himself in danger of being sent back to Jerusalem, appealed unto Cæsar, and was sent forth on that memorable voyage to Rome, whose history closes up the record of his life as given by Luke in the Acts of the Apostles.

There is but little left of this once magnificent city by which it is possible to restore to the imagination its appearance in the times of the Apostle Paul. As it was the center of Roman military power in Palestine, its streets must have been alive with soldiers, its harbor filled with ships from all the ports of the Mediterranean, attracted to it by its importance as the great naval depot of that province. As it was the home of the Roman Procurators, there must have been kept up a semi-regal state which was the reflection of the pomp and splendor of the imperial power which it represented. This is evident from the account which is given of Paul's appearance before the Roman authorities at Cæsarea.

The departure of Paul with other prisoners for Rome by a merchant ship closes up the Scriptural notices of this sea port, and leaves us dependent upon later histories for what is of interest in that city. Its decline was almost as rapid as

its growth. It continued to hold its position as a political and commercial center until the age of Constantine and Justinian. Vespasian raised it to the rank of a Roman colony and gave to it certain immunities from taxation, when he had here been declared the Emperor of Rome.

Cæsarea, from the mixed nature of its population, contained elements of strife which in time developed into fierce and bloody conflicts. The Jews and the Greeks frequently came into collision. The former claimed that the city being built by a Jewish king belonged to them, and should protect and patronize their form of worship. The latter, pointing to the statues of heathen divinities and to the temples in which they were worshipped, claimed that the city was built for the Gentiles and was theirs. The question was at last referred to the Emperor Nero who decided it in favor of the Greeks.

But his decision was far from settling the matter. More violent outbreaks than ever took place, and the Jews were openly insulted on their way to their synagogue by the exposure of a sacrifice arranged for the purpose by the Greeks.

Thus violence, and at last, bloodshed, followed, and 20,000 Jews were massacred in the city. This led to the great revolt against the Roman power which eventuated in the final destruction of Jerusalem and its Temple.

With the decline of Palestine began also the decline of Cæsarea. It continued to be a city of considerable importance so long as it enjoyed the political patronage of Rome. Here Christianity, whose seeds had been sown by Peter and Philip and Paul, and whose earliest convert had been a Roman soldier, grew and flourished. Here,



as well as elsewhere, she had her confessors and her martyrs, of whom Eusebius, who was born here, mentions three, who were given to the wild beasts during the persecution of Valerian, and of another, a distinguished Roman soldier, who was beheaded. With the decline of the imperial power of Rome, and consequently of its political patronage, Cæsarea experienced a rapid decay. Its brilliant career had been largely owing to the favor of kings, who had made it the center of their political power, and when this passed away the glory of the city departed. In the year 625 it fell into the hands of the Saracens, but continued, until the time of the Crusades to retain some importance as a city and sea port. From that time it rapidly sunk, until now nothing but immense ruins remain to tell of its former greatness and glory.

As it lies off from the usual routes of travel, and is the home of robbers and of noxious reptiles, only a few fearless and enterprising travelers are willing to undergo the toils and hazards of a visit to the place. Besides the notices of it by Dr. Robinson, Lieut. Lynch of the U. S. Navy passed over it in his expedition to the Dead Sea in 1848. Its ruins, he says, shew "walls and bastions with a deep ditch about them. The citadel presents a striking scene of great masses of masonry overturned, displaying rows of dark granite columns beneath, the foundation of which, was laid in what is termed cob-house fashion. All the ruins are of massive sand-stone. The whole area within the walls is full of pits, where hewn stones have been dug from the earth, accumulated over them in the lapse of ages. There was an Arab shepherd with several hundred goats

within the enclosure. 'The sea coasts shall be dwellings, cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks,' *Zeph.* 2: 6. The walls were in good preservation. Along the bank are the remains of a line of ancient buildings, and near the termination a temple fallen into the sea, its dark granite columns lying side by side in the water. How beautiful once!—how mournful now! Parallel to the sea are Roman arches of an aqueduct nearly buried in the fine white sand. This aqueduct evidently conveyed water from the Zerka (Blue River), although when the party came upon it, it ran more inland among the sand hills. The whole region is almost an entire desert. The river Zerka is a fine stream with the remains of a stone bridge at its mouth on the very shore of the sea. There is a little mill a short distance up and an ancient dam of solid masonry. This mill grinds for the neighboring villages and is represented to have been a mill seat of ancient Cæsarea." It is three miles north of the old seaport and was the place in which the author of the "Land and the Book" pitched his tent when he visited these ruins, which he has described with great minuteness. Among them are the remains of an immense Roman theatre, which is semi-circular in shape, having a chord of one hundred and sixty-six feet.

Although its seats are gone, its vomitories and vaults beneath are still in good preservation and are now used by the peasants for granaries and storehouses. So great are the changes which time and the sea have wrought upon the harbor, that Dr. Thomson questions the accuracy of Josephus in his description of the port. Yet the ruins which lie in every direc-

tion, the vast masses of masonry, which look as if they had been shaken by earthquakes, the magnificent columns which strew the shore, the long lines of ancient aqueducts, which have survived the destroying waste of time and war, all give proof of the existence, on that spot, of a city of vast proportions and of splendid appearance.

Dr. Thomson says:—"I once spent several hours search among them for inscriptions, but found none, and the only important discovery was that such enormous quarryings were never made by the short-lived city of Cæsarea, and that this was merely the Roman name for a more ancient city. I had read this before, but I was convinced that the original name could not have been STRATO'S Tower, for that was Latin, and these quarries were opened long before they ever appeared in Syria. This primitive city, I suppose, was the frontier town, in this direction, of the Phœnicians, and I leave to the lovers of antiquarian research the discovery of its name and history."

Thus has this once famous and splendid city, with its commercial

and political greatness, passed away, and these ruins are all that is left of its glory. The only vessels that now visit the spot, and ride at anchor, where once the navies of Rome, her colonies and provinces found shelter, and landed her soldiers, and brought or received the fruits and sources of her wealth, are those which come to carry away her stones to be used in the building up of other cities which are still living and thriving. The kings and the great men whose names were the synonyms of power and glory have passed away to be forgotten,—while the Gospel which Cornelius received, and which Peter and Philip and Paul preached, and for which they suffered martyrdom, remains in all the freshness and strength of its original power. And the church, of which they were ministers, has made its way in spite of persecution and the rage of the heathen, until it has filled the earth and is dropping its blessed and benign influences over the very land where it was first preached, and over nations then unknown, or which were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

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### Ebb and Flow.

How easily He turns the tides!—

Just now the yellow beach was dry,  
Just now the gaunt rocks all were bare.

The sun beat hot and thirstily,  
Each sea-weed waved its long brown hair,  
And bent and languished as in pain.  
Then, in a flashing moment's space,  
The white foam-feet which spurned the sand  
Paused in their joyous outward race,  
Wheeled, wavered, turned them to the land,  
And a swift legionary band  
Poured on the waiting shores again.

How easily He turns the tides!—

The fulness of my yesterday  
Has vanished like a rapid dream,  
And pitiless and far away  
The cool, refreshing waters gleam;  
Grim rocks of dread and doubt and pain  
Rear their dark fronts where once was sea.  
But I can smile and wait for Him  
Who turns the tides so easily,  
Fills the spent rock-pool to its brim,  
And up from the horizon dim  
Leads His bright morning waves again.

### How They Prize Christian Love.

A sailor writing from Trinidad, W. I., to our Missionary at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, says:—

"I think I ought to write you a few lines, because you are worthy. You fully deserve more than I am in the position to give, but my Master, who is rich in all things, will, without a doubt, render to you according to your deserts. You have been in my thoughts to-day, and this prompts me to write these few lines. We have been across to Europe, and are now waiting for a cargo of sugar to take home with us. I think to-morrow we shall sail for Cardenas, there being no freights at this place. We will, God willing, be home about the first of August, and I shall not be sorry, for I expect to be at school again, shortly after my return.

"I would mention with pleasure the enjoyment I have received in recollection of the happy times I have spent with you and in the Church of Sea and Land. I have always seen, in that Church what I do not think I ever seen in any other, that is to such perfection and beauty—*brotherly love*. There always seemed to me a oneness with the people, a tender regard for one another, that I have often remembered with pleasure. This church, bearing this characteristic, has called forth my love to them and their pastor, in such a degree that I have often yearned to be back among them again, although my stay will be but short. I would wish to be remembered to both pastor and people, requesting their prayers.

"Truly this has been a profitable voyage to me. I have enjoyed much of the Lord's presence, while his grace has maintained me, and his Spirit has comforted me. "Still I would follow on to know the Lord." I would direct my prayer to him as a Lord worthy of all love and homage. Still would I adore Jesus my Savior as a Being of loveliness and purity. Still I would seek after the Holy Spirit as the only comforter and true guide. I hope these few lines will be acceptable, and I trust that the good Master is blessing your work in New York, and that he is giving you much of his Spirit.

"Believe me to be your friend and brother in the Lord.

L. S. H."

### A Mother's Love.

A mother lately wrote to Mr. AUSTEN, our missionary at Yokohama, in Japan, about her "sailor boy," as follows:—

"SIR:—I humbly ask pardon for trespassing, I fear, upon your valuable time. But I am in great distress of mind from a letter I have received from Captain Smith, and from a kind young lady who was by the bedside of my dear, dear son, who, as I hear, with deep regret, has met with this last terrible accident. My trouble is great and heavy indeed, as I write of the sorrowing news. And to think he is so many, many miles away from me, that I cannot attend to his wants and give my poor, loved boy, a helping hand, and a mother's care.

"But God's will be done! I must and will leave him under His special care and guidance. If it please God to raise him up from this sickness He has thought best to inflict,—may it be the means of binding him to His throne of grace, with thankfulness! If, on the other hand, He, \* \* \* may God have renewed in him the right Spirit, comforted him with His everlasting balm,—taken him to His right hand to be in glory for ever and ever!

"Allow me, sir, a sorrowing mother, to offer most grateful thanks to you, and to all friends that have shown kindness to my dear afflicted one, far, far away from home and all dear to him. A line as to his progress will be greatly valued. Again tendering gratitude for all favors, I am, sir, most respectfully yours,

H. S."

### Characteristic Generosity.

The impulsive liberality of sailors was shown on a steamboat on Long Island, a few nights since. A friend writes:—"As I was coming to Boston a few nights since, a few of us were singing from *Gospel Hymns Nos. 2 and 3*. Some sailors, with others, became very much interested in our singing, and got up a contribution of one dollar, which they insisted upon our taking. We told them we preferred not to, but they urged so hard that we told the company we would receive it and give it to the Lord. This pleased them very much, and I think it is about as direct way as any, to give it to Him through your Society."

## The Sailor's Text.

### THE GREAT CALM.

*"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee."*—Isaiah xxvi. 3.

*Perfect peace!* It is the Gospel alone which can give *that*. All else is changing, but an unchanging covenant God in Christ. The waves may chafe and riot, but the Rock of Ages is immutable. Feeling may vary—scenes may alter—friendships may grow cold—friends may die—but we can still say, "Tha Lord liveth, and blessed be My Rock, and let the God of my Salvation be exalted!"

Why should I seek any earthly and perishable shelter, when I have such a glorious Refuge from the storm in the Everlasting God? He promises to all who trust Him "perfect peace"—peace of conscience—peace from the condemning power of sin—peace amid all the trials and tribulations of life—peace in the hour of death—and everlasting peace and joy in His own presence through all Eternity.

"Oh, where shall peace be found,—

Peace for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,

Or pierce to either pole.

"Here would we end our quest:

O Lord! alone in Thee

Is found the peace we seek—the rest

Of immortality!"

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Labrador Coast.

The "spring mail" brings news from Rev. S. R. BUTLER and his mission, to June 9th. The ice blockade was broken, and a large number of foreign fishing vessels were in the harbor, giving him a good congregation of sailors the day before. The winter's monotony had been varied by a dog-sledge visit to the Wesleyan mission recently established at Red Bay, as noted in the *MAGAZINE* for June (p. 181). Mr. B. preached at various places, and a "grand missionary meeting" was held at the principal settlement, at which \$12 50 was contributed by the shoremen for the missionary cause, although only thirty families resided there.

#### New Brunswick.

##### ST. JOHN.

In pursuing his duties during the first six months of the year, Rev. JAMES SPENCER preached eighty-eight sermons, held twenty-six prayer-meetings, visited one hundred and eighty vessels, and made a hundred visits to the sick, distributing fifteen thousand pages of reading matter.

#### Sweden.

##### STOCKHOLM.

In March and April, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG traveled and preached in the country round about S., speaking in school-

houses, mission-houses, etc. At an evening prayer-meeting in Upsala, in which he assisted, and after the preaching of Lord RADSTOCK, many hearers cried to the Lord for mercy. In May, preaching on shipboard, at S., he found five believing Christians among the sailors, on each of two vessels. He speaks of being cheered in his labor, by similar experience on other vessels. His words were everywhere received by seamen, with a grateful interest.

### Denmark.

#### COPENHAGEN.

Rev. A. WOLLESON reports that in May the efforts he put forth for seamen were marked with divine favor. Services held in the Scandinavian language were well attended, and "not a few asked for the way of the Lord." Preaching on shipboard on Sabbath mornings had been resumed. Three hundred and fifteen vessels were visited during the month, and six visits were paid to sailors sick in the hospital. An American sailor from New Amsterdam, Berbice, S. A., and another from Slesvig, were among the converts during the month. A Danish sailor who was brought to Christ at No. 316 Water St. in this city, last summer, had also been greatly helped in his spiritual life, at the mission in C. Other cases are mentioned showing the success of Mr. W.'s work. Between forty and fifty children are members of the Sunday-school connected with the mission, and one of the four male teachers is a young sailor converted to Christ in New Haven, Conn., two years since. He is now in a college in Copenhagen, pursuing his education for the Gospel ministry.

### Japan.

#### YOKOHAMA.

The weather in March and April was unfavorable to Mr. W. T. AUSTEN'S

work on shipboard, since the vessels in port were few, and were anchored so far from shore as to be inaccessible in rough weather. But sixty-six visits were made to the shipping and thirty-six to the hospital, and the Seamen's Reading Room was well cared for. Several vessels were also provided with loan libraries, sent from our Rooms in New York, by new supply and by exchange. The U. S. S. *Monongahela* was still in port, and noble Christians were among its crew, who were good helpers to Mr. A. in his meetings in Yokohama.

### Chelsea, Mass.

Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT reports a very encouraging state of things at the Hospital,—conversions occurring among the patients,—the last one that of a Portuguese, who came with a broken leg, and is now lying on his bed, "simply trusting in Jesus."

### New York City.

Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER visited 1,619 vessels in April, May and June, paid 525 visits to sailors' boarding-houses, and made 20 visits to hospitals and asylums. He also attended 133 religious and temperance meetings, besides conducting 54 religious services,—and all this labor was accompanied by God's blessing.

#### BROOKLYN (N. Y.) NAVY YARD.

A letter from the U. S. Coast Survey Steamer *Bache*, dated July 1st, to Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, our missionary, speaks of religious interest on board, four seamen having risen from prayers at the previous evening's meeting. The meetings, according to the testimony of one of the men, had a manifest influence in lessening the amount of swearing on deck.

A lodge of Good Templars has been established in Sailors' Hall at the Brook-

lyn Navy Yard, through the instrumentality of Mr. T. D. Williams, a missionary at that yard. Its membership is made up of the petty officers, sailors and marines on board the receiving ship *Colorado*, Capt. Bancroft Gherardi, who is a strong advocate of the temperance cause. It is known as the First Naval Lodge No. 48, I. O. of G. T., and holds the first charter granted to a naval lodge by the Right Worthy Grand Lodge I. O. of G. T. of the United States. There is a good chance for the lodge to do its work near-by, for the "imbiber" can obtain his beer at the very entrance to the room in which the Good Templars meet. Mr. Williams has been ably assisted by Mr. Henry McCracken, Librarian at Sailors' Hall, who was elected and installed as First Worthy Chief Templar of the First Naval Lodge. At the last regular meeting of the First Naval Lodge two civilians presented their cards from Brooklyn Star Lodge, and requested to become members of the First Naval Lodge, but their propositions could not be received, as the First Naval Lodge will not admit any one to membership who is not (at the time he is proposed) in the Navy or Marine corps.

*Army and Navy Gazette.*

### Erie Canal, N. Y.

"The majority of boatmen are not Christians, as you know,"—writes Dea. ISRAEL STARKS, our veteran laborer at Syracuse,—“but the number that love Jesus increases yearly.”

### Brockport, N. Y.

"The class," writes Rev. DAVID DICK-KEY of Rochester, in transmitting to us \$20 from a lady's S. S. class in the Presbyterian Church,—“numbers eight, and their ages are from 4 to 16. The boys have been much interested in sailors and sailor-boys, and have made quite an effort to raise this amount. I hope the ship on which their library is placed, and its destination, will be favorable for an early report. Please send them a good letter.”

### Norfolk, Va.

In May, Rev. E. N. CRANE, chaplain, visited 200 vessels, and performed the

usual labor incident to his mission. On the U. S. S. *Franklin*, to which he supplied two of our loan libraries, some fifty of the crew were also provided with Bibles and Testaments,—the Paymaster advancing the money for those who chose to pay for them,—and nearly all the fifty wished to do so. The steeple of the Bethel was burned by an accidental fire on the 8th of May, but the building has since been repaired. Dr. Sawtell, U. S. N., for years in charge of the Marine Hospital, with whom the Chaplain has had very pleasant relations, has been transferred to St. Louis, Mo., and Dr. Rob't D. Murray, U. S. N., has gone to the Norfolk Hospital.

In June, owing to the close of the cotton shipping season, and the approach of the summer heats, attendance fell off at Bethel services. The semi-monthly temperance meetings, however, were well attended and sustained. Two hundred and sixteen vessels were visited, and a large number of tracts, reading-matter and Bibles were distributed. There is expectation of a larger cotton trade than ever, next Fall.

The fifty-third anniversary of the local Seamen's Friend Society was held, May 12th, Col. W. LAMB, president, in the chair. It was the fourteenth anniversary of the beginning of chaplain Crane's services. In his report, he summarizes the work of the year, in port, as follows:

"The average attendance at our ordinary Bethel services has been quite equal if not above that of last year; but our semi-monthly temperance meetings, held on Sunday evenings during half of the year, have been fully attended, often crowded, and the interest, I may say enthusiasm, in the cause, has not flagged from the beginning. Stirring appeals have been made by various speakers, and a large quantity of appropriate reading matter, distributed, and about 400 persons, mostly seafaring men, have signed the total abstinence pledge, a large proportion of whom there is reason to believe have kept it. Many very intemperate men have been truly reformed, and some I trust have been converted to God. Considering that intemperance is the

most easily besetting sin of sailors, this may indeed be called a great work. Other Bethel services have also at times been deeply interesting and solemn, they and the temperance meetings flowing spontaneously together, seeming to be guided and pervaded by the same divine Spirit."

Fifteen hundred vessels were visited during the year. Aid was extended to 92 shipwrecked and destitute seamen, at an expense to the Society of \$300. Chaplain Crane has ministered at the Naval Hospital, and on U. S. vessels in the harbor. At a temperance meeting on the *Franklin* (U. S. Receiving Ship), which he conducted,—several offices and over forty seamen signed the temperance pledge.

The following officers of the Society were chosen for the current year:—

*President*, Colonel William Lamb;  
*First Vice President*, E. T. Summers;  
*Second Vice President*, E. J. Griffith;  
*Treasurer*, R. Frank Vaughan; *Secretary*, Geo. W. Dey; *Assistant Secretary*, S. N. Brickhouse.

*Board of Managers from the various Religious Denominations*:—*Methodist*—W. R. Hudging, M. L. T. Davis, L. H. Whitehurst, W. D. Aydlott, S. N. Brickhouse, E. J. Griffith. *Baptist*—T. D. Toy, Geo. W. Dey, E. T. Summers, W. H. Morris, S. S. Gresham, T. W. Godwin. *Presbyterian*—Chas. Reid, R. Frank Vaughan, Judge W. H. Burroughs, L. Sheldon, W. H. Broughton and A. B. Broughton. *Episcopalian*—Wm. Lamb, R. H. Baker, T. A. Williams, B. P. Loyall, James E. Heath, Dr. H. M. Nash and C. A. Santos.

### Wilmington, N. C.

At last dates from Rev. J. W. CRAIG, chaplain, about twenty vessels were in port. Services were usually held on Sundays, at the Bethel. Fifty vessels were visited in the month ending June 18th, the Chaplain was kindly received, and found several Christian seamen.

### Savannah, Ga.

Rev. RICHARD WEBB, chaplain, has lately been ill, but is convalescent. He

visited 158 vessels during the quarter ending 30th June, and distributed a large quantity of reading matter, preached forty-eight sermons and made twenty visits to the hospital.

### Pensacola, Fla.

More vessels are expected in port this summer, than ever before, and chaplain W. A. CARTER keeps up his shipboard and hospital visits, as usual.

### New Orleans, La.

Chaplain L. H. PEASE, whose work goes forward, as heretofore, writes:—"We closed the entertainments at the Bethel, for the season, June 1st. Night before last, the usual evening for one of the meetings, a crowd of roughs came pouring in. I told them that notice was given on the week previous, that the entertainments were ended for the season; and I would rather they would not remain, for I had nothing to tell them except about Jesus and repentance, and they would not be quiet while I talked about it, for they did not wish to hear it. They said,—'Yes, Yes.' So we sang Moody and Sankey hymns, and I talked to them about rolling away the stone from the door of the sepulcher. They remained quiet, and called for prayers at the close."

### San Francisco, Cal.

The twenty-second annual report of the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society reports that 1,605 sailors were provided for in the new Sailors' Home, during the previous year. The receipts for board were \$17,316 50, and \$9,571 00 were deposited with the Superintendent for safe keeping.

### Portland, Oregon.

At the first Sabbath evening preaching service in the new Bethel Hall, June 15th, four persons rose, and indicated

their purpose to turn from sin to the Savior. The public services of dedication for the Bethel Hall were held Monday evening, June 18th, and the exercises were largely attended by prominent residents. Rev. Drs. LINDSLEY, Presbyterian, and Rev. A. S. COATS, Baptist, made addresses. The *Oregonian* says:—

“Bethel Hall, erected by the Portland Seamen's Friend Society, as a chapel for their religious work, is so far completed that it will be dedicated to-morrow. It is situated at the corner of Third and D streets in this city. This marks an important stage in the progress of a useful work. Unlike many enterprises of this kind, it enters upon its labors untrammelled by debt, the property being wholly paid for. The present building is, however, merely a provisional and temporary arrangement, to continue till the Bethel Home shall be completed, for which there is room on the same grounds.”

*Correspondence of The Sailors' Magazine.*

### From the Sandwich Islands.

HONOLULU, 9th June, 1879.

#### *Death of Captain G. W. Jewett.*

The *Morro Castle* arrived a few days since, direct from New York. Shortly after her arrival I called on board and found the master, Captain G. W. Jewett, suffering from an attack of “heart complaint,” on his passage out. Occasionally I met him, and he spoke of feeling better, but had decided, however, to leave his vessel and return home over land, as the Australian steamer was soon expected. Having this idea, in view, he left his vessel and was at the residence of J. B. Atherton, Esq., belonging to the firm of Castle & Cooke, to whom the vessel was consigned. Greatly to the surprise of the family, the man was found to have died in his bed on the morning of June 3rd. Every thing had been done by the family for him, and only the day before his death, I met him riding out in Mr. Atherton's carriage.

The funeral was attended from the Bethel, and his remains were temporarily entombed in Nuuanu Cemetery.

#### *Homicide Among Sailors.*

Since the *Morro Castle* arrived, a most unfortunate affair occurred, on board, occasioned by intemperance. Perhaps the facts will be best presented in the words of one of our Honolulu weeklies, the *Advertiser*.

“At an early hour on Sunday morning last, word was brought to the Station House that a man had been stabbed on board the American bark *Morro Castle*, lying at the old Custom House wharf. The man, a seaman named John Frederick, was found by Dr. McGrew, who was immediately called, suffering great pain from a knife wound in the abdomen, from which the bowels were protruding. After dressing the wound, the Doctor advised that the man be taken to the Queen's Hospital, where he died during Monday night, after making a dying declaration before the Police Magistrate who was requested by the Marshal to attend at the Hospital. John Brown, the seaman who stabbed Frederick, was promptly arrested and the examination on Wednesday resulted in his committal for trial at the July term of the Supreme Court on a charge of murder. The testimony at the preliminary examination did not differ materially from the dying statement made by the deceased, which we give in full as follows:—

“On this 1st day of June, 1879, John Frederick, confined in the Queen's Hospital from a wound in the bowels, in view of approaching death, was by me, W. C. Jones, Police Justice of Honolulu, duly sworn, and made the following statement under his oath. Present, John Brown, and the Acting American Consul.

“I am a native of Finland. I am a seaman on board the American bark *Morro Castle*; I do not believe I will recover from the wound from which I am now suffering; I had not been on shore yesterday; all the men of the ship except three went ashore; I turned in late at night,—had been mending clothes; my bunk was full of mosquitoes and I nailed a blanket to the bunk to keep out the mosquitoes; I went to sleep, and presently two of the crew and a stranger came in; one of the parties commenced pulling the blanket off my bunk; and I



jumped out and asked him what he wanted; then we had some words and I asked him if he wanted to fight; I said all right, come along,—to the party named Victor; I did not strike him, but got hold of him to keep him from striking me; at that time the defendant, John Brown, was in the fore-castle door with a knife in his hand, and said, come on deck, you——; Victor and myself then stopped and had no more row; defendant then put one foot over the door into the fore-castle, and the other was on the steps, and he then shoved the knife into my groin; and said, take that, you——. John A. Ohlsen was present; I saw him knock the knife out of the defendant's hand, with a belaying pin, as he started to strike me a second time; this is John A. Ohlsen now present, this is John Brown, the defendant, now here present; I did not strike the defendant with anything; I merely asked them what they wanted about my berth; I did not touch defendant at all; it was after I let go of Victor that defendant stabbed me; I merely asked Brown, the defendant, what he wanted,—that was after I jumped out of my bunk; I was standing near the fore-castle door at the time defendant Brown stepped forward and stabbed me; after I was stabbed I sat down on a chest, and defendant tried to stab me a second time, when Ohlsen knocked the knife out of his hand with a belaying pin; I had not been drinking; never had any difficulty with defendant; he had been drinking; I think if he had not been drinking he would not have stabbed me.

JOHN FREDERICK."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of June, 1879.

W. C. JONES,  
Police Justice, Honolulu."

I visited the unfortunate young sailor at the Hospital and endeavored to do all in my power for him, knowing that he must soon pass away. After his death I attended his funeral. I saw three of the sailors belonging to the vessel at the Bethel yesterday, who are detained as witnesses. The unfortunate young fellow who inflicted the wound has not, as yet, had his trial. But it is, of course, the same old story of rum! I will merely add that I happened to be alongside of the *Morro Castle* soon after her "hatches" were opened for the discharge of

cargo, and I noticed among the very first articles of freight discharged, were some dozen large casks of spirits! I trust, wherever drank, its dire effects may not result in any more cases of homicide. Those manufacturing and selling intoxicating liquors incur a most fearful responsibility.

C. Brewer & Co., of Boston.

To the honor of one line of packets sailing between Honolulu and Boston, let it be known that the owners will not take rum on board, even as freight. I refer to the vessels belonging to C. Brewer & Co., of Boston. The head of this firm has just made Honolulu a visit. He is one of our oldest island merchants. He first came to the islands in 1823, or fifty-five years ago. He was then a young sailor. Subsequently, he became a ship-master, and engaged in the island trade. During all this long period of over fifty years, he has been interested in mercantile affairs here, and in Boston. The history of the firm is most honorable and praiseworthy. Captain Brewer has always been a supporter of the Bethel, and whenever any freight for the seamen's cause came out in his vessel, "one ton" was free!

*The Morning Star* and Rev. E. T. Doane.

The missionary packet *Morning Star* sails to-morrow on her annual trip among the Micronesian Islands. The Rev. E. T. Doane has just arrived from the United States, in order to take passage in this vessel, and return to his early field of labor. He originally went as a missionary to Micronesia under the American Board, about twenty-five years ago, and has shown that he is one of the best of christian workers. In 1861 I met him at Ebon, one of the Marshall Islands, and was then permitted to witness his labors in the missionary cause.

"June Meetings."

We are just closing our "June meetings," for while London has its "May meetings," Honolulu has its "June meet-

ings," as the readers of the *MAGAZINE* may learn from the following programme.

"June 1st.—Sabbath evening, the Rev. Dr. Hyde preaches Annual Foreign Missionary Sermon, in Fort Street.

June 3rd.—Meetings open of H. E. Association at Kawaiahao church.

—Annual meeting of Women's Board of Missions.

June 4th.—Examination of Miss Bingham's Boarding School.

June 5th.—At 5 p. m., missionary tea-party at parlors of Fort Street church.

June 6th.—Examination North Pacific Theological School, 9 a. m.

Fair at Miss Bingham's school-room, for the support of the school, at 5 o'clock p. m.

June 7th.—Sabbath School celebration. Procession marches from Kaumakapili to Kawaiahao.

June 8th.—Home Missionary Sermon at Fort Street in the evening, by Rev. S. C. Damon. In the morning the Rev. E. T. Doane preaches at the Bethel.

At 3 p. m., organization of Chinese church at the Lyceum.

At 8-30, Communion of churches at Kaumakapili.

June 9th.—Adjournment of H. E. A.

June 10th.—Sailing of *Morning Star*.

June 12th, 13th, and 16th.—Examination of Oahu College.

### *The First Chinese Church.*

Agreeably to previous notice, the first Chinese church was organized yesterday, June 8th, and 34 members entered into solemn covenant. The occasion was one of much interest, and a large company of our foreign community assembled to witness the scene. At some future time I may refer to the subject again.

Yours,

S. C. D.

## Obituary.

REV. A. VINCENT GROUP.

This faithful laborer for seamen, in Philadelphia, Pa., pastor of the East-burn Mariner's Church, died on the 22nd June, in the thirty-third year of his age. The Philadelphia papers have published several articles which attest his great usefulness, and we have received the

obituary minute, and resolutions adopted by the Presbyterian Ministerial Association, and the Presbytery of Philadelphia, with both of which bodies he was connected. Rev. Mr. Group left a wife and six children.

CAPT. JOHN P. KOHL.

He was one of the oldest West India trading shipmasters in this port, and died at his home in Brooklyn, 25th June. Captain Kohl first began the West India trade nearly thirty years ago, when he commanded a vessel in the employ of one of the oldest Boston shipping firms. He then entered the employ of Messrs. Brett, Son & Co., of this port, and finally that of Messrs. Fowler & Jova, also of this port, who were his last employers, and with but one or two exceptions, his voyages have been to the Island of Cuba during that period of time. He had a host of friends whose sympathies go out to his afflicted family. His late employers were indefatigable in their attention to him.

CAPT. JAMES C. LUCE,

Who died in New Rochelle, N. Y., July 9th, 1879, was born in Rowley, Mass., April 11th, 1805. In his boyhood he had a strong passion for the sea, and rose to be master of a foreign trading vessel at the age of nineteen. He commanded the *Argus*, *Constellation*, and other fine vessels that sailed out of Boston Harbor, and early in the existence of the (U. S.) Collins Steamship Company, was given charge of one of their best vessels. He was a tall, athletic, thorough-going seaman, of pleasant and popular manners, and one in whom his employers placed the most unlimited confidence. He took command of the *Arctic* after she was launched, followed her fortunes for years and went down with her in the end. The loss of this vessel with over two hundred lives on board, made the most profound sensation of any marine disas-

ter that had happened up to that time. It brought sorrow and mourning to many households throughout the land, and especially to the home and heart of the enterprising man who established the line of steamers to which the *Arctic* belonged—Capt. E. K. Collins, who lost his wife and two children in that appalling disaster. Capt. Luce lost his son, a boy of nine years, to whom he was devotedly attached. The terrible scenes he had passed through, and the loss of his idolized boy, made him resolve never to go to sea again, a resolution he kept to the end. For several years past, Capt. Luce had been in rather delicate health, though never failing in his attention to business, as an officer in the Great Western Insurance Company, in Wall Street. All the children he had, consisted of two sons, the elder of whom was lost in the *Arctic*. The other died at the age of twenty-one, some years ago. His wife survives him.

#### CAPT. ASSEL HARVEY.

This Hudson River Captain, one of the oldest river and coast captains in the country, at the time of his death, expired at his home in Hudson, N. Y., July 14th, in the seventieth year of his age. He was born in Taunton, Mass., 1810, and removed to Athens, Greene County, when nine years of age. He commenced boating when only fifteen years of age, on the Hudson River, and has followed that occupation on the river and along the coast, uninterruptedly, until the close of navigation in 1878, a period of fifty-five years. At the time of his sickness and death, he was in command of the sloop *J. B. Ogden*, and was the oldest captain on the river.

### Inter-Oceanic Communication.

On page 212 of the July number of the *MAGAZINE*, in an extract from one of our exchanges, the opinion of Prof. Smith of Kentucky, that no practical issue would come from the assembling of

the late Paris conference to consider the project of the canal across the Isthmus of Darien was fully summarized. But messages per the Atlantic Cable, received in this city, July 23d, announced that the international and inter-oceanic enterprise under the leadership of M. de Lesseps, for the construction of the Canal had been formally presented to the financial world. Subscription books for the stock will be opened for the 5th and 6th days of August next only. The shares are the equivalent of \$100 each; subscriptions will be payable as follows: 5 per cent. payable on application and 20 per cent. upon allotment. The remaining 75 per cent. instalments will be called after three months' notice during construction, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum will be paid upon them. Respecting this matter the following from the well-informed Paris correspondent of the London *Economist* (July 12th) will be found interesting:—

“The formal transfer of the concession granted by the government of Colombia of the right of making a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama to the company now being formed by M. de Lesseps, was made this week. The concession includes 1,250,000 acres of land at the choice of the company, with all the mines it may contain. I have already given the estimated cost of the canal, but I may add that M. de Lesseps engages to terminate it in eight years, and that it will be executed by the engineers who constructed the Suez Canal. The canal is to be run from the Bay of Limon to the Bay of Panama, to have no locks or other obstructions, and to be of sufficient capacity to permit the passage of fifty vessels per day. According to the statistical information submitted to the congress recently held in Paris, and on which a report has been drawn up by M. Levasseur of the French Institute, the canal, if opened at this moment, could count on a traffic of five millions of tons annually. By the time the canal is terminated the traffic will have increased to seven and a half millions, producing a revenue of ninety millions of francs, exclusive of the revenue that may be realized from the lands conceded. The payment per share on subscribing to the 800,000 shares about to be issued will be 25 francs, and 100 francs on allotment; the other calls will be made as the works proceed. It is supposed that the expenditure of the 400 millions of the share capital will suffice for the canal to be partially opened for shipping; if the suc-

cess of the undertaking is then manifest, the capital required to terminate it could be raised by an issue of debentures at a low rate of interest. It is estimated that the dividends, when the canal is terminated, would amount to 12 per cent., which would be subsequently increased by any further augmentation in the receipts, as the development in the traffic would not entail any addition to the cost of maintenance. The preliminary expenses of forming the company were met by the creation of a small capital of 2,000,000 of francs in founders' shares of 5,000 francs each, the whole of which were taken up by the promoters. These are the shares which I mentioned last week as having been since dealt in at 10,000*fr.* It is possible that all the above expectations may not be realized at once, but, after making allowance for the optimistic views of the projectors, the scheme presents a fair prospect of success. The name of M. de Lesseps is a guaranty that the capital for it will be easily found."

*Per contra* to the above, it was telegraphed from Washington, July 24th, that the report of Admiral Ammen to the Secretary of State upon the proceedings of the Inter-oceanic Canal Congress at Paris, says that from the first sitting it was apparent that there were two parties in the Congress. One was represented by M. Blanchet, who had an unconfirmed grant from the Nicaraguan Government, and the other by Lieutenant Wyse, of the French Navy, who has a grant from the Colombian Government to construct a ship canal over any part of her territory, there being in the grant a reservation applying to the already conceded right of the Panama Railroad.

The Admiral recommends that the Government of the United States form a commission of the ablest engineers of the Army, and invite the most eminent civil engineers of this country and of those European countries represented in the Paris Congress to meet and discuss the whole matter, unembarrassed by the rival personal interests which attached to the grants secured by the French engineers.

## Position of the Principal Planets for the Month of August, 1879.

MERCURY is an evening star until the evening of the 23rd, at 10h. 30m., when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; sets on the 1st at 8h. 11m., and

north of west 9° 38'; is stationary among the stars in Leo on the forenoon of the 10th at 8 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 18th at 9h. 8m., being 1° 27' south.

VENUS is an evening star during this month, setting on the 1st at 8h. 57m., and north of west 1° 28'; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 19th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 20th at 1h. 26m., being 27' north, at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 15° north, and 72° south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 5h. 36m., being at this time 10° 53' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon at 15m. before noon on the 9th, being 7° 55' south.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 2h. 15m., being at this time 8° 33' south of the equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the afternoon of the 4th at 3h. 27m., being 5° 41' south, and then again on the afternoon of the 31st at 5h. 21m, being 5° 28' south; is in opposition with the Sun on the forenoon of the 31st at 8h. 27m. At this time is at its greatest brilliancy.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 24m., being at this time 8° 52' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon at 44m. past noon on the 7th, being 8° 28' south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters in June, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 20, of which 5 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 5 burned, 3 sunk by collision, 1 foundered, and 4 are missing. The list comprises 2 ships, 9 barks, 1 brig and 8 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$270,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w.* were wrecked, *a.* abandoned, *b.* burned, *s.c.* sunk by collision, *f.* foundered, and *m.* missing.

### SHIPS.

Hudson, *b.* (at Point Breeze, Pa.)  
Baden, *a.* from New Orleans for Liverpool.

### BARKS.

N. Churchill, *m.* from Philadelphia for Queens-town.

Fa, *b.* (at Point Breeze, Pa.)  
F. Reck, *b.* (at Point Breeze, Pa.)  
Ilion, *b.* (at Point Breeze, Pa.)  
Giuseppe Quinto, *b.* (at Point Breeze, Pa.)  
Collector, *s.c.* from Arendal for New York.  
Ribble, *m.* from Baltimore for St. Malo.  
Helen, *s.c.* from Havana for New York.  
Glynliffon, *m.* from Coosaw, S. C. for London.

### BRIG.

The Milne, *w.* from Pascagoula for Baranquilla.

## SCHOONERS.

Mary Stuart, *f.* from New York for Sag Harbor.  
 Owen P. Hinds, *s.c.* from Port Johnson for  
 Portland  
 Sahwa, *a. frm.* Two Rivers, N. S. for New York.  
 Annie Duncan, *m.* from P. E. Island for New  
 York  
 Susan, *w.* from Corpus Christi for Galveston.  
 Concordia, *w.* from Tahiti for Scilly Island.  
 A. H. Johnson, *w.* from Santa Cruz for San  
 Francisco.  
 Amos Cutler, *w.* (Fisherman).

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following  
 statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported  
 lost during the month of

MAY, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—28 English, 15 American, 12  
 French, 10 Italian, 7 German, 7 Norwegian, 6  
 Danish, 5 Spanish, 4 Swedish, 2 Dutch, 1 Aus-  
 trian, 1 Portuguese, 4 of which the nationality  
 is unknown; total: 102. In this number are in-  
 cluded 8 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—9 English, 1 German, 1 American,  
 1 Spanish; total: 12. In this number is included  
 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for June, 1879.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gilesum, Cong. church.....	\$11 00
New Boston, Pres. church.....	2 52
New Market, Cong. church.....	10 83

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Ayer, Cong. church.....	11 53
Mrs. C. A. Spaulding, for library.....	10 00
Boston, a Friend, for books to repair libraries.....	15 00
Schr. Fred. Smith, Capt. Brown....	1 00
Schr. Lingard, Capt. Owen.....	1 00
A Friend.....	75
Cambridgeport, Pilgrim church and Society.....	42 83
Z. W. Bliss, for library.....	10 00
Chelsea, 1st Cong. church.....	14 60
East Bridgewater, M. E. church.....	3 75
East Marshfield, Cong. church.....	5 86
Falmouth, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. \$10, for library.....	27 66
Gardner, 1st Cong. church.....	10 00
Haverhill, Mary M. Reed, for library.....	30 00
Monson, Cong. church S. S., Miss M. C. Flint and Mrs. C. M. Holmes' classes, for library.....	20 00
Newburyport, Miss Phoebe Newman..	1 00
Newton Centre.....	28 05
Norfolk, Cong. church.....	4 04
Scituate, Cong. church.....	5 68
South Abington, Cong. church.....	12 78
South Hadley Falls, Cong. church.....	12 00
West Hampton, Cong. church.....	4 82

## RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Central Falls church.....	54 15
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## CONNECTICUT.

Groton, S. S. Cong. ch., bal. for lib'a.	9 94
Kent, 1st Cong. church.....	8 32
Litchfield, S. S. Cong. ch., for lib'y...	20 00
Mansfield, Cong. church.....	7 20
New London, 1st Cong. church.....	16 61
Norfolk, Cong. church.....	15 00
North Greenwich, Cong. church.....	12 13
Waterbury, 1st Cong. church S. S....	23 00

West Meriden, Cong. church.....	39 25
Whitneyville, Cong. church.....	21 00
Willimantic, Cong. church.....	10 43

## NEW YORK.

Amsterdam, Pres. church.....	13 78
Bridgehampton, Pres. church.....	22 25
Brookport, Miss Bella McB. David- son's class, S. S. Pres. church, for library.....	20 00
Brooklyn, 1st Pres. church.....	78 48
Tompkins Ave. Cong. church.....	38 43
Classon Ave. Pres. church.....	34 34
Edgewater, S. I., S. S. 1st Pres. ch., for library.....	20 00
Gloversville, Cong. church.....	31 56
Pres. church, add'l.....	2 00
Islip, Pres. church.....	9 65
Johnstown, Horace E. Smith, Esq....	5 00
Kingsboro, Pres. church.....	12 55
New Hamburg, Mrs. Sarah Millard, Miss Lydia D. and Miss Hester D. Millard, for L. M.'s, each \$30.....	90 00
New York City, Frederick A. Libbey, for libraries.....	120 00
John W. Hamersley, for libraries..	100 00
Sawyer, Wallace & Co.....	100 00
Mrs. C. L. Spencer.....	100 00
Charles H. Rogers.....	50 00
Prot. Epis. ch., Seamen's Mission for libraries.....	40 00
Samuel Sloan.....	25 00
Cash.....	25 00
C. N. Bliss.....	20 00
E. A. Brinckerhoff, special.....	30 00
N. and M. Niles.....	15 00
Phelps Mission, East 35th St.....	13 42
R. Hoe & Co.....	10 00
Mrs. C. L. Halstead.....	10 00
Francis Baker.....	10 00
A. R. Eno.....	10 00
James Fraser.....	10 00
D. S. Eggeston.....	10 00
Cash.....	10 00
Geo. N. Titus.....	5 00
R. C. Root.....	5 00
M. C. D. Borden.....	5 00
William Ballard.....	1 00
Capt. E. H. Tobey, bark <i>Yamoyden</i> . Capt. R. McMillan, bark <i>John F.</i> <i>Robertson</i> .....	5 00
Capt. S. P. Blanchard and crew, bark <i>Lorena</i> .....	5 00
Capt. C. C. Johnson, schr <i>Alma</i> ....	2 00
Capt. Kane, brig <i>J. W. Parker</i> .....	1 50
Sailors on <i>City of Boston</i> , by H. A. Ball.....	1 00
Onelda Castle, Pres. church.....	4 05
Onelda, Pres. church.....	11 68
Oyster Bay, L. I., Pres. ch., for lib'y.	25 00
Peekskill, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. S. S. \$25, for library.....	65 13
Rome, 1st Pres. church.....	29 72
Springfield, legacy Mrs. Polly Dean, by Mrs. A. A. Cotes Winsor.....	1,108 75
Triangle, Rev. H. Lyman.....	5 00
West Troy, South Ref. church.....	6 13

## NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Park, Six Mile Run church, for library.....	20 00
Newark, 2nd Pres. church, add'l.....	8 41

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, J. B. H. Janeway, for library.....	20 00
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## FLORIDA.

Pensacola, a lady, by Rev. W. A. Car- ter.....	25 00
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**\$2,965 06**



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### Lame Sarah.

"Lame Sarah," the neighbors used to call her, or "the cripple;" but the girl knew nothing of that. She only heard the names of love her mother and grandmother showered upon her. Though at times she suffered much, she was not really unhappy. There was only one real trouble in Sarah's life,—she could hardly remember her father at all, and if she asked about him, her grandmother frowned and her mother cried. She knew he was not dead, for sometimes her mother had a letter from him with money in it; but never since she had been lame, had Sarah seen her father.

Poor child! she did not know that her own father was the cause of all her suffering,—that in his drunken fury he had thrown her headlong down the stairs. When he saw what he had done, he was sobered. He thought she would die, and so he ran away to escape punishment; and when he heard that she still lived, but was crippled, he could not bear to come back. Whether he still drank, no one knew. Now and then he sent them money, but the poor wife had to sew from morning to night to keep the wolf from the door. Still Sarah had every thing they could get to tempt her appetite, and they tried to be bright and cheerful for her sake.

At last one day, when grandma had gone out, Sarah said:—"Mother, I do wish you'd let me write a note to father. You know I can write quite nicely now. I want to see him so much! Won't you let me write?"

The mother did not know what to say. She knew that her mother would not hear of asking Sarah's father to come back. Mrs. Price, the grandmother, was a stern woman. "Let him drink himself to death,—only let him keep away," she would often say. But his wife forgave him, and she longed to tell him so. She felt that her child's wish might be given her by God, and dared not refuse.

"Well, dear, you write and I'll post it; but never say a word to grandma." So, whenever the two were alone, Sarah would ask for her letter, and painfully write a few more words. At last it was finished, and her mother, without reading it, sent it to the father, praying that it might touch his heart. About a week after, as Sarah sat trying to play with her doll, but secretly fretting a little because she had no answer to her letter, a knock came at the door and in walked a tall man. Sarah guessed in a moment who it was, but her mother's cry, "Frank! Frank!" would have told her.

"I'm come back. Sarah herself asked me,—and, wife, I've never touched a drop since"—

"Hush!" whispered the wife, "Sarah knows nothing of that."

"God be thanked for that! I thought she knew. I've not made money, but I've been steady."

The poor man could hardly bear to look at the crippled child, but after a day or two Sarah's favorite resting-place was in her father's strong arms, and the two were hardly ever separate.

As Sarah grew older and understood how it was she had become crippled, she often said that since it opened her father's eyes to see the danger of drinking she was glad it happened. But O! it was a fearful price to pay. May none of you risk it by ever touching strong liquor!

*Temperance Banner.*

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### "Bimeby."

I have a little friend whom we all call "Bimeby," because he always says "By-and-by" when he is asked to do any thing. He will get up by-and-by: he will learn his lessons by-and-by; he will bring in wood for his mother, or go to the store for her groceries, by-and-by.

A great many troubles come to him and to his friends from this bad habit of putting off his duties, and not long ago it was the cause of a very serious misfortune.

One morning when the ground was covered with ice, little "Bimeby's" mother said,—

"Jack, I want you to sprinkle some ashes on that icy place by the back door."

"All right," said Jack. "I'll do it by-and-by."

"But you must do it right off," said Mrs. Harris; "somebody will fall there, if it is neglected."

"Yes, mother," and "Bimeby" started off to get his sled that he had lent to the boy next door, thinking that five

minutes' delay could not make much difference.

Just about that time Mamie, Jack's four-year-old sister, begged to go out and play in the yard.

"It is so shiny out," she said, "I guess it's most like summer. 'And mebbe I shall find a fower peepin' up somewhere.'"

So her mamma put on her little rubber boots, her warm cloak, and hood, and mittens, and let her go out with her tiny sled.

Poor Mamie! She clambered down the steps, laughing and cooing to herself, and talking about the "fowers." But all at once she uttered a loud cry of fright and pain. She had slipped upon "Bimeby's" ice, and broken her arm.

Then came the surgeon to torture the little soft, fair arm, and long days of weariness followed, days of great care and anxiety for the household, and all because one careless boy put off obeying his mother for a few minutes.

One day when Mamie lay asleep, and Jack sat sadly watching her, Mrs. Harris said some very serious words to "Bimeby."

"If I could take my choice," she said, "I would rather be blind, or lame, or deformed, than to be under the control of the habit of putting off. Such a habit steals away the very best of life; it mixes up our work and our pleasures, till there is no good result from either—till we do nothing and enjoy nothing. And I need not tell you that such a habit makes endless troubles for all our friends. Think of the suffering you have caused your little sister."

The tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I know you do not mean to make trouble and sorrow," added the mother, "but you always will until you learn to do every duty at the right moment,—that is, at the first moment possible."

"Bimeby" took the lesson to heart, and his friends hope that they will soon have reason to change his name to "Right-off."

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During June, 1879, seventy-three loan libraries, twenty-three new, and fifty refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were No. 6,656, and Nos. 6,662 to 6,679, inclusive, with Nos. 6,681, 6,682, and 6,684, at New York; and No. 5,167, at Boston.

*The fifty libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 553,	No. 3,377,	No. 4,444,	No. 4,807,	No. 5,096,	No. 5,387,	No. 5,777,	No. 6,084,	No. 6,462.
" 2,020,	" 3,760,	" 4,469,	" 4,811,	" 5,112,	" 5,403,	" 5,799,	" 6,048,	" 6,505.
" 2,638,	" 3,901,	" 4,509,	" 4,857,	" 5,186,	" 5,515,	" 5,857,	" 6,065,	
" 2,702,	" 3,941,	" 4,542,	" 4,888,	" 5,249,	" 5,560,	" 5,862,	" 6,161,	
" 2,731,	" 4,261,	" 4,620,	" 4,918,	" 5,288,	" 5,597,	" 6,011,	" 6,409,	
" 3,323,	" 4,408,	" 4,691,	" 5,017,	" 5,359,	" 5,775,	" 6,012,	" 6,445,	

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### The Other Train That Is Coming!

As a train was passing over a New England railroad it struck a broken rail. The brakeman felt the shock. He knew a carriage was off the line, and sprang for a brake. It was his last brave service. The crash came, and he was picked up, a poor, mangled wreck; his skull had been broken. He was heard, however, to utter these words,—the last utterances of a faithful, loyal soul,—“Put out the signals for the other train!” Somewhere down the line he knew another train was coming, thundering, crashing along, dashing faster, faster, faster, and there was his train on the line! Out with the signals! out with the signals! another train is coming! That was his last injunction.

That other train, that other train, I am saying to myself,—the generation that is following us; the boys and girls that are pressing hard after us, coming along faster, faster, faster, just ahead of whom we are, only perhaps to be in their way, a hindrance, an obstacle, and, possibly, the occasion of their ruin. What need

of care, what need of caution, what need of restless vigilance for their sake, in speech, in act, in look, in gesture! I want nothing to escape me that will be an obstacle in their way. If we are on the track, blocking it, if we are in the way, let us take ourselves out of the way as soon as possible.

“What will you take?” was the question asked an observant boy at table, and referring to the drink he might desire.

“I will take what father takes.” The father had received from the waiter a glass of intoxicating drink.

The father heard the boy's remark, set aside his glass, and called for water. He saw the other train coming, and cleared the line for it at once.

I think the saddest of all experiences is the consciousness that an opportunity for right doing has been lost. It brings a sad look into a man's face to know that he has set an example, bad in itself, and hopelessly followed by others.

We know of an empty train that came to a stop on a gradient, the station hav-



ing been reached. In the absence of an official the train broke loose, and went crashing down the line to meet the steamboat express. Some one chased the runaway train, but could not overtake it. The opportunity for the arrest of the train had gone. There was a collision that night.

Oh, souls on the track! fathers and mothers! your opportunity in behalf of your boys and girls is to-day,—*now!* Don't let it slip from you.

We are not only to have a clear line for the next train, but in every way we are to make and keep that line suitable for the travel of the coming generation. Here comes the work of the Sunday-school teacher, to get the uneasy rambling feet of childhood over into the roadway of the very best life.

I passed recently a large rabble of boys in a vacant building plot. They were noisy and rough. What more important work, I asked myself, than to labor for that age and class, the generation coming? Through the Sunday-school, the Bible, the church, we are to open a sure, steadfast, blessed way for their feet.

Our opportunity is to-day. Did not Voltaire make the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled? At any rate, that limit cannot be set, with safety, very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next. I want to think of and plan for and work for the generation coming,—that other train on the track. As the Lord helps me, I mean to think more and make more of the interests of the children,—the other train that is coming.

*Sunday School World.*

### The Beautiful Children.

A child three years old, was dying of scarlet fever. She lingered long, and the last day of her life she was unconscious for hours. Many times her mother tried to rouse her, but in vain. She seemed to

be sinking away in death, without a token of recognition.

Suddenly she opened her eyes wide, lifted her head, and looked around the room as though filled with wonder and delight. She clapped her hands, and cried eagerly to her mother:

"O mamma, see the beautiful children!"

Her mother said, "Where?"

"O, all around!" she replied: and she turned her head as though she saw them in every direction. No written words can describe the rapture of her look and voice.

"They are coming, they are coming, they are close to me!" she said in a transport of joy.

She put up both hands, laughing out with that gleeful, ringing sound peculiar to little children,—and then she died.

*Christian Advocate.*

### Father at Play.

Such fun as we had one rainy day,  
When father was home and helped us play!  
We made a ship and hoisted sail,  
And crossed the sea in a fearful gale—  
But we hadn't sailed into London Town,  
When captain and crew and vessel went down.  
Down, down in a jolly wreck,  
With the captain rolling under the deck.  
But he broke out again with a lion's roar,  
And we on two legs, he on four,  
Ran out of the parlor and up the stair,  
And frightened mamma and the baby there.  
So mamma said she'd be p'lice man now,  
And tried to *rest* us. She didn't know how!  
Then the lion laughed and forgot to roar,  
Till we chased him out of the nursery door;  
And then he turned to a pony gay,  
And carried us all on his back away.  
Whippity, hickity, hickety ho!  
If we hadn't fun then I really don't know!  
Till we tumbled off and he cantered on,  
Never stopping to see if his load was gone.  
And I couldn't tell any more than he  
Which was Charlie, and which was me.  
Or which was Towzer, for all in a mix  
You'd think three people had turned to six.  
Till Towzer's tail was caught in the door;  
And he wouldn't hurrah with us, any more.  
And mamma came out the rumpus to quiet,  
And told us a story to break up the riot.

*Youth's Companion.*

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:*  
Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.



Vol. 51.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

No. 9.

## HOW THEY SAVED THE WRECKED ON THE RHINELAND.

The awful force of a raging sea, and the successive experiences occurring on a stranded and shipwrecked vessel,—with the 'almost miraculous deliverances often brought to those on board, who have not been washed away to death, by the wonderful boats of the English Life Boat Service,—have seldom been so vividly set forth as in the following extracts from "Under One Roof,"\*—a recent volume by Mr. James Payn, which we take from the August number of the *London Life Boat*.

"There is a terrible storm at sea, I am sure, Walcot. Hush—is that thunder?"

"No, it is a minute gun." As he spoke the door opened, and in ran a fair-faced blue-eyed lad of about nine years old.

"Oh, papa! oh, Mr. Walcot! There is a shipwreck off the point!"

The flushed face and glowing eyes of the speaker betrayed intense excitement.

"If there is shipwreck there is danger to some poor souls, Frank," said Sir Robert, reprovingly. "You should be sorry rather than pleased at such a catastrophe."

"Oh, but indeed, papa, I am sorry, only,——"

"Only we young people are a little thoughtless, eh," put in Mr. Walcot. "We are apt only to think of ourselves, even though what is fun to us (as in the case of the fable of the frogs) may be death to others."

"Don't let us say 'Death,' " said Sir Robert, gently. "And if it be so, how can the young picture it to themselves? We are not angry with *you*, my boy. If there was any one on board that unhappy ship in whom you had any interest or connection you would feel

\* *Under One Roof*, by JAMES PAYN, author of 'Lost Sir Massingberd,' 'By Proxy,' etc. Published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, 1879.

sorry enough, I know—— You smile, Ferdinand. What is it?"

"Oh, nothing; I was only smiling at human nature. As it happens, there is in all human probability on board this very ship some one connected with our young friend; but then it is not likely to be a pleasant connection. Lady Arden expects the new governess from Bristol to-morrow. She should arrive there from the Continent by sea to-night."

"Good heavens! I had forgotten that; but so, of course, had Frank; else his conduct would have been heartless indeed."

Again Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders, and smiled his pitying smile.

"You expect too much of poor humanity," he said; "you have been taught to look for too much."

"That is true, indeed," said Sir Robert, with a deep sigh. "There was no one like my Madeline for thinking of others, nor ever will be." He sat down in his chair again, as though quite forgetful of his intention to go out, and covered his face in his hands. The thud of another storm-gun broke the silence, and once more roused him to a sense of the occasion. "Come," said he, "let us do what we can; it is well to remember the dead, but we must not forget the living."

When the two men entered the hall for their coats and wraps, they found all the rest of the family about to start on the same exciting errand—that is, all the able-bodied ones, which did not include "Baba" Nicoll (aged three and a half), nor Lady Arden herself, who never trusted herself to the tender mercies of the night air (in the country), and objected to all excitements (such as shipwrecks) which were not of a strictly fashionable kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon was at the full, but was only visible by fits, when the hurrying masses of grey clouds left her pale face clear at intervals of unequal duration. A great master of word-painting has described the wind as coming into "a rocking town and stabbing all things up and down;" but to no town-dweller can be conveyed an adequate conception of the force and fury of that element as it rages on such a coast as that which lies around Halcombe Point. The very land seemed to shudder as it swept across it; the sea grew livid under its ceaseless scourging. As far as the eye could reach, from the hill above the Point, was a world of wild white waters, the foam of which was dashed upwards in sheets fathoms high, and was carried inland in sharp sleet.

On this white surface there was but one object, from which ever and anon there flashed a jet of flame, succeeded by a dull thud—a hoarse cry for help that it lay not in human power to give; it looked, and was, but a black, inert mass, a broken plaything, of which the storm had not yet tired; but it had been an hour ago a gallant steamship, prompt to obey its master,—man. The wind was now the only power it acknowledged, and it was being driven before it at headlong speed towards the Point. The little party, huddled together for foothold, gazed on this spectacle with awestruck eyes.

"Poor souls, poor souls," cried Sir Robert. "Good God, can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," answered Walcot, gravely. "She will go to pieces when she touches the rocks."

"Thank Heaven, here is Mr. Dyneley, with some men," ejaculated Evy, looking back.

"Mr. Dyneley is a clergyman,

Miss Evelyn," answered Walcot, with the least touch of scorn, "but he cannot work miracles."

"He has, however, brought the mortar apparatus," observed Milly, naively.

And, indeed, as the tall, brown-bearded curate drew nigh, they could see that he was followed by half-a-dozen stalwart men, who dragged behind them the implement in question.

"A sad sight, Sir Robert," bawled the curate (for indeed every one spoke at the full stretch of their lungs); "but if the ladies can bear to look at it, you had better bring them down to the mill."

This was the saw-mill, of which we have already spoken, built upon the very edge of the harbor, and the only place for miles upon the coast in which on such a night shelter could be found.

"You are always right, Dyneley," said Sir Robert, approvingly; "do you take charge of one of the girls."

With a diffident, hesitating air, that contrasted rather comically with his stature and proportions, the young curate was about to offer his arm to Evy, but Mr. Walcot, who stood beside her, was quicker in his movements, and took possession of that young lady, leaving her sister to fall to the other's share.

Thus they moved down the hill together to the mill, from the windows of which could be obtained almost as good a view of the driving ship as from the hill itself, but, nevertheless, such was the excitement of the little party, that they preferred to stand outside, sheltered only in a very moderate degree by the low stone wall of the quay.

The vessel, we have said, was approaching the point very rapid-

ly, but not in a direct line; it was possible that she might just skirt it, and go ashore a few score yards beyond. In this case her destruction would not be so immediate, but, on the other hand, the lifelines could hardly be shot over her from the apparatus. The curate and his men, however, had everything in readiness; you would have said, to judge by their resolute and earnest faces as they stood beside the mortar, that they were about to defend their native soil against the attack of a foe. Mr. Walcot, too, faced the cruel blast with stern eyes and knitted brow, except when he dropped a word of exhortation to be of good courage to Evy; but Sir Robert and the young people wore looks of fear and pity, and more than one of them already repented that they had come out with a light heart to behold so sad a scene.

"Do you know the ship?" asked the curate of the man beside him. He himself had been on the coast for years, but to his landsman's eyes the shattered mass before him was but a black and shapeless hulk.

"It is the *Rhineland*," answered the other, confidently; "the steamer that plies between Rotterdam and Bristol."

"You may say 'that used to ply,'" put in another—it was John Jenkins, parish clerk, who plumed himself on employing terms of accuracy, "for she will never make another voyage."

"Do you hear that, Mr. Walcot?" exclaimed Evelyn, in terrified accents; it is the *Rhineland*; that is the boat that poor Miss Hurt is to come by."

"Was to come by," murmured Mr. Jenkins, fortunately beneath his ordinary ecclesiastical tones, so that the amendment was inaudible.

The huge hull came flying on, like some mighty sea-bird on a broken wing, for whose discordant screams the shrieking of the wind might easily have been taken; her mainmast and rigging could now be clearly seen standing out against the moonlight; without a rag of sail or puff of steam, her ghastly and spectral form was hurrying on, when her headlong course was suddenly arrested; the crash of rending timber was mingled for an instant with the roaring of the storm, and a white shroud of foam enveloped her and hid her from sight.

"God of Heaven, she has foundered!" exclaimed Sir Robert. The two girls uttered a scream of anguish.

"Nay, I still see her," cried the curate, eagerly.

"She is on the *Lancet*, sir," said a coastguardsman. "The wind must have shifted a point to have took her there."

The *Lancet* was a long sharp line of rocks, about two hundred yards from shore, but quite disconnected with it; the waves always covered it, but at low tide—which was now the case—only a few inches.

The hull looked considerably higher now than she had been in the water, the wind and waves having probably carried her bodily on to the ledge; nevertheless, in her stationary position, the sea, climbing and raging about her at its will, seemed to devour her more completely even than before.

"Is the position altered for the better by this, Marley?" inquired the curate, anxiously.

"She may hold together now for a few hours," answered the coastguardsman, "but she will go to pieces at the flow." He was an old sailor, and his mind was fixed on the fate of the ship rather than on those it carried.

"I mean as respects the poor souls on board, man," continued the curate, with some asperity.

"In my opinion nothing can save them, sir. If the men at *Archeater* have already put out the life-boat, it is possible they may be here in time; but not otherwise."

"But is it not probable they have done so?"

"No, sir; they must have known from her position (judging from the sound of the guns) that the ship would be ashore hours before they could reach her; and of course they did not take into account the chance of her grounding on the *Lancet*."

"A swift horse, even with this wind across him, would reach *Archeater* in an hour," soliloquised the curate. "I am a heavy weight; but then I know how to ride, which these men don't. Might I take your bay mare, Sir Robert?"

"Of course, my dear fellow; and don't spare her. Ten pounds apiece from me, mind, to every man who mans the life-boat, but don't volunteer yourself, Dyneley; Halcombe can't spare you."

The compliment was lost on him for whom it was intended, for the curate was already on the slope of the hill.

\* \* \* \*

"I think I see figures upon the rigging," observed Sir Robert, anxiously. "Is it not so, Marley?"

"Yes, sir; the sea has found its way into the hull, and some poor souls have taken to the shrouds."

"To the shrouds?" murmured little Frank, trembling with awe. He knew that shrouds and death were somehow associated.

"Yes, my boy," said Sir Robert, kindly. "They will thus, for the time, be out of the reach of the waves, and let us trust that they will be able to hold on there till help arrives."

Mr. Marley shook his head with a grunt. It was his manner of expressing disagreement with the baronet's opinion. They might hold on indeed up in the cross-trees and elsewhere for an indefinite time, but it was not possible, he meant to imply, that the ship could hold together.

The storm had abated nothing of its ferocity, yet none of the party at the point thought of going home. It seemed to all of them, though they could do nothing in the way of help, that it was a forsaking of these poor drowning creatures to quit their post. But the Hall folks did leave the quay and withdraw into the mill, from the windows of which they continued to watch the doomed vessel.

\* \* \* \*

When the good ship *Rhineland* started from Rotterdam for Bristol, on what turned out to be her last voyage, the weather was what seamen term "dirty," but it was not for those who had paid the very moderate passage-money demanded of them to inquire whether that phrase did not, in this particular case at least, mean "dangerous." They could not be expected to understand that when a large consignment of cattle are eating their heads off at a shipowner's expense, a vessel puts to sea in weather, that under other circumstances, would keep her in port, or even that the presence of cattle on the deck of a steamer does not tend to increase its seaworthiness. Except those unhappy persons who never go to sea at all without a presentiment that they shall be drowned, and behold in every wave the instrument of their destruction, the passengers by the *Rhineland* were without misgivings. Those subject to sea-sickness at once fled to

their berths to hide their agonies from the public gaze, and the others repaired to the saloon—the sofas of which rocked like cradles—or secured themselves in such shelter as they could find upon the deck, to snatch a fearful joy from the contemplation of the work of a southwester.

Among these latter were two persons, with one of whom, Elise Hurt, we are acquainted by name. She is a girl of eighteen years of age or so, of graceful figure, and a face, which, if not beautiful, according to our English notions, is, at least, eminently pleasing. The young Englishman by her side upon the deck was Mr. Gresham. \*\* He was no sailor, and he was by no means easily impressed with the sense of personal danger; but as the gale increased he could not avoid the suspicion that the *Rhineland* was incompetent to fight against it, though whether this arose from her build, or the weakness of her engines, or the unfitness of her crew, he was no judge. He only knew for certain that she sank lower in the trough of the sea, remained longer than she had at first in those briny depths of the color and opaqueness of bottle glass, and rose to the surface no longer buoyantly, but as it were with a dead lift. His view of matters was essentially that of a landman, of course, yet it was clear that things were not as they should be. For example, notwithstanding his thick Ulster and the railway rug, he had now scarcely a dry thread on his body, for wave after wave washed the deck, so that it seemed at times to be under water. Seated at the foot of a mast in almost the centre of the vessel, he was in as level a spot as could be attained, yet his feet were as often as not, higher than his

head, and only by gripping a taut rope could he save himself at every lurch from being swept with the outgoing waters against the bulwarks.

There had been one or two male passengers who, like himself, had preferred the rough usage of the storm to the sights and sounds and smells that were only too certain to be met with below stairs; but even these had sooner or later sought the shelter of the cabin, save one individual, with bright grey eyes and keen, weather-beaten face, who now ensconced himself close to Gresham. "When there is war among the elements," he observed, with a strong American accent, "man and beast, fore-cabin and saloon passengers, all herd together in presence of the common danger."

The idea of this individual from the second cabin thinking it necessary to apologise for his intrusion on a privileged locality during what, not only to Mr. Gresham's eyes, but in actual fact, had become little less than a hurricane, tickled that gentleman's sense of humor.

"You have been in a good many gales like this, no doubt?" said he, good-naturedly, and also, perhaps, with a secret hope that his companion might reply in the affirmative.

"I have been in a good many gales, yes, sir, but not in one like this," answered the other slowly. "This is a most all-fired and cat-wampous tornado."

"Do you think the ship will live through it?" inquired Gresham, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume.

"I have not given my consideration, sir, to that contingency," was the reply, delivered with a most philosophic air; "I don't care two cents about the ship, which, moreover, is doubtless insured be-

yond her value; but if you ask my opinion as to whether you and I will live through this tornado—well, I give it to you plump, I don't think we shall. If I was on dry land, and yet in possession of the facts concerning our position, I would lay ten dollars to one against any person on board this ship getting to land alive."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Gresham, half mechanically, half from the serious shock of this communication.

"Yes, that's just what it's come to," answered the other; the coolness, not to say the cynicism, of whose tone was greatly intensified by a certain prominence in his left cheek, which looked as though he were putting his tongue in it, but was really attributable to a plug of tobacco. "A man—if he's to be called a man—knows how to take the last hard slap of Fate; the one with which she knocks you down for good and all. But the women, they mostly take to hysterics. There will be sad scenes down there, I reckon," and he pointed to the cabin. "It's time for them as has prayer-books to sport'em."

"You are a seafaring man, of course, and I am a landsman," answered Gresham, gravely, "else I had hoped that my ignorance of the extent of our danger had magnified it. Why is it you take such a gloomy view of our position?"

"Well, the *Rhineland* is not A1, and few vessels, even, that are such, could bear such a buffeting as this for many hours; the engines don't work, in my opinion, as they should do; we're lower in the water than we should be, and I guess there's water on board below stairs. Moreover—but look yonder, and judge for yourself. Our captain would not heave that ballast overboard unless he were in great straits."

Gresham's eye followed the direc-

tion of his companion's finger, and perceived that one side of the cattle-pen had been removed, and a corresponding portion of the ship's bulwarks swung back upon its hinge, so that with every roll of the ship to leeward many sheep and oxen fell into the sea. It was a simple way of unloading, which the position of the ship, now on one side, now on the other, alone could have rendered possible.

"There will be less meat for the English markets," observed Gresham, resolved not to be outdone in coolness by the representative of cousin Jonathan.

"There will be also less mouths to eat it," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Is it not possible to put back?" inquired Gresham.

"No. To steer one point out of the wind's eye would be to write *Finis*."

"If the gale doesn't abate, in short, we are dead men?"

"Nay, things are not quite so bad; if we can hold our course till we are round the Land's End, we shall have the wind behind us. Then we shall run, as if the devil were kicking us; and if we are not pooped, may find ourselves in Bristol, instead of Heaven."

Though the stranger spoke as if quite indifferent to the alternative, Gresham noticed that his eye watched narrowly every event—or mischance, for the words were now identical—that took place on board: the breaking loose of various articles that had been hitherto secured to the deck; the occasional crashing of the bulwarks; the lessening load of live stock; the behavior of the two men at the wheel, and the gestures of the captain, who, despite wind and wave, stuck like a limpet to his post upon the bridge between the paddle-boxes. He understood from

what his companion said that if the ship were once in the Bristol Channel there would be a better chance for her, notwithstanding that she would be exposed to dangers of another nature.

Matters had thus endured for many hours, when the calls of hunger necessitated Gresham's descent to the saloon.

"If you are going to the larder," said the Transatlantic friend, "put both meat and drink in your pocket as I do"—and he produced a flask and a loaf,—“for you may need it.”

"You mean if we have to take to the boats? But one of the sailors told me that nothing but a life-boat could float in such a sea as this."

"Never mind what the sailor told you. Do what *I* tell you. Depend upon it, Providence always takes the most care of those who never throw away a chance."

There seemed good sense, if not much faith, in this advice; and Gresham procured certain supplies from the ship's steward accordingly. That functionary was very pale and silent, and took the money without a trace of his usual promptness on such occasions. Although no sailor, he had been too many voyages in the *Rhineland* not to know that there was something greatly amiss with this one.

The passengers in the saloon, too, were silent, uttering only a moan or a groan as the shock of a wave threw them from their moorings on the sofas. Some of them had a frightened look in their eyes, like that of a hunted creature who knows not whither to fly; but most had a stern, grave air. One or two sat hand-in-hand with their wives, who were weeping silently, but there were very few women present. Gresham glanced into the



ladies' cabin as he passed by its open door, and saw Elise Hurt sitting at the corner of the sofa that ran round the room. Her calm, quiet face presented a strange contrast to the sorrowful and despairing look of her companions.

She rose, and holding by the little pillars of the cabin, made her way towards him. "Are matters really so bad, Mr. Gresham," inquired she, quietly, "as they are thought to be down here?"

"They are very bad," he said. "Would you prefer to come on deck?"

"If I shall not be in the way, I should," answered she, simply.

The relations between them, it was understood by both, had altered with external circumstances. In the presence of such sudden destruction as threatened them, all prudery disappeared; face to face with death it was, moreover, impossible that love should again become the topic of conversation.

"Put on every shawl and wrap that you possess," he said, gravely; and she obeyed him.

At the foot of the cabin stairs a lurch more violent than usual shook the vessel, and Elise would have fallen had not the young man clasped her in his arms.

As the vessel lurched, a murmur of apprehension arose from the inmates of the saloon. "What has happened, Mr. Gresham?" she exclaimed.

"I think the ship has changed her course; we are running before the wind."

They got on deck and reached their old place of shelter with less difficulty than Gresham had met with, on leaving it, for what he suspected had, in fact, happened.

The vessel was now steaming—or rather scudding, for the paddles were of little use—with the gale behind her. The pitching and the rolling of the ship had somewhat mitigated, and her stern was now receiving the giant blows that had heretofore fallen on her bows. Neither cattle nor sheep now remained on board, and all things that had not been secured to the deck, or formed part of it, had been swept away. The Yankee had gone below and besides the two men lashed to the wheel, the captain on the bridge, and the sailors at the pumps, which were kept constantly doing, the two young people were the only persons who now braved the storm.

Not, however, that the condition of those in the saloon or cabins was much better; for every seam, through the straining of the ship, had begun to leak, and the berths were half full of water.

"Sit here, Elise," said Gresham, without the least consciousness of having addressed her by her Christian name, "and do not turn your head or look behind you."

Being a woman—or perhaps it would be fairer to say, being human—Miss Hurt immediately looked behind her, to behold a sublime spectacle! The sea seemed to be pursuing the ship with open mouth, with the literal intention of swallowing her! Huge mountains of dark green water, fringed with flying foam, were rushing at headlong speed after their trembling prey. It was a chase wherein the odds against the hunted thing were as a thousand to one. for strength was failing it. The *Rhineland* flew with amazing speed, but no longer of her own volition.

[The remainder of these extracts, completing Mr. Payn's realistic picture of "perils at sea" which are not uncommon, will be published in our next (October) number.]

## OUTRIDING A CYCLONE AT SEA.

BY REV. C. L. GOODELL, D. D., ST. LOUIS.

Returning from Europe in September, 1875, our steamship was struck in mid ocean at daybreak by a cyclone. The sea had been vexed by autumn gales, and the waves contrary for some days. But this black angel spread his wings on the water without warning. A cyclone moves with the stealth and spring of a panther. The shock was sudden, tremendous, awful. The blast of the tempest, riding the gulf stream all the way from the heated tropics, was like the breath of a fiery furnace. It was the same cyclone which damaged Galveston, and tearing through the Gulf of Mexico, swept up the Atlantic coast and out upon the ocean, spreading wreck and death.

Our iron ship was staunch and well manned, but the first swirl of the whirlwind, traveling in its might like a majestic cylinder of fire-storm, stripped a portion of the guards and boats from the deck, and carried one of the crew into the sea, breaking his leg. He caught a stray rope and was rescued. The man at the wheel lost control of the vessel for a little, and veering round, she went into the trough of the sea. The great billows instantly flooded and submerged her, and the sea-water poured down the hatchway and through the sky-lights on the deck like falls of a mill-dam. Those in the saloon feeling the roll of the ship, the waves going over her, and seeing the green water starred with foam at the port-holes, and in the descending cataract within, threatening to fill every room and cabin in the ship, will never forget the scene. This was repeated several times. The wind blew so

fiercely that the waves were cut off completely by it, and leveled like a floor, and the foam made it look white and fleecy, like wool spread out upon a plain.

The ship could not be guided into the teeth of the wind at right angles with the waves, but must be made to "quarter on," striking each wave at an angle of 45°. In this way there was a constant strain on the machinery, tending to force the ship round parallel with the waves, so she would roll helplessly in the trough of the sea, and soon go to pieces. The trial of her strength in this way, hour after hour, was fearfully great. When the stern would be down in the water, and the prow climbing a wave, the cut of the iron ship upon it sounded as if it were grating on the side of a vast granite rock, making the whole ship tremble as she labored staggeringly over it. Then, in going down on the other side, the stern of the ship would be lifted from the water, and the increased speed of the great propelling screw, freed from the resistance of the water, and driven by the force of a thousand horse power, would shake and jar the ship as if it were coming to pieces. The passengers assembled in the dining saloon and clung to tables and sofas and chairs round the room, which were chained to the floor. It was impossible to walk, or sit, or recline, without holding on to some object with great firmness. Many were thrown and tossed about like foot-balls, and much injured. For eighteen hours this stress of weather was on us. For eighteen hours, with few interruptions, I sat on the edge of a sofa,

clinging to a table before me; my wife lying on the sofa, and I bracing back against her so as to keep her from being thrown upon the floor. It was a severe test of physical endurance. The sun rose and found us there; it set and left us there. It was not until near midnight that the winds began to abate. Then for hours the sickening roll of the retiring waves was very trying in our state of exhaustion. It was a long time to endure hardness.

After the danger of the first shock was passed, the ship's power to resist before it must give way, was only a question of time. Strained to the utmost in every part, the time was coming when it must weaken somewhere. Neither could the brave and faithful men who manned her long hold out. Any moment some seam might open in the ship, some part of the toiling machinery break, and all be over. The sea was lashed into fury in its heights and depths. Death sat on the floods. Peril looked in at the windows. The roar and tumult was terrific. We were 1,500 miles from shore each way. There was but a plank between us and eternity.

For the first fifteen minutes, when death seemed inevitable, my shrinking and recoil from death was very strong. It was a terror to think of being cast into such an angry, surging sea. Then came the thought, I cannot give up my work for Christ now; His service is a joy, and in my strength I want to live and toil for Him. After this came thoughts of my children and friends, and my church in St. Louis. I said in my heart, my work is not done. I cannot part with them now. Lord spare me from this hour. When this tide of thought and emotion had swept swiftly past, it was as if Jesus came

to me walking on the sea. My heart leaped out to Him in complete assurance and rest. "Perfect love casteth out fear." From that moment He was my refuge, and all burden went. There was a great calm in my soul. Heaven seemed near and unutterably precious. The bright way to it through the crystal waters appeared short and beautiful as a pavement of emerald. There was a feeling of resignation and readiness, then and there, in the midst of the boiling, tempestuous sea, to go home to the Heavenly Father's house. From that early point to the end, I was permitted to minister to others.

The occasion required a soul calm and serene and confident in God. The crash of the sea and the revels of the wind, and the thunder of the far deep, was mingled with the shrieks and groans of the affrighted passengers. Under the influence of fear, the eyes protruded as in strangulation and drowning. All classes were in prayer, asking mercy and seeking piteously to be directed. The interest in personal salvation was instant and universal. A Jew sat at my feet fifteen hours, leaving only at the briefest intervals. The group around me, clinging to their holds, listened to the words of salvation as for their lives. The Bible seemed builded as an armory wherein hung a thousand promises, all mighty shields for men in the perils of the sea. The Old Volume and the New, Christ and the Apostles, all spake for "those who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters."

Every few minutes I tore a blank leaf from my note-book, and my wife, as I steadied her, writing down some wonderful promise of God, the paper was passed round the whole circle from hand to hand,

and read with intense interest and comfort, each one in turn looking up at the writer with a glance of grateful recognition. Some of the passages will readily recur to the reader:—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. *Is. xlii: 2.*

He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind. Their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. *Ps. cvii: 25-28.*

At length God lifted his frown from the sea and visited us with his smile. "He maketh the storm a calm. So that the waves thereof are still." On the Sabbath that followed, praise and gratitude to God rose in the worship, like incense. There were no dry eyes or indifferent hearts. Many who had been the most reckless in their excesses and profanity, said: "Our prayers and our trust in Christ, commenced in storm, shall never cease in calm."

The experience was of great value. I know now how it will seem to die. It is going home in the light and peace of Christ. I know the keeping power of our Lord in the hour of mortal terror

and fear. I know the might of His arm to uplift and cheer the soul in its extremities. I know the wondrous sweetness of His grace and love when human strength fails. I know that the near approaches to Him are like sunrise to the soul, and that the entrance ways to His presence chamber, through one of which I glanced, are filled with the brightness of the King's countenance and the gleam of angelic hosts. When the gates of light swing before us, and we enter into the joy of our Lord, it will be a moment of supreme inspiration and gladness. Since that day when God hid me in his pavilion and taught me, I have been, I trust, a better guide to souls in need, in the house of prayer, and in the chambers of pain and suffering. I asked for the redemption of a hundred souls that year. I record it to the praise of God that He gave that number and more.

There is a cleft in the rock for refuge from the frenzy of the storm, and hidden manna for the soul. We can say with Christ, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

*Congregationalist.*

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### VIII.—PTOLEMAIS.

The names *Accho*, *Ptolemais* and *Acre* represent three distinct eras in the history of a single seaport which has also been sometimes known as *St. Jean d'Acre*. It lies on the northern part of one of the largest and most sheltered bays in the Syrian coast, lying at the outlet of the great plain of Esdraelon, and having the bold peak of Mt.

Carmel as its southern limit. But a single allusion to it is made in the Old Testament. In *Judges* i: 31, it is said, "Neither did Asher drive out the inhabitants of Acher, nor the inhabitants of Sidon." These words fix the place as within the limits of the tribe of Asher, and recognize what has been one of its remarkable features

—its great power of resistance as a military fortress. They also shew that it was a stronghold as well as a Phœnician port before the settlement of Canaan by the Jews under Joshua and his successors.

Pliny and Strabo inform us that its sands were famous as furnishing the materials out of which the artisans of Sidon made glass, and hence some philologists have concluded that its name is derived from the Arabic *Ak* or *Aket*, which signifies a sandy shore heated by the sun. As the ancient city and seaport continued in the hands of its original possessors it made no figure in the history of the Jews as given in the Old Testament. We can only presume that it was frequented by them as were Sidon and Tyre, for purposes of trade, as the most intimate relations had subsisted between them ever since the times of Solomon. And when the servant of Elijah went up to the summit of Carmel and looked towards the sea, after that marvelous scene when the fire of heaven had consumed the sacrifice, he saw across the glittering waters of the bay of Acre the white sails of many vessels going in and out of the harbor, and upon the low promontory that jutted out from the shore were the walls of the old Phœnician city which had proved impregnable to the tribe within whose limits the city stood.

The place finds frequent mention in the apocryphal books of the Maccabees, but under the new name of *Ptolemais*, which it had received from one of the Ptolemies, who after the dismemberment of the Macedonian dynasty had added Phœnicia to his possessions, and who largely improved and strengthened the port, whose importance as a stronghold he could not have failed to see.

Various medals have been collected from its ruins, of which some bear the Phœnician name of *Ok* or *Akko*, and have the date of the times of Alexander, from which it is inferred that that prince gave to the place his presence and favors. Others are interpreted as assuming that the city was an asylum or refuge, and that it was devoted to the worship of Diana. Then also, it is thought, were commercial establishments or factories founded by merchants of Antioch. During the wars that occurred between Syria and Egypt it fell into the hands of Antiochus the Great, and became a part of his kingdom. It was the base of military operations to the Maccabees when they ruled over Judea. Simon drove his enemies back within its walls, and Alexander Balas offered it as a prize to Jonathan when he would secure his co-operation in establishing his claim to the Syrian throne. When the Syrian power declined, the city of Ptolemais became independent, and after various fortunes passed into the hands of the Romans, who connected it with Berytus by a military road built along the coast, and raised it to the rank of a colony under the title of *Colonia Claudii Cæsaris*. Such was its condition when the Gospel began to be preached by the disciples of Christ, after they were scattered abroad by the persecutions at Jerusalem. Here, as well as at all the prominent towns along the coast were found those who had embraced the Christian religion, and who were united as members of the great household of Faith. But one mention is made of it in the New Testament. In the history of Paul's journey from Ephesus to Jerusalem, *Acts* xxi: 7, it is said,—“when we had finished our course from Tyre we came to Ptolemais

and saluted the brethren and abode with them one day." This brief record while it presents to us the fact that the city was still one of the important centres of commerce in the line of seaports along the Syrian coast shows us also that the Gospel had won its way there and that among its busy merchants were disciples of Christ, who were ready to give a welcome to the apostle Paul, as he was passing on in the prosecution of his missionary labors. The Accho which ancient Israel could never conquer had opened its gates to the Gospel of the Prince of Peace.

From this time onward the city was the scene of conflicts, and the seat of military operations that have left the whole land only a wreck of its former greatness and glory. There Vespasian met his son Titus when they were marshalling their legions for the subjection of Palestine, and from this point they marched in bloody conflicts until Jerusalem was destroyed and the Jewish nation stripped of its last remnant of civil and military power.

In the year A. D. 636, Ptolemais fell into the hands of the Saracens, when they were pressing their way over the lands of the East with all that wondrous enthusiasm and power that was inspired by their creed and their law of conquest. It remained in their possession until the time of the First Crusade, A. D. 1099, when it formed a part of the kingdom of Jerusalem. But when Saladin defeated the forces of the Christians in the disastrous battle of Hattin or Tiberias, and Jerusalem fell into his hands, Ptolemais or Acre, as it began to be called, also yielded to him and became again a Saracen stronghold. The successes of the infidel forces again aroused the whole of Europe, and a third Crusade was inaugurat-

ed for the deliverance of the Holy Places of Palestine from the hands of the Moslems. In this vast undertaking were engaged Frederic Barbarossa, the Emperor of Germany, Richard I, (the Lion Hearted) of England, and Philip Augustus of France.

Frederick with a well equipped army made his way to Asia through Hungary and Greece, sending terror into the heart even of Saladin himself, by his victorious progress, but his career was suddenly terminated by death, in consequence of imprudently bathing in the waters of the Cydnus. The forces of France and England meanwhile marched on as far as Lyons where they separated, Philip taking the road through Genoa and Richard going by the way of Marseilles. On the 2nd of April, 1191, Philip arrived with his army at Ptolemais where the forces of Germany had for several months been in vain besieging the city. Nor was this large additional force yet able to effect the reduction of this stronghold. At length Richard arrived with his forces, after his marriage with Berengaria. He came with his fleet from Cyprus, and joined his army with those of Germany and France. The united forces of the Crusaders presented an imposing appearance, the bravest and best soldiers of Europe were spread out along the sandy plain between Ptolemais and the mountains that overshadowed it. This city must be taken, as the key to Palestine. The siege had now lasted for over two years, and the inhabitants of the beleaguered town finding themselves on the verge of famine at length surrendered to the crusaders.

Michaud speaks of it as a famous siege in which the Crusaders shed more blood and exhibited more bravery than ought to have suffic-

ed for the subjection of the whole of Asia. More than one hundred skirmishes and nine great battles were fought before the walls of the city. Several flourishing armies came to recruit armies nearly annihilated, and were in their turn replaced by fresh armies. The bravest nobility of Europe perished in this siege, swept away by sword or disease.

Though the progress of Richard I, from this point, was attended by many signal victories, yet he eventually found his army so wasted that he was obliged to turn homeward even when in sight of Jerusalem. Before sailing from Acre on his disastrous voyage, he made a treaty by which that seaport was secured as a possession to the Christian population of Palestine. For just one hundred years this treaty was kept. But in the year 1291 the Sultan of Egypt wrested the city from the hands of the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem, who had strongly fortified it and to whose care it had been committed. In the year 1517 the city again changed hands and passed out of its Mameluke owners into the possession of the Turks under Selim I. Towards the middle of the last century it was wrested from its Turkish proprietors by the Arab Sheikh Daher, who with his successors brought it into importance as a commercial centre, and fortified and improved the town. Under the rule of his successor the place was still more enlarged and its fortifications strengthened. It was then that it became again the scene of a long and obstinate contest for power between Napoleon and the Mameluke forces, aided by their English allies. After the battle of the Pyramids in which the French had become the masters of Egypt, their

general determined to march upon Acre, of which he had said, "on that little town hangs the destiny of the East." It was held by Achmet the Butcher, with all his military forces. Information having been sent to Sir Sydney Smith, who was cruising in the Levant with an English fleet, he at once set sail for Acre with two ships of the line and several smaller vessels of war and captured a French flotilla sent with supplies, and a siege equipage, just before he entered the harbor. Adding a powerful battering train to the defences of the city which was manned with English soldiers, the allied forces awaited the assaults of the army of Napoleon. There the Emperor received a check in his victorious career, and the French found this ancient stronghold as impregnable as did the tribe of Asher when they took possession of the land which had fallen to their lot. Ten days after he had commenced the siege of Acre he boldly advanced with 6,000 men to meet an army of 30,000 Turks, and after a long and desperate conflict completely routed and destroyed a force between which and his own troops there was such vast disproportion.

Returning to Acre he resumed the siege of a town which he felt must be his, before he could seize the treasures of the East. But he found behind those impregnable ramparts a combined force which resisted all his efforts to accomplish his purposes. The walls were manned by English and Turks and the harbor was filled with the English, Russian and Turkish fleets.

The shells of the French plowed the streets of Acre, and shattered its walls, and the shots from the harbor and forts of the beleaguered city sent death and devastation through the ranks of the assail-

ants. At the close of sixty days of terrible conflict and destruction the French general withdrew his forces and abandoned his project of forcing his way eastward, and with the remnant of his army began his retreat through Egypt to France.

The broken walls of Acre were now repaired and strengthened until it became the strongest fortress in Syria.

In 1832 Ibrahim Pasha besieged it and threw into it 35,000 shells, and in 1840 the English forces under Admiral Stopford bombarded it and laid it in ruins for the purpose of returning Syria to the rule of the Turks. Since then, under its modern rulers, it has been again rebuilt and strengthened, but it is no longer of importance as a commercial centre, and is dependent for its life and prosperity only upon its military character and its strength as a fortress, which stands at the outlet of the great valley of Esdraelon, which has been for ages the theatre of conflicts between the hostile armies of ambitious monarchs.

Those who are seeking for relics of its ancient life must dig through the ruins of centuries and millenniums. The Accho of Joshua and Israel is buried beneath the age of the Ptolemies and of the crusaders. The walls which Asher could not enter have crumbled beneath the assaults of early Rome, and the shot and shell of France and of England.

But the natural features of the city and its surrounding are unchanged. Into that broad and beautiful bay which sweeps around under the heights of Mount Carmel, near which now is found the best anchorage and the deepest water,—enter two rivers, the ancient Belus now called Naman,

which runs almost under the walls of the city, and Kishon, which waters the valley of Esdraelon and enters the bay near Mount Carmel. It was near this latter stream about 15 miles inland, that the stirring scenes referred to by Deborah in *Judges* v: 21, took place. Here at the outlet of this river is the small walled town of Kaifa, above which on the sides of the Carmel are the ruins of an old crusaders' fortress.

The city of Acre contains now only about 4,500 inhabitants, and its streets and walls and general appearance indicate the prevalence of Moslem rule. There are still found some relics of its old masters, the Knights of St. John, among which are ruins of the church of St. Andrews, the Hotel of the Knights Hospitallers and the Latin Convent, once the church of St. John. The fortifications are well planned and substantial, mounted with about 400 pieces of artillery, most of which are of old and inferior character. On one large bronze cannon is the motto, "Ultima ratio regum,"—the last argument of kings. The history of war turns this into a terrible satire. For the appeal to the arbitrament of the sword seems usually to be the first resort, and when the bloody work of war has ceased, there comes an appeal to reason and to diplomacy, or the intervention of some neutral power, which if first resorted to might have saved millions of treasure and thousands of lives.

The author of *The Land and the Book* has given a minute description of Acre as it now appears,—after its varied fortunes and its long and eventful history. With the exception, (he tells us,) of a few palms and fruit orchards and vegetable gardens, the surround-



ings of the city are very naked and uninteresting. Its military character, the unhealthiness of the climate, and the shallowness and insecurity of the harbor, keep it down. And so the trade and population is gradually moving to Kaifa, where the steamers of the Mediterranean now have their landing place close under the shadow of Mount Carmel. And this reads to us a lesson of the strength and value of commerce in contrast with mere political power and influence, as affecting the growth and stability of human institutions and communities. The favor of kings and the ambitious designs of statesmen may for a time build up cities and give them power and influence. Yet when they are no longer of use for the accomplishment of their plan, or their patrons have passed away, their day of prosperity is turned into darkness and night. So it was with the once splendid city of Cæsarea. It was opulent and populous, so long as it could bask in the favor of kings, who made it their capitol, and whose favor forced into its harbor the navies of the world. But when these passed away, the tide of its success and power ebbed, never to swell again,

and nothing is left but desolation. So too, for ages, Acre as a strong strategic point was the object of strife among ambitious kings and generals, and mighty armies contended for it. But when these influences ceased to be operative and its value as a stronghold declined, commerce assumed the command, and in her peaceful work and mission built up other cities more adapted to her wants and better fitted to accomplish her purposes. And thus even in that land whose history has been marked by desolating wars and bloody conflicts, commerce asserts her rights and rises above the power of crowned kings, and mighty armies, and builds for herself new centres of influence, and new capitals for her empire, and leaves the homes of regal pomp and of military glory to become scenes of decay and desolation, or to sink into the mere dependencies of her own nobler and more lasting authority and glory.

The *Accho* of Israel, and the *Ptolemais* of Rome, and the *Acre* of the crusaders, is outstripped by cities which were unknown when she was the impregnable fortress of Phœnicia, and the golden key by which contending nations sought to unlock the treasures of the East.

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### THE JEANNETTE POLAR EXPEDITION.

The U. S. Government cutter *Jeannette*, referred to in the July MAGAZINE, (see July No. p. 212) left San Francisco on the afternoon of July 8th, for her trip of exploration to the North Pole. The *Bulletin* of that city, of June 25th furnished very interesting particulars as to the vessel and her outfit, as follows :—

As the *Jeannette* arrived in the Bay of San Francisco several months ago, it was generally supposed that before this she would be on the way to the Arctic. There has been no delay, however, in her sailing. Should she pass through Behring Strait before the breaking up of the ice, she could only await the coming of that event before proceeding on her course. The ice usually begins to break up during

August or September, and it is the plan of her commander to arrive in the Arctic as nearly as possible upon the breaking up of the ice. She will go under sail, as much as possible, to Behring Strait. The time of the passage, should she not encounter head winds or adverse currents, would be about thirty days. The trip is liable to occupy considerable more time, but should it take two months for her to reach the Arctic she would arrive at a good time, it is expected, to take advantage of the break up in the ice to push on to the North Pole.

The task that now occupies the attention of those about to sail in her, is the coaling and provisioning, and quite as much care and forethought are needed in each of these branches as in any other of her equipment. To utilize every square inch of her cargo room with fuel and provisions is the end sought to be accomplished, and the work of packing and stowing away supplies, with a view to secure the largest possible amount of these two main requisites in the smallest possible space has been carefully going on for several days, and is now almost completed. The provisions which she will carry are almost wholly in the concentrated or condensed form, and are similar to those with which previous Arctic-bound ships have been fitted up, comprising, with the exception of flour and its preparations, almost wholly meats, vegetables and fruits, put up in the most approved form. She will be provisioned for fully three years.

She will have on board one hundred and thirty-five tons of coal on leaving this port. At Alaska her bunkers will be replenished. She will be accompanied by a convoy which will carry about twenty tons additional of provisions and sixty

or seventy tons of coal. The convoy will accompany her to St. Michael's, and leave her as fully coaled and provisioned as when she sails from this port. The surplus provisions and coal taken up will then be placed in a cache on the outskirts of the ice at St. Michael's to serve as reserve supplies in case of the wreck or abandonment of the vessel, or for the use of her crew on the return voyage.

The expedition will be supplied with trained dogs and fur clothing at St. Paul's. The clothing was ordered many months ago, soon after the enterprise was determined upon.

Never before have more elaborate preparations been made to render a Polar expedition successful. Every appliance, scientific or otherwise, whose utility has been suggested by the experience of former voyages will have its place on the *Jeannette*. In the appointment of the officers and selection of the men, quite as much care has been taken as in respect to the other preparations. Her commanding officer, Lieutenant De Long, United States Navy, has previously made one hard Arctic voyage, having gone up, in 1873, in the *Tigress* in search of the *Polaris*. The chief executive officer and engineer have also made previous voyages to the frozen zone, and the ice-pilot, on whose skill very much depends the safe navigation of the vessel, is an old whaler who has spent years in the Polar regions. The crew are picked men, of whom several have accompanied one or more expeditions of exploration to the Arctic.

The *Jeannette* was built in England in 1862, the name under which she was launched being the *Pandora*. She was especially constructed for service in the ice,

whether as whaler or as exploring vessel. With this object in view she was built of English oak, and made as strong in her hull as possible. She is a bark-rigged steamer-yacht of 420 tons burthen, and furnished with an engine of 200 horse power. She has already been employed in one voyage of exploration. Six years ago Captain Young sailed in her from England for the Arctic, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the records believed to have been buried by Sir John Franklin's party just before the death of the last surviving members of that unfortunate expedition. She started, however, too late, in the season, to take advantage of the break up of the ice, and being unable to proceed on her mission returned to England.

Mr. Bennett, it is said, took an earnest interest in that voyage, and the peculiar merits of the yacht coming under his observation, he selected her for her present voyage when he had finally determined to send an expedition to the Polar Seas. He purchased the vessel in England about a year ago, and, dropping her former somewhat ominous title of *Pandora*, re-christened her the *Jeannette*. From England she proceeded to Havre, and thence around Cape Horn to this port, arriving here in the early spring, after a passage of six months.

During the time that she has been at Mare Island, some important repairs and improvements have been made. Her hull has been very materially strengthened by bracing. In her hold have been placed three large double trusses with a stanchion in the centre and hanging knees, each beam being ten by twelve inches, the object being to give her the greatest possible power for resisting the crush-

ing force of the ice. These trusses also have hanging knees reaching from the deck to the keelson. In addition to the trusses she has also been strengthened by having seven wooden strakes of ceiling, each a foot in width by four inches in thickness, placed on either of her sides. She has been provided with two new boilers, built at the Navy Yard. On each side of the boilers are coal bunkers, the engine and fire-room being together without partition. Beside her ordinary machinery she carries an extra donkey pump, two auxiliary pumps, a distilling apparatus capable of distilling five hundred gallons of water per day, and a hoisting engine rigged on the spar deck, to be employed in warping. To keep out, as far as possible, the cold, the cabin and fore-castle have been padded on the inside with several thicknesses of heavy felt, and the poop deck has been covered with three thicknesses of stout canvas which has been painted over.

The *Jeannette* will carry one folding boat that can be used on runners as a sled as well as in the water as a boat. She will take eight tents, each six feet by nine; a suit of spare sails, small boats rigged with sails and boat covers. She is also provided with ice saws by which ice of ten or fifteen feet in thickness can be cut away. She will have a spare storm trysail and awning to cover the space between the poop and the house to be erected on her deck. The latter will be taken to the north by a convoy. It is constructed so as to roof over the deck during wintry storms. The beams of this deck house are mortised and fastened together by screw bolts, so that it can be taken down or put up at will. The vessel is also provided with two extra propellers, to be used in case of

accident; also a complete outfit of machinists' tools and stock to repair any break that may occur in the engine. She will leave San Francisco with an entirely new set of sails, including rolling topsails that can be furled from the deck. She has a total of 6,858 square feet of canvas, when all is set. She has accommodations in the fore-castle for thirty-six men, but as it will be occupied by only about half that number, all the remaining space will be utilized as store room for supplies and apparatus. The ship will be heated by stoves burning soft coal.

A telegram from San Francisco, dated August 15th, says that the Alaska Commercial Company's steamer *St. Paul*, from Onalaska, —one of the Fox Islands off the coast of Alaska, reports that the Arctic exploring yacht *Jeannette* arrived there August 2nd, and was to sail for St. Michael's August 6th. All on board were well.

### My Mariner.

Oh, he goes away, singing,  
Singing over the sea!  
Oh, he comes again, bringing  
Joy and himself to me!  
Down through the rosemary hollow  
And up the wet beach I ran,  
My heart in a flutter to follow  
The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting  
Still in the house at home!  
Give me a mariner, flitting  
And flashing over the foam!  
Give me a voice resounding  
The songs of the breezy main!  
Give me a free heart bounding  
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;  
But never was queen so grand  
As I, while I watch him blowing  
Away from the lazy land.  
I have wedded an ocean-rover,  
And with him I own the sea;  
Yet over the waves come over,  
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,  
Blithe on the homeward tide!  
Hark to it, heart! up and after;  
Off to the harbor-side;  
Down through the rosemary hollow  
And over the sand-hills, light  
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;  
And ho! for a sail in sight!

*Harper's Magazine for September.*

### The Sea an Emblem of Christ's Love.

Any one who is familiar with the experiences of bathing and swimming, knows well how wonderfully the weight of the body is apparently diminished while in the sea, a fact of which the bather becomes instantly conscious, as his feet touch the shore again, and the burden of the flesh returns with what, at first, seems added weight.

May not this everyday fact be the vehicle to our hearts of a very precious divine truth? to wit, that the instant the soul trusts itself entirely to Christ and his love, the burden of self and sin is taken off, and the believer is sweetly upborne by the strength of the Almighty? Just as one who floats throws his tired body on the waves, and finds on their swelling crests a perfect rest and freedom from his own weight,—but only so long as he gives himself up perfectly, trustfully,—so does the soul, relying on Christ, abandoning itself to the "everlasting love," realize the security and peace of that upholding.

Yet again, while the ocean thus bears us, and relieves us of the incubus of the flesh, it is also for us the medium of special activity, for the bather, thus supported, may make active effort and progress, becoming at last a successful swimmer. So, herein we may see how the great salvation works in us, to will and to do of His good pleasure. We shall go on and on in the renewed life, so we but trust ourselves to the support of Christ's love, and hold back nothing.

And Jesus saves us, not to make merely a people rescued from destruction, satisfied with safety, but to redeem unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Blessed Lord! make us, by thy Spirit, glad co-workers with thee!"

*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

## The Sailor's Text.

### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

*"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."*—Psa. 119; 106.

What a lighthouse is this amid the waves of a dark world! Thousands, guided by its blessed light, have reached in safety the desired haven! Thousands more, by neglecting it, have perished amid the reefs of sin and ruin!

Reader! love your Bible. Steer by it. Make it your counsellor and guide in every difficulty. When you are perplexed as to duty, or assaulted by temptation, or bowed down with sorrow, let this ever be your inquiry,—*"What saith the Scripture?"* Knowing what your Lord's will is, delight to do it. Obey the Bible's precepts—listen to its warnings—believe its promises—exult in its hopes. Regard it as your best earthly possession. Be it with you as with the sailor-boy, whose dead body was found on the shore with his Bible fastened by a rope around his bosom. It was the only thing he cared to save!

"Holy Bible! book divine!  
Precious treasure! thou art mine—  
Mine to tell me whence I came—  
Mine to teach me what I am—  
Mine to chide me when I rove—  
Mine to show a Savior's love—  
Mine to feed a loving faith—  
Mine to triumph over death.  
Oh, thou precious book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine!"

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### France.

HAYRE.

Rev. HENRY ROGERS writes:—"Our attendance at Bethel services has been rather smaller, of late. We are feeling the effects of the general bad state of commerce, seamen and visitors being much less in number than usual. We seem to have the very opposite of weather that I learn you are experiencing. The "inclement summer" influences us, in many ways, but mostly in a bad way. All Europe is suffering, and unless there is a speedy change for the better, we shall be almost entirely dependent on your country for breadstuffs. But we are thankful that the all bountiful Father has sent to you more than sufficient for your use, so that we need not dread the calamity of famine."

#### Italy.

NAPLES.

We have the "First Annual Report of The Harbor Mission," in pamphlet form, and can supply a few copies to friends. The Mission was formally instituted 13th March, 1878, a Sailors' Home having been opened in N., in 1874-5. The Continental Committee of the Free Church of Scotland made the grant which resulted in the establishment of the Mission, and our own Society has been privileged to aid in its support, together with the National Bible Society of Scotland, and the British and Foreign Sailor's Society. Mr. STEPHEN BURROWS has been the Missionary from the outset; and from the first, Christian work has gone forward continuously and successfully. The new mis-

sion ship *Victoria* on which Bethel services are held, was launched 11th November, 1878, and its inaugural services were held January 6th, 1879. Rev. H. T. BARFF, English chaplain, Rev. T. W. S. JONES, of the Wesleyan Church, and Rev. J. GORDON GRAY, of the Presbyterian Church, assist Mr. Burrowes in the services at the Bethel, as well as occasional visitors. A library has been instituted, and 195 religious services were held at the Bethel and on steamers and sailing vessels, up to the close of the first year. Fifty-seven hundred tracts and books were given away, at the Bethel, and in 2,828 visits to vessels, with 39 Bibles and Testaments in various languages, sold. Ten thousand English speaking seamen are annually in reach of the missionary and the Bethel. We refer our readers to the July number of the *MAGAZINE*, (p. 216) for records which exhibit the nature and issue of the work wrought through God's blessing, by all these agencies.

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### New York City.

Our Missionaries at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, write as follows, July 31st.

*Corresponding Secretary A. S. F. S.—*

*Dear Sir:—*"In forwarding you a brief report of our labors for the past few months, we desire to acknowledge the protecting power of the Lord in sparing us up to this present time. While keeping us actively engaged in His service, He has given us many assurances of his Divine blessing on our humble efforts to advance his kingdom.

"Our work has continued, as usual, in constant visits to boarding houses, to vessels in harbor, to hospitals (seamen's) and to seamen's families, where the Word of God has been distributed, and invitations given to religious services. We have, notwithstanding some discouragements, had many tokens of Divine favor in the persons of those who have been hopefully converted, having received the Gospel not as the word of man, but as it is, in truth, the Word of God. Of those to whom the Gospel has become the power of God through faith

unto salvation, we will mention a few cases, for the encouragement of all co-workers in the Master's Vineyard.

"A few weeks ago, four young seamen came to the Sailors' Home after an absence of many months. They were not converted on entering upon the voyage, but they came back, born of the Spirit of God. According to their own statement, they used to go to the means of grace at the Home, occasionally, but "made light of these things," and often sneered at Christians. However, the word spoken in the meetings, it appears, was blest of God,—for when they got to sea, it set them to thinking, and they began to pray, earnestly, crying to God to have mercy upon them. The result was that they found the Lord to the joy of their hearts,—missionaries in China being, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, a great help to them. Three of these men have united with the Church of Sea and Land in this city.

"Another interesting case was that of an old colored woman who died a short time ago, at the age of ninety-one years. Before dying, she gave such evidence of her acceptance with God, through the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ, as few, perhaps, ever give. Through the aid of the Holy Spirit, and the prayer meetings held among the colored people, we believe she was brought to see and feel herself a sinner, and to embrace Christ as her Savior.

"We have paid occasional visits to the different seamen's hospitals, and while humbly endeavoring to present Jesus to the sick and the dying, have drawn so many blessings for our own souls from our common source of comfort, that we find great recompense in being permitted to continue in that way.

"We have also visited destitute seamen's families, and through the bounty of the Society, have been instrumental in making sorrowful hearts glad because their temporal wants have been supplied.

"Our great desire is, whether here or elsewhere, to have our lives so consistent before men, that the word of God shall have free course and be glorified.

C. A. BOELLA,  
J. SMITH."

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### Norfolk, Va.

Chaplain CRANE writes under date of July 31st, that he "has been engaged in, and for the most part superintended arrangements for, an Open Air Temper-

ance Campaign under the auspices of the Norfolk Christian Temperance Union, which though not immediately connected with his Bethel work, yet reached a good many seafaring men. The meetings were held on the Norfolk Academy grounds, where platform, seats and lights were provided, every night, except Sundays, when they were held in the afternoon, from the 10th to the 22nd of July. They were conducted by Col. LUTHER CALDWELL, of Elmira, N. Y., a most effective temperance speaker, assisted by Prof. JOHN M. DENNIS, of Philadelphia, the Singing Evangelist, who conducted the musical exercises. The superiority of speech and song of these brethren, attracted immense audiences, numbering at times from 3,000 to 5,000—the largest public meetings ever assembled in Norfolk,—including many of the most respectable people of the city. The interest was well sustained to the close of the meetings, the last one being the most largely attended. Over six hundred signatures to the total abstinence pledge were obtained, which, though not a large number at such gatherings, yet included many who have been very intemperate, and whose reformation, it is to be hoped, is thus begun.

“On Sunday, July 20th, a Gospel Temperance meeting was held aboard the U. S. Receiving ship *Franklin*. Chaplain Crane conducted the opening services and introduced Col. Caldwell, who conducted a Responsive Scripture Praise Service, and made a most earnest and pointed temperance appeal. Prof. Dennis, assisted by a chorus, sang a number of Gospel hymns with an impressiveness that sent home the truths of the preceding address. Capt. GILLIS, commander of the ship, added a few remarks commending the temperance cause to his men, and then signed the total abstinence pledge, as did also the executive officer and over fifty others of the ship's company, most of whom were

present. The Captain and executive officer and about a dozen others had previously signed at a similar meeting on board the ship about a year ago, and now signed again for example's sake; but all the others,—about forty,—were new signatures.

“Last Sunday night, (July 27th), a special temperance meeting for the benefit of merchant sailors was held at the Bethel by Col. Caldwell and Prof. Dennis, proving one of the most interesting and profitable meetings of the series, and a fitting close to the good work accomplished there within a year past, during which nearly 500 seafaring men have signed the total abstinence pledge, and been enrolled as members of the Christian Temperance Union.”

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### Pensacola, Fla.

Chaplain CARTER wrote, August 4th, that but one vessel was there in quarantine and there was hope of a season's escape from the scourge of yellow fever. In his recent labor at the hospital, he had been able to help sailors toward Christ. He speaks of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE as a visitor always welcome,—and of the number for AUGUST, as “so suited to the seamen,”—adding:—“yesterday an American captain, just from India, was present and taught a class in my Sabbath-school.”

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### Cleveland, Ohio.

Rev. J. D. JONES reports:—“The Bethel, here, has no chaplain or missionary,—nor has it any Sunday services besides the Sunday-school. I preach on the docks every Sabbath at 10:30, a. m. and at the Sailors' Hospital, Friday afternoon. We also have a good number of sailors at our Tabernacle meetings, where we hold six services each week,—on the corner of Ontario and St. Clair Streets.”

## Portland, Oregon.

In the *European Mail* (London, Eng.) for July, the following appreciative mention is made of the Portland Seamen's Friend Society:

"A movement is being made by the 'Portland Seamen's Friend Society,' of Portland, Oregon—auxiliary to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York—which deserves the hearty support of our readers. The indefatigable chaplain, Rev. R. S. STUBBS, whose efforts to promote the moral and material welfare of the seamen, steamboat men, fishermen and alongshoremen, who labor on the Columbia river and Puget Sound waters, are well known,—has decided upon establishing mariners' homes and bethels, with suitable reading rooms in the Columbia and Puget Sound ports, and any contributions in aid of these objects will be gratefully received by him at the office, Portland, Oregon."

## Grateful Testimony and Aid.

We furnish to our readers a few letters lately at hand, from seamen who have recently used our Loan Libraries, and testify as they have seen and known, of their value and work. It will appear, also, that they "show their love, by their works." They are as follows:—

BALTIMORE, June 13th, 1879.

Dear Sir:—"Library 4,415,\* has been on board the bark *Yamoyden* two voyages. I now send it back to you to be exchanged for another. I should be almost lost for reading to improve the mind, but for your libraries. I can see they are doing much good among seamen. The books have been well read. Enclosed please find \$10 from the ship's company as a thank offering to the Lord.

Respectfully yours,

E. H. TOBEY,

Master Bark *Yamoyden*."

P. S. Captain S., of the *Water Witch*, wanted me to ask for a library for him. He is a Christian man sailing out of this port to Rio and the West Indies.

\* Donated by First Congregational church, Milford, Conn.

NEW YORK, July 31st, 1879.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:

In August, 1878, I was in this port and my ship was kindly supplied with a library of choice books, by your Society.

I am informed that the library was a donation from a lady by the name of H. E. B., now deceased. I am happy to say that I have every reason to believe that the books were read by myself and all on board, with great interest, and with good effect.

Wishing your Society God's blessing and speed, I am,

Yours, respectfully,

JOHN HEBBERT,

Master Ship *Adolphus*.

P. S.—Please to accept my small gift of \$5.

PIER 9 EAST RIVER, NEW YORK,

August 12th, 1879.

I write a few lines to thank you for the library† which you put on board the *Ada Wiswall* more than three years ago, and also for that which you have so carefully selected for us to take on this present voyage, which is to be the same as the last,—to New Zealand. The last library has been used by a great many people,—for besides our own crews, and we have had several during the three years,—a great many persons from shore in the places where we have been, have read the books with very much interest. In New Zealand, in the North Island, we were for four months in a port of the island, where there were neither meeting-houses, roads or carriages. They held their meetings and Sabbath-schools in school-houses, barns or in hotel dining-rooms. All their going about was by boats or on horse back, and as most of the people were settlers, mill-men and bush-men, they had very few books. It was, therefore, a great privilege for them to avail themselves of ours. So I lent them with a great deal of pleasure. The missionaries themselves were very much pleased with some of them. To one I gave Moody's Addresses, and to another Mr. Moody's life. We have lately had a letter from one, a Mr. John Osborne, a Wesleyan missionary, and he writes that he has now had a little church built in a small town called Kaihu,—he will be very glad of the book of sermons which you have sent him this time. With many thanks, I remain,

Very truly,

S. S. W.

Barkentine *Ada Wiswall*.

† No. 5,817, donated by Mrs. E. F. Randolph, Morristown, N. J.



PILOT BOAT ISAAC WEBB, No. 8.  
AT SEA, July 14th, 1879.

*American Seamen's Friend Society:*

Library No. 6,100\* which you so kindly loaned to us, and placed on board our vessel about two years ago, I now return. On behalf of the crew and myself, I desire to convey to you, and through you to the "donor or donors," our grateful thanks.

I have kept the library a long time, because our men desired it. They wished to read every book, and I believe every book has been read, and some have been read over and over, marked and studied, and laid up in the memory and heart for future need. A noticeable change for the better, has taken place in the conduct and conversation of all the crew. They have picked up the "bread cast upon the waters" by your kindly hands, they have tasted, and found it to be sweet and good. It has nourished them, and made them think of the "better land," whose inhabitants "never hunger or thirst." They ask to be fed with more, and—with thousands of others—they turn to you, the best and truest friends the sailors have ever had, and say "help us!"

Very gratefully, yours.

H. S.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20th, 1879.

*To the American Seamen's Friend Society:*

I send you, by express, library No. 6,153† which your Society sent on board my vessel, at New York, in August, 1877. It has remained with us until this date, during which time I have made one East Indian, one West Indian and two European voyages, with different crews. The books have been read with much interest by myself, officers and crew.

I have taken as good care of them, as possible, both to see that they were kept clean and that none of them were taken away, but notwithstanding one of them was taken by one of the crew. I herewith enclose you \$5 as a donation to Society, also key of library, and with thanks for the use of it. I remain,

Yours, truly,

R. McMILLAN,

*Master bark John F. Robertson.*

\* Donated by John W. Hamersley, Esq., New York City.

† Donated by Mrs. Admiral A. L. Case, Newburg, N. Y.

## Glad to Help Him Home.

The following letter witnesses to the varied nature of the beneficent work to which God has called us for the sons of the sea.

SEAMEN'S RETREAT HOSPITAL,

STAPLETON, S. I., N. Y., JULY 30th, 1879.

*Cor. Sec'y American Seamen's Friend Society:*—For myself as well as on behalf of seaman J. Von Slosson for whom you so kindly interceded and aided in securing a free ticket to his home (in Denmark)—allow me to express to you and your Society my sincere thanks. The poor fellow is far gone with consumption, has been here many months and cannot live long. Wishing you success, I am, dear sir, with great respect,

C. HENRY KING, M. D.

## It Was Appreciated.

A Chicago correspondent says:—"The article on Capt. AUGUSTUS PROAL in the August number of your MAGAZINE, (p. 232), has interested me so greatly that I am persuaded it could not fail to do great good if it were printed and circulated in tract form. We sometimes feel that a man is in a hopeless case who is not converted before he is thirty-seven years old, and we are inclined to become discouraged and give up all efforts in his behalf. Yet, how much good was accomplished by this man after that period! May God make use of this to despondent mothers, as a means of encouragement to renewed effort and prayer for their unconverted sons!

J. A. D."

## Their Continuing Life.

The vitality and varied usefulness of some of our loan libraries is illustrated by the history of No. 2,197. We placed it, April 6th, 1867, on the brig *Two Marys*, of Digby, N. S., bound for Zaza,

Cuba; and assigned it to Mrs. M. L. Bruere, of Allentown, N. J., for a donation to that end. It came back to us, in good condition, having been much read. We next put it in the New York City Hospital, where it was accessible to 300 men, May 18th, 1868. February 25th, 1878, it appeared again at our Rooms, and was sent on the schooner *Hattie E. Giles*, of Seaford, Del., to St. Kitts, W. I.,—and when its work was done, on that vessel, it came back to us again like Noah's dove,—was refitted and sent, May 22nd, 1879, to Cuba, on the brig *Neva*, of Lunenburg, N. S.

### They Do Remember.

The simple sailor's letter, printed below, was lately received at our **SAILORS' HOME** in this city. It was dated at Bristol, England, and shows that its writer is one of a class of men who are quick to feel and not slow to recall the kindness which the missionaries, there, are ever ready to extend.

Dear Sir :—"I write these few lines to let you know I am in good health, hoping to find you the same. I am very sorry to let you know that another apprentice fell overboard and never was seen any more. I may also let you know that the second mate is keeping well. Sometimes he tells and reads to me about Jesus. I send my best respects to the pastor, Mr. McC., Miss S., Miss M., and Miss W., I hope they are all well. No more at present.

I remain your loving friend,

J. F."

### The U. S. Schoolships—Training American Sailors for our Navy.

A Washington dispatch to the Associated Press says:—

The United States steamer *Wachusett*, which was dispatched on a voyage up the Mississippi to enlist boys for the American navy, was, owing to the unusual lack of water, unable to proceed above Vicksburg. She will return to New Orleans and there secure boys, remaining there as long as the health of the Gulf may

permit. The sailors of the American navy are now largely of foreign material. Under the system of training American boys for that life, the whole personnel of enlisted men is rapidly changing and enlarging. Among the vessels called training ships now engaged in that work is the *Portsmouth*, which is on a cruise on the northeastern coast, engaged in enlistment; the *Saratoga*, which will in a few days also go up the New England coast, stopping at the places not visited by the *Portsmouth*. In the Autumn she will go southward, visiting Charleston, Savannah, Pensacola and Mobile to secure Southern boys. The *Constitution* will, as soon as she can be put in readiness, be added to the fleet of training ships. The *Michigan*, which is on the lakes, has also been ordered on this service. She will visit Chicago and the other principal ports in her section. In October next it is proposed to have an exhibition exercise in Hampton Roads of as many of the training ships as possible. After this the boys will be transferred to the receiving ship *Minnesota*, at New York, and from there drafted to the different ships of the navy. The places of the boys so transferred will be filled by enlistment to the complement allowed under an act of the last session of Congress, which authorizes the Secretary of the Navy to enlist annually 750 boys.

We welcome this movement as likely to issue in results of the most excellent character.

In connection with the above, we see that the U. S. Steamer *Minnesota* lately arrived at New York, from a cruise up the Hudson River on a recruiting expedition, which was unexpectedly successful. Altogether the physicians on board examined 244 boys, 131 of whom passed satisfactorily. They say that the boys generally are a fine lot. The rejections in New York averaged 80 per cent., while those of the Hudson River towns averaged about fifty. The most inferior lot presented for examination were from Albany and Troy, not over five per cent. of whom were accepted. During the trip up the Hudson, about twenty thousand people have visited the *Minnesota*. They came from all the cities and towns, and from the back country, and innu-

merable little steam tugs have followed the big ship from anchorage to anchorage, transporting passengers to and from the shore for ten cents the round trip. At Poughkeepsie, Mr. Hudson Taylor and family, and Mrs. Chandler, wife of Commander Chandler, of the *Lackawanna*, took them in hand and made their stay in that place pleasant. At Rondout, Mr. Thomas Cornell, and Mr. Samuel Coykendall, took charge of them and ran a special train over the Ulster and Delaware railroad for them, and also got up a picnic for them in the Catskills.

### Lieutenant T. B. Mason.

This son of a well known New Yorker, for several years in the U. S. Naval Service, was authorized at the last session of Congress to accept a medal conferred on him by King Victor Emmanuel, for going, when flag-lieutenant of the South Pacific squadron, with three sailors, all volunteers, into the lower hold of the Italian bark *Adelaide*, then lying in the harbor of Callao, laden with powder and railroad supplies and in flames, rolling aside the kegs of powder, and reaching and extinguishing the fire behind them with the Babcock apparatus. Lieutenant Mason is instructor of light artillery tactics at the Naval Academy, using a code of drill prepared by himself and approved and printed by the department. Some years ago he received the medal of the Humane Society and a decoration from the Emperor of Brazil for the successful saving of life when he was a midshipman.

### Whence Sailors Come.

"People," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "who do not read the shipping lists or have occasion to cruise about the harbor, may be surprised to learn that of foreign vessels arriving at the Port of New York, Norway has more than any country save

Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Seamanship is not a matter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark, and usually model a more graceful hull. Both nations are sharp competitors for the jobbing trade of navigation. Their vessels are small and are commanded by shrewd, shifty captains who are quick to pick up a cargo for any quarter of the world if a trifling profit can be earned. The cheap construction of these craft and the low wages of the seamen enable them to earn money for their owners at rates of freightage that would be unprofitable for our well-built and well-manned American ships. Many of them founder at sea every year, owing to their flimsy build, but there are plenty of new ones to take their places."

### The "Fastest Run,"

On record, was accomplished by the English mail steamer *Durban*, with telegrams from the seat of war at the Cape of Good Hope, last Spring. Leaving Table Bay a little before 8 p.m. on April 1st, the steamer reached Plymouth, England, at 6 p. m. on Sunday, the 20th April, thus performing the whole distance of about 6,000 miles in 18 days and 22 hours, inclusive of all stoppages, and actual steaming 18 days and 16 hours, or 13.1 knots the whole voyage. This result, it is said, eclipses anything on record in steam navigation. Half the distance has been frequently done in less time by the steamers of the lines to New York; but it must be borne in mind that it is a far easier task to run 3,000 miles in nine days, than 6,000 in 18 days, as the *Durban* has done, coals having to be carried for this long distance, etc.

## To Bathers.

The Royal Humane Society of England has issued the following seasonable advice to bathers:—"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause, or when the body is cooling after perspiration, and avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after being a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing undressed on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water, or remaining too long in the water, but leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach, but the young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser." After bathing, a vigorous use of the towel is very beneficial, and should be followed when necessary by moderate exercise till a gentle reaction sets in. The old notion about the danger of plunging into cold water when the body is heated has long ago been exploded. In fact it is now clearly established that the colder the water the hotter should be the bather. Fever patients it is well known never take cold even if wholly immersed for brief intervals in ice water. If the body is not already in a vigorous glow, bathing is sure to do more harm than good.

## No Need of Them.

The champion oarsman, Hanlan, in answer to an English enquirer who asked his opinion as to the use of alcohol and tobacco in athletic exercises, gives it as his opinion that the "best physical performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from their use." This is his personal rule, with steadily increasing power and capacity, and he adds: "I believe that the use of liquor

and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete, by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening them."

## Position of the Principal Planets for the Month of September, 1879.

**MERCURY** is a morning star during this month, rising on the 1st at 4h. 27m., and north of east  $14^{\circ} 42'$ ; is stationary among the stars in Leo on the afternoon of the 2d at 5 o'clock; is at its greatest elongation on the forenoon of the 9th at 10 o'clock, being then  $17^{\circ} 58'$  west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 12th, at this time it rises at 4h. 13m. and north of east  $14^{\circ} 52'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 14th at 58m. before midnight, being  $5^{\circ} 14'$  north; is in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 26th at 1 o'clock, being  $11^{\circ} 11'$  north.

**VENUS** is an evening star until the evening of the 23rd, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is stationary among the stars in Virgo on the morning of the 3rd at 2 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 16th at 5h. 36m., being  $4^{\circ} 7'$  south.

**MARS** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 35m., being  $15^{\circ} 41'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 6th at 8h. 42m. being  $6^{\circ} 55'$  south.

**JUPITER** crosses the meridian on the 1st at 5m. before midnight, being then 10h. 3m. north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon the afternoon of the 27th at 5h. 49m., being  $5^{\circ} 16'$  south.

**SATURN** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 2h. 18m., being then  $3^{\circ} 22'$  north of the equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month. The first time on the evening of the 8rd at 6h. 44m., being  $8^{\circ} 26'$  south, and then again on the evening of the 30th at 10h. 17m., being  $8^{\circ} 25'$  south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters in July, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 25, of which 12 were wrecked, 3 abandoned, 1 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 4 are missing. The list comprises 3 steamers, 1 ship, 8 barks, 3 brigs and 11 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$610,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w.* were wrecked, *a.* abandoned, *b.* burned, *s.c.* sunk by collision, *f.* foundered, and *m.* missing.

### STEAMERS.

State of Virginia, *w.* from New York for Glasgow  
C. F. Ackermom, (tug) *f.* from Bermuda for New York.

### SHIP.

St. Bernard's, *w.* from New York for Antwerp.

### BARKS.

Maddalena Prima, *m.* from Philadelphia for Queenstown.  
Mary Elizabeth, *a.* from Troon for Demerara.  
Germania, *w.* from New York for Oporto.  
Armonia, *m.* from New York for Newry.  
B. L., *w.* from San Francisco for Littleton, N. Z.  
Osterilde, *w.* from New York for Stettin.  
Myra, *w.* from Montevideo for New Bedford.  
Bolivia, *b.* from W. C. of Africa for Boston.

### BRIGS.

Annie Murchie, *a.* from Cardenas for New York.  
Paquete de Nova York, *m.* from Oporto for New York.  
J. H. Kennedy, *w.* from St. Jago for Philadelphia.

### SCHOONERS.

Spring Bird, *f.* from Pictou for Boston.  
Eastern Star, *s.c.* fr. Greenport fr. New York.  
E. Nickerson, *m.* from Wood's Hole for Port Royal, S. C.  
Detroit, *w.* (at Huntington, L. I.)  
Eastern Light, *w.* from New York for Damariscotta.  
John Rose, *w.* from New York for Bermuda.  
Jenny Lind, *a.* from Flanders, L. I. for New Haven.  
Convoy, *f.* from Lubec for Boston.  
Congress, *w.* from Townsend's Inlet for Philadelphia.  
Comet, *f.* from Tuspan for Galveston.  
Ida Smith, *w.* (near St. Augustine, Fla.)

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

### JUNE, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*.—33 American, 28 English, 12 Spanish, 11 German, 10 French, 5 Norwegian, 4 Dutch, 4 Italian, 3 Swedish, 2 Portuguese, 1 Austrian, 1 Danish, 1 Russian, 3 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 118. In this number are included 17 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*.—4 English, 1 German, 1 Danish; total: 6.

## Receipts for July, 1879.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, South church..... \$13 58  
Nashua, 1st church..... 18 48

Stratham, Cong. church..... 5 12  
Troy, Trin. Cong. church..... 5 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, College church..... 17 15  
Attleboro, Ladies' Sea Friend Soc'y, for library..... 30 00  
Boston, Mrs. T. V. S. for library..... 20 00  
Brocton, 1st Cong. church..... 14 88  
Cambridgeport, a friend, for library.. 40 00  
Dedham 1st Cong. church..... 40 25  
Fitchburg, Rev. and Mrs. J. M. R. Eaton..... 5 00  
Foxboro, Cong. church..... 29 51  
Gloucester, legacy Dea. Andrew Parker, by Chas. P. Thompson, Ex... 500 00  
Marblehead, 1st Cong. church..... 24 00  
Milbury, F. K. Hodgman..... 1 00  
Monson, legacy of Dea. Andrew W. Porter, per E. F. Morris, ex..... 500 00  
North Hadley, Cong. church..... 3 42  
Oxford, Mrs. Mary Porter..... 15 00  
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church..... 50 18  
James H. Dunham, to const. self L. M..... 30 00  
Somerset, Cong. church..... 5 00  
South Weymouth, 2nd ch., to const. Erastus Loud, L. M..... 30 00  
Uxbridge, Cong. church..... 20 00  
A Friend..... 1 00  
West Acton, Bap. church..... 6 09  
Worcester, Central church..... 60 70

### CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, Cong. church..... 3 26  
Bristol, Cong. church, of wh. Chas. E. Nott, for mem'l lib'y in name of his late father, Julius Nott, \$20... 53 92  
Cheshire, Cong. church..... 14 34  
Derby, 1st Cong. church..... 18 50  
East Haddam, 1st Cong. church..... 12 36  
Glastonbury, 1st Cong. church..... 25 00  
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. church. Park Cong. church..... 41 58  
Pearl St. Cong. church..... 35 27  
Old Lyme, Cong. church..... 5 31  
Old Saybrook, Cong. church..... 18 20  
Salisbury, Cong. church..... 6 20  
Sherman, Cong. church..... 7 58  
Southport, Fred'k Marquand, Esq., for Savannah, Ga..... 50 00  
Master F. Marquand Monroe..... 20  
West Hartford, Cong. church..... 71 17  
West Killingly, Westfield ch., to const. Miss Emily Danielson, L. M..... 25 00  
West Suffield, Cong. church..... 1 00  
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church..... 10 28

### NEW YORK.

Bergen, Cong. church..... 11 87  
Brooklyn, Church on the Heights..... 118 75  
Elmira, Lake St. Pres. church..... 11 00  
Horseheads, Pres. church..... 4 35  
New York City, William Mathews... Collegiate Ref. Dutch church..... 250 00  
Nixon, Hattie Conway..... 2 00  
Syracuse, 1st Pres. church..... 47 10  
Tarrytown, 1st Ref. ch., of wh. G., for library, \$20..... 47 05  
West Bloomfield, Cong. ch., of wh. Mrs. B. P. Hall, \$10..... 18 46  
Western, Pres. church..... 10 55  
M. E. church..... 1 29

### NEW JERSEY.

Caldwell, Pres. church..... 21 51  
New Brunswick, Mrs. McRee Swift, for library..... 20 00  
Princeton, Prof. McCloskie..... 2 60

\$2,536 50



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### Pirates of the Chinese Coast.

Of all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and vigilance the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale, but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery and skill, that if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune, for those who watch and wait for the ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port forever, and are eventually placed among the "missing." How many of these are captured and destroyed on the China coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tale."

The quaint junks that leave the Chinese ports at nightfall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view, the scene changes as if by magic; deck loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds, and cannon take their place; the crews are marvelously

re-enforced by men who have been hidden below, and the former lazy coasters glide swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails, but by long and powerful oars.

The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to the deck. Her crew may defend themselves as well as they can, but they are outnumbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jinalgals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall; the defense grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board, and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is bored under the water-line of the captured ship, and as the pirates sail away, the scuttled vessel slowly sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting her name is placed on the list of "missing."

The pirate coasters repair their damages, send the guns below, divide the booty and disperse. If the battle has been heard by a cruiser, she hastens in its direction and meets with two or three easy-going traders who are apparently

unconscious of any such thing as piracy near them. If any sign of the conflict remains about them, and an explanation is required, some plausible story is always ready in which they are represented as the real sufferers. Complaints against all robbers are intermixed with cunningly invented directions to the man-of-war, which is soon in hot chase of an imaginary foe.

If caught, these pirates meet with prompt punishment, which is always death. Knowing this, they will fight fiercely, if discovered by a man-of-war while attacking a vessel, and many instances are recorded where all the members of a pirate crew have destroyed themselves in preference to an ignominious death which they knew they would meet if captured.

A voyager on the waters of the East often finds it difficult, when he sees the Chinese trading vessels sailing peacefully around him, with their gay streamers and picturesque sails, and their gongs sounding a salute as his vessel passes them, to imagine that many of them are pirates, and that if a suitable opportunity were offered them to make an attack, the vessel he is on would never see port again. But if he should happen to imagine such a thing, his fears would probably be well founded, for the records of the Chinese coast service are filled with accounts of vessels which have been attacked and destroyed by pirates that were cruising about in the guise of just such harmless-looking traders as he sees about him.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

### Who Was the Bad Boy?

Little Annie was prettily dressed and standing in front of the house waiting for her mother to go to ride.

A tidy boy, dressed in coarse clothes, was passing, when the little girl said:

"Come here, boy, and s'ake hands with me. I dot a boy dus like you named Bobby."

The boy laughed, shook hands with

her and said: "I've got a little girl just like you, only she hasn't got any little cloak with pusey fur on it."

Here a lady came out of the door and said: "Annie, you must not talk with bad boys on the street. I hope you haven't taken anything from her? Go away, and never stop here again, boy."

That evening the lady was called down to speak to a boy in the hall. He was very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap in his hand. It was the enemy of the morning.

"I came to tell you that I was not a bad boy," he said; "I go to Sunday-school and help my mother all I can. I never tell lies, nor quarrel, nor say bad words, and I don't like a lady to call me names, and ask me if I've stolen her little girl's clothes from her."

"I'm very glad you are so good," said the lady, laughing at the boy's earnestness. "Here is a quarter of a dollar for you."

"I don't want that," said Bob, holding his head very high. "My father works in a foundry and has lots of money. You've got a bigger boy than me, haven't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"Does he know the Commandments?"

"I'm afraid not very well."

"Can he say the sermon on the Mount, and the Twenty-third Psalm, and the Golden Rule?"

"I am very much afraid he cannot," said the lady, laughing at the boy's bravery."

"Does he not ride his pony on Sunday instead of going to church?"

I am afraid he does but he ought not," said the lady, blushing a little.

"Mother don't know I came here," said the bright little rogue, "but I thought I would just come around and see what kind of folks you were, and I guess mother would rather your boy would not come around our doors, because she don't want little Mamie to talk to bad boys in the street. Good evening!" and the boy was gone.—*Presbyterian.*

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During July, 1879, sixty-five loan libraries, fifteen new, and fifty refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,680 and 6,683, with Nos. 6,685, to 6,696, inclusive, at New York; and No. 5,168, at Boston.

*The fifty libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 1,445,	No. 3,386,	No. 4,104,	No. 4,467,	No. 4,841,	No. 5,711,	No. 6,177,	No. 6,396,	No. 6,542.
" 2,437,	" 3,445,	" 4,181,	" 4,562,	" 4,939,	" 5,824,	" 6,901,	" 6,403,	" 6,627.
" 2,730,	" 3,469,	" 4,232,	" 4,576,	" 5,130,	" 5,919,	" 6,290,	" 6,462,	
" 2,763,	" 3,563,	" 4,362,	" 4,636,	" 5,227,	" 6,104,	" 6,233,	" 6,463,	
" 2,891,	" 3,933,	" 4,343,	" 4,760,	" 5,318,	" 6,155,	" 6,249,	" 6,470,	
" 3,355,	" 4,015,	" 4,418,	" 4,779,	" 5,686,	" 6,158,	" 6,341,	" 6,536,	

## Little Foxes.

"I wont—so there now!"

What a change came over Harry's bright little face as he said those ugly words! He scowled until his fair forehead was all in wrinkles, and his red lips had such a decided pout as was very disagreeable to look at.

Harry had been a little later than usual that morning, and was just hurrying into the school-house to put his atlas and satchel of books in his desk, before joining his companions in the playground, when one of them called to him that they were going to try quite a new kind of game, and he must make haste, or he would lose all the fun.

Now Harry had generally been allowed to choose the different plays, and often to be the leader; so it made him very angry to think the boys could enjoy themselves without him, and he answered his friend and classmate, Maurice, who had waited for him, in that surly manner.

"But do come, Harry," persisted the little boy; "Lewis says it's so funny, and you'll miss the sight if you sit there."

"I don't care!" cried Harry.

"I'm afraid the little foxes have got hold of you, Harry," said Maurice, coming a step nearer.

"Foxes!" exclaimed Harry, looking over his shoulder with a scared face.

"Yes; don't you remember what Mr. Mason told us last Sunday? O, I forgot—you wasn't there. Why didn't you come, Harry?"

"Because I put off learning my Sunday-school lesson until it was too late on Saturday, and didn't get up the next morning until breakfast was ready, so I had to stay at home," replied Harry, hanging his head and blushing.

"O my! there's another fox," cried Maurice. "Mr. Mason says if we track 'Put-off' to his hole, we'll find it 'Never.' He told us that these small faults and bad habits spoil our lives and characters, just as the Bible says the little foxes did the vines. But there are two sharp hunters, 'I Can' and 'I'll Try,' who will work wonders in undoing their mischief. I intend to belong to 'The Try Company,' Harry."

"And so will I too," cried Harry, who was now smiling as brightly as ever. So, taking hold of each other's hands as they ran, the two little boys were soon as merry as crickets.—*Child's World.*



### To "My Sweet Lord."

The *Novaja Vremja* tells the following touching story about a most extraordinary letter which recently was delivered or about to be delivered into the St. Petersburg mail. An imperial officer, at the lower end of the ladder, died suddenly and left his wife and three children entirely unprovided for. After the lapse of a couple of months, all the furniture and clothes of the family had gone to the pawnbroker's shop, and nothing was left but cold, starvation and an unpaid rent bill. In this misery, the eldest child, a boy of six years, sat down and wrote, in secrecy, the following letter:—

MY SWEET LORD: Mother and my two little sisters have nothing to eat and are very hungry. Won't you please send me three kopeks that I may buy bread for them? and I shall pay back the money when I grow bigger.

Yours truly, \* \* \*

With this letter, which was addressed to *God in the High Heavens*, the boy ran to the nearest station, but being unable to reach the box and slip down the letter, he asked a gentleman who stood beside him to help him. The gentleman, who happened to be the parson of the parish, caught sight of the address and opened the letter and read it. He then accompanied the boy home, provided for the immediate needs of the family, and next Sunday, having told the story in the church, he made a handsome collection of 1,500 rubles among the congregation, for the widow and her children.—*N. Y. Times*.

### Will He Succeed?

In nine cases out of ten, a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he stowed away all the time

—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk, until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk his responsibility, or to dodge work whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents as they bid him good-by, may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—*Young Folks' World*.

### "Can't" and "Try."

"Can't do it" sticks in the mud, but "Try" soon drags the wagon out of the rut. The fox said, "Try," and he got away from the hounds when they almost snapped at him. The bee said, "Try," and turned flowers into honey. The squirrel said, "Try," and he went to the top of the beech tree. The snowdrop said, "Try," and bloomed in the cold snows of Winter. The sun said, "Try," and Spring soon threw Jack Frost out of the saddle. The young lark said, "Try," and he found that his new wings took him over hedges and ditches and up where his father was singing. The ox said, "Try," and plowed the field from end to end. No hill too steep for "Try" to climb, no clay too stiff for "Try" to plow, no field too wet for "Try" to drain, no hole too big for "Try" to mend.

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

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*From The London Life Boat.*

## HOW THEY SAVED THE WRECKED ON THE RHINELAND.\*

*[Concluded from September Magazine, p. 264.]*

There was a certain light to starboard, by which it was attempted to steer obliquely, but the ship scarcely answered to her helm at all; though this, as it happened, was of small importance, for the light was a floating one—the *Hope* lightship—which the gale had driven from her moorings two miles nearer shore. A little canvas, with extreme peril, had been spread in the forepart of the ship, when she changed her course, to keep her head straight, but this had instantly been split to ribbons. It was plain to the most inexperienced eye that the laboring and groaning vessel was almost *in extremis*.

Suddenly a tremendous sea broke over the bow, sweeping everything, including even the boats, to the afterpart of the deck, lifting the very starboard anchor on to the forecastle, and washing one of the steersmen from the wheel.

That Elise Hurt and Gresham did not share his fate was solely owing to the protection of the mast behind which they were screened. For the moment it seemed that all was over. The steamer, indeed, could no longer be so entitled, for its engines had stopped, the inundation having put the fires out; nor henceforth could the *Rhineland* be termed a vessel—it was a mere log, at the mercy of the winds and waves. Still it floated. Gresham's arm encircled Elise, and drew her closer to him. "Be of good courage," he said, "I see the land."

For the first time, indeed, the land had become dimly visible by the occasional light afforded by the moon when unobscured by the clouds that raced across her. A long black line of coast, high and rocky, showed itself on the northern horizon. There were more

\* From *Under One Roof*, by JAMES PAYN, author of 'Lost Sir Massingberd,' 'By Proxy,' etc. Chatto & Windus, London, 1879.

people now on deck, the watch below among them, who had been driven from their quarters by the inroad of the waves. Despair and irresolution reigned among them, but not in every case.

"Load the gun," roared the captain.

All the boats were badly damaged, some having been broken to pieces, and in any case no boat could have been lowered in such a sea. The only chance of rescue was from the land; and it was high time to tell, if haply there should be ears to listen to them, in what miserable straits they stood. The powder, in such confusion, was not easily procured, and the operation of loading was still more difficult. But somehow or other it was effected. Then the roar of minute gun after minute gun mixed with the artillery of the gale. Every thud of the cannon sounded like a knell to these poor wretches, till suddenly the hearts of all were lighted up by the sight of a thin light to southward. The consciousness of their peril had been at last conveyed to their fellow creatures on shore, and had been thus acknowledged! The light was that of the beacon that the men of the Coastguard had lit upon the quay at Halcombe Point.

As to the locality in which the *Rhineland* was now situated, the captain himself had only an approximate idea of it, while the majority of the passengers only knew that they were in the Bristol Channel.

The American, whose name was Pearce, and who preferred, as it afterward appeared, to be called "Commodore," being appealed to (by reason of his knowing looks) upon this subject, grimly replied that he did not know in what portion of the Channel they were, but

that in his opinion the question would soon be solved; the expression he used was, "I guess it won't be long before we're at the bottom of it." To do him justice, he only gave this answer to the men; to the women he always expressed himself hopefully. He said that there was a mighty difference between being drowned and having the starch taken out of their collars, which had happened to the poor creatures already. It was known, of course, by this time to himself and every seaman on board, that the ship was driving on shore, and that the question of safety for every soul on board depended on what sort of shore it was.

While he was making this very observation in Gresham's ear the ship suddenly struck with tremendous violence, though against no visible object, and like a dreadful echo a shriek of horror burst from every part of the ship. Many of those still below were killed at once by their heads being dashed against the sides, and even the roof of the cabin; many on deck were flung into the sea. It was the very crisis of horror and despair.

"To the foretop, for your lives," exclaimed Pearce to the two young people.

"Go, Mr. Gresham, go," cried Elise; "you have already done your best for me. I cannot climb the shrouds."

"It is probable you never tried," observed the American. Gresham's only reply was to lift her in his arms, and, aided by Pearce and her own exertions, they managed to make their way through the terrified crowd to the forecastle. The crew had already fled there, and were running up the rigging in swarms. The top was occupied at once by as many as it would hold. With the help of the two men,

however, Elise climbed to the very foot of it, and out of the reach of the waves that now swept the ship from stem to stern.

"There is a woman here," said Gresham to those above; "is there not a man among you who will give up his place?"

There was no answer, except from the American from below. "No, they won't, I bet. They will never oblige a lady even by so much as a seat, in a car. You are better where you are, Miss," he added, in a lower tone, "if your young man will only lash you to the rigging."

For this purpose Gresham had nothing but a handkerchief, supplemented by the strength of his own arms.

"I can hold you on till daylight, Elise," he whispered, "and longer. While I have life I will keep life in you."

"Next to God, I trust in you," she answered, simply. It was fortunate that she had more than one friend, for though every inch above them was occupied by clinging limbs, the wretched people below endeavored to make their way up, and even to climb over their very bodies. The horrors of their situation, rocked by every blow of the sea, and drenched with its spray, was aggravated by the pitiful cries which burst from those around them. From the broken skylight above the cabin, miserable groans still issued, and now and then a sharp shriek of agony: "My child, my little one, is drowned!" was one of them, which went to Elise's heart. For the most part they were cries wrung by necessity from human throats, but now and then there was an ejaculation of frenzied terror. For instance, a young fellow immediately below the American suddenly exclaimed that the ship was breaking to pieces.

"Let it break," answered the Yankee, contemptuously; "*you'll* keep whole enough, I'll warrant."

It was curious to observe what an effect this one man's coolness and quaint good sense had upon those around him, notwithstanding the peril and misery of their position. That they were on a rock, and a hidden one, was all of which the best informed were conscious. The force of the wave that had just thrown them upon it had been such as to carry the whole vessel on to the reef; otherwise, had part only been driven on to it, and part left on a lower level exposed to the breach of the sea, the ship would have been torn asunder in a few minutes. Thanks to the lowness of the tide, the masts and rigging stood out of water, and were only washed to any height by some exceptionally huge wave, but in the meantime it was only too plain that the ship's timbers were giving way under the reiterated blows of the sea. The wind was as keen as it was furious, and the cold soon began to tell upon these poor creatures, many of whom had rushed from below but scantily clad. Only a few women besides Elise Hurt had obtained a footing on the shrouds at all, and one by one, overcome by fatigue and fear, these relaxed their hold of the ropes, and were whirled away into the raging deep, as often as not in silence. The two men bade Elise shut her eyes, under pretence of her thus obtaining a little rest, but in reality to prevent her witnessing these distressing scenes. More than once, however, a man came tumbling down from the foretop of the shrouds more immediately above them, and that so close as to imperil her own safety in his descent into his watery tomb. The cold had benumbed the hands of these poor fellows, and they had become

too weak, from exhaustion and hunger, to retain their position.

And here it was that the forethought of the American stood Gresham and his companion in good stead. Not only did the young fellow insist upon her partaking of the viands with which he had filled his pockets, but also administered, under Mr. Pearce's directions, an amount of brandy which, in other circumstances, would have had a most unpleasant effect upon any young lady's organization.

"'The blood is the life,' says the Scripture," were Mr. Pearce's words; "and the brandy is the blood upon this occasion; you needn't be afraid of taking too much, ma'am."

Elise, though very unwillingly, being as temperate as all German maidens are, took what was given her, which, after all, was not so very much, for what with the swaying of the mast, and the numbness of Gresham's hands, much of the liquor missed the mouth it was aimed at. Nor was it only the young man's hands that were numb, for his feet had become like marble, and in compliance with his request, Elise more than once had to stamp upon them to restore their circulation. That she herself was exempt from this inconvenience of course proved the care that the other took of her, in which it must be acknowledged that he was greatly assisted by Mr. Pearce.

It was strange to see how during those weary hours these three were drawn together—almost as much mentally as physically—by the circumstances of that supreme occasion. Each spoke to the other of himself and of his private affairs, with a frankness and confidence that they could not have used after six weeks of ordinary intercourse.

"If you get to land, Mr. Gresh-

am," said Elise, "send a few words of tender farewell for me to my good aunt;" and she gave him her address with methodical exactness.

"If I live, Elise, *you* will live," returned the young fellow, simply. "It would be no self-sacrifice to perish in trying to save you, since life without you would not be worth having."

He spoke with earnestness as well as fervor, and was quite unconscious of any extravagance of expression. In such sublime moments the emotions become, as it were, condensed: his whole previous existence appeared divided into parts; during one part he had known Elise Hurt; during the other he had not known her. And the former part monopolised his thoughts.

"Do not talk so," answered the girl, reprovingly; "for in my case there is but one person to mourn me, and my good aunt, I am thankful to think, has others to love her. But you—you yourself told me that you have dear friends and relatives —"

"One relative—a very kind one," interrupted the young fellow; "and some dear friends, certainly."

He hesitated a moment. Should he tell her something he had in his mind, or should he not? The waves were beating against the doomed vessel more frantically, it seemed, than ever. The tide was rising. No, it was not worth while. "You, Elise, are more than all to me," he added, simply.

Presently Gresham, turning to the American, begged him to send the girl's message to her aunt, in case he should be the sole survivor of the three.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "and do you two remember, for my sake, the address of Henry Pearce, at

the 'Figure Head' Hotel, Charing Cross."

Gresham smiled sadly, for small as either of their chances of life were, *his* chance, bound up as it was with that of the girl, was surely the smaller.

"That is your brother, I suppose," he answered.

"No, sir, it is myself," replied the other, coolly, "The 'Figure Head' is always my address in London town, in case you should want a skipper for a yacht. My friends call me Commodore. I've got my certificates——"

Here a great wave filled his mouth with salt water, and blinded all three of them with its spray. Two more wretched creatures were thrown from their hold by the shock of it, and were carried away in its whirl. These had occupied positions above "the tops," and were worn out with hunger as much as fatigue; those, on the other hand, in Gresham's vicinity, had been supplied, at Elise's entreaty, with the remainder of his provisions.

"It is no use keeping them for me, love," she had whispered, "for death will come to me before hunger returns."

Her logic was unanswerable; it was plain that the vessel could now only hold together for a very short time.

Presently "The dawn, the dawn," she moaned in German.

"What is it?" inquired the American, anxiously. "Her strength is failing. Give her more brandy."

Before Gresham could explain, some one cried out, "The land, the land!" And in a moment the coast line became distinct against the sky.

"Great Heaven! It is Halcombe Point!" exclaimed Gresham.

"It is something to know your

bearings," observed the American. "What sort of landing do you give to strangers hereabouts?"

"It is a rock-bound shore," answered Gresham, gravely. "The ship must be on the Lancet-reef," he murmured. There are people on the pier. Sir Robert——"

"Sir Robert" and 'Halcombe,' ejaculated Elise. "Is it Sir Robert Arden, of Halcombe Hall, of whom you speak?"

"Yes, dearest, do you know anything of him?"

"It was to his house I was going as governess."

"And I am his nephew," said Gresham. The coincidence, strange as it was, did not strike him so forcibly as might be expected, those words of his companion, "I was going," speaking of herself in the past tense, had saddened him too much to admit of wonder.

"Hold on all," cried the American, in a sharp, clear voice. "I see a boat coming—a life-boat."

It was well that he had given his warning before he gave his news, for the excitement which his good tidings communicated to the poor wretches about him passed the bounds of reason. Even as it was, it was with difficulty that some could be persuaded not to cast themselves into the sea to meet the coming succor.

What an apt term is that of Life-boat! How nobly does the god-child prove its right to the name that has been given to it! What an ark of safety does it appear to those for whom the depths of ocean rage and roar—thanks to it—in vain! In no other visible form do human endeavor and divine intention unite so sublimely. Consider, too, the comparative humility—nay, to all appearance, the inadequacy—of the means of salvation. The "Commodore's"

keen eyes and technical knowledge had at once caused him to recognize the nature of the help that was approaching him, but to the ordinary observer it looked scarcely help at all; but merely more of wreck and ruin. Was it possible that that frail boat, now tossed on the foam of some mighty wave, now lost in the trough of the sea, not urged by its rowers at all, but flying before the fury of the gale, could be rescue—life? To those on shore it seemed so, at all events; for though the sound of their cheering could not reach the ears for which they were intended, the poor shipwrecked creatures could see flags waving from the little pier and from the windows of the mill, in token of joyful sympathy. Notwithstanding their evil plight, this moral support—the sympathy of their fellow-creatures—had an inspiring effect; they felt, as it were, that the great heart of humanity was beating high for them. They were not cut off, these things seemed to assure them, from the sunshine, yet.

John Dyneley had not spared Sir Robert's bay mare upon his way to Archester; it was not his way to push a willing horse to the full extent of its powers, but human life was in the balance that night, and he had not spared the spur. He was a heavy man for so speedy a journey, but his weight had this advantage, that it steadied the gallant bay, against whom such a wind was blowing, broadside on, as had never swept Halcombe Moor within the memory of man.

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Thus he rode at the bay's best speed along the sandy roads, making occasional short cuts (not free from rabbit-holes) across the heathery moor, till the lights of Archester gleamed before him.

Without drawing rein for an instant, he galloped down the stony street to the little pier, which he knew on such a night would have its complement of seafaring men, watching their old enemy, the storm, and in a few words explained his errand.

"A ship on the Lancet, opposite Halcombe Point, and the life-boat wanted; ten pounds a head from Sir Robert to each man that pulls an oar in her."

It would doubtless have "looked better in print" had he appealed only to these brave men's sense of duty, and it would have been sufficient, for the mariners of Archester were never backward in risking limb and life for their fellow-creatures; but, on the principle of "surplusage being no error," the curate addressed them as we have described. Moreover, it saved time, and time—a few minutes more or less—was of immense importance to all those upon that cruel reef (which, however, had thus far been the cause of their preservation). Time had become, indeed, the alternative of Eternity with them.

A rush was at once made for the boat-shed, where the cork jackets and all other things were kept, and in an incredibly short space of time eight men were ready for this perilous enterprise. There are two things which expedite human action above all other motive powers—namely, the opposing elements of Fire and Water. The celerity with which a fire-engine is got ready and started, is the greatest triumph of human forethought and agility. Next to that is the quickness with which a life-boat is got under weigh. From the shed at Archester were two "slips," one on either side; so that the boat could be launched to north or south, according to the quarter

from which the wind was blowing; the men were in their places, and a score of eager pairs of hands were on her stern and sides ready to run the *Swiftsure* (contraction of Swift and Sure, I wonder?) off the truck on which she stood, when the coxswain suddenly roared, "Stop!"

There was a man missing; only seven being in the boat beside the coxswain. From the list of the crew hard by (for everything was at hand in that place) he began to read out the names of those absent; "George Parfitt?" "Here," answered a ready voice. "You are not George."

"No; he is ill a-bed; but I am his brother."

"A bold fellow, no doubt; but hardly strong enough for the tight job before us. Henry Absolon."

"Gone to Mirton," was the reply.

"Hullo, sir, this is quite irregular." This to Dyneley, who had slipped on a cork-jacket and sou'-wester cap, and jumped into the boat.

"No matter, coxswain; I am as strong as any of you, and can pull as good an oar. There is not a moment to lose, I tell you—push off."

There was a burst of cheering, which, however, in no way impeded the exertions of those who thus indulged their feelings, for at the same moment the boat began rapidly to move down the slope.

"Steady! steady!" The moment she touched the sea it seemed to every man that he was under water. Never since the gallant *Swiftsure* had been built, had she put out in the teeth of such a storm; the wind beat almost dead against the land, and strove with frantic screams and fiendish fury (the prince of the powers of the air

being in command that night in person) to dash the boat back on the rocky shore. "She never, never," shrieked the frantic blast, "shall ride the main this night to rob the hungry waves of their human prey."

Thrice the *Swiftsure* was cast a score of yards up the strand, then withdrawn like a plaything which a child throws from it only to pursue and clutch again, but the fourth time the oar-blades and the strong arms that used them were plied to such a good purpose that she was flung back no more.

"Steady, men, steady," cries the coxswain, for rowing against a moving mountain range, renders time more difficult to keep than between Barnes and Putney; "once round the Point the wind will do our work for us."

This was satisfactory so far as it went, but made it clear to every man (if he had not known it before) that the return to Archester *against* the wind, would be a physical impossibility. After performing their perilous mission, should that be practicable, they would have to go on to Mirton Harbor (twenty miles away) if they should reach harbor at all, since to try Halcombe Point would be to go to pieces.

Such things are trifles to the heroes who man our life-boats, and we ashore think still less of them, but supposing even the case of a country doctor robbed of his night's rest by a summons to a sick bed, and compelled to ride twenty miles in a storm which did not admit of his return, we should call it a hard one; add to this utmost fatigue of body and extreme peril of life, and give the laurel where it is due.

Once round the Point, the *Swiftsure* flew before the wind, as though instead of being a bare boat, she



were a racing cutter. She was following, in fact, the very route of the *Rhineland*, only the sea had a very different customer to deal with. The waves filled her again and again, but her escape-pipes freed her from the deluge as quickly as it was poured in; they threw her on her side, but she made light of that, and even had they thrown her over, she would have righted again in half a second—though, unhappily, empty.

Thus hurried along at headlong speed, it was no wonder that, in a shorter time than it had taken the mare and her rider to cross the moor, the one man in the boat to whom the use of his eyes was not denied—for the eight rowers, we may be sure, cast no look behind them—exclaimed, "There she is, boys!"

And there she was; half of her—the stern part—now covered by the rising waves, and the other half, now hid, now seen, with a bare mast sticking out of it, covered with human beings, like bees in swarm. The sea was running like a mill race, and the sharp reef beneath it.

"I doubt if we can get nigh her," ejaculated the coxswain.

"There are women on board," observed Number Six, who was the curate.

"Never fear, Master Dyneley, but we'll do what man can do to save 'em," was the reply, not without a certain haughtiness in its tone. The waves and winds could be discounted, as it were, as a source of peril, but whether there was water enough above the rock to float the life-boat to leeward of the wreck, was an experiment not to be reckoned upon, but only tried. If they shot by her, it was plain they could not put back again in the teeth of such a gale,

ere the flowing tide should engulf the last spar of the *Rhineland*.

"Steady; be ready to ship oars and out with the grappling irons." The next minute they were under her quarter, and had made fast to it.

"The women first!" cried the coxswain, in a voice of thunder. There were but three women left, and none of these could move across the rocking deck without men to help them. The first two were carried, rather than led, and lifted into the *Swiftsure*; the third, Elise, used her own limbs, though stiff and cramped, upheld on either side by the American and Gresham.

All sat where they were placed, without a word, as though astounded (as they well might be) at their own deliverance. The wreck was clear of all save one man, who clung to the mast apparently stupefied.

"Quick, quick!" exclaimed half a dozen voices. He never moved.

"Are we all to be drowned for one fool?" ejaculated the coxswain, passionately. "Cast off, boys."

"One moment, sirree," cried the clear shrill voice of the American. He leaped back on the wreck, seized the still hesitating man round the waist, and fairly threw him among the rest.

"It's the poor cap'en, coxen; he don't like to leave his ship," said he, apologetically. "I've felt the same myself—especially when I've had a share in her."

As the boat once more flew before the wind, its occupants could see a little group upon the quay of Halcombe, whose joy appeared only second to their own. These persons, of course, knew not how many of the crew had succumbed to the waves, or to the fatigues and privations of the night; they

only saw that every soul upon the wreck had been taken off, and was in comparative safety. They were well aware that on their cruel shore no boat could land in such a sea, but to many of the poor shivering creatures on board the *Swiftsure*, it seemed strange enough that they should be turning their backs on these hospitable and friendly people.

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The accommodation on board life-boats is in extent considerable, but it is not of a select or private character. Rescued folks settle down where they can, and are seldom found to complain of their quarters. The craft is broad of beam, and there is room for passengers, even in the very centre of it, without interfering with the rowers.

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Presently they came in sight of Mirton, a picturesque village, built in zig-zag up steep cliffs; but with a good harbor and breakwater. Once within shelter of the latter, the mountain waves lost their crests, the gale thundered harmless above their heads. With a few more

strokes of the oar they reached the side of the little jetty, where a few men were gathered together in the grey dawn.

Gresham and the Commodore assisted Elise to land, and were escorting her up the winding street to the little inn, when they were overtaken by one of the crew, who seemed about to address them.

"I will see you in five minutes, my good fellow," said Gresham. "For the brave work you and your mates have done this night, no reward can be sufficient, but—What! Dyneley?"

"Yes, it is I," answered the curate, removing his sou'wester. "I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw you step into the boat; and when I felt sure of your identity. I had no breath for even a word of recognition."

Then Gresham remembered that the features of this man had seemed somewhat familiar to him; he had had other things to think about, or else there had been plenty of opportunities of observing him, for he had sat check-by-jowl with "Number Six" for the last two hours.

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### IX.—THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Although modern commerce, which has the whole world with all its vast oceans, as its field of operations, might smile at the idea of classing the cities that once lay around the small inland waters of Tiberias among the list of seaports, yet there is scarcely a spot mentioned in the Bible of more wondrous interest, or where more commercial activity could be found

within such narrow limits. Mention is made of it in the Old Testament under the name of *Chinneroth*. In *Numbers* xxxiv, 11, it is noticed as one of the borders of Palestine, where it is called the *Sea of Chinneroth*.

In *Joshua* xiii, 27, it has a similar notice. From one or two other passages it would seem that there was a district and a fortified city

which bore the same name and lay on the borders of the lake, the centre of an ancient commerce and civilization, long before the tribes of Israel occupied that land. In the New Testament, *Chinneroth* re-appears under the title of *Gennesareth*, a simple change of its old name,—the *Sea of Galilee*,—and *Tiberias*, so called in honor of the reigning Emperor when the city was rebuilt, which was also called after him, and which still stands upon the borders of the lake.

The dimensions of this inland sea are variously estimated at from twelve to eighteen miles in length, and from five to eight miles in breadth. It lies, according to the author of *The Land and The Book*, full six hundred and fifty-three feet below the Mediterranean, in the valley of the Jordan, by which it is supplied with water which has come down from the valley lying between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and which is continuously increased in its volume by streams rushing from the hills of Galilee through which it passes. The average depth of the lake is about one hundred and twenty feet. Its waters are cool, clear, and sweet, and abound in fish of various and excellent quality. It lies in the midst of mountains which, on the east, approach boldly and abruptly to its borders, while on the west, they break away near its centre, leaving room for the broad and beautiful plain of Gennesareth, or retreating by gentle ascent, allowing space for vegetation to flourish, and for successful cultivation, were there any proper encouragement and safety for such industry.

No description is given, and no historical events are associated with this lake in the Old Testament, although it is evident that when

the Jews came thither they found a large population and many strong and well fortified towns.

But in the life of Christ, as given by the Evangelists, this spot is continually referred to as the scene of his labors, and so becomes, henceforth, a scene of solemn and tender interest. He found here a large population scattered all along its shores and carrying on an active commerce. The ruins of cities are still discovered, which are evidences of an ancient population, that must have required all the appliances of agriculture, art and commerce, and so have presented a scene of active business life in every direction.

Small as the lake is, in contrast with the vast inland seas of the western continent, there were, doubtless, a large fleet of vessels employed upon it in fishing and in the carrying trade between its several ports.

The names of *Chorazin*, *Caper-naum*, *Bethsaida* and *Tiberias* are familiar to all students of New Testament history. Of all these, and doubtless many other busy towns, *Tiberias* is the only one remaining, or whose site even is accurately and correctly defined. On the north western shore of the sea, near the supposed site of Capernaum, were evidently important mills and manufactories, such as potteries and tanneries, which found a necessary supply of water in the fountains and streams that abounded there. The author of *The Land and the Book* locates these at *Tabiga*, a word almost identical with the Arabic name for tanneries. Here, too, were doubtless the headquarters of the fishermen, as is evident from the history of Christ and his disciples.

Near *Tiberias* were hot springs called *Hammeth*, and so alluded

to in *Joshua* xix, 35. The modern name of this place is Emmaus, and as such it is referred to by Josephus in his Jewish history. On the western shore of the lake are still seen the ruins of ancient fortresses which were strongholds during the time of Christ and his Apostles. Thus, around the whole circuit of this inland sea, it is evident there were in the time of Christ, and long before his coming, cities and villages which were full of life and activity, and which so used the lake as the highway of their commerce, that in the age of Josephus, two hundred and thirty vessels could be gathered together in a single day for the only naval battle upon its waters that is ever mentioned. Rev. Dr. Thomson says of this lake, that 'seen from any point of the surrounding heights, it is a fine sheet of water, a burnished mirror set in a framework of rounded hills and rugged mountains which rise and roll backward and upward to where hoary Hermon hangs the picture against the blue vault of heaven.' Josephus describes the lake with evident enthusiasm, and speaks of the country that surrounds it as abounding in plants of every kind, so that nuts, palms, figs, and olive trees grow here in perfection. 'One indeed,' (he adds,) 'might term this spot the ambition of nature, that produces plants of qualities totally different; so that there appears an happy contention of the seasons, as if each of them laid claim to this country. It not only nourishes various kinds of autumnal fruits beyond expectation, but preserves them a long continuance of time, insomuch that figs and grapes hold in season there ten months in the year, and other fruits the whole year round.' This spot, so beautiful and so remarkable, was of all

others in Palestine, the most familiar to Christ during the years of his public ministry, and it is worthy of notice that he selected it as the chief field of his labors, though its inhabitants were held in low esteem by the more refined, and wealthy, and better educated people of Jerusalem and Judea. They spoke with a sneer of the Galileans, and hardly deigned to extend to them the courtesies of social life. And when Christ was known to mingle with that people, and to make his home there, he subjected himself to the contempt of the proud, and was spoken of with a bitter sarcasm as a Nazarene and a Galilean. Yet, here he came, despite the arrogant criticisms of the Scribes and the Pharisees. Here he selected some of his noblest and most fearless apostles. In the city of Jerusalem, a plot had already been formed against his life, and so, despised and rejected by the chief rulers of the capitol, he came to the Sea of Galilee, after having first visited and been rejected by the people of his old home in Nazareth. Walking by the shores of the lake, he saw Andrew and Peter engaged in their task as fishermen. They had met him before. Andrew had heard from John, the words, "Behold the Lamb of God," and now that they heard his command, "follow me and I will make you fishers of men," they promptly and cheerfully obeyed it. A little farther on in that same walk, Jesus met two more sailors, James and John, who were in their boat, mending their nets. Extending to them the same invitation, he was as promptly obeyed. They forsook all and followed him. And so the Savior attached to himself four of his noblest disciples from among the hardy sailors of the Galilean sea,

men who from the very nature of their occupations were fearless, prompt, resolute, hardy, and obedient to the commands of their captain and teacher. Over the waters of this lake Christ was often borne; and here, in the cities which lay upon its shores, he uttered many of his most precious instructions, and performed many of his mightiest works. On these grassy banks, he twice fed the multitudes that followed him, by a miraculous increase of a few loaves and fishes. Here he repeatedly exhibited his divine power in healing diseases, and in controlling the wildest moods of nature. At his command, the winds and the waves were stilled, the waters became a pavement beneath his feet when he walked upon them at night to visit his toiling and imperiled disciples. The fish gathered at his word near the nets of his servants, when they had toiled all night, and caught nothing. On the eastern shore of this sea, a maniac was restored to reason, and the foul spirits who had made him their sport, were driven forth and permitted to enter the herd of swine who were drowned in the sea.

Here, Christ taught the assembled multitudes from a boat, while his hearers sat or stood upon the shore. And thus, almost every foot of soil that borders this lake has been hallowed by the Savior's presence and been trod by his feet as they bore him through the villages and cities where most of his mighty works were done. Everything indicates that during his life and mission a large and busy population must have thronged these shores, and that the waters must have been white with sails of vessels passing from one port to another with passengers and freight, and that on every hand must have

been heard the cries of sailors as they unloosed their craft from their moorings, or raised their sails, or toiled at their oars.

On the northern shore of the lake, stood *Bethsaida*, the native place of Andrew, Peter, and Philip, which probably lay upon either side of the Jordan, and not far from its entrance to the lake. Near this town occurred the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand, and the tourist still pauses here and recalls that incident, as he finds a desert place where the mountains shut down upon the sea, leaving the land around it incapable of cultivation, and sees a sheltered cove where the ships from the other side could find safe anchorage, and near it a grassy slope where the hungry and weary multitude could conveniently sit down to receive food from the hands of him who had compassion upon them, and for their sakes spread a table before them even in the wilderness.

Not far from *Bethsaida* stood *Chorazin*, possibly as suggested by Rev. Dr. Thomson, identified as to its site by the modern *Khorazy*, named in the Scriptures only in denunciation as one of the communities that repented not, though many of Christ's miracles had been wrought there. St. Jerome describes it as on the shores of the lake, and about two miles from Capernaum. It was also noticed by St. Wilibald in a visit to it about the year 750. It lies, as described in *The Land and The Book*, upon a small Wady (ravine) that leads some of the waters from the surrounding hills into the sea, and is only a shapeless mass of ruins.

Doubtless the most important of all these lake ports was *Capernaum*, where Christ spent much

of his time and wrought many of his wonderful works. Rev. Dr. Thomson identifies its site as *Tel-Hum*, and, although differing in this from Rev. Dr. Robinson, gives several obvious and substantial reasons for his decision. Whatever may have been its immediate situation, there can be no doubt as to its importance and influence among the cities of Galilee. Here was a detachment of the Roman Army, here a place for the receipt of customs. Here the Jews had their synagogues, one of which was built by the munificence of a Roman Centurion. Here lake vessels must have been constantly seen, some bringing in fish for the market after a night's toil upon the deep, and others coming in going with merchandise and passengers for the country around. It was a busy centre for a large and mixed population. Its streets were thronged with a multitude brought together from every part of Palestine. Fishermen and sailors jostled against farmers and merchants, and mechanics, Jews and Gentiles met in their public marts for purposes of trade and commerce. The Roman soldier and tax gatherer came in contact with the traders from Tyre and Sidon, and with the Arab who had brought his goods from the East upon the backs of camels and in large caravans, to exchange with those who had come from the shores of the Mediterranean with the freight taken out of the ships of Tarshish. Here Christ had his favorite abode. Amid the throngs that followed him was the woman with the issue of blood, who touched the hem of his garment and was healed, and in some of those streets lived Peter, whose mother-in-law he healed of a fever. Here lived Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, whose little daughter

he restored to life. Here they brought to him great multitudes of the sick, the palsied, the leprous, the blind and deaf, and those possessed of devils, whom he healed by a word. Here he seemed to be always a welcome guest, dining now with some rich Pharisee, and then with a publican, whom the Jew despised. Here he entered Sabbath after Sabbath into their synagogues and taught the people, and then sometimes going along the sea side, and seeing the multitudes still eager to listen, he entered into a ship, and using its deck as his pulpit, taught the people as they stood upon the shore. Over the waters of this sea he frequently passed, and from these hills his eyes must often have taken in the beautiful scenery that lay before him, and amid the throngs of people who passed in and out of the city, he must have been frequently seen and recognized as the great prophet by whom the sick were healed, and the blind made to see, and the deaf to hear.

Upon the extreme western shore of the lake, stood *Magdala*, where now stands the wretched hamlet of *Mejdil*, into whose limits Christ came after he had miraculously fed the four thousand, upon the other side. Here lived Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had once cast seven devils, whose name is unjustly associated with the woman that was a sinner, and who anointed the Savior's feet with precious ointment.

South of this, lies *Tiberias*, which is supposed to have been built upon the site of an ancient city, and which still stands upon a low point of land extending out into the lake. Here lived Herod, the murderer of John the Baptist, and here, doubtless, was held that feast at which Herodias danced

before the monarch and his courtiers. This city is one of the four sacred cities of the Jews, and near it are the famous sulphur baths mentioned by Josephus, and still largely resorted to for their medicinal properties. From this point around the lake are still found the ruins of ancient cities which must have had a large and busy population. On the opposite of the lake is *Gergoza*, where lived the demoniac whom Christ restored, and there upon one of these lofty hills once stood a fortress of great strength and importance, which, at last, yielded to its assailants amid the wars which have for ages swept over this land.

And now over this once populous and busy region there reigns almost the silence of the grave. The mighty works of Christ, and his wondrous words of Grace were unheeded by these cities which enjoyed most of his presence and his instructions. They repented not, and his woe fell upon them as an inexorable doom. He passed heavenward when he had finished his work, and they who had rejected the offers of the Prince of Peace, were compelled to listen to the stern tread of hostile armies as they passed even that fair land. The denunciations of him who spake as never man spake, fell upon these cities of Galilee as his curse fell upon the barren fig tree, and they withered and shrunk into shapeless ruins. On the southern border of the lake stood the city of *Tarachaæa*, whose inhabitants revolted against the Roman authority, when Vespasian and his son Titus were its representatives in Palestine. The place was strongly fortified, and vigorous preparations were made to resist the assault of the Roman army. In addition to walls upon the land side, the Jews had

prepared a fleet of war vessels to protect themselves from the water. Vespasian whose army was encamped between Tiberias and Trachæa, gave orders to prepare a sufficient number of vessels to meet and overcome the insurgents. This work was soon accomplished, as there were materials and workmen in abundance, and in a few days two hundred and thirty vessels were at the service of the Roman army, and engaged in a vaval fight with the fleet of the Jewish forces. The conflict was carried on by the use of stones and arrows, and frequently by hand to hand fights in which vessels were upset and their men drowned. Josephus speaks of many of the Jewish ships as being small and fitted out for piracy, a sentence which reveals to us some of the characteristics of nautical life upon the sea of Galilee, which must have made property at least, along its shores insecure. But this naval battle must have put an end to such trades upon these waters, for the whole fleet of the Jews was destroyed and the army entirely broken up. The enemy, says Josephus, despatched some of them at a distance with their darts, others they boarded and destroyed with their swords, some were hemmed in and taken, vessels and all, as they were locked in between the two fleets. Those who were tumbled overboard and struggling for life, no sooner showed their heads above water, than they were taken off by a lance, or sank, overrun by the enemies' boats. Nothing was to be seen but death and destruction in all the variety of horror, until they were totally broken and routed; nor was anything to be seen upon the lake or the borders of it, but blood and carcasses.

Six thousand and five hundred persons were slain in this memora-

ble sea and land fight upon the lake, where often the Prince of Peace had sailed, and on whose shores he had spoken words of love and mercy which the people had neglected and scorned.

Of the captured army twelve hundred were put to death, six thousand sent to Nero, and thirty thousand sold as slaves. From this time began the sad decay of the ports of the Galilean sea.

After the fall of *Tarachwa*, the Roman army advanced to the siege of *Gamala*, a strong and almost impregnable fortress upon the opposite or eastern shore. This was the last stronghold that fell to the Romans before they began the siege of Jerusalem. It was a splendid city, standing upon a hill eleven hundred and seventy feet above the lake, projecting somewhat into it, and having the fancied shape of a camel. Its natural position, as a fortress, was strengthened by massive walls, whose ruins are still evidences of the skill and ability shown in their construction. But they too fell before the Roman army, and the people whom they sheltered were given over to indiscriminate slaughter. Thus commenced the work of ruin amidst this once populous district, where stood at least nine large cities upon the shore, and many smaller villages on the outlying hills and plains. After the conquest of Jerusalem by the Arabs under Omar, all this reign became subject to Moslem rule, and so continued until the times of the Crusader, when it fell into the hands of the Christians. Under Saladin it was again retaken, and its possession secured after the disastrous battle of Hattin, fought upon the very spot to which tradition assigns the delivery of the Sermon on the Mount. Henceforward the decline of the

cities of the Galilean sea was rapid. Tiberias alone remains, a sad and decaying memorial of past greatness, all else is desolation.

A solitary boat is seen upon the waters, once alive with commerce, and merry with the shouts and songs of sailors. The traveler hears only his own foot fall, or the cry of the sea-bird, or the dash of the waves upon the shore; and as he passes over the melancholy ruins of deserted towns, he seems to hear the echo of the words of Christ, when he upbraided the cities in which most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not. Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, have been swept away, and lie in ruins so complete that the very spots on which they stood are recognized only with difficulty, and with no positive certainty.

And so they teach the great lesson that wealth, and power, and commercial greatness, and strength of position can insure to no community, prosperity and perpetuity, if it persist by its wickedness and unbelief, in drawing upon itself the judgments of Heaven. One of the most beautiful and fertile regions on the earth is a desert, and its old cities heaps of ruins, because its inhabitants refused to listen to the living invitations of God, manifest in the flesh, and rejected His offers of mercy which were conditioned simply on their repentance for sin, and faith in the word and promises of Him who had said to them, 'this is my beloved son, hear ye him.'

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There is no morrow. Though before our face  
The shadow named so, stretches,—we always  
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.  
God only gives one island inch of space  
Betwixt the Eternities as standing-place  
Where each may work,—the inexorable to-day.

M. J. Preston.



*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## HOW DOES SHE HEAD?

BY CAPTAIN BRAY, OF THE MISSIONARY PACKET MORNING STAR.

There is no seaman who has not had this question asked of him, a great many times, while at the helm.

When starting upon a voyage, the course is shaped upon the chart for the distant port we desire to reach. After this course is ascertained, it is given to the man at the wheel for the course he is to keep the ship. If the wind is not favorable, the ship often "heads off." It is then that the Captain often turns to the man at the wheel and inquires, "how does she head?"

It is to be hoped that all readers of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE have received the course to Heaven from the Great Pilot, and are steadily steering that course as nearly as the winds of life will admit. If they are sometimes adverse, and we "head off,"—don't let us take this as a reason for giving up the voyage altogether, but let us keep as near the course as possible, with a full determination to accomplish it, even if we are obliged to beat all the way. We never expect a fair wind for the whole of a sea-voyage, then why should we for the voyage of life? As we go from one latitude to another we expect different winds, and get them; then why should we not expect the same in so eventful a voyage as our voyage of life? Would to God we could all be brought to realize the importance of this voyage, and the necessity of keeping on the course, or as near to it as possible!

If we could,—when we meet our shipmates on the voyage to heaven, should we not be more likely to greet them with "how does she head?" than to forget about the

course, and begin to talk about, and to be engrossed with the little chips and weeds we are sailing past.

There is *nothing uncertain* on this voyage of life we have undertaken, for our Great Pilot has given us sure words and work in the blessed epitome,—the Bible He has left us to navigate by, and no matter how low the barometer of life may get, no matter how many squalls appear upon our horizon, we still read in our epitome—"that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us;—*which hope* we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

At one time while passing through the Malacca Straits on our way from Bombay to Singapore, we took a pilot. Being tired out with several nights of previous watching I went to rest, trusting to the pilot. After a short nap I was suddenly awakened by the mate's hurried call, telling me the ship would go ashore unless the course was quickly changed. Upon going on deck I found the pilot in such a state of intoxication that he was determined to run the ship ashore, and upon a small island with a light-house upon it. There was just time to tack ship and work out clear of the rocks, into a safe position, which the Lord assisted us to do. When this was accomplished we sent the pilot over the side into his boat, and away from the ship. I have often likened that pilot to Satan. He

comes on board appearing like a gentleman, and professing to know the way to heaven, and to be able to pilot us safely there, while it is his full intention to run us ashore and to make a wreck of all. God's Word I liken to that light-house which warned us of our danger.

Perhaps there is now but a moment for some sinner reading these words to think,—shall we trust this unworthy pilot, in spite of the bright warning streaming from the light-house, or shall we put him into his boat and set him adrift? Reader, discharge him at once! Let us trust our good pilot under every circumstance, never having a doubt as to the result of the voyage. However dark, however foggy, let us remember He knows, and can see the end of the voyage from the beginning.

It was upon my first voyage in command, and after being three days at sea, that one morning I was hastily awakened by the steward, and told that the ship was on fire. This was indeed true, and the fire was in the forward part of the lower hold where it was impossible to be got at, so all hopes of extinguishing it while at sea were immediately abandoned.

Closing the hatches and ventilators to prevent all air from reaching the fire, we turned the ship's head towards the nearest land,

which was that of Halifax, N. S., that being two hundred and eighty miles away. After three days of sailing through one of the thick fogs of that region we hove to, not daring to run longer, knowing we were near the land although we could not see it. The Lord brought to my mind that it might be a *low fog*, or one we could see over from aloft. This I found upon going aloft was even so, and from that elevated position the land could be seen, also the entrance to Halifax harbor. Upon the deck they were still in the fog, and unable to see anything. Remaining aloft where all could be seen, the order was given to "square away," and we ran safely into the harbor and came to anchor without any one on deck seeing any land, for below they were still in the fog, and could not see where they were going; but trusting the captain, and obeying orders, we got safely in and the ship was saved, and the fire extinguished.

How like the Christian and our Great Captain! It may appear foggy to us down here in the world, but we know our Great Captain is aloft and can look over everything, and if we only trust Him and *obey* all His orders, He will surely bring us safely into the port of Heaven.

HONOLULU, S. I.

### Sin Confessed.

The sinner who confessed obtained mercy, and that very mercy caused the sinner to confess. This is a circle, you say. So it is; and it is like God. All the worlds are globes, and all their paths are circles. His dispensations circulate. All good comes forth from himself, all glory returns to himself. His mercy displayed broke the stony

heart, and caused the confession to flow; the confession flowing opened the way for mercy to enter. If I have not a broken, contrite heart, God's mercy will never be mine; but if God had not manifested his mercy in Christ, infinite and free, I could never, never, have a broken, contrite heart.—*Dr. Arnot.*

## The Sailor's Text.

### NIGHT-WATCHES.

"I will meditate on thee in the night-watches."—Ps. lxxiii. 6.

Every sailor knows the night-watch, well. It was when John Newton was on his, a stranger to peace—when deeper than any nightly shadows had gathered over his soul—he remembered the verse of a hymn his mother had taught him. It brought him to his knees in prayer. He mourned his sins, and resolved to live henceforth to God.

There are night-watches in the soul. Is it the season—the night-season of *conviction*? You are invited to solemn meditation,—meditation on God's holiness—his hatred of sin—his determination to punish it—Meditate on the thought of his all-seeing eye and all-recording pen. Meditate on what he has done to save you—the rich provisions of his grace; mercy free to all, and offered to all. Meditate on the shortness of life, and the possible suddenness of death.

Or is it the night-watch of *Sorrow*? Meditate on his everlasting consolations. "As one whom his mother comforteth," so will He "comfort" you. He can turn the night of weeping into the morning of joy. "God, our Maker, giveth song in the night!"

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For the Sailors' Magazine.

## THE DENTISTRY OF THE PACIFIC.

"There go the ships. There is that Leviathan whom thou hast made to play therein. Who can open the doors of his face? His teeth are terrible round about. None is so fierce that dare stir him up." A sea monster of vast proportions and remarkable power is here unmistakably brought to our notice, and as certainly a part of the animal creation not existing in our day, unless indeed he still seeks his prey in the deep caverns of every ocean, and is known to some modern scientists as the great phiceter, to the French as the *cachelot*, and to ourselves as the *sperm whale*. Assuredly unless this is the leviathan of Scripture, the race is long since extinct. For, ransacking as they do every sea and ocean of the globe, our whale hunters must certainly have found him.

But there is much in the description of leviathan as given in the forty-first chapter of Job, to warrant the supposition that he may be no other. "Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or

his head with fish-spears? out of his nostrils goeth smoke. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot, the sea like a pot of ointment. He maketh a path to shine after him." That he is a warrior, his numerous scars, showing the frightful character of his encounters with his kind, fully testify. With a length of seventy feet, a diameter of twelve, breadth of flukes, fifteen, and a length of jaw eighteen feet, surely he is an adversary worthy the steel of those who attack him.

An acquaintance with him of near half a century, fully qualifies one in speaking of him to do him ample justice. In my early days while serving as an officer on board a whale-ship, and cruising near Japan we struck a very large one. On receiving the harpoon he sounded to a depth of fifty fathoms, soon returning to the surface, and showing at first but the point of his jaw, which we noticed bore a remarkable appearance. Then coming squarely up with his back downward, he made a furious charge upon us, so nar-

rowly missing the boat as to leave portions of his black skin upon the gunwale, as he went dashing madly on and disappeared in the seething waters, which he indeed made to boil like a pot. Soon re-appearing, a ship's length away, with his broadside fully exposed, we sprang upon him, selecting our point of attack and a set of the lance did its work. Out of his nostril (phiceter has but one) poured, not smoke, but a crimson shower.

"There's blood thick as tar," shouted the exultant boat's crew as the vital fluid rained upon us. "Stern all," was the word as we backed to a short distance, watching him as he spouted away his life, the boat's crew meanwhile indulging in jokes at his expense. "Hey old fighter, your chimney's a-fire." "How did you like that jab?" "What awful snags! Why don't you go to the dentist?" He soon went into his *flurry*, which brought us to our oars again for safety. Rapidly describing a wide circle a few times in his fearful death struggle, he closed the drama by rolling "*fin out*." Phiceter had fought his last battle, surrendering gracefully, and increasing the oil report of the ship *Friend*, by ninety barrels.

That the whale spouts water as pictured in books, is a popular error; the spout, so called, being simply a vapor projected from the warm lungs of the animal into the cool atmosphere. It is then condensed and is of snowy whiteness. It can be seen in clear weather at a distance of several miles; when the death wound is given, it changes to blood. Securing our prize along side of the ship, cutting in commenced, and the great ugly jaw was placed in position for the dentist, by being lashed to ring bolts upon deck. It was found to be badly fractured near its point, which was covered with a growth of sea clams, such as are seen upon logs floating about at sea. The injury had evidently been the result of an encounter with one of his own stripe. The operation of extracting the

teeth, several of which were found broken and decayed, was performed by the second mate and two assistants, using as forceps a shackle-bar, gaff-hook, cutting spade and tackle. For ourselves the escape at this time, was a narrow one.

I did not always fare as well, losing on two occasions the head of my boat, once by a stroke of the jaw, and again by a sharp cut of the flukes, and on one occasion I was thrown from my boat, receiving, on escaping from the open jaws a wound, the mark of which I still carry.

It has been remarked that phiceter is a fighter. Two whale ships have within my own experience been attacked and wrecked by him. Fifty years since the *Essex*, Captain Pollard, of Nantucket, was thus destroyed in the South Pacific, the ship's company taking to the boats; a few survivors only reaching the coast of Chili, after passing through the terrible ordeal of casting lots and feeding on the bodies of their shipmates. So the ship *Ann Alexander*, Captain Duboise, of New Bedford, twenty years since, also in the South Pacific, attacked a large whale, with three boats, two of which he soon demolished, the crews escaping to the ship in the third. An attempt to capture him, from the ship, resulted in the vessel's destruction, the whale rushing at her head on, crushing in her side so that she soon filled, falling on her broadside with her masts in the water; the crew were soon after rescued by a passing ship. A few days later the whale was captured by another ship, with the harpoons and lines of the *Ann Alexander* still fast to him. He was found to be severely injured, offering no resistance when taken. An examination showed a very defective condition of the teeth, which doubtless accounts for his belligerent action.

But a few weeks since the ship *Comodore Morris*, of New Bedford, was reported off the Azores as having fastened to a large whale, which turned upon the second mate, smashing his boat into

match wood, and so severely fracturing his leg as to render amputation necessary. These are the only instances within my own knowledge and experience, of whales, on being struck, turning so savagely on the boats, and their inclination to fight was doubtless the result of the defective condition of their teeth, and consequent tooth ache.

So I incline to the opinion that when phiceter is thus afflicted, the danger of attacking him is largely increased. Many of our own species know full well that it is not conducive to amiability of temper. Burns in his address to a raging tooth, says:—

"Adown my beard the slavers trickle,  
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,  
As round the fire the gieglets keckle,  
To see me loup."

*New London, Ct.*

*J. W. B.*

It seems to us possible that our correspondent, has suggested in his article, the explanation of the disaster to the vessel below referred to. The item is one of very recent issue in our New York papers.—*Ed. S. M.*

"The steamer *P. Caland* arrived (in New York) on Tuesday, from Rotterdam, having on board Captain LARSEN and the crew, twelve men all told, of the Norwegian bark *Columbus*. Captain Larsen reports that at 11 o'clock on the morning of September 11th, when in latitude 47° 22' north, and longitude 43° 33' west, or about mid ocean, his vessel collided with an unknown sea monster and was so badly injured that she sank within half an hour. No one on board of the bark got a good view of the monster, but most of the sailors are inclined to the opinion that it was a gigantic whale. The monster sank immediately and was not seen again, but the surface of the ocean was dyed with blood for a considerable distance. The crew had barely time to lower the boats when the bark sank. Fortunately several hours after the collision the steamer *P. Caland* hove in sight, and at 3 o'clock they were taken on board and brought to this city. The *Columbus* was bound from London to Quebec. The crew will be cared for by the Norwegian Consul and forwarded to their homes."

## Is the Sailor's Cause in Your Will?

Last month the British and Foreign Sailors' Society received a small legacy of £5 from the late Mr. Beavis, of Sidmouth. Some would not have put such a small sum in their will, but we are greatly encouraged by such a thoughtful act. Let those of small means find a place for us with those who are rich. We do not wish our friends to die, but we do ask them when making their will to remember this Society. Neither would we countenance the doctrine of hoarding in life and bequeathing in death. You may lay it down as a true principle that those who distribute most during life are most generous at death. It is better for a man to give £50, if he can, than to will £80 after his decease. But there are many who have a limited working capital, or just sufficient interest to live, and pay ordinary subscriptions. So that when the interest is no longer required, the principal can be given back to the Lord.—*Compass and Chart*, London, England.

There can be no reasonable doubt of the wisdom of the above reflections, and we commend them to the careful and prayerful consideration of our own friends.—*Ed. S. M.*

## Summer's Done.

Thinner the leaves of the larches show,

Motionless held in the languid air;

Fainter by waysides the sweet-briars grow,

Wide bloom laying their gold hearts bare,

Languishing one by one;

Summer is almost done.

Deeper hued roses have long since died;

Silent the birds through the white mist fly;

Down of the thistles, by hot suns dried,

Covers with pale fleece vines growing nigh;

Little brooks calmer run;

Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps,

Shortening the reign of the slow-coming day;

Earlier shade of the twilight creeps

Over the swallows skimming away;

Crickets their notes have begun;

Summer is almost done.

Darkened to mourning the sad-colored beech

Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;

Something elusive we never can reach

Deepens the glory of days going by;

Aftermath lies in the sun:

Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?

Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;

Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow

Out of a childhood in beauty begun;

Harvests of gold can be won

Only—when summer is done.

*Mrs. L. C. WHITON.*

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## Norway.

## CHRISTIANIA.

Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, writing in August, makes record of very zealous and successful labor for souls which he has recently been permitted to put forth. In the harbor, at the date of his letter, were some twenty steamers, with sailing vessels and fishing boats. He had visited these, and given Testaments and tracts to the sailors. He had just traveled 1,372 English miles, in Norway. At Arendahl (on Skager Rack) he found over two hundred seamen, and several captains who had been converted to Christ, in New York, at the late Pastor Hedstrom's Bethel Ship.

## Sweden.

## GOTTENBERG.

Rev. S. SWENSON speaks of the great need for a Reading Room and Bethel in G., that his work may be done to advantage. He has preached, of late, every Lord's Day, and on some week day evenings. He has also visited the Home for Old Sailors, and found some Christians among its inmates. His visits on ship-board have been made among Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, French, and German vessels. In June, three young seamen joined the church in G. Another has since come forward for the same union. A cook-maid on a steamer, running to Stockholm, was also lately brought to the Savior. Her brother is captain on a steamer, and a very devoted Christian man. So the Lord hath "his own" on all waters.

## Denmark.

## ISLE OF FUNEN.

The seventy-fifth annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, just at hand, says:—"Rev. Mr. RYMKER,"

(long a faithful laborer of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, on Fünen), "visits the ports: he has, in the course of the year, boarded nearly four hundred ships, and called on a thousand families."

## Germany.

## HAMBURG.

Under this heading, *Chart and Compass*, (London, Eng.) contains part of a letter transmitted by Mr. HITCHENS, our joint missionary at Germany, which was received by him from South America. It says:—"I am sure you will consider the following very interesting accounts of the labors of our worthy brother, Captain E. B. Holman, of the British ship *Flora*, of sufficient interest for the pages of the *Chart and Compass*. Captain Holman is a member of the Bethel Union Register, and therefore a report of his good work among the sailors, &c., being made public will, I have no doubt, be an encouragement to other ship-masters. For the sake of brevity I will only give extracts from his long letter sent to me here from Callao. Our brother's letter was dated May 20th, and, after the usual introduction, says:—"We have, up to this date, had a very happy if not profitable time. The blessed Lord has abundantly blessed us this voyage in the cause of Good Templary. On our outward passage all the crew except one became Good Templars; and while we lay in the docks at Callao, out of a crew of twenty-one, sixteen remained firm, notwithstanding the great temptations which abound here. We have also done some good among other ship's companies. An old tippler from another ship was urged to give up the drink, but refused, saying that he would drink to the last. A few days after, he fell into the dock while drunk, and was drowned. We fished him out of the water two or three days afterwards, which seemed to be a protest against strong drink, and at our next meeting we had fifteen additions to our number; in all, sixty-eight have joined us since we came here, and we have left some fruit of our labors at Callao, and steps are being taken to institute a lodge on shore,

"I am also thankful to say that we have been blessed of the Lord in spiritual things. After we left *Swansea* we had our usual services and prayer meetings on board, and I feel sure good has been done. Several have been under deep conviction, and one found the Lord; and since we came into port the blessed Lord has made me the happy instrument in His hands of converting the captain of the S— W—, of Liverpool, and I feel that his conversion is a direct answer to prayer; after a hard struggle, light shone into his soul, which was a joyful time to him, and a happy one for me. Afterwards he became a Good Templar, and induced fourteen of his crew to join the order. We are again out of dock, and continue to hold the usual services on board. The attendance is good,—last Sunday we had from 130 to 140 present—and I hope there is cause for rejoicing, for the Lord hath said His word shall not return unto Him void. I received a good deal of happiness while visiting the Sailors' Institute in Hamburg. May the Lord continue to bless you in the good work among the sailors in that Port! We should all like to come there again, if it was only to see the dear old missionary, his dear wife and family. The officers and sailors who were with us in Hamburg, together with myself and good wife, who is with us, and proves a good helpmate to me,—*all*, *all* send kind Christian regards, and may God bless you all in the glorious work.

*Chart and Compass*, in its number for August, reports the laying of the foundation (corner) stone of the New Sailors' Institute. It took place on the 21st June. "The harbor was enlivened by a grand display of flags on British and American ships, and in every available way, captains, officers, and sailors showed their appreciation of what is being done in providing a refuge for them in that city of much temptation. Proceedings commenced by the Rev. JAMES EDWARDS giving out the hymn commencing:—

"Eternal Father! strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave," &c.

"Rev. C. F. WEIDEMANN read Psalm cvii, from the 21st to the 43rd verses, after which, Mr. Edwards offered prayer.

After the stone was laid, an opportunity was given to lay bricks upon it. The first who came forward for this purpose was Miss HITCHENS, the missionary's daughter, who had been commissioned to lay bricks in the building for several absent captains, depositing a piece of gold on each brick. The names of the captains were duly announced. Mr. HITCHENS, Port missionary, followed laying bricks in the same way for Bethel sailors, Good Templar sailors, captains, officers, and sailors, to the amount of about £20. Other ladies and gentlemen followed, until forty bricks were laid. E. CHAPLIN, Esq., Chairman of Committee, then delivered an address referring to the origin, objects, and results of the Institute. The hymn beginning—

"Star of peace to wanderer's weary,"—was then sung, and after the benediction, a collection was made, one gentleman giving twenty-five pounds. It is expected that the Institute will be ready for occupancy November 1st. A "Bazaar" has been arranged for the first week in that month, with the coöperation of friends in Hamburg and in England, for raising funds to assist in the sustenance of the Mission and Institute."

## Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, missionary, is to be absent for a time, on a trip to England, his native country, but arrangements have been made for the prosecution of his work for seamen, by the Christian laborers in Y. He had pursued his usual round of work since his last letter, and had shipped four of our loan libraries on as many vessels.

## Cleveland, O.

S. JOB, superintendent of Relief work of the Bethel Union Society writes us that they hold prayer meetings for seamen on Wednesday evenings. The

Mission Sabbath School in the Bethel Building, he says,—is largely attended. \$40,000 has been secured to pay off a debt of \$61,000 on the Bethel building. It is intended, when the whole amount is raised, to employ an efficient man to look after religious work among sailors.

### Portland, Oregon.

Rev. R. S. STUBBS, chaplain, says that the Bethel Hall, Coffee Room, and Reading Room for seamen, at Seattle, W. T., were destroyed in the late disastrous fire which consumed about one-half of the business portion of the place. The chaplain at S. lost all his clothing, books, etc. Chaplain Stubbs adds:—"Our meetings in the Bethel, and on shipboard are favored with tokens of good from the Lord."

### Recent Library Work.

The current month adds its full quota of testimony to the value of our Loan Library work, in the letters printed below.

THEY HOPE FOR A BLESSING.

SOMERSET, MASS, March 30th, 1879.

I write a few lines about your library\* so as to let you know where it is. We are reading those books, and find them very interesting, and trust that they will do us all a great deal of good. We expect to go from here to Baltimore, and from there we may come to Boston, and then I want to exchange it for another one. And I trust that they will make good men out of all of us on board.

Yours respectfully,

HARRISON LYMAN,

*Schr. A. A. Shaw.*

A SWEARER REFORMED.

*American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

I have had library No. 5,513† on board the schooner *James Boyce*, of New Ha-

ven, Conn. I received it in April, 1876, and I think it has done a great deal of good. The men read these books. I had one man who was a very hard swearer, but through his reading these books, and our talking to him, he has left it off altogether, and now goes to church. He is on the vessel at present with us. The books are a great blessing to seamen.

MAGNUS MANSON, *Master.*

USEFUL ON SHIPBOARD AND ELSEWHERE.

BOSTON, July 26th, 1879.

*American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

Library No. 5,859\* has been with me on the bark *Horace Scudder*, several voyages. The books have been loaned out to the men, and have been much appreciated, both fore and aft. I trust they have been a blessing among us. I think your work ought to be much encouraged, for these good books are of great benefit to us who traverse the ocean deprived of the Gospel privileges which you have on shore. I desire to express my thankfulness for the loan of the library, and I remain,

Yours truly,

W. F. KREUSE,

*Master of bark Horace Scudder.*

P. S. The loose tracts sent in the library, I have distributed among the natives in places where I have been.

FROM THE SCHOOL SHIP ST. MARY'S.

GLEN COVE, L. I., August 21st, 1879.

*American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

I take great pleasure in forwarding to you this note. The libraries† you left on board our vessel have been well patronized, and upon our return to 23rd street, (New York) I would like to change them for others. This cruise has been a very profitable one for both men and boys, and the most interesting subject I can speak of is the Bible readings and Sun-

\* No. 5,019, contributed by the Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.

† Contributed by Soldier's Childrens' Home, Trenton, N. J.

\* Contributed by S. S. 2nd Reformed Church, Tarrytown, N. Y.

† Nos. 6,012, 6,013, contributed by Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.



day services which, through the goodness of Mr. John Patterson, we have had every Sunday, also the "Sunday evening service of Song," which was well attended by both men and boys. We have on board, about 160 boys, and 25 men, and you can form a more correct idea than I can convey to you, of the good that has been done both by the Sunday services and the libraries. Hoping, if it be convenient, to hear from you at Newport, R. I., where we will be on the first of next week, I remain,

Yours,

W. C. D.

HE ASKS FOR ANOTHER.

NEW YORK, August 4th, 1879.

Your library, 6,151\* which I have had this voyage, has been read with much interest. I now return it. I hope you will leave another for me, at No. 37 South street. Any tracts or papers suitable for seamen will be acceptable and will be freely circulated. I enclose \$5 for the library fund.

Yours truly,

I. POTTER,

*Master bark Chignecto, of Windsor, Nova Scotia.*

GREAT GOOD IS BEING WROUGHT.

BOSTON, August 26th, 1879.

Dear Sir:—Library No. 6,180† was received in exchange from the bark *Lorinda Borstel* at Littelton, New Zealand, and has been read with interest, and I trust, much profit, by our crews since it has been on board.

The distribution of these valuable books among seamen is, I believe, the means of working great good. By their moral influence they tend to elevate the minds of all who read them. I trust all seamen and officers will appreciate and feel grateful for them. Please accept

\* Contributed by S. S. Bap. church, Pavillon, N. Y.

† Contributed by S. S., Presbyterian Church, Waterford, N. Y.

my thanks for your present favor. I remain,

Yours very truly,

C. F. CARVER,

*American bark C. A. Littlefield.*

EIGHT CONVERSIONS.

NEW YORK, August 25th, 1879.

*American Seamen's Friend Society:*

Dear Sirs:—Will you kindly exchange the library\* on board the ship *Mary Whitridge*? It has been on board eighteen months on a voyage to China and Japan, and has been highly appreciated by crew and officers. While in Shanghai, four of the crew united with the Union Chapel there, and four others expressed a hope of their conversion through the faithful labors of Rev. Mr. DALZIEL and wife, who held divine service on board of our ship every Sunday while in port. Their house was always open to the seamen for religious conversation and prayer meetings, and in every way in their power they are working for the welfare of the thousands of seamen visiting that port yearly. They are members of the China Inland Mission. Wishing you success in your good work among seamen,

I am very sincerely yours,

BENJ. F. CUTLER,

*of Stonington, Conn.,*

*Late Master Mary Whitridge.*

GOOD WORK IN THE NAVY.

U. S. S. PORTSMOUTH,

BOSTON, MASS.

I called to see you yesterday in order to thank you in person for the books you so kindly sent us. The books which we returned † were read by the majority of the people on board, and were well appreciated. We have one hundred and fifty young persons below the age of eighteen years, and need reading matter of all kinds, and you can readily see how much

\* No. 6,350, contributed by S. S. Congregational Church, Bristol, Conn.

† Loan Libraries No. 6,388, and 6,384, contributed by W. Libbey, Jr. New York City.

pleasure it gave us to exchange our old libraries for new ones. With many thanks for your kindness, and with the hope that God will prosper you in the great work before you,—

I remain, yours with great respect,

A. Rose,  
Lieut. U. S. N.

### A Good Use for "Pin Money."

A lady Sabbath School teacher transmitting \$20 for a loan library which has now gone on a vessel bound for San Francisco, says:—"The money was raised by a class of girls from thirteen to fifteen years of age. You can understand how much more readily boys can earn money than girls. But I trust many a bit of pin money has found its way into our treasury that would have found ready use in the purchase of some of the little articles so near to the hearts of our girls. We trust that it may be the means of sowing some good seeds in the hearts of its readers, and I assure them that we shall follow the good ship *Imperial*, with affectionate interest.

Very truly,  
Mrs. F. N. W."

### From an Old Friend.

The following is from a lady friend whose family for years held the sailor's cause near their hearts. If it prompt other family circles to "go and do likewise," its use in these pages will be amply justified.

*Dear Sir*:—Although I may have seemed to forget the cause for which you labor, it is not so. I have been absent from my home for two years, and have returned this summer 'by the good hand of our God upon me' with greatly improved health.

The last year was spent at the parsonage of my son, Rev. ———, and in the absence of the contribution in the church, we concluded to have a mite box for the

sailors, in the parsonage. The check from my son represents the result. I add a check for ten dollars (\$10) to procure a library as a memorial of our pleasant year together. Please acknowledge simply "from the Mite Box of M——. Parsonage, for a library." We desire that the library be called "The M——. Library," and we who send it forth upon the great waters, will watch its progress with faith and prayer.

With sincere regard for your noble work, and esteem for your labor in it,

I am yours very truly,

S. L. C.

Sept. 15th, 1879.

### A Coincidence.

It is a pleasant thing to print, this month, articles from two Christian seamen,—each of whom has commanded the missionary packet *Morning Star*, provided by Sabbath School children in America, for missionary work in the South Pacific Ocean through that noble organization, the A. B. C. F. M. "The Dentistry of the Pacific," see page 306, is from the pen of an old friend, Captain Brown, of New London, Conn., often a welcome visitor at our Rooms, who was Master of the first vessel of that name, years ago,—and "How Does She Head?"—page 304,—is from that of Captain Bray, of the present *Morning Star*, which is the third vessel that has been provided by the children for missionary work among the South Sea Islands.

### The Use of Oil at Sea.

A Newark, N. J. correspondent writes: "In the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for July, 1867, at p. 342, under the heading, '*Oiling the Sea*,' is an article copied from the *Scientific American*, which, I confess seems in sailors' slang like "a tough yarn." It is related for truth. Can it be true? You will gratify me, and no doubt many of your readers, by an explicit answer to this question. Certainly the

story is most remarkable. Perhaps you can respond in the October number of your excellent Magazine. The good Lord bless you in your noble work!"

In the account to which our correspondent refers, the Captain of a sea-going vessel declared that in 1864, in the heaviest gale of wind he ever saw, five gallons of oil emptied on the raging sea, "saved the vessel, cargo, and lives of all on board." We were not present during the storm, and cannot vouch in any wise for the correctness of the statement, but we have published within a year past, in this MAGAZINE, several articles which made similar assertions, and we have no reason to discredit them. Let our correspondent consult vol. 50, S. M., p. 297, for Oct. '78—and the MAGAZINE for last July, p. 213.

### A Sailor Boy's Grateful Letter.

A copy of the MAGAZINE for April, 1875, comes back to us from our loan library No. 5,711, which was contributed by the S. S. of the Baptist Church at Elbridge, N. Y. and was placed, June 13th, 1878, on the schooner *Matilda Kranz* of this city, bound for Marseilles, France. And on the margin of its first cover page, we find these words in pencil. They speak for themselves.

"The last vessel this book was on, was the *Matilda Kranz*. With many thanks to you, I have read your books, which have made me a good boy. The books are very nice, and I have let the sailors take them to read, which they praise very much. If you will please print this in the Magazine, I am sure I will be obliged. I have been to sea since I was born.

SEVILLE M. RICH.  
Aged 12 years."

### Dean Stanley's Testimony.

Dean Stanley, of England, in a recent sermon represented that a great improvement has taken place in the morals of British seamen. Profanity and debauchery are almost as rare as reverence and sobriety were years ago.

### The Northeast Passage.

The history of the attempts that have been made to force the Northeast passage from Western Europe to China and Japan, could it be written, would prove remarkably romantic, and verify the adage that truth is stranger far than fiction. That the forcing of this passage is no longer a matter of theory but an accomplished fact, is due to Professor Nordenskjöld, the Swedish Arctic Explorer, whose safe arrival at Yokohama, Japan, is reported. The expedition under his control set sail from Gottenburg, July 4th, 1878, and on August 5th passed through the Yugo Strait, south of Nova Zembla. The Kara Sea, hitherto dreaded by all sailors in the Arctic region, was found free from ice, and anchor was cast at Port Dickson, near the mouth of the Yenessi, August 6th. On the 19th of that month, Tsjedekin, the extreme northern point of Asia, was reached. After a passage much delayed by the ice between Cape Cook and Van Kurema, the travelers crossed Kolinstehm Bay, September 27th, but were imprisoned the next day near Tchuktchi settlement, latitude 67 deg. 7 min. north, longitude 177 deg. 24 min. west.

At this point the expedition wintered in the pack ice, about one mile from land, being detained there 204 days. The four thousand inhabitants of the villages near by, who subsist by fishing and sealing, supplied the travelers with bear and reindeer meat. The cold was intense, averaging 32 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, but no cases of scurvy or sickness of any kind occurred.

On the 18th July, 1879, the expedition was released from its ice-bound prison, and on the 20th passed East Cape into Behring Straits, thus practically proving the existence of a North-east passage. After passing through the Straits, the Asiatic coast was followed and St. Lawrence Bay was crossed to Port Clarence, Alaska. Thence the expedition crossed to Koniyan, and having touched at St. Lawrence Island, proceeded to Behring Island, where the first news from Europe was received. No accidents occurred until August 31st, when a severe gale was encountered, accompanied by lightning. During the storm the lightning struck and shivered the *Vega's* main-topmast, slightly injuring several men. With this exception, the voyage was free from serious casualty of any kind, and Professor Nordenskjöld reached Yokohama on the evening of September 2nd, to report in person his grand achievements.

## Another Heroine of the Sea.

The San Francisco papers have an account of the arrival at that port of the ship *Templar* from New York after a voyage of 325 days, nearly a year. She was navigated under very trying circumstances and brought into port by the captain's daughter, Miss Armstrong—an accomplished young lady, well known in this city.

The ship left New York about a year ago, Captain Armstrong taking with him his wife and daughter, the latter being a skilled mathematician and, being a sailor's daughter, theoretically acquainted with the rules of navigation. After the *Templar* had touched at Rio Janeiro, the yellow fever attacked one-half the crew, together with Captain Armstrong, his wife and his daughter. Most of those of the crew who took the fever and the captain's wife died, and were hastily buried at sea. Captain Armstrong, after the crisis of the fever had passed, lay, during all the weary weeks of the funeral cruise, between life and death, unable to take command of the ship. The first mate lost his courage and gave orders that the ship should be headed for the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. Miss Armstrong, who had been attacked by the dread disease, lived through it, and though still weak and helpless in body, her heart was stout, and she resolved that the ship should sail into the harbor of San Francisco. Having gathered from the conversation of those who attended upon her, the design of the mate to reach the nearest port, she obtained her father's consent to command the ship, and by her orders the first mate was relieved of his command and the second mate put in his place. The second mate, though an experienced seaman, could not tell by the necessary calculation whether he was off the coast of Africa, South America, or Australia. But Miss Armstrong could. She put the second mate in command, and in pursuance of her orders he again headed the *Templar* on her California course. At high noon he took the mechanical bearings of the vessel, and submitted them to the girl for her calculation and commands. The account of this voyage concludes thus:

"It would be an endless story how each day she figured out where the hopeless hulk lay on the merciless waste, or was driven into still more merciless calms. Through the winter months, through the spring months, through the fullness of summer-time, she steered the ship *Templar* toward the waters of San

Francisco Bay. Miss Armstrong is now aboard the *Templar*, anchored in quarantine waters off Point Fort, and will be kept there for some time, lest she should taint the air of San Francisco with the feared scourge."—*N. Y. Observer*.

## Position of the Principal Planets for the Month of October, 1879.

MERCURY is a morning star until the evening of the 5th at 9h. 34m., when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month, is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 16th at 1h. 14m., being 5° 19' north.

VENUS is a morning star during this month, rising on the 1st at 5h. 13m., and south of east 7° 23'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 13th at 10h. 18m., being 51' south; at this time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 8° and 88° north; is stationary among the stars in Leo on the morning of the 15th at 2 o'clock; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 30th.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 13th at 3h. 8m., being 18° 5' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 4th at 2h. 41m. being 5° 45' south; is stationary among the stars in Taurus on the afternoon of the 6th at 1 o'clock.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 44m. being 11° 19' south of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 24th at 8h. 25m. being 5° 17' south; is stationary among the stars in Aquarius on the morning of the 29th at 1 o'clock.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the 1st at 12m. past midnight; is in opposition with the Sun on the evening of the 5th at 6h. 27m., being at this time at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 28th at 35m. past midnight, being 8° 23' south.

*N. Y. University.*

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in August, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 52, of which 35 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 1 burned, 4 sunk by collision, 2 capsized, 3 foundered, and 3 are missing. The list comprises 2 steamers, 6 ships, 6 barks, 3 brigs and 35 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$685,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a w. were wrecked, a. abandoned, b. burned, s.c. sunk by collision, c. capsized, f. foundered, and m. missing.

## STEAMERS.

Semiramide, s.c. from Boston for Liverpool.  
Gazelle (tug), 6. (in Ashley River, S. C.)

## SHIPS.

W. Libby, w. from Departure Bay for San Francisco.  
Naturalist, m. from Calcutta for San Francisco.  
Southern Rights, a. from Liverpool for New York.  
King of Algeria, m. from Philadelphia for Bremen.  
Jos. Milbery, w. from Honfleur for Delaware Breakwater.  
Reunion, w. from Mejillones for Europe.

## BARKS.

Gem of the Ocean, w. from Seattle for San Francisco.  
Antoinette, f. from Bona for Perth Amboy.  
J. E. Holbrook, w. from Sagua for New York.  
L'Alba, m. from New York for Alicante.  
Mia Madre E, w. from Baltimore for Hull, Eng.  
Jos. Hickman, s.c. from Bremen for New York.

## BRIGS.

Timandra, w. from San Francisco.  
A. J. Ross, w. (whaler).  
Eudorus, a. from Galveston for Philadelphia.

## SCHOONERS.

Geo. W. Andrews, s.c. from Baltimore for Portland.  
Isaac Webb, w. (Pilotboat).  
Gloucester, w. (at Dighton, Mass.)  
Union, f. from New York for Frederica, Del.  
Flora Curtis, w. from Virginia for New York.  
Emblem, w. from Beaufort, N. C. for New York.  
Minnie Aiken, w. from Salem, N. J. for New York.  
Advance, w. (Fisherman).  
Emma D. Blew, w. from New York.  
John E. Hurst, s.c. from Philadelphia for Newmarket.  
Emma Johnson, w. (Fisherman).  
Native American, w. (Fisherman).  
Pathfinder, w. (Fisherman).  
Jennie, w. (Fisherman).  
Lilla Rich, f. from Philadelphia.  
L. A. Van Brunt, w. from Black River, Ja for New York.  
John L. Tracy, w. from Philadelphia for Boston.  
B. H. Ramsdell, w. (at Kaul, H. I.)  
J. C. Heury, w. (at Great Wicomico R., Md.)  
Cadet, w. (Fisherman).  
Yankee, w. from Provincetown for Boston.  
Mary Collins, a. from Greenport, L. I. for Charleston.  
Marian Gage, a. from Apalachicola for Philadelphia.  
Mary A. Brown, c. from Cape Hatteras for New York.  
Viola, w. (at Dennisport).  
Florida, w. (at Dennisport).  
Valentine Kelly, w. (at Dennisport).  
Tribune, w. (in Oyster Bay, L. I.)  
H. J. Miller, w. (at Cold Spring, L. I.)  
Forward, w. from Havre de Grace for Alexandria.  
Stephen Bennett, c. from Boston for Baltimore.  
Mahlon Jackson, w. for Norfolk.  
Chesapeake, w. (at Gran Menan, N. B.)  
Henry Adelbert, w. from Gardner.  
J. B. Marshall, w. from Boston for Mobile.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

JULY, 1879.

Sailing Vessels:—32 English, 11 French, 8 American, 6 German, 3 Norwegian, 2 Austrian, 2 Russian, 1 Arab, 1 Spanish, 1 Greek, 1 Italian, 1 Swedish, 6 of which the nationality is un-

known; total: 75. In this number are included 6 vessels reported missing.

Steamers:—8 English, 1 Egyptian, 1 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 10.

## Receipts for August, 1879.

## MAINE.

Bath, Rodney Hyde, for library..... \$ 20 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hampton, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y... 20 00  
Heunkner, Cong. church..... 10 00  
Hinsdale, Cong. church..... 7 12

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, Cong. church..... 21 04  
Andover, West Parish Sea. Friend Soc'y, to const. Wm. Barly, L. M. 32 06  
Belchertown, Cong. ch., S. S. towards library..... 10 00  
Boston, bark Wm. Hale, Capt. B. F. Hoyt..... 10 00  
Cambridge, Mt. Auburn Union Soc'y, towards library..... 10 00  
East Bridgewater, Cong. church.... 5 82  
Foxboro, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y.... 20 25  
Gardner, 1st Cong. church..... 10 00  
Milford, Cong. church..... 11 56  
Milbury, Cong. ch and Society..... 11 30  
Newbury, 1st Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y Newburyport, Ladies' Bethel Society, for library..... 20 00  
Shelburne, 1st Cong. ch. and Society. 5 88  
South Abington, Cong. church..... 19 46  
Southboro, Pilgrim Evang. church.... 12 17  
Springfield, Memorial church..... 9 20  
Templeton, Cong. ch. S. S..... 7 40  
Webster, Cong. ch. S. S., for library.. 20 00  
Westminster, estate of Mrs. Sarah A. Damon, by H. G. Whitney, Ex.... 208 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, Cong. ch., for lib'y.... 20 00  
Charles Lyon..... 50

## CONNECTICUT.

Cheshire, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y.... 20 00  
Guilford, Cong. ch. and Society..... 5 00  
Hartford, Centre church..... 175 40  
Meriden, O. B. Arnold..... 10 00  
New Britain, South Cong. church..... 22 98  
New Haven, Howard Ave. Cong. ch. 15 00  
New Milford, The Ladies' Mite Soc'y. 10 00  
A friend to the cause..... 1 00  
Sherman, Cong. church, add'l..... 2 50

## NEW YORK.

Corning, 1st Pres. church..... 11 56  
Edgewater, 1st Pres. church..... 16 17  
Homer, Cong. church..... 37 94  
Huntington, 1st Pres. church..... 39 62  
Lyons, Pres. church..... 8 28  
New York City, Capt. H. Brown, ship Alexander..... 10 00  
Capt. John Hibbert, ship Adolphus. 5 00  
Oswego, 1st Pres. church..... 13 24  
Rochester, Brick church..... 75 00  
Third church..... 23 45  
St. Peter's church..... 15 00  
Faugerties, Ref. church..... 20 78  
Sing Sing, Pres. church..... 25 00  
Yonkers, Ref. church..... 40 00  
Youngstown, Pres. church..... 6 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, 1st Pres. church..... 60 38  
Morristown, Children's Miss'y Soc'y of the 1st Pres. church..... 20 00

## MICHIGAN.

Detroit, collected on steamer..... 2 34

\$1,227 68



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### The Royal Middy.

William the Fourth, the uncle and immediate predecessor of Queen Victoria, was usually called the "Sailor King" and he possessed in a remarkable degree the open-hearted, frank, and generous spirit that characterizes the British tar. When he was a midshipman he made himself greatly beloved by the ordinary seamen by his urbanity and good-nature. Many anecdotes are related of the exercise of these qualities; none more interesting than the following. The Prince being at home for the Christmas gathering at Windsor Castle, was taking a stroll in London by himself—a custom by no means uncommon with him, for he disliked being followed by attendants. It happened that he made his way over London Bridge, which at that time had a series of narrow alcoves or recesses, with seats along the outer or balustrade side of the pavement. In these nooks beggars often congregated—not only the regular professional mendicant with his ready whine and made-up tale of distress, but the really unfortunate, who were certainly not cared for then as they are now. It was a bitter December day, and the icy cold wind pierced even the comfortable wrappings of the Sailor

Prince, chilling his young blood; but it seemed to freeze the ragged creatures whom he passed. It may be that feeling the cold himself caused him to look with awakened interest at the poor, when suddenly he noticed a middle-aged, weather-beaten Jack tar in a ragged jacket and trousers, a red nightcap on his head, and his old shoes tied on his feet by some strands of rope. He had neither shirt nor stockings, and though his skin seemed to have been bronzed and dried by the rigor both of heat and cold in many different climates, he now appeared nearly perishing with frost and hunger. An expression gleamed in the eyes of this miserable object and the young Prince at the same moment. They knew each other. As the poor man's glance fell before the startled and benevolent gaze of the Royal Middy, the latter sang out in a true sea-breezy voice, "What, Bob Clewlines! Do I not hail an old shipmate in you? To be sure I do, and as prime a seaman as ever trimmed a sail or served a gun. Why, what has battered your old hulk in this way?"

The man was dumb with conflicting emotions, but the tears started in his eyes.

The middy, also overcome, stretched

out his hand, which the other did not venture to take. "Come, Bob," cried the Prince, "no subordination now; we are all equals on life's quarter-deck when a storm comes and tears the rigging. Come, tip us your fin, old boy, and, I say, come along with me and I'll see a bit to the refitting of your canvas. Come, look sharp?" So saying, the youth walked briskly on till he came to a shop near Wellclose Square, kept by a Jew named Moses. "Here, you sir, I want an 'out-an'-out,' spick-span new rigging for my mate here."

"Who's to pay?" said the cautious trader.

"Why, I'll pay, Moses, to be sure," was the reply.

"Oh, very well," answered the Jew, and retired with Bob into his back room, and soon returned, bringing the seaman comfortably clad, and two changes of under-linen done up in a bundle under his arm. Just as Bob Clewlines appeared, a half-naked boy passed the shop-door. "Pitch your old togs to that younker," said the Prince. "One good turn deserves another, Bob;" and so, as the shivering lad thankfully gathered up the ragged garb, there were two hearts made happier at the same moment.

"And now what's to pay, Moses?" cried the Royal Middy.

"Three pounds fifteen, sir."

With genuine sailor impetuosity the generous youth had not calculated his finances, and as the allowance made to Prince William Henry was never large, and he was by no means skilful in managing it, he was for a moment perplexed what to do, until he thought of his watch, and said to the Jew, "What will you give me for this?" The dealer eyed it suspiciously, weighed it in his hand, and then began to depreciate it. "It's very pretty, but not heavy; it's the fashion may be, but we buy by weight; just the case is all. I'll venture to give you four pounds for the case, sir, but I'm like to lose by it."

"Let's see, then; you take the gold

case, Moses, and I'll keep the inside. It must work, like my mate, for a bit without its jacket. But I must have five pounds: do as I bid you, man, and let me have five pounds." Moses demurred, but on weighing it, after some hesitation, gave the required sum into the Prince's hand, who said, as he paid the bill, "Keep the case, Moses, and I will reclaim it; and here, Bob, do you take the odd change to keep your pocket warm till you get aboard again." By this time poor Bob was crying like a child, for he had been long sick and disabled, and it was no fault of his that he was destitute.

With honest pride he feared he was taking too much from his benefactor, but the noble youth overcame his reluctance, saying, as he held the money towards him, "Come, come, take in your cargo, shipmate. It's only what I owe you. Were you not the kindest creature in the world to me when I was confined to my berth with yellow fever? Do you think I have forgotten that? What do you take me for, eh? Go and get some rations, my man." And so Bob got a good dinner, a good bed that night, and being in fitting trim, tried for work next day, and got a berth in an Indiaman, and did well. It is said the Royal Middy had to put himself on a month's short allowance of cash to make up the arrears incurred to get his watch-case back. Meanwhile Bob did not forget to tell the story; and it was deeds like this that endeared William Henry, Duke of Clarence, to the people of England.—*British Workman*.

### A Good Prayer.

A little boy, the son of a "Friend," about six years old, after sitting like the rest of the congregation in silence (all being afraid to speak first, as he thought), got up on the seat, and folding his arms over his breast, murmured in a clear, sweet voice, just loud enough to be distinctly heard on the fore seat, "I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder, and gooder, and gooder, till there is no bad left." Would a longer prayer have been more to the purpose?

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During August, 1879, seventy-three loan libraries, twenty-one new, and fifty-two refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,697, to 6,711 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,170, 5,171, 5,173, 5,174, 5,175, and 5,176, at Boston.

*The fifty-two libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 1,201,	No. 3,961,	No. 4,851,	No. 4,987,	No. 5,500,	No. 5,770,	No. 5,993,	No. 6,114,	No. 6,449,
" 1,825,	" 4,307,	" 4,923,	" 5,117,	" 5,630,	" 5,772,	" 5,993,	" 6,125,	" 6,547,
" 2,190,	" 4,395,	" 4,955,	" 5,167,	" 5,661,	" 5,856,	" 5,995,	" 6,183,	" 6,554,
" 3,339,	" 4,677,	" 4,980,	" 5,352,	" 5,693,	" 5,859,	" 6,070,	" 6,354,	" 6,571,
" 3,667,	" 4,770,	" 4,962,	" 5,378,	" 5,726,	" 5,916,	" 6,100,	" 6,384,	
" 3,943,	" 4,813,	" 4,967,	" 5,396,	" 5,740,	" 5,938,	" 6,111,	" 6,411,	

## Works of Necessity.

When Mr. Hartshorn began business he determined that his works, as well as his family and himself, should rest upon the Lord's day.

It was not long before the foreman came to say there was something wrong about the machinery, and that it would be necessary to have it repaired upon the coming Sabbath. Mr. Hartshorn asked if the work could not be done after hours, or if a night could not be taken for it.

"No, that would be impossible," replied the foreman.

"Then we must use a day. We will have no Sabbath work here," said Mr. Hartshorn.

The foreman looked astonished. "Take a day for it!" he gasped. "Stop the works, and with such a press of orders as we have on hand?"

"Certainly, if there is no other way," said Mr. Hartshorn, decidedly.

The foreman went off, and somehow another way was found. The works were not stopped, and the repairing was not done on the Sabbath.

In connection with his bleachery, Mr. Hartshorn had something like a mile of shed-room where the cloth was spread to dry; and when it was not ready to take down on Saturday, several men were needed to look after it during the Sabbath.

"This will not do," said Mr. Hartshorn. "Everybody and everything belonging to me shall rest upon the Lord's day."

"It can't be helped," said the men. "Thousands of yards of cloth will be mildewed and spoiled if they are not looked after. Any one can see that this is a work of necessity. There is not one week in four when the cloth is all fit to be taken down on Saturday night. And look at the Globe Bleacheries over here. Isn't Deacon Green one of your Sabbath men? Deacon of the Baptist Church—should think he ought to be as particular as anybody; and he'll tell you it is impossible to carry on the bleaching business and not have some looking after it done on a Sabbath now and then."

"We will try it, however," said Mr. Hartshorn. "We won't have any cloth



put out later than Thursday if the weather seems doubtful."

It is twenty years since Mr. Hartshorn began work on this plan. His bleachery has prospered, and he is a rich man, and to-day stands at the head of his business. And in all these years he has never found Sabbath work to be a work of necessity, nor, as I have it from his own lips, that his business has suffered in the end from resting on the Lord's day.—*Francis Lee.*

### Politeness to Children.

Scores of times in a day a child is told in a short, authoritative way, to do or not to do such little things as we ask at the hands of elder people as favors, graciously, and with deference to their choice. "Would you be so kind as to close that window?" "May I trouble you for that footstool?" "If you may be as comfortable in this chair as in that, I would like to change places with you." "Oh, excuse me, but your head is between me and the light; could you see as well if you moved a little?" "Would it hinder you too long if you stopped at the shop for me? I would be very much obliged to you if you would." "Pray do not let me crowd you," etc. In most people's speech we find as synonyms for these polite phrases: "Shut that window down, this minute." "Bring me that footstool." "I want that chair: get up. You can sit in this." "Don't you see that you are right in my light? Move along." "I want you to leave off playing and go at once to the shop for me." "Don't crowd so. Can't you see that there is not room enough for two people here?" and so on.

On the other hand, let a child ask for anything without saying "please," receive anything without saying "thank you," sit still in the most comfortable seat without offering to give it up, or press his own preference for a particular book, chair, or apple, to the inconvenience of an elder, and what an outcry

we have! "Such rudeness!" "Such an ill-mannered child!" "His parents must have neglected him strangely." Not at all; they have been telling him a great many times every day not to do these precise things which you dislike,—but they themselves have been all the while doing these very things to him.

### The Tender Shepherd.

Among the hills of Scotland, said Dr. Guthrie, I have met a shepherd, far from the fold, driving home a lost sheep (one which had gone astray)—a creature panting for breath, amazed, alarmed, footsore; and, when the rocks around rang loud to the baying of the dogs, I have seen them dashing fiercely at its sides, hounding it home. How different Jesus brings home His lost! He tenderly lifts them, lays them upon His shoulder, and over all stony and rough places He bears them, till the home is reached, and friends and neighbors are called in to rejoice over the lost one found.

### Two Pictures.

An old farm-house with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side;  
A bright-eyed boy who looks from out  
The door with woodbine wreathed about,  
And wishes his one thought all day;  
"O! if I could but fly away  
From this dull spot, the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din,  
A man who round the world has been  
Is thinking, thinking, all day long;  
"O! if I could only trace once more  
The field-path to the farm house door,  
The old green meadows could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I would be!"

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*  
Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.



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No. 11.

### THE EVOLUTION OF SHIPS.

Chancellor WINCHELL, of the Syracuse, N. Y. University, once wrote a letter to the *N. Y. Tribune*, suggested by the bulletins of Prof. Marsh's explorations in the Far West, which for its keen humor, and as a specimen of the *reductio ad absurdum*, merits reproduction. After alluding to the publication of striking cuts of extinct equine quadrupeds illustrating the supposed progressive historical changes in the foot of the equine animal, he says:—

“These and other similar facts are often cited as evidence of the genealogical descent of the domestic horse. The writer of the article of May 4th seems to view them as evidences that may sustain Mr. Darwin's theory, as he suggests certain physical conditions which may have given few-toed horses an advantage over many-toed horses.

“Now nobody can be insensible, for a moment, to the beautiful exemplification of fundamental plan which we discover in these forms; no one can deny that the series constitutes an evolution; but some may question whether *Orchippus*, *Michippus*, *Hipparion*, and *Equus* stand in genealogical relationship to each other. To clear up all doubt on this ques-

tion, and establish Darwinism on a scientific basis, I desire to direct the attention of readers of the *Tribune* to another set of facts with which they are all familiar.

“I suppose the first notion of a vehicle for transportation by water may have been suggested to primeval man by the discovery that a floating log would bear his weight. Astride of such a ship, our ancestors may have paddled from shore to shore of their inland waters. The discovery could not have been long delayed, however, that the buoyancy of the log would not be diminished by scooping out its interior and giving it improved capacity for passengers and freight. So the “dug-out” came into existence—a form of water-craft so well adapted to the

"conditions of [naval] existence" among many tribes of our North American Indians, that it survives as the fittest form of naval architecture. From the dug-out to the seal-skin kyak and bark canoe is but a step, and this step is an advance which seems to grow out of surrounding conditions. The Esquimaux has no logs, but many skins; and the Chippewayan has, from the birch, a bark [whence certain vessels are still called "barks"] more serviceable than logs or skins. These modifications of the primitive craft are obviously determined by the conditions of existence. And so the skiff on the mill-pond comes into existence, in correlation with the lumber pile on the bank; and the brave, stout lifeboat is bred by the many buffetings of a stormy surf; just as the biremes and triremes of the ancients came from the long continued strain of the smaller boats by excessive loading and frequent swampings. All these forms of rowing-craft sustain, admissibly, homological relations to each other, and teleological relations to surrounding circumstances, and show a regular developmental series. That is admitted, but the point which I wish to enforce as so happily illustrating and demonstrating Darwinism is, that they sustain, also a genetic relation to each other. Obvious as this is, many good people seem to doubt it. I shall therefore extend the argument.

"How came the simple sailboat into existence? Evidently, the wind made it. Had there been no wind there would have been no sails; therefore the wind is the cause of sails. But the simple sailboat, or Mackinac boat—this is an obvious modification of the skiff. Here is only a marked divergence—an incorpora-

tion of a new idea in water-locomotion, generated by an external condition of a marked character. But, the divergence once established, is likely to continue toward perfection. The little sail-boat grows into a sloop, with increased bulk, speed, complexity, efficiency, and accommodations. The one-masted sloop develops into the two-masted schooner, and this into the three-masted brig. The reader will at once perceive the analogy between these masts and the toes of horses. The domestic horse is a sloop; the *Hipparion* is a brig. It disproves nothing, that in naval craft the numerical progress is the reverse of what we see in equine craft. This corresponds with the different conditions presented by land and water for locomotive purposes. On the land, decrease in the number of organs, on the water, increase in the number of organs, is the condition of greatest efficiency; and we see, in both cases, how beautifully the result is correlated to the condition. Now, from the floating log up to the three-masted brig we notice a series of forms representative of a series of ideas, and these sustain an evolutionary relation to each other in each series. These forms have evidently been evolved generatively. How else should they be found consecutive? The ancestors of the horse are found in *Plichippus*, *Anchitherium*, and *Orchippus*, and it seems quite as clear that the saw-log is the great-great-great-grandfather of the brig. Thus the ship, which rolls like a log, [hence, also, 'log-book'] has inherited an ancestral trait, like the man with a sharp tip to his ear.

"Now, if the reader has followed me to this point without being convinced, I desire him to follow me on another departure. Just as the Ascidian from which man

is descended, presented, in the course of generations, divergences which became class types—viz., fishes, reptiles, birds, and mammals—so the ascidian ship, in the course of generations, has developed three classes of vessels, viz., rowing-vessels, wind-vessels, and steam-vessels. The rowing-vessels answer to the sluggish reptiles; the sailing-vessels are probably birds, and the steam-vessels are New Yorkers. It is probable that the vessels answering to the class of fishes are those which, like the 'Europe,' go under water. But I leave the fish-ships out of the argument. Now, I have shown that the genera and species of the rowing class sustain genetic relations to each other, and those of the sailing class sustain similar relationships to each other and to the rowing class. A few words will show that this relationship runs through the steam class, and thus the whole sub-kingdom of water-craft. Look at the steam-tug—strong, indeed, like a rhinoceros, but holding a low position in its class, a position little elevated above that of a sailing craft, and, in fact, incorporating all the fundamental ideas of that craft, except that engine is substituted for sail. The river steamer is an improvement; but, as the tug responds to a peculiar demand, so does the improved steamer; and each is the product of circumstances. The river steamer appeared in the epoch before the ocean steamer, and must, therefore, have been its progenitor; and the Great Eastern is the 'Kentucky giant' of the whole class. "Only this and nothing more." But there have been divergences from the straight line of descent, as we get aberrant mammals, like the ornithorhynchus

and the sea-lion. The urgency of surrounding conditions has called into existence such peripheral types as the steam ram, the monitor, Stevens' battery, and the steam dredge—all showing by their fundamental plan of structure, derivation from the ancestral puffer.

"I think the idea must protrude visibly. It is not that these forms in naval anatomy exhibit an evolution of the idea of a water-vehicle. It is not that they all sustain relations of fundamental plan to each other. It is not that they all show adaptation to special ends, suggesting to the minds of the credulous the notions of design and designer. This is the idea:—They have all descended from an ancestral saw-log, and this appearance of common plan is only a family resemblance necessitated by the laws of inheritance; this gradual improvement comes from the struggle for existence, whereby the skiff robbed the kyak or dug-out of the means of subsistence; the schooner robbed the sloop, and the brig the schooner, and finally the capabilities of these various craft have been developed by the circumstances under which they have existed. Just, as the proboscis of the elephant comes from the necessity of reaching beyond the ability of his short neck, and the reduction of the toes of *Hipparion*, from the desiccation of an ancient marsh (and the imagination of a modern one), just so a continual breeze developed the first sail; a longing for more 'rapid transit' begat engine and paddle-wheel; habitual butting resulted in a steam-ram, and much hitting hardened the ocean steamer into a monitor.

"I hope the case is clear."

## FERRY TO JERSEY CITY, N. J.—THE CHANGES OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

The extensive improvements now in progress at the foot of Cortlandt Street, in this city, make appropriate some reference to the old-time way of crossing the North River at that point, compared with the modern.

The Jersey City Ferry dates its existence back to the year 1764, when two periaugers (two-masted boats, pointed at both ends) plied between Cortland Street, New York, and Paulus Hook, Jersey City, landing about where Grand Street now is. The establishing of a ferry at that point was then deemed a great public convenience in connection with the stage route to Philadelphia. It was also considered a good speculation.

In 1810 arrangements were made with Robert Fulton to construct steam ferryboats, and on 2d of July, 1812, one named the *Jersey* was put in operation. The event was celebrated with a grand banquet given by the Jerseymen to the New York Common Council. A correspondent, writing to a newspaper of the time, says:

"I crossed the North River yesterday in the steamboat with my family in my carriage without alighting therefrom, in fourteen minutes, with an immense crowd of passengers. On both shores were thousands of people viewing the pleasing object. I cannot express to you how much the public mind appeared to be gratified at finding so large and so safe a machine going so well."

This "large machine" was eighty feet long and thirty feet wide. A year later the *York* was put on with the *Jersey*. They were supposed to run every half hour from sunrise until sunset,

but frequently an hour was consumed in making a trip. The following is Fulton's description of the boats:

"She is built of two boats, each ten feet beam, eighty feet long, and five feet deep in the hold; which boats are distant from each other ten feet, confined by strong transverse beam knees and diagonal traces, forming a deck thirty feet wide and eighty feet long. The propelling water-wheel is placed between the boats to prevent it from injury from ice and shocks on entering or approaching the dock. The whole of the machinery being placed between the two boats, leaves ten feet on the deck of each boat for carriages, horses and cattle, etc., the other, having neat benches and covered with an awning, is for passengers, and there is also a passage and stairway to a neat cabin, which is fifty feet long and five feet clear from the floor to the beams, furnished with benches, and provided with a stove in winter. Although the two boats and space between them give thirty feet beam, yet they present sharp bows to the water, and have only the resistance in the water of one boat of twenty feet beam. Both ends being alike, and each having a rudder, she never puts about."

However, the ferry company, with its steamboats, met with about the same success as most of the former lessees. Its dividends were few and far between, so that in 1824 it found itself wrecked financially. With the Common Council's consent, the lease was assigned to Samuel Swartwout & Co., who after a trial of about eight years, surrendered it back to

the Jersey associates, and by them the ferry was let to the New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, which in 1853 became the owner by purchase. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company's present lease is for ninety-nine years.

For fifty-five years the ferry has continued under the successive management of Capt. William Woolsey, his son, and grandson.

Old residents of Jersey City remember the little one-story house, with its peaked roof, that stood fifty years ago a few yards north of the present Cortlandt Street ferry-house, and in which the passengers at that time found ample waiting room. The new boats, *Washington* and *Varick*, were about 125 feet long, 125 tons burden, and possessed a few improvements over previous steam-boats that were built. They were run with more regard for the traveler's accommodation than for making good time. The pilot stood at the stern and steered with a tiller (the wheel-house had not then been adopted). When out in the stream, he would often put back for some passenger whom he saw coming down the street waving his hand. The traveler of today would be loath to venture on board a boat like the original *Washington* or the *Varick*, yet in their day they were considered little short of magnificent.

From the two periaugers that constituted the transport facilities of the ferry a century ago has grown a fleet of nine of the finest steam ferry-boats afloat. They are named:—*D. S. Gregory*, *John S. Darcy*, *Jersey City*, *New York*, *Newark*, *New Brunswick*, *Hudson City*, *New Jersey*, and *Princeton*. They were launched in the order named, the first, in 1853, and the last is now nearly completed and

is expected to be running in October. These boats are about 225 feet long, with a tonnage of from 850 to 1,072 tons, and they cost about \$100,000 each. The average time of crossing the river is seven minutes, and the Desbrosses Street boats are expected to make the same time as those to Cortlandt Street, though having one-third more distance to go.

Last year 10,000,000 passengers and 600,000 teams crossed on the two ferries.

### The New Eddystone Lighthouse.

The "House Rock" upon which Smeaton's edifice stood, showing signs of an enfeebled foundation, consequent upon the incessant wear and beating of the ocean for 120 years, the Corporation of the English Trinity House have determined upon the erection of a new structure, as already mentioned in the *MAGAZINE*, and as the existing building has become inadequate for the increased and growing requirements of maritime traffic, a more commodious lighthouse is to be erected on the "South Rock," the largest in the reef, lying about 120 feet south of the present site. In carrying out his plan of the lighthouse now about to be superseded, and devising the form of the structure, the trunk or "bole" of a large oak presented itself to Smeaton's imagination. Connecting with its roots the ground beneath, it rises from the surface with a large swelling base, which, at the height of one diameter, is generally replaced by an elegant curve, concave to the eye, but to the diameter less by about one-third, and sometimes by half of its original base. Thence, its taper diminishing more slowly, its sides by degrees come into the perpen-

dicular, and for some height form a cylinder. Hence he derived his ideas of what the proper shape of a column of the greatest stability ought to be to resist the action of external violence, and upon this principle he raised his structure, his blocks of stone which represented the roots of the tree being dove-tailed into the solid rock.

The new house will be built to contain a light of more extensive radius and greater power. The old tower is 72 feet above the level of high water; the new one is designed to be 130 feet above the level of any spring tide, so that no matter what storm may rage, the light will be in no danger of being eclipsed. It will have a range of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles, and is expected to overlap the electric light at the Lizard. Besides this, the tower will be considerably enlarged, giving nine rooms in place of the existing four, thus adding to the comforts and convenience of the keepers. Tenders were originally asked for the completion of the designs, but all of them were seemingly too high, for the Trinity Board are themselves executing the work, and expect to complete it at a cost of between £60,000 and £70,000 within the next four years. The direction of the undertaking is intrusted to Mr. J. Redmond and Mr. W. T. Douglass, whose father, Mr. J. N. Douglass, consulting engineer at the Trinity House, has prepared the designs. Already about three months have been spent in making the necessary preparations for laying down the foundation. To do this, of course the tides have to be observed, and these only permit two or three hours work to be accomplished on any one day. Gangs of men are taken out in the steamship *Hercules*, originally built for service in erecting a lighthouse at

San Serif, in Ceylon. These, as soon as the tide has receded sufficiently, are landed on the rock, and by means of jumpers and the steam rock-drill, the rock is being rapidly leveled down to the requisite condition. To enable the men to work more easily, a massive dam has been constructed around the rock, and every available moment is now being devoted to the excavation of the ledges for receiving the foundation courses. The form of the tower will be upon Smeaton's principle, and all the stones will be dove-tailed as in the old tower.

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### No Latitude on the Equator.

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault-and-battery-at-sea case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper ship *Challenge*, on the stand, and badgered him so for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the keen Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of the testimony Dick had said that the night was "dark as it could be, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him:

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! a moon,—"

"Did you see it?"

"Not a mite."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"Nautical Almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner'n than any lawyer in this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night sir?"

"Binnacle lamp on board the *Challenge*."

"Ah—you are growing sharp Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been

grinding me this hour for,—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator in?"

"Sho, you're joking."

"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah—you refuse to answer, do you?"

"Yes—I can't."

"Indeed! you are chief mate of a clipper ship, and unable to answer so simple a question."

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever was asked in my life. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew that there ain't no latitude on the equator."

That floored Rufus Choate.

### The Shaping of a Ship.

In preparing to build an iron vessel, it must be first decided what she is to do, where she is to go, and how she is to be moved. The character of the coast a ship is to visit determines her shape and capacity. If she is always to keep in deep waters, and to follow the great commercial highways of the world, she must be built to sail in every sea; must be ready to encounter the dangers of every climate, hot monsoons of Indian seas or the freezing storms of the North Atlantic. If she is to visit our Southern ports and rivers, she must be flat-bottomed and of light draught, that she may creep over the shallow bars in safety. If she is to ascend swift and narrow rivers, she must be short and light, that she may be turned about quickly. If she is to visit the Gulf ports, she must be provided with ample means of ventilation and shaded decks. If her way leads to Northern ports, she must be ready to

ride the tremendous seas and the furious gales of the North Atlantic. If her cargo is to be coal, she will assume one shape; if cotton, quite another. If she is to have paddles, she takes one form; if a screw, quite another.

Having decided all this, having settled upon her length, depth, width, and capacity, and fixed the cost, the next step is to make the model. A cabinet-maker carefully prepares a number of pieces of choice wood of exactly equal thickness—say, from four to six inches wide, and from a yard to one and a half yards long. At the same time he selects an equal number of pieces of veneer of the same size, choosing a veneer of a dark color or a color contrasting with the other wood. These boards are carefully laid one over the other, with the veneer between each, and the whole is then glued together to make a solid block. Out of this block the designer shapes a model of one-half of the hull of the ship. He gives this block the exact shape the future ship is to assume when seen from the side. Only a half model is made, as the two sides of the ship will be simply duplicates of the model.

Everything depends upon the skill of the designer. The ship's speed, capacity, draught, and safety depend upon the shape he gives this wooden model. Men are not taught to make models; the good designer is born, not made. The imagination that can see the future ship in the block on wood, the sure eye that can draw the exquisite lines of bow and stern, the delicate hand that can realize these lines of beauty, come not by observation. They are gifts.

The architect making plans of houses and temples has comparatively an easy task. The drawing gives a clear idea of the appear-



ance of the future building, and his work is perfectly plain and simple. The marine architect must combine science with beauty of form, or, rather, his science must be expressed in a beautiful form. The model must be an exact copy of the ship in little. He must be able to point out how deep the ship will sink in the water, how the bows will part the water in front, how the displaced water may sweep past the sides and under the stern. The model must show how deep the screw will be submerged, how far the ship may heel over under the influence of her sails or the waves in safety, and how she will be upborne from moment to moment on the ever-shifting waves. His art is the careful adjustment of forces one against the other, the weight against the flotation or buoyancy, the resistance of the water against the power of her screw and engines, the force of the waves and wind against her own stability. The finished model is full of grace and beauty; but it comes not from the mere blending of sweeping curves and swelling lines, but from the balance of these forces. It is beautiful because the repose of forces in equilibrium is always beautiful. Certainly, if the architect is called an artist, the model-maker is fully his equal. —*Harper's Magazine.*

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### The Power of the Sea.

Next to the action of rain and rivers, comes the gnawing effect of coast waves. The wave thunders against the cliff, which mocks its seemingly impotent rage by dashing it backward in a cloud of foam and spray, but it returns again and again to the charge until persistence wins the day. The east coast

of England, which has for centuries been fast yielding to the attacks of the German Ocean, furnishes Sir C. Lyell with the majority of his illustrations in the interesting chapters upon the action of tides and currents. That eminent geologist tells us how towns and villages, marked by name in old maps, now lie fathoms deep beneath the waves. In one case, which came under his notice, houses had within the memory of living men stood on a cliff fifty feet high, but in less than half a century, houses and cliff were all engulfed, and sea water deep enough to float a frigate occupied their site. As many as twelve churches, each farther landward than the last, have been built in one parish, and all but one have been swallowed up by the sea. Churchyards have consequently been destroyed in many places, the corpses and skeletons having been washed out of their graves and floated away by the tide. Sir C. Lyell himself saw human remains protruding from the cliff at Reculvers, in Kent, in 1861. And he humorously alludes to a scene depicted by Bewick, which, he says, numerous points on that coast might have suggested: the graveyard of a ruined abbey, undermined and almost isolated by the sea, with a broken tombstone in the foreground serving as a perch for the cormorants, and bearing the inscription, "To perpetuate the memory of——" one whose very name was obliterated, and whose monument was ready to fall into the waves. And he aptly, though somewhat sarcastically, suggests that such a tombstone would have been a fit tribute to the memory of "some philosopher" who had taught "the permanency of existing continents," the "era of repose," or the "impotence of modern cause."

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## X.—ATHENS.

Although the city of Athens was founded more than sixteen centuries before Christ, and had attained the height of its power and glory during the times of the Judean monarchy, its name never occurs in the Old Testament, simply because it then had no relation with the Church of God. We read of it only in the New Testament, where it is noticed in connection with the labors and travels of the Apostle Paul, who visited it during his second missionary tour while journeying from Thessalonica and Berea on his way to Corinth. He saw it only in its decline, and yet as he approached its harbor from the sea he could not but have been impressed with its marvellous beauty, even though Time and War had already begun to waste and destroy many of the monuments of ancient wealth and genius which had made it the wonder of the world.

Like most of the cities of the East, Athens at first began to grow as a fortress rather than as a commercial town, having as its centre a huge wall of rock, called the Acropolis, which rose to the height of six hundred feet above the sea. Near this were other hills, which were first useful as defenses and safe retreats in times of war, but which at length were crowned with magnificent temples, statues and public buildings which have been the source of admiration to other ages. According to the most generally received tradition, Cecrops, sometimes represented as the head of an Egyptian colony, and again as a Pelasgian hero, came here and planted the germs of a city as

early as 1652 B. C., or about the time of the Exodus of Israel. The city at first bore the name of Cecropia from its founder, but was afterward called Athenæ, the Greek name of its patron goddess Minerva, whose magnificent temples rose upon the Acropolis, surmounted by her statue which was for ages a landmark to the mariner as he approached the city from the sea. It is probable that the heights which now surround the city were the first points of attraction to the early settlers, who chose them because of the security which they might afford against the assaults of war, and around which an agricultural population gathered.

As the city increased, commerce was necessarily called in to supply the wants of the people and to add to their wealth by the exchange of their products for those of other nations, and hence it gradually extended its territory towards the sea whose flashing waters were visible from its heights, though several miles distant. On the Saronic Gulf were three harbors, which in the increasing commerce and strength of Athens were used for her naval depots. Phalerum was the oldest of these, being nearest the city, and the first of the harbors which opened to the sailor as he approached Athens from the south. In the time of Themistocles, however, that farseeing statesman perceiving the advantages which the Piræus afforded, fitted it up as a naval station, and covered the peninsula with magnificent docks, forums, store-houses and other buildings.

On the south side was the port of Munichia, a small but secure harbor, well fortified and convenient, and on the other the landlocked part of the Piræus. Out of these harbors vast fleets of vessels sailed either for purposes of commerce or to meet the ships of war of Persia, or other hostile nations, in the defense of their honor and their native land.

The kingdom of Persia was now the dominant power in the world. But a half century had passed since Babylon had fallen under its assaults, and that great empire had passed away and the monarchs of Persia were seeking by conquest to subdue the East to their authority. Darius sent one of his generals with an army of 110,000 men to Greece, who were defeated by 10,000 Athenians in the battle of Marathon. Ten years later Xerxes at the head of the greatest army ever brought into the field, crossed the Hellespont on a bridge of boats for the invasion of Greece, sending at the same time a vast fleet to act in concert with his land forces in their assault upon Athens.

Twelve hundred ships of war and three thousand ships of burthen formed the naval power of the Persians, while their army numbered five millions. As the army of Xerxes approached the city the people moved their wives and children to Salamis, and betook themselves to their fleet which had been built under the direction of Themistocles and consisted of only three hundred and eighty vessels. These first met the Persian fleet at Artemisium, while three hundred brave men under Leonidas were disputing the passage of the army near by, at the pass of Thermopylæ. Dropping down through the Strait of Eubœa and taking up their position near the island of

Salamis, in sight of Athens now being plundered by the hosts of Persia, they awaited the final assault of the vast fleet of Xerxes which had followed them. From an eminence on the coast the Persian monarch watched the progress of this great and decisive battle, and saw his whole fleet ingloriously routed and dispersed. The Greeks lost but forty vessels, while two hundred and eighty of the ships of the enemy were destroyed. With the destruction of his fleet the monarch returned precipitately across the Hellespont, leaving his troops in command of Mardonius, who at the head of 300,000 soldiers was defeated the next year at Platæa, while the remainder of the fleet was at the same time destroyed at Mycale. This was the *acme* of the naval and commercial greatness of Athens.

Under the rule of Themistocles the city was surrounded with massive walls, and the harbors of Munichia and the Piræus were similarly defended. In order to the complete protection of the city two immense walls, sixty feet in height, were extended from Athens to its ports, a distance of over four miles. Between these, fine carriage roads were built, and lines of houses filled up the space from the city to the sea. The Piræus was thoroughly fortified, and enclosed as a dock within which vessels might lie in safety, and load and unload with ease and rapidity.

Under the rule of Pericles, who came into power as the successor of Themistocles, Athens became the capital of Greece, both as the centre of political power and the seat of art, civilization, and intellectual culture. It was the home of genius, the fountain of taste, and philosophy. Every year a fleet of sixty vessels with three banks of oars,

as well as with sails, (the ancient type of modern steamships) were sent forth as means of training the people in naval science. Colonies were planted among the Grecian isles and even in Italy; magnificent edifices were erected and public works carried forward which proved a stimulus to all arts and to every form of business. Marble was to be brought out from the quarries, and trees from the forest were to be cut down and shaped and carved by the busy hands of artisans. Gold and precious stones and the thousand needs of life gave employment to merchants, sailors, and ships. Thus Athens rose to the height of her commercial greatness, and her harbors were filled with vessels bringing in their treasures from every part of the known world. The Piræus was a scene of constant bustle and activity. The seaport was worthy the city to which it owed its existence. There were landing places and covered porticoes, meal bazaars and exchanges, warehouses for corn from the Black Sea, and fish markets supplied daily from the Saronic Gulf, gardens and theatres and wine shops to which sailors resorted, and temples where they might find altars to all the gods of their idolatrous worship. And as they looked eastward through the space enclosed by the long walls, they saw a continuous city leading upward towards the Acropolis and the Parthenon on whose summit stood the splendid statue which formed their land-mark as they passed outward to the sea or returned homeward after their long voyages.

The decline of Athens came after the Peloponnesian war, which with its varying fortunes was terminated by Lysander of Lacedæmon, who routed their fleet at Ae-

gos Potamos compelling the Athenians to demolish the arsenals and docks at the Piræus, to limit their fleet to twelve ships, and to agree to undertake no future military enterprises but under the command of the Lacedæmonians. There was a brief struggle in after years to regain their former greatness. Stimulated by the eloquence of Demosthenes, the citizens sought to resist the rising power of Macedonia under Philip, but the issue was unsuccessful, and Alexander upon the death of his father was, after a brief struggle, recognized as the leader of the Grecian States. And Athens at the end of the Macedonian power was with all of Greece reduced to a Roman province in the year 147 B. C.

Under her new masters she remained the centre of art and science, and became the instructor of her conquerors. The young nobles of Rome came there to be educated at her schools, and to study at the feet of her philosophers and masters of art. This was her position when Jesus Christ came upon earth, finished his work of Atonement, established his church and sent forth his Apostles to preach his Gospel to every creature. Yet it was not until a visit was made to that city by the Apostle Paul that the Gospel was first preached to its inhabitants. It was on his second great missionary tour in which he was visiting Macedonia, in obedience to a heavenly vision, that he took a ship from some port in the Thermaic Gulf near to Berea, whence after a term of successful labor he had been driven by the persecution of Jews who had aided in expelling him from Thessalonica.

The incidents of that voyage have not been recorded, as have those of his journey afterwards accom-

plished from Cæsarea to Puteoli. Yet we cannot doubt that even in that brief sojourn on board the ship in which he sailed for Athens, he made known to its crew the precious Gospel of Christ. If at Rome he could interest himself in an humble fugitive slave,—surely he must have felt an equal regard for the sailors who manned the ship in which he was a passenger, and whom he met at every turn in the ports at which he landed. We can, with but little aid of the imagination, follow him in that voyage from Berea to Athens.

Passing southward between the long island of Euboea and the main land, his eye must have rested upon many a scene of classic and historic interest with which he was familiar. There was the pass of Thermopylae, where Leonidas with his 300 Lacedæmonians had kept at bay the hosts of Xerxes; and yonder was Marathon, where 10,000 Athenian troops under the command of Miltiades, beat back and shattered the vast army of Darius the Persian, numbering 110,000 men who had come thither for the reduction of Greece.

Leaving the island of Euboea, the ship soon reached the Saronic Gulf into which it turned, after passing the promontory of Sunium. Here stood a temple of Minerva, a land mark for the sailor, and an indication of the near approach to the city that had made her its patron.

As the eye of the Apostle turned eagerly towards the shore, it must soon have caught sight of a glittering object standing out on the Acropolis, in the wondrous glow of that pure atmosphere. It was the head of the spear in the hand of the colossal statue of Minerva, wrought out of the shields taken at the battle of Marathon. As the

ship made its way upward, the Apostle could not but have marked with increasing interest each object that came into view, associated as it was with many a thrilling history of the land he was approaching. Yonder is the island of Ægea, once inhabited by a race of brave and hardy men whose strength was in their navy, but who gave themselves up to Darius when he demanded the submission of all Greece, and were finally routed in a naval battle by Pericles, who expelled them from their homes. There too, is Salamis, where Athens met and hurled back the naval power of Persia. And yonder lies the 'Eye of Greece' the far famed Athens, sadly declined as to her ancient glory, but yet retaining enough to attract to herself the scholars and philosophers of the world.

Passing by the old ports of the city, now almost useless, the vessel at last rounded into the Piræus, where might have been seen the corn ships from Alexandria and from the Black Sea, with fishing and small coasting vessels whose sailors were watching the new arrival, while groups of idlers stood upon the shore, to whom every such incident was an item of news that gratified for the time their insatiate thirst for novelty.

As they passed through the narrow passage leading into the port, the Apostle must have seen on either hand two enormous stone lions, which are supposed to have been placed there in honor of the battle of Marathon, and which, sixteen centuries afterwards, were removed to Venice, and placed on either side of the entrance to the Arsenal, with two smaller ones also taken from Athens. At length the ship comes to anchor within the harbor, and Paul making his

way to the shore, finds on every hand the remains of the former greatness and glory of the city. Many of its ancient features are still retained. The port itself is a rocky peninsula, surrounded by the harbors of Munichia and Phalerum on the one side, and the Piræus on the other. Though war and time have destroyed its buildings and its walls, their ruins and foundations still remain, and here and there the Apostle beholds a monument or a statue that recalls to his memory some familiar legend of other ages.

Though the long walls built by Themistocles have disappeared, and the city which once stretched to the sea has shrunk in its proportions, the old boundaries are still well defined, and the Apostle making his way along the same path that was once lined with houses and statues and public works, at length reaches the city, and entering it by the Peiraic gate, stands amidst the old capital of Greece. He looks out on every hand upon the evidences of its ancient wealth and art, and alas, of its present ignorance of the true God. There, where poets, and philosophers, and statesmen, and sages had stood, and given utterance to "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," where painters and sculptors had left the wondrous memorials of their genius, and vast crowds of citizens had listened to the instructions of Plato and Socrates, and had been moved to deeds of noble daring, by orators whose names were every where recorded, Paul stood, and with his whole soul stirred within him, uttered in the ears of the multitudes who surrounded him the blessed truths of the Gospel of Christ. "The unknown God," whose altar he had seen as he passed upward from the

sea, he declared unto them,—and opened to their minds truths respecting Jesus and the Resurrection which none of their sages and philosophers had ever known. And the seed which was sown in that brief visit of the Apostle to Athens was not lost, for even before he left the place some of his hearers were converted to the truth.

The history and letters of Paul have left us but little more notice of the results of his visit there, but from other sources we learn that Christianity gradually made its way in Athens as elsewhere, and that in the fifth century the pagan temples were closed or destroyed, or dedicated to Christian worship. The city has had a varying fortune since those early ages, now occupied by the Crusaders, and then by the Mohammedans, again by the Venetians, and finally by the Greeks, to whom it naturally belongs.

The Piræus has shared in the fortunes of Athens, sinking with it into an insignificant village, and recovering from its long decline, now that it is once more the seaport of the Grecian capital. It is at present the scene of considerable enterprise and activity.

A large and growing city stands to-day on the spot where Paul first stood when he visited Athens. The modern town contains six or seven thousand inhabitants, and a fair supply of churches and schools. In its sheltered harbor lie the ships of nations which were only rude barbarians when Paul lived, or which were then unknown. The top-gear of the old Alexandrian corn ship has yielded to the more graceful outlines of modern rigging, and the steamers of all nations now enter the waters that were once crowded with ships propelled by oars, drawn by a hundred stal-

wart and sturdy sailors. Through eighteen centuries, time has been working its mighty changes by war and revolution, and decay, and enterprise, since Paul stood on the deck of the ship that bore him onward, and looked out upon those scenes of natural beauty and historic interest. But the "UNKNOWN GOD" whom he declared

to the people of Athens, still lives and reigns; and the Gospel which he preached alike to lord and peer, to sailor and landsman, to the ignorant and the wise, still makes its way to the minds and hearts of men, and is the "wisdom and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

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## HOSPITAL CHRISTIANS.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

Not hospitable Christians, who are usually a very good sort of people. But hospital Christians, who are about good for nothing. They are sick; other people see it, and are sorry for them, but they do not themselves realize their pitiable condition.

The worst of it is that they are self-made invalids. Good people often suffer bodily disease by the visitation of God; but these dyspeptic Christians are sick by the visitation of their own sins. As Mr. A——'s bloated face means a bottle, and young B——'s shattered nervous system means sensuality—so the spiritual sickness of these ill-conditioned Christians is the direct result of indulged sin and neglected duty. Observe that they are not false professors who never had any piety to lose. They are Christians—not fully alive, and not perfectly dead. Some time ago they were converted and joined the Church of Christ; now they are perverted, and have come to look so much like ordinary sinners that their brethren hardly recognize them. Over the door of the hospital-ward in which they are wasting their lives is the inscription—"Backslider."

It requires no profound skill to detect the cause of Brother A——'s

spiritual dyspepsia, or Deacon B——'s palsy, or poor Mr. C——'s fractured character, or of Madam D——'s hasty decline. All these Christian professors are out of the field of active usefulness and healthy enjoyment by their own fault. How can a church-member be healthy who never works for Christ? How can his digestion be good when he rarely touches his Bible, and crams himself with nothing but secular newspaper and peppery works of fiction? How can a man's faith be strong when he rarely enters his closet? How can his pulse of benevolent sympathy beat warmly while he is squandering hundreds on his luxuries, and begrudging an occasional dollar to the Lord? If the eyes of any of these dyspeptic and diseased professors happen to light upon this paragraph, let me say to them: Friends! you are sick by your own fault, and you must be restored by your own efforts. Christ is your Physician, but you must use the remedies He enjoins. At present you are about useless to your pastor, to your church, and to your Master; and if you die as you are, you will be ashamed to ask a place in heaven. You must get well. But how?

1. You need a change of diet.

Instead of a surfeit of newspapers and novels and other spiced condiments, give your starved soul large daily rations of the Bread of Life. When a colporteur asked a rough backwoodsman if he had a Bible in his house, the man rummaged on an upper shelf of a cupboard until he found a few torn leaves of a Testament. "I declare, stranger!" said he, "I do need some more Bible; I did not know we was so near out!" What this illiterate frontiersman put so roughly, is literally true of too many Christian professors. They are sadly "out of Bible," and not only of that, but of all sound devotional reading which can elevate and invigorate the soul. Nothing will give tone and sinew to your enfeebled piety like a thorough study of God's Word. All strong Christians are large and hungry feeders on the Bible. Good biographies also are bracing.

2. You need a better atmosphere. Several fever patients were once cured by simply carrying them out of the foetid atmosphere of a quarantine building, and laying them in the pure open air. You have breathed quite too long the unwholesome atmosphere of Christless resorts. The ball-room and other haunts of evening dissipation are as unfavorable to a Christian's health as the heated air of Mammon's crowded marts. One of the most godly merchants I am acquainted with says that he never dares to trust himself in the hot excitements of the day's business without a good hour with his Bible and with God in his closet in the morning. He never misses either his church or prayer-meetings. Hundreds of young Christians soon contract a "malarial fever" from deserting the prayer-room and plunging into a round of evening

gaeties. The church hospitals are overfull of this class of emaciated professors.

3. You also need exercise. Never will you recover your appetite for God's work and ordinances—never will the flush of spiritual joy mantle your countenance, until you have laid hold of hard, self-denying work. An hour by the bedside of some poor sufferer in a garret—another hour or two in a mission-school every week—a pull at temperance work or some other uphill enterprise of benevolence, will give tone to your piety, and muscle to your prayers. You are dying of close confinement and laziness. The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on. When you have had a few months of healthful Bible-diet and Bible-duty, you will feel a glow of delight in your whole soul. Already your Master is calling to you—"Arise, take up thy bed, and walk!"—*London Christian*.

### Work Among the Seamen.

God was in our prayer-meeting last evening, doing his own gracious work. I seemed shut up to one passage of Scripture (*Rom. iii, 21-31*), though it was not what I wanted for the end I had in view; but the result proved God's wisdom. The main lesson drawn from it was the duty and means of attaining holiness—a lesson to Christians—whereas, I wanted a message to sinners. Among the strangers present, was a large man, with rugged, but expressive, features, evidently a man of strong



passions and good intellectual powers. He sat till near the close of the meeting, almost motionless, but plainly under deep emotions, when he started to his feet, and in most earnest tones spoke thus: "From this hour in which I first enter this church, do I solemnly resolve to be a Christian. I came in here somehow this evening, and I feel that the preaching was all meant for me. I am a great sinner—a dreadful sinner. My father was a Swedenborgian clergyman, and my mother a very pious woman, and till I was seventeen years old, I was trained to love the Bible, and walk in Christian ways. Then I began to read such writers as Paine, Voltaire, Strauss, etc., and I plunged into sinful ways. Sin and woe have been my lot these many years, yet God has spared me, and I believe it is because he means to save my soul. I have suffered—I am an alien from my home—I was four years in the Union army, was shot through the breast at Gettysburg, and languished in the Libby prison—but I sinned on madly. Now I want you to pray for me. From this hour I set out to be a Christian." His tone and whole manner were full of the energy of real decision.

Then a member of the church rose and said: "The lesson of the evening is for me also. That twenty-fifth verse is especially dear to me, because it is the passage that first brought me into the light. Great was my joy then, but God took it away from me, because he wished to lead me into a larger experience—that which has been explained to-night. And now I want to say to this man who has spoken, that I have been just where he is, and I know that there is salvation for him. I, too,

was religiously trained. I, too, broke away from all virtue, and plunged into infidelity and dissipation, till I was ruined in body, mind, and soul. I was drunk one day, up at the What Cheer House, when a stranger put his hand on me and said: 'You are foolish to throw yourself away in this manner. You can reform, if you wish. I have been a drunkard, but now I am a sober, happy, prosperous man.' What he said was very ordinary, but it moved me, and to this day the tones of that voice sound in my ears, though I have never seen the man since. Soon after this, aimlessly, just as this man has done to-night, I came into this room, to a prayer-meeting, and here I found salvation. And now for these years God has kept me in the path of life. And if he could thus keep me, though my mind was almost imbecile through strong drink, surely he can help this man; and he will do it."

Another stranger, with an Irish cast of countenance, was present, and had been very uneasy all the evening, changing his seat again and again, and standing up, so as to face the speakers. He was a little intoxicated, but clear-headed, and now he spoke: "If you will let so bad a man as I am speak to you, I want to ask you to pray for me. The preacher meant me, and I deserve it all, for I am a dreadful sinner. I am not fit to speak to you, but do pray for me." He stood with his hand on the door, as if ready to run out. I said to him, "We will pray for you, but you must also pray for yourself." He answered quickly, "I can't pray—I don't know a prayer—I was a Catholic, but now I have no religion—I am too wicked to pray, anyway, and God

would not hear me, but he will hear you. You will pray for me, won't you?" When assured that God would certainly hear and answer him, if he prayed honestly and in the name of Jesus Christ, he exclaimed in a startled manner, "Do you believe it?—what, such a sinner as I am?"

Then the other stranger, who had asked for prayer, caught him by the hand, and said, "You *must* pray. Because you have been a fool so long, is no reason why you should be a fool always. God will save you even at the eleventh hour, if you will only go to him; but you must pray."

All this made a hum of confusion, though no harm was done; and I put a stop to it by asking some one to lead us in prayer for these two men. Then a brother offered a prayer, which we all felt was indited by the Spirit, and the meeting was closed. Surely, God sent these men to us that they might be saved. It is blessed to be where God works graciously.

### Finding "Girl" In The Bible.

An English town-missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging-house in his district which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in, and see who

he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said:

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town-missionary?"

"I am sir," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the fierce-looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that? for I am a man of my word."

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said:

"I will take you."

"Well, then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word *girl* in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well, sir, the word *girl* is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the Prophet Joel, iii: 3. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat; I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told, yesterday," said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very

morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word *girl*, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been overruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.—*American Wesleyan*.

### The Power from Above.

When Napoleon was leading his army across the snowy Alps, the drummer of Macdonald's corps was suddenly swept by a descending avalanche of snow into a fearful gulf. He sank hundreds of feet far out of sight beneath the icy crags. He still lived, and for hours his drumbeat was heard at intervals to let it be known he was there, and alive in the bottom of the abyss. But no human aid could reach him. The roll of his drum awoke earnest desire in the hearts of his old comrades, as they filed by on their narrow, winding paths; but they were obliged to leave him to perish, far from home, friends and country. Is it possible that a soul may be in a lost condition, and know it, and desire to escape from it, and make efforts to escape, and yet perish? Yes, doubtless. To be convinced of his lost state would not save. To beat his drum would not save. The sympathy of friends would not. What the poor drummer needed was a power above himself to lift him out. Christ, and he alone, meets this want, and salvation is possible. Nothing that we can do will lift us out of the

depths into which sin has plunged us. Looking to Jesus and giving ourselves up to his strong willing arms is all. This is the Faith that saves. Looking to Jesus, and committing ourselves to him. But suppose one will not look to Him?

For The Sailors' Magazine.

### The Wreck on the Strand.

BY REV. CHARLES WHEELER DENISON.

Down among the sedges lying,  
In the ledges anchored fast,  
Tides all through her, sea-winds sighing,  
Homeward voyage made, at last!  
Fierce the storms that she has weathered!  
Brave the men who walked her deck!  
Gallant flags above her gathered—  
Helpless now she lies, a wreck!

From her native land a ranger,  
Oft she traversed foreign seas;  
Distant islands hailed the stranger,  
Far-off zephyrs gave her breeze.  
By what shores her keel has wafted  
Precious cargoes from all lands!  
Through what straits and breakers drafted,  
She has loosed her rudder-bands!

Look upon her! Trace we sadly  
All her devious billow-path,  
Till we see her rushing madly  
On the lee-shore's fearful wrath!  
Shivered, shattered, battered, stranded,  
Stripped of masts, and sails, and blocks,  
Anchorless and shroudless, landed,  
Food for worms, among the rocks!

Ah! what dear ones met disaster,  
Where she found this reefy home?  
When she sank, who sank still faster.  
In the cold and cruel foam?  
We may never know who perished  
Through the storm when she went down!  
Who, of hearts so fondly cherished,  
Strangled, died, as mortals drown!

We may never walk the verges  
Where the parting spirit trod,  
Nor pursue, from death's dark surges,  
The ascending soul to God.  
But we know, on life's broad waters,  
God still speaks from every wave:  
"Ho! EARTH'S DYING SONS AND DAUGHTERS!  
CHRIST IS ON THE SEA, TO SAVE!"

Man the Life Boat, Christian brother!  
Storms all round life's ocean lower!  
Thou art saved!—O, save another!  
'Tis salvation's precious hour!

## The Sailor's Text.

## BEACONS.

"Take heed to yourselves."—Mark xiii. 9.

Lighthouses are to guide—Beacons speak of danger. Voyager to an Eternal home! God has set up warning beacons along the headlands of life. Their language is, "Keep off!" "Beware!" Write "beware" on everything!—on thy heart, on thy thoughts, on thy words, on thy actions. Many foes are watching for thy destruction. Tamper not with sin,—venture not on doubtful ground,—walk not on the edge of the precipice,—avoid sources and scenes of temptation—evil haunts and evil associates—the world—the flesh—and the devil.

Sailing along life's sea, look to these among other Beacons which God has placed for thy guidance and safety:—

"Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

"Abstain from all appearance of evil."

"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."

"Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

"This I say, brethren,—The time is short."

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## Denmark.

## COPENHAGEN.

Our faithful, highly esteemed, and most useful Missionary at the SAILORS' HOME, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, availing himself of a favorable opportunity, for the purpose of rest and recreation made a visit during the summer to his native land. In the following communication, which is full of interest, and will be read with delight by his and our many friends and helpers, he tells the story of his visit, and the encouragement he feels to dedicate himself anew to the work which the Lord is so signally prospering.—Ed.

Having just arrived in safety from a visit to my native land, the kingdom of Denmark, I desire to return thanks to God for his preserving care and goodness, and for his presence which I truly feel has been with me both in going and coming. I left my Danish home many years ago to become a seaman, then a wanderer from God. Since that time I have paid but few visits to the fatherland, before this summer.

This last visit has been a very pleasant one in many ways; first, because I found my relatives and friends in health, some of them loving the Saviour, and others anxiously seeking him; but more especially because I find in my beloved native land a great change for the better in regard to spiritual things.

*A Spiritual Awakening in Denmark.*

Whoever has known Denmark in the past, cannot fail to remark the great awakening that has taken place within a few years in the Lutheran Church. In a conversation with an aged Christian, he said, "Yes, the Lutheran ministers are becoming aroused, and when they are, they can preach, and their preaching is blest. We have now many truly converted people among the Lutherans, calling for deep thanksgiving and praise to the Lord."

During my stay in Copenhagen, which was only four weeks, I visited four different Lutheran churches, attending di-

vine worship on the Sabbath day in each. Long before the hour of service every seat was occupied in the pews and in the aisles; even the standing room was occupied, the crowd extending to the street outside the doors. But I was still more surprised at the simplicity and power in which the Gospel was presented by the faithful ministers of our Lord Jesus, and the eager attention of the dear people. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, and we could almost hear a pin drop, in the solemn stillness. In the congregation were a great many young people, all seeming to enjoy the services; some faces beaming with joy and peace, others shedding penitent tears. I was deeply impressed and greatly benefited, and could not help praising the Lord.

Besides the regular services on the Sabbath in these churches, they have Bible-readings on week evenings, which are well attended. Sabbath-school work is also progressing. New churches are going up, and God's work indeed prospering. The labors of the two English evangelists Lord RADSTOCK and Mr. RATCLIFFE have been greatly blessed in our country. These brethren, with hearts filled with the love of God, have devoted themselves, and their ample means to this blessed work of going from place to place to tell the glad news of salvation; and though they are compelled to speak by an interpreter, their labors are very acceptable and have been greatly blessed, multitudes attending upon their preaching, which is in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. The whole community seems aroused to give attention to divine things.

#### *Work for Seamen in Copenhagen.*

As regards religious work among seamen in Copenhagen, I found, that, while a good deal is done by their mission for their own seamen in other lands, the work at home has been very much neglected. Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is quite a large seaport, the vessels in the harbor often number-

ing from two to four hundred, with a great many seamen on board, and ashore. Here is a wide field for work, and yet I think, nothing has been attempted for the spiritual benefit of these seafaring people, save what has been done, and is doing by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. This Society in its earnest, far-reaching work, has not overlooked Denmark. For many years it has aided missionaries in working for seamen at this and other ports, and of late these efforts have been especially effective. About three years ago, the Society sent home to Copenhagen, Mr. ANDREAS WOLLESON, a native of the country, who had been hopefully converted in America, and had acquired an experience in work for seamen, by similar labor in the port of New York. He went in the spirit of Christ, prepared to speak in his own tongue the wonderful works of God. A mission-room was hired, and services on the sabbath and during the week begun. This room is visited by a great number of seamen, numbers of whom have been hopefully converted. Having been privileged to labor with Mr. Wolleson here in New York, at the SAILORS' HOME, in harbor, boarding houses, hospitals and private families, for eighteen months before he was sent home, I learned to know him well and it gives me great pleasure to say, that I never met with a more faithful servant of the Lord. In his mission in Copenhagen, I found him, together with his devoted Christian wife, true to the charge committed to him by the Society which sent him forth,—instant in season and out of season, and sparing no effort to advance the kingdom of Christ, in the saving of precious souls. I was present on several occasions at the evening service, and the room was always crowded, every seat being occupied, and sometimes the standing room also. Mrs. Wolleson assists her husband in the work. Though her eyesight is impaired, so that she cannot read the hymns in the evening, yet she knows them by heart, and leads the singing.

I observed in these meetings a deep seriousness, which I have not often seen elsewhere. Time and again at the close of the service, when the invitation was given to those, who were anxious for their souls' salvation to stand up for prayer, I have seen from twenty to thirty rise at once, as if in real earnest, and in many cases they would tarry long after the meeting was dismissed, for prayer and conversation.

On leaving port the sailors are supplied with books, tracts and testaments by the missionary, and kind words are spoken, ever urging them to give their hearts to Jesus. Eternity alone will reveal the good already done in this mission in Copenhagen, established there by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and its friends expect and believe that what has been accomplished, will be but as the few drops before the plentiful shower.

*Danish Women's Cooperation.—Their Sailor's Libraries.*

The christian women of Copenhagen are beginning to help in this work for seamen. They seem to have been truly stirred by the spirit of the Lord. A society has been formed, called the Københavns Kvindeforening for Missionsnønden Söfolk—or Women's Society in aid of Missions among Seamen, its object being to furnish vessels with libraries. A specimen of these libraries was presented through me, to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in New York.

It consists of religious books and tracts in various languages, enclosed in a canvas bag, the handiwork of the ladies, neatly and tastefully made and decorated by them, with an anchor and flags handsomely painted on the front. These libraries are placed by Mr. Wolleson in the vessels, and are hung securely in a convenient place. They bear evidence in the return vessels, of having been well read.

By special invitation I attended one of the meetings of this society during my stay in Copenhagen. It was held at the house of Miss Rörby. Many ladies were present. The meeting was opened with prayer by Pastor Prior, of the Frue Church, and by singing. An interesting report was read by the Pastor, of work for seamen in foreign lands. Brother Wolleson told of his own work, and the great usefulness of this new enterprise, which the ladies had undertaken, and then being requested to say a few words, I told them of the great good the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was doing by furnishing vessels with libraries, and of the wonderful results we had already seen. I spoke to them of our devoted seamen's missionary, who died a short time ago in the Presbyterian hospital, in New York City, Mr. JAMES SPENCER, who through the reading of a book from one of these libraries at sea, was led to search the Scriptures, became deeply convinced of sin, was converted, and from that time gave himself to gospel work among his fellow seamen. I was able to tell of others, who through the reading of books at sea, had become Christians, proving the word of God to be true,—“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”

*Copenhagen Sailors' Home.*

There is a Sailors' Home in Copenhagen, which I visited several times. The building is very large and beautiful, with a nice reading-room, well supplied with books and reading matter, comfortable apartments and baths. The proprietor and his wife are good people,—nevertheless the enterprise does not seem to prosper. I was told the difficulty was in its unfavorable location. Calling with Mr. Wolleson on Capt. ———, the chief person in organizing the Home, an excellent man, and truly anxious to have the Home made a success, we told him of our HOME in New

York, connected with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, how it is situated and conducted, and how it prospers. He was much pleased to receive the information, and purposes to do all he can for the prosperity of the Home in Copenhagen. As he is a man of considerable influence, we doubt not a change for the better will be speedily effected.

#### *A Visit in Sweden.*

I made also a visit to Helsingborg, Sweden, where I found Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT at his post, laboring with all his might. Before I left Copenhagen, he visited us there, at the seamen's mission, from whence he went back to other Swedish ports, refreshed for his missionary work.

#### *The Outlook for Labor for Seamen.*

During my stay in Copenhagen I had the privilege of speaking to a number of christian ministers, in regard to spiritual work among seamen, viz., Rev. Dr. KALKER, Pastor PRIOR, Pastor EVALDSEN, Pastor STEIN, and Pastor KRAG. All seem to be men of God, with a single aim, viz., to advance the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth. I told them too, of the great work the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was doing among the seamen throughout the whole world, and urged them most kindly, while they were laboring for their sailors abroad, to take hold and work with brother Wolleson for the sailors at their own doors. They were pleased to hear and talk about it, and promised to come up to the help of the Lord in this cause. Rev. Dr. Kalker and Pastor Prior are at the head of the seamen's mission, and Pastor Prior has visited the mission several times and preached there. Their feeling was that there were ample spiritual privileges provided in the numerous churches, and various means of grace throughout the city. But I tried to show them, that these seafaring people for obvious reasons, would not go

out of their way to seek for themselves the religious influence they needed,—that the gospel must be brought to them. Christian workers must go down to their haunts, on board the vessels, into the boarding houses, and carry in their hands directly to them the Word of Life. They seemed to feel the force of this reasoning, and we can but hope that good will result.

#### *Acknowledgements.*

On board the steamer *Anchoria*, of the Anchor line, the vessel in which I sailed across the Atlantic, going and coming, I was very kindly treated. I can speak of captain, officers and crew, not only as able in every department, but as perfect gentlemen. Having quite a number of passengers, who could not speak English, I was often called on to act as interpreter. On my arrival in Glasgow and Leith, and on my way to and from Norway and Denmark, every attention was paid to me by the German agent, Mr. R——, and also by the proprietor of the Temperance Hotel, in Glasgow, where I stopped for a few days. Religious service was held on the steamer, private religious conversations had with the passengers and sailors, tracts were distributed, and I trust the blessing of God will follow these efforts for his glory.

C. A. BORELLA.

*Sailors' Home,  
New York, Oct. 16th, 1879.*

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#### Antwerp.

BELGIUM.

Rev. Dr. A. G. VERMILYE, our chaplain, writes, Oct. 1st, as follows:—"My letters of past dates have informed you how I found the Bethel affairs on my arrival six months ago, what steps I was taking to remove long standing difficulties, and the success I was meeting with in the efforts to do so. Now, at the end of six months, I am able to re-

port the good and quiet working of the arrangement made, with excellent indications for the future. Such remnants of the old trouble as showed themselves in reducing things to order, have been got along with. The new Committee has lately been making needed repairs to the Bethel, and arranging ways of interesting seamen in it for the winter. I hope and believe we shall be able to work together, without friction or trouble. The religious work is reserved for the Chaplain appointed by you and by the British Society in turn. Our Sunday services have been most excellently attended, while occasionally we have had as many as thirty or forty remain to the short prayer meeting at the close of the evening service. On Monday evening, too, we have had some good meetings and well attended. I have been surprised to find how many British seamen are Christians, seamen of all grades; and certainly it has been a great pleasure to hear some of them pray. One can tell at once what a number of Wesleyans there are among them. These men have been converted in different places and under different influences,—one of them told me he was converted in Egypt, another at Bombay, but it is the same Gospel they profess:—the same faith comes out in their prayers, and they all seem to know Moody and Sankey's hymns. The other evening there were fourteen negroes at the service, and some of the pleasantest prayers have occasionally been made by negroes, stewards some of them, and some common sailors. These latter it is difficult to know how to reach,—paid off on landing, they disappear, to be shipped again in a few days. The system of one ship seemed to me to be admirable. The captain was in connection with a London society, as a Bethel ship. He had preaching-desk, melodeon, hymn books, and a small instruction room. Where it can be done, this is taking the Bethel to sea with them, and may lead them to seek it when they come ashore.

"Antwerp is the third port in Europe, ranking next after London and Liverpool. It differs widely from them, however, in religious matters. Here Sunday is *fete* day, the day for regattas, theatres, concerts, parades, and the like. We do, however, get a Sunday at the Bethel, with some from the land, and a constantly changing audience from the sea; while our hope is, also, to make it the center of influences for the good of seamen. Lately we have lost much in the absence of our most excellent colporteur, Mr. JOHN HAM, whom a fall on the dock has laid up sick for more than a month with a dangerous abscess. He will, I hope, return soon, and that between us we may be able to work to good purpose. Certainly matters look better than they have for a long time."

### New York City.

In July, August and September, Mr. DEWITT C. SLATEB, missionary, made 419 visits to Sailors' Boarding Houses, 1,038 to vessels, 15 to Hospitals, and held 93 religious services, and he speaks of this labor as renewedly "graciously, and signally blessed of the Lord." We quote:—

"During one of my visits to the Hospital, a young Swedish sailor, a consumptive, 'about to depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' to whom I gave a Swedish and English Testament, (in one), on a previous visit, said to me,—'My anchor takes hold within the veil.'"

The last meeting held at our Tompkins Street Mission, previous to our removal to the Room, corner Mangin and Broome Streets, was one of success, and great spiritual interest. Two young seamen came forward and knelt in prayer. We believe that before the meeting closed, they received a change of heart. Since first opening the Tompkins Street Mission, (about seventeen months ago), I have kept a list of the names of forty seamen and others, who were converted during the mission meetings. Of these there are twenty, whose whereabouts I know, and who still are faithful Christians, attend the meetings and are active



workers in the cause of Christ. Some have become members of churches."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., NAVY YARD.

A correspondent, writing of a recent service at the chapel on Cob Dock, under the care of our Missionary, Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, says:—"Last Sabbath, a most earnest, kind and impressive sermon was preached to the two hundred and thirty seamen there assembled, by Rev. HALSEY W. KNAPP, who followed the sea himself for some years, and has a brother who devoted his whole life to that profession. Mr. Knapp has a message to deliver, and delivers it without a moment's hesitancy, without a thought of self or anything else, save a most warm-hearted desire to win his hearers to their own highest good. His text was the demon's remonstrance through the man of whom they had taken possession, "*What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the Most High God? I adjure Thee by God, that Thou torment me not!*" He spoke for a moment on the various devils that reign in the human heart, and to whom the reproofs, and the pity of Christ are nothing but a vexation and torment, especially the devil of Rum, then passed on to two points, which were taken up in order: 1st.—Every man on earth has something to do with Christ, whether he will or no. He may shun his mates, or his lieutenants, but can never escape the eye of, nor responsibility to the Captain. 2nd.—Is Christ and his ways, his messengers and his invitations, a torment to us? The discourse elicited breathless attention, and as the speaker portrayed the grand opportunity every sailor had to bear witness for Christ among his mates, as he shipped from vessel to vessel,—assuring them that there never yet were men on sea or land so bad, that they did not soon tire of ridiculing a thoroughly consistent christian boy or man,—there were many moist eyes about the room, and full confirmation of that statement.

"While singing the last hymn, sitting, Mr. Knapp invited any who felt desirous to work with and for Christ, and who would like to be specially remembered in prayer, to rise. Eighteen did so.

"It was very gratifying on the above occasion, to see Commodore NICHOLSON and his lady, and Captain GHEARDI, of the *Colorado*, in attendance. Whatever may be earthly distinctions, it must be humanizing and Christianizing to come together in acknowledgment of common needs, and a call upon the One Father to supply them."

### Boston, Mass.

From the Chelsea Hospital, Captain ANDREW BARTLETT, missionary, writes :

"We have had more men in the hospital, last quarter, and more religious interest, than for a long time past. Two weeks ago, two sailors, one an Italian, one an American,—last week a German, and this week a Portuguese, left us to tell their countrymen and the world, what Christ has done for them. Two other sailors, one of whom was here twelve years ago, the other a nurse here, seven years since, came to tell us, that the seed sown while here, has taken root, and that they have been saved. These results encourage us in our work. Pray for us !"

### Reviving the Memory of the Fathers.

*Compass and Chart*, (London, Eng.), in its issue for October, publishes the following record of *Meetings in a Room in Cherry Street, New York, in 1880*.

"A Society has been formed in the city of New York for the purpose of promoting the best temporal and spiritual interests of seamen. It consists of merchants, ship-masters, and others, who considering that seamen, from their constant change of place, are not in a position to make the arrangement for themselves, have concluded to build a marin-

ers' church, and supply seafaring men with the regular preaching of the gospel. It is believed that this worthy class of the community will hail with joy this new era in their history; and will be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of the regular worship of that God whose protection and mercy they are so often called to notice with gratitude. The subscription for the church is already in successful progress, and it is hoped that its foundation will be laid early in the spring. In the meantime a spacious room has been fitted up at No. 37 Cherry-Street, where all seamen are invited to attend every Sabbath, and where they will meet a hearty welcome. The hours are half-past ten in the morning, and half-past six in the evening. Those who have families are invited to bring them; and are informed that a Sunday-school is opened for their children, at two p. m. on every Sabbath, at the above-mentioned place."

*Compass and Chart* then adds:—"What has grown out of that Sailors' Society and the Cherry-street meeting since 1820? Now it is 1879. Only last year we were in this very Cherry-street, and stayed at the *Sailors' Home*. Here we saw after all these years what the grace of God is still doing for seamen. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander conduct this Home with wonderful tact, patience, and perseverance. Mrs. Alexander goes among the men herself, and makes them feel at home. Religious meetings are daily held in the little chapel in the building, and the faithful and earnest missionary, Mr. Borella, resides also in the Home, and is constantly ministering to the men. We are glad to find that this old building, which has done such glorious service for New York, is to be rebuilt and greatly enlarged as a Memorial of the Semi-centenary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. For fifty years this Society has not only sustained this Home from its origin, but has done a truly international work. It has sent chaplains to home and foreign ports. It has at a cost of *thousands of pounds*, since 1828, kept the cause of the sailor vividly before the American churches and nation by its well-conducted MAGA-

ZINE. It has been ahead of all other societies in the extent of its *Floating Libraries*, having sent out to April, 1879, no less than 6,502. This Society owes very much, 1st, to the fact that so many Christian ship-owners and merchants, with ministers of the city, have given their time and thought, and attended regularly the monthly meeting of the executive; and 2nd, that the churches and Sabbath-schools of the States have found so large a place for it in the sphere of their charitable operations. We send a message to it across the sea, and say,—“Go forward, and the Lord be with you!”

### An Old Subject Freshly Illustrated.

We have spoken again and again, in the MAGAZINE, of the preservation of many of our Loan Libraries to a good old age. During September, among the reshipments of second-hand libraries, at our Rooms in New York and Boston, we sent out Libraries Nos. 61, 297, 1,201, 3 581. The first (No. 61) went out from Boston, in 1859, having been provided by Mrs. Zadock Rogers of Lowell, Mass.,—on the bark *Flight*, with 12 men in the crew. Soon the Captain wrote of it:—

“Truly God has done great things. We commenced our voyage by imploring His Spirit to be with us, and appointed three nights in the week for prayer-meetings. Great interest was felt in them. I then appointed a meeting for every night. We have had a blessing. Every soul in the fore-castle is earnestly seeking the way of life, or rejoicing in hope. I believe Eternity alone will reveal the good which the Library has done.”

Our Boston Secretary adds to the above, the statement that the Library has been heard from six times since its first shipment, and that it has been useful in every voyage. “A whole page of my book is covered with reports from it.”

Library No. 297 was given by the Boys'

Missionary Society and Juvenile Hesh-born Society, S. P. Cook, *Secretary*, Keene, N. H., in 1860. It went to sea in the U. S. ship *Gem*, 80 men, and was much used. They had prayers on board the vessel, the man who led them was called the "little Methodist preacher." He stood his ground and did much good.

Library No. 1,201, also reshipped in September, appeared at our Rooms, then, for the first time since its original shipment, in 1864. That was provided by the S. S. of First Congregational Church in Danbury, Conn., and after a little refurbishing, has now gone out in good order on the brig *Arcof* of Machias, Me., for Fernandina, Fla.

So, No. 3,581, contributed by the S. S. of Presbyterian church at Sweden, N. Y., and first sent out in 1870, has just returned to us, and gone out again, to hold on its way, with these and other Libraries which were furnished to the men of the sea, many years ago. Truly there is nothing indestructible in a real instrument for spiritual good.

### A Quick Return.

In January of the present year, we placed Loan Library No. 6,553 on the barkentine *Elinor Vernon*, of New York, for New Zealand, with fifteen men in her crew. It was provided by four little girls in class No. 23, in the Lancaster, Erie County, N. Y., Presbyterian S. S. — "Flora," "Fanny," "Nora," and "Hattie," and they sent it out with a printed statement, which was placed in each book, — that they would be glad to hear of any good accomplished by the library, which was their Christmas Thank-offering. Here is the first response, as below, written after a passage out and back.

"New York, Oct. 21st, 1879.

To the American Seamen's Friend Soc'y :

We think that your Society is the means of doing a great deal of good. The Library which you so kindly sent us, No. 6,553, has been perused by offi-

cers and men with a great deal of pleasure, and I hope with profit. We give our earnest thanks to the Sabbath-school class who packed them for us, — also to yourselves.

J. H. COPP,

Master Barkentine *Elinor Vernon*."

### How One More was Saved.

A seaman, writing to our missionary at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, from the Mare Island (Cal.) U. S. Navy Yard, July 24th, 1879, says:

"It is due to you that I should tell you what a reformation has been effected in my case, by your means. I once held a good position in the city of New York, both socially and financially speaking, and had a happy home; (ah, so happy), but I was stricken to the heart by the loss of a wife who was completely idolized. In fact it was simply adoration on my part, and I lost her, and with her my whole aim and hope in life. My recklessness soon brought me down very low indeed, until even I, in my sober and lucid moments began to see that it was necessary that there should be a limit to my downward career, or it would soon carry me completely to ruin. Then I resolved to enter the navy, where I knew that for a time at least, there would be no temptation for me to withstand. There I met you. For a long time I held aloof, and was deaf to all arguments on the subject of attending your pleasant meetings; finally I relented so far as to attend once in a while, and was compelled in spite of myself at last to attend regularly, so great was the interest excited by the attempts to lead such fallen creatures as myself into the paths of sobriety and usefulness. Soon came the final struggle as to whether I should sign the total abstinence pledge, but common sense, or something else, I don't know what it was, prevailed, and I did sign it and the victory was won.

Now I do not intend to preach a temperance sermon. I would say however to the little lodge of Good Templars which has been established on the Cob Dock, that you are now bound by the most sacred ties to fulfill your duties as Templars, and assure you that it is not by holding meetings in your comfortable little room, that these are fulfilled. Let your influence be felt individually, outside, in the social lives in which you are called upon to take part, and make an active effort to show to the world what a

noble institution the "Temple of Freedom" is;—a freedom from the most abject slavery in the universe; more destroying in its effects than ordinary human bondage can be, for it leaves no hope in this world, and none for the future. It is not either by occasionally asking a friend whom you respect, to join your lodge, that you can hope to accomplish the ends for which you are banded together, but you are to strike at the root, and reform the fallen. Perhaps you may be the happy means of restoring one who has lost all hope, and bring him back to a sense of his responsibility as a human being.

W. W.

### Business of the U. S. Shipping Commissioner's Office.

During the month of September, says the *American Ship*, the crews of 86 vessels were shipped at the U. S. Shipping Commissioner's, in this city, \$21,249 being paid to those of the seamen who required advance wages, and 322 shipped without advance. There were 76 crews paid off, the entire pay-roll amounting to \$58,826.20. The supply of seamen, at present, barely meets the demand, wages ruling from \$13 to \$18 per month, according to the character of the voyage.

### "Baxter's Call" Still Working.

"A few days since," says *The Bethel Flag*, for October, "a sailor came to me, saying by his shining face, 'I am so happy I do not know what to do with myself.' On being asked what was the instrumentality of this great change, from a life of profanity, drunkenness and filthiness, to one of prayer and praise, he gave this narrative:—

'One day, upon the sea, I felt very unhappy. I did not know what to do with myself. Finally I went to my chest, at the bottom of which I spied a book. I thought I would open it. I did so, and a sentence struck my eye; it attracted me; I read on and on, until I began to feel that I was a sinner, and that I must pray. I prayed and read, and read and prayed—went to the Bible, to my knees, to the book, and again to my knees.

Finally, as I believe, God, through Christ, spoke peace to me. That book was 'Baxter's Call.'

Soon after he had finished his narrative, another sailor came in and said, 'There is one book I want before I go to sea again.' What is that? 'The Sailor's Companion.'

'Therefore, reader, let us keep good books circulating, both on the sea and on the land!

### Position of the Principal Planets for November, 1879.

**MERCURY** is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 5h. 29m., and south of west  $27^{\circ} 51'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 15th, at 7h. 19m., being  $13'$  north; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 17th, and sets on the evening of this day at 5h. 39m., and south of west  $34^{\circ} 27'$ ; is at its greatest elongation on the evening of the 20th, at 11 o'clock, being  $22^{\circ} 5'$  east of the sun; is stationary among the stars in Serpensarius on the morning of the 30th, at 6 o'clock.

**VENUS** is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 3h. 18m., and south of east  $29^{\circ}$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 10th, at 8h. 4m., being  $5^{\circ} 36'$  north.

**MARS** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 47m. past midnight, being  $18^{\circ} 22'$  north of the equator; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, once at 4m. past noon on the 1st, being  $4^{\circ} 39'$  south, and then again at 8m. past noon on the 27th, being  $3^{\circ} 47'$  south; is in opposition with the sun on the afternoon of the 12th, at 3h. 8m. At this time it is at its greatest brilliancy.

**JUPITER** crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 7h. 37m., being  $11^{\circ} 41'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 21st, at 4h. 18m., being  $5^{\circ} 30'$  south; is in quadrature with the Sun on the afternoon of the 26th, at 2h. 52m., and during the remainder of the month is considered as an evening star.

**SATURN** crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 9h. 58m., being  $1^{\circ} 37'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 24th, at 8h. 44m., being  $8^{\circ} 26'$  south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in September, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 27, of which 16 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, 3 foundered, and 5 are missing. The list comprises 2 ships, 7 barks, 2 brigs, and 11 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$350,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, a *a* abandoned, *s* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

### SHIPS.

Frank F. Curling, *f*, from Liverpool for Callao.  
Langdale, *w*, from San Francisco for Liverpool.

### BARKS.

Rose Schneider, *m*, from Bull River for Belfast, Ireland.

Broderfolket, *w*, from Calais for Baltimore.  
Ivanhoe, *w*, from Melbourne for S. Francisco.  
Natrona, *m*, from Ivigtut for Philadelphia.  
Stanley, *w*, from Honfleur for Baltimore.  
Nef, *w*, from Flensburg for New York.  
E. L. Partridge, *a*, from Liverpool for Matanzas.

### BRIGS.

Helen, *w*, from Turk's Island for Boston.  
Geo. Harris, *w*, from Boston for Pensacola.

### SCHOONERS.

Henry Adelbert, *w*, from Kennebec for Washington, D. C.  
Helen M. Condon, *m*, from Philadelphia for Gloucester.  
Chas. Gaskell, *w*, from W. Point, Va.  
Courser, *w*, from San Francisco for Pt. Townsend.  
Mars Hill, *w*, from Wood Pt., N. B. for N. York.  
Jas. Veldren, *f*, of Tuckerton, N. J.  
A. R. Weeks, *s*, from Baltimore for Boston.  
Jacob Birdsall, *w*, of New York.  
Gentile, *w*, (Near Southport, Me.)  
Leonora, *m*, from Galveston for Brw'k Bay, La.  
Emilia Franzen, *w*, from San Francisco.  
J. G. Wright, *f*, from Philadelphia for Marblehead.  
Woodruff Sims, *a*, from Chickahominy for New York.  
Planet, *w*, from Newburyport for Bangor.  
D. Davidson, *w*, from Anisquam for N. York.  
Catherine Royal, *m*, from Glace Bay for Boston.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

### AUGUST, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—34 English, 24 American, 10 French, 7 Italian, 6 German, 6 Norwegian, 2 Austrian, 2 Dutch, 2 Portuguese, 1 Danish, 1 Greek, 1 Swedish, 5 of which the nationality is unknown; total, 107. In this number are included 12 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—5 English, 1 Belgian, 1 Spanish, 1 French, 1 Dutch, 1 Portuguese; total, 10.

## Receipts for September, 1879.

### MAINE.

Castine, Estate of Samuel Adams, by  
L. G. Philbrook, ex.....\$900 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Laconia, Cong. church ..... 8 81  
Manchester, Jasper P. George, for lib'y 20 00

Troy, Estate of Dea. Abel Baker, per  
A. W. Baker and J. S. Parmenter,  
ex's..... 50 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Athol, Estate of Goodell Goddard, by  
F. J. Benjamin, ex., 69% on \$50... 24 50  
Boston, bark *Jesse Rylnas*, Capt. Adams 2 00  
Bark *Woodside*, Capt. Montgomery. 1 00  
Schr. *Priscilla Scribner*, Capt. Dasey 2 00  
Schr. *Bay State*, Capt. Baker..... 50  
Ship *Game Cock*, Capt. Hardy..... 11 50  
Enfield, Cong. church..... 13 40  
Falmouth, Cong. S. S., in full, for lib'y 10 00  
Franklin, Cong. church..... 15 79  
Georgetown, Memorial church..... 19 62  
Holbrook, Bequest of E. N. H..... 40 00  
Bequest of E. E. N..... 20 00  
Newton, Mrs. G. S. Harwood..... 5 00  
Northampton, Edwards ch., a friend.. 5 00  
Salem, South church S. S., for lib'y... 20 00  
South Abington, Cong. church, add'l.. 5 00  
Sudbury, Union church..... 15 00  
West Buxford, Cong. church..... 7 43

### CONNECTICUT.

Danielsonville, Friends, per J. D. Bigelow..... 4 00  
New Haven, 3rd Cong. church..... 19 00  
New London, Trust Estate of Henry P. Haven, late of New London..... 500 00  
1st church..... 20 45  
Norwich, Estate of Samuel C. Morgan 400 00  
Plantville, Cong. church..... 30 00  
Southbury, Cong. church S. S..... 2 10  
Stratford, 1st Cong. church..... 20 18  
Thomaston, Cong. church..... 18 75  
Westbrook, a friend to const. Mr. A. A. Cluff, of New Haven, Ct., L. M. Wethersfield, Mrs. F. Warner's S. S. class, for lib'y..... 20 00

### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, John D. Fish, two libraries for Edith B., and E. Mildred Fish. 40 00  
Puritan church, Mr. W. J. Mann, Treasurer..... 9 65  
Buffalo, Lafayette St. Pres. church... 63 50  
Individuals..... 21 00  
Rev. Wm. Reid..... 2 10  
Clifton, Meth. church..... 10 92  
Cortland, Pres. church..... 28 73  
Coxsackie, 2nd Ref. ch. of wh. \$20, from Mr. P. H. Silvester, for lib'y. 30 22  
Millbrook, The mite box of Millbrook Parsonage, for library..... 20 39  
New York City, Mrs. Anson Dodge, for lib'y, in memory of Arthur Daingerfield..... 20 00  
Capt. D. W. Chester, ship *Dauntless*, 15 00  
Capt. J. Potter, bark *Chignecto*..... 5 00  
T. C. D. & Co..... 5 00  
A friend..... 1 00  
Phelps, Pres. church..... 8 50  
Capt. White..... 1 08  
Poughkeepsie, 2nd Ref. church..... 26 00  
Miss A. L. Van Rensselaer, in part, for library..... 5 00  
Rochester, Rev. H. C. Riggs and family, for library..... 20 00  
Saugerties, Ref. ch. S. S., for lib'y... 20 00  
John Kiersted..... 30 00  
Spencer, Pres. church..... 12 00  
Beth. Pavilion..... 10 85  
Utica, Westminster Pres. church and Presbytery of Utica..... 25 60  
Wyoming, 1st Pres. church..... 5 96

### OHIO.

Richmond, James Butcher..... 1 00

### NEW MEXICO.

Saccoro, M. Matthewson..... 5 00

32,613 95




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### God Is Not A Merchant.

Once there was a poor woman standing before the window of a royal conservatory which looked into the public street. It was the dead of winter; and no flowers were to be seen in the gardens, and no fruit on the trees. But, in the hot-house, a splendid bunch of grapes hung from the glass ceiling, basking in the bright winter sun; and the poor woman gazed at it till the water came into her mouth, and she sighed,—

“Oh, I wish I could take it to my sick darling!” She went home and sat down to her spinning-wheel, and wrought day and night until she had earned half a crown. She then went to the king’s gardener, and offered that sum for the bunch of grapes; but the gardener received her unkindly, and told her not to come again. She returned home, and looked round her little cottage to see whether there was anything she could dispense with. It was a severe winter; yet she thought she could do without a blanket for a week or two; so she got another half crown, and went to the king’s gardener, and now offered him five shillings. But the gardener scolded her, and took her by the arm rather roughly, and turned her out. It just

happened, however, that the king’s daughter was near at hand; and when she heard the angry words of the gardener, and the crying of the woman, she came up, and inquired into the matter. When the poor woman had told her story, the noble princess said with a smile,—

“My dear woman, you were mistaken. My father is not a merchant, but a king: his business is, not to *sell*, but to *give*.” Whereupon she plucked the bunch from the vine, and gently dropped it into the woman’s apron. So the woman obtained as a free gift what the labor of many days and nights had proved unable to procure.

The salvation of the soul is the greatest treasure you can desire. But you cannot buy it with all the riches of the world, with all the prayers you could pray, with all the alms you could bestow, with all the useful works you could perform, during a life as long as Methuselah’s. The fact is, your soul’s salvation is in the hands of a King, and not of a Merchant. If you receive it at all, it must be as a gift; for you never can buy it.

Children, is not this joyful news?

God invites you to come and buy: but he knows that you have no money that can purchase what your soul needs; and so he adds, "without money, and without price." How kind!—*London S. S. Messenger.*

### Bread Upon The Waters.

Nearly half a century ago, long before railroads were invented, a stage coach used to run every day between Glasgow and Greenock, in Scotland. One day a lady who was traveling in this coach, noticed a boy walking barefooted, and looking very tired as he struggled to get along. She asked the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn at Greenock, which is a seaport town, she asked the boy what he had come there for. He said he wished to be a sailor and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and told him to be a good boy, and try to love and serve God.

After this twenty years passed away. One afternoon the coach was going along that same road, returning to Glasgow. Among the passengers was a sea-captain. When they reached about the same spot just above referred to, the captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, and looking very tired and weary. He asked the driver to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Shortly after, as they were changing horses, all the passengers got out except the captain and the old lady. As they were alone, the lady thanked the captain for his kindness in giving her a seat, as she was unable to pay for one. He said he had always felt a pity for poor tired foot-travelers. for twenty years ago, when he was a poor boy traveling on foot, near this place, some kind-hearted lady, ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat, "I remember that

very well," said she, "for I am that lady; but my condition is very much changed. Then I was very well off, but now I am reduced to poverty by the bad conduct of a prodigal son."

Then the captain shook hands with her, and said how glad he was to see her. "I have been very successful," said he, "and am now going home to live on my fortune; and now my good friend, I will settle twenty-five pounds (*i. e.*, a hundred dollars) upon you every year, as long as you live." God paid her back again, more than a hundred fold, what she gave in pity to that poor boy.—*Dr. Newton's "Best Loan."*

*For the Life Boat.*

### "Only A Sailor!"

"Go speak to that lad on yonder cart,—  
He is going to sea with a heavy heart;—  
Without a penny, without a friend,—  
No one to care what may be his end.  
Perhaps if you speak with a gentle grace  
You may touch his heart in a tender place,—  
And thinking of you, he will go to sea  
Saying, 'I know somebody cares for me.'—"

*The World:—*

"Speak to that fellow? I tell you no!  
He's only a sailor;—let him go!"

"I've called to ask for a dozen or more  
Of goodly books, from your plentiful store,  
You'll be to the sailor, 'a friend in need'  
By giving me something for Jack to read!  
Just think of the life he must endure,  
Cut off from all that is good and pure—  
His thoughts of the past, 'a bitter taste'—  
His hopes of the future—'a dreary waste'—"

*The World:—*

"Who cares for the fellows that go to sea?  
They are only sailors, let them be!"

"A castaway sailor lies helpless and sick—  
Perhaps you may save him,—if you be quick,  
No mother, no sister, no wife by his side,  
To comfort his soul drifting out with the tide  
To be tossed by the waves of an angry sea,—  
With the 'bottomless pit,' just under his lee,—  
Perhaps if you go, it will not be too late  
To save the poor soul, from his terrible fate."

*The World:—*

"I can't spare the time, it's no use to try,—  
He is only a sailor,—let him die!"

"He was only a sailor, friendless and poor,  
He needed your help, but you closed your door.—  
I asked you for something to help him live,  
Your answer was always, 'I've nothing to give.'"

His log is now closed, his voyage is o'er,—  
An abandoned hulk, he lies on the shore,—  
Will you not give me a helping hand,  
To bury his body beneath the sand?

*The World:—*

"Bury the fellow whom nobody owns?—  
No! Let sailors go to 'Davy Jones'!"

H. B.

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During September, 1879, seventy-two loan libraries, twenty-seven new, and forty-five refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,712 to 6,730 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,169, 5,172, 5,177, 5,178, 5,179, 5,180, 5,181 and 5,182, at Boston.

*The forty-five libraries refitted and reshipped were:—*

No. 61,	No. 3,031,	No. 4,604,	No. 4,831,	No. 5,139,	No. 5,703,	No. 5,937,	No. 6,042,	No. 6,259,
" 297,	" 3,889,	" 4,621,	" 4,950,	" 5,500,	" 5,721,	" 6,003,	" 6,134,	" 6,282,
" 1,330,	" 3,531,	" 4,685,	" 4,951,	" 5,572,	" 5,831,	" 6,014,	" 6,152,	" 6,350,
" 1,939,	" 4,078,	" 4,810,	" 5,071,	" 5,615,	" 5,917,	" 6,017,	" 6,180,	" 6,402,
" 2,240,	" 4,423,	" 4,814,	" 5,133,	" 5,651,	" 5,926,	" 6,029,	" 6,200,	" 6,409,

## Source of Personal Beauty.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful lineaments into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, disdainful spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the parlor, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while, than poison will consort with health, or an

elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organizing force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the outside of love. Kindness, sweetness, good will, a prevailing desire and determination to make others happy, make the body a



temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly and so perfectly beautifies a face, transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading, prevailing kindness of heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beauty, because He is love.

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### "Patience."

"Mother," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures, and he does not know how to do it himself," said Mary, very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him one in patience. This is hard to teach, and harder to learn than any lesson in figures; and perhaps when you have learned this the other will be easier to both."

Mary hung her head, for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, or, indeed, by any thing; and she began to think that perhaps she deserved to be blamed as well as Henry.

A fretful, impatient child makes himself and all about him very unhappy. Will you try to learn a lesson on patience?—*Well-Spring.*

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### The Mischievous Monkeys.

A farmer in the West Indies had planted a field with Indian corn. Numerous monkeys inhabited a forest near by, who had attentively observed the planting process, and the method by which it was

cultivated. They seemed to take not a little interest in the whole matter. The farmer had the pleasure of seeing his crop of corn nearly ready for harvesting. But the monkeys took care that he should not have the trouble of harvesting it. One night they issued from the forest in vast numbers, forming themselves into long lines between it and the corn field. All was conducted in silence. Each was intent on the business in hand. Those in front of the lines plucked off the ears of corn with great dexterity, and passed them to their nearest companion, who handed them forward from one to another, till they reached the woods. In this manner the work proceeded till daylight, when the laborers found the thieves finishing the operation. It had been a very profitable night's labor for the mischievous fellows. The corn was pretty nearly all disposed of. Before the owner of it could get his workmen together with suitable weapons of defense, the whole troop had disappeared in the forest.

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### Willie's First Oath.

A little boy came in from school the other day looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He had hardly spoken at supper time, and ate very little.

His mother asked him again, "Willie, what ails you, dear?"

"Mother, I swore. The moment I spoke it I was afraid of God and ran home. Will God ever forgive me for taking his name in vain? I'd rather be dumb all my life than be a swearer," said Willie.

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
 L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
 80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*  
 Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.



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DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### XI.—CORINTH.

The city of Corinth, which fills so large a space in the history and writings of Paul, as given in the New Testament, stood upon the ruins of an old town whose origin was lost amid myths and conjectures that antedated the Trojan war. The ancient Corinth was the child of commerce, growing up to wealth and splendor that equalled, if it did not surpass, those of the city of Athens, by the natural operation of the laws of trade which required just such a center at this point, along its natural and necessary thoroughfare between the East and the West.

The southern part of Greece, formerly known as the *Peloponessus*, is only prevented from being an island by the narrow strip of land which lies between the Saronic Gulf on the east, and the Corinthian on the west. A short strait of six miles in length would

have saved the ships of the ancient commercial nations the long and dangerous coasting voyage around the present Morea when passing from Italy and the western coast of the Grecian States to Athens and the cities and islands of the eastern Mediterranean.

Every effort was made to overcome this barrier to a free intercourse between the two Gulfs that lay but six miles apart. Engineers proposed a canal, but the project was never consummated. Small vessels were dragged over land from one sea to another, and the cargoes of larger vessels were unladen and carried across the isthmus for transshipment. All this must have made large demands for commercial facilities. And with the call for men and labor, came in wealth and influence, and so at this point grew up by natural business laws a city which was for ages the cen-

ter of a vast and remunerative commerce. This was Corinth. Old Grecian fables said that it was founded by Ephyra, the daughter of Oceanus, and they doubtless originated in the simple facts already stated. Corinth was the daughter of the sea, and for ages her glory and beauty did honor to her parentage.

The date of the foundation of the city is fixed by her historian at A. M. 2490, or over fifteen centuries before Christ. Here upon this bridge of the seas and beneath the shadow of a vast and natural fortress, two thousand feet in height, rose the splendid emporium, to whose greatness, wealth and power all nations contributed. On the Gulf of Corinth stood the port of Lechæum, and on the Saronic Gulf was Cenchrea whose name is familiar in the history of Paul's missionary tours. A city thus surrounded by sea and land, standing upon the only thoroughfare that united Peninsular Greece with the main land, and being the natural link between the commerce of the East and West could not but increase in wealth and power. From her ports ships were built and launched for purposes of commerce and of war. The first vessels fitted for naval battles slipped into the sea from her shipyards, and some of the earliest sea-fights are associated with her history. Colonies went forth from her growing population to form new centres of art and trade. Ships from every nation entered her ports, and she became one of the great markets of the world.

Manufactures of all kinds grew up within her walls. Workers in metals, dyes and pottery, artificers, sculptors, painters, and skilled and cunning artists brought into the city a full tide of business and wealth.

Thus Corinth rose and was strengthened, and was adorned with sumptuous buildings and splendid monuments of art and taste. On every hand were seen temples and palaces and theatres and baths of magnificent design, and enriched with gorgeous columns whose capitals and bases were the very perfection of architectural beauty, and with statues and pictures which were unrivalled even in Greece. But there came a terrible decline to all this greatness and glory, when the Roman power began to be felt over the known world, and when all that stood in the way of its progress was doomed to destruction. So Carthage fell, in Africa, as a dangerous rival to Rome, and so at length Corinth fell after a brief struggle when Mummius, the Roman Consul, advanced with his army and entered the city and gave it up to plunder and destruction. Greedy soldiers ransacked the town and took possession of its noblest treasures, of whose value they had no conception. The mart at which the princes of Europe and Asia had supplied themselves with the costliest works of art was now exposed to the rude hands of an ignorant army which wantonly destroyed them or parted with them for a trifle. Among these treasures was the famous painting of Bacchus, by Aristides, a contemporary of Apelles, for which Attalus afterwards offered 600,000 sesterces or \$25,000, but which the soldiers who were playing dice upon it, parted with, for a more convenient table on which to continue their game.

After the plunder of Corinth, came its destruction by fire. Its walls were demolished, and its temples and dwellings disappeared in the conflagration to which it was doomed. In the same year, also, Carthage fell, and so for a full cen-

tury these two cities which had stood in the way of Roman ambition and progress, were left in ruins. Under the rule of Cæsar, orders were given for the rebuilding of both, and Corinth soon arose from its ashes with a renewal of its ancient commercial greatness and glory. Hither came again the merchants and artisans of Greece, and the ports, on either shore, were again the scenes of active business life, alive with sailors and workmen, and echoed their shouts and songs. Here, too, came the Jews who found a convenient place for their business and trades. And here Roman soldiers and civilians met with the representatives of all nations, and aided in the growth and prosperity of the new city.

It was in the height of its splendor when Paul visited it on his second great missionary journey. Leaving Athens, from whose heights he might have seen the summit of the Acro-Corinthus, coursing up two thousand feet above the plain, a journey of forty-five miles either by land, or across the Saronic Gulf, brought him to this splendid place, now restored to its former prosperity and influence, and resembling the brilliant capital of France in all its dissipation, luxury, and gayety, and expensiveness of living.

In the harbor of Cenchrea through which the Apostle afterwards passed, were seen riding the corn ships of Alexandria, and merchant vessels with their rich freight from Cyprus, and Tyre, and Cæsarea, while in the opposite port of Lechæum were visible the vessels from Italy and Spain, and other ports of Europe. From this point a range of long walls similar to those which had once connected Athens with the sea, stretched upward to Corinth and made a magnificent

thoroughfare from the capital to the Gulf.

As the Apostle passed onward to the city, he must have beheld the same monuments of art and genius that he had left behind him at Athens. There was the stadium and amphitheatre in which were held the games when men strove for a "corruptible crown;" and the broad avenues leading to the city were shaded with pines and other trees, and lined with busts and statues of heroes famed in Grecian story.

Temples and theatres, and other buildings of a public and private character stood on every hand, the very models of perfection in architecture. In the center of the market place was a bronze statue of Minerva, and near by a fountain gushing from a dolphin supporting the figure of Neptune, who, as the fabled divinity of the sea was thus recognized and honored by the city that owed its very life and renown to its commercial advantages. As the Apostle passed upward towards the citadel, he saw the ascent there-to lined with altars and shrines, and upon its summit glittered the far famed temple of Venus, to whom the magnificent heights of the Acro-Corinthus were dedicated, and whose worship was attended by one thousand female slaves. On all sides were the evidences of wealth, and art, and taste, combined alas with the worship of false Gods, and a sad ignorance of the truths of Revelation.

Here in the midst of heathenism, luxury, and sensuality, Paul came to preach the Gospel of which he was not ashamed, and which he knew to be the wisdom and power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. He made his home with a family of Jews that had been exiled from Rome for a while,

and pausing here on their way to Pontus, had taken up their occupation of tent makers. The Apostle, who had in his youth learned the same trade, worked with them, and thus supporting himself by the labor of his own hands, began to preach among these people the unsearchable riches of Christ. As was his custom, he first entered the Jewish synagogue, where he plainly set before his brethren the truth that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ of God, and that he who had died upon the cross at Jerusalem was the Savior of lost and guilty sinners. Here he was joined by Timothy and Silas whom he had left in Macedonia, and who brought him cheering news of the result of his labors there. It was not long before, in Corinth as elsewhere, the bitter prejudices of the Jews were awakened against the Gospel of Christ, and when the opposition became so bitter and violent that it was evident no good was to be accomplished by farther work among that people, the Apostle turned to the Gentiles and gave himself henceforth to a ministry among them. The center of his labors was a house near the synagogue belonging to a Proselyte named Justus, in which room was found convenient for public services. Here the Gospel was preached, and here many were converted to Christ, both from among the Jews and Gentiles. This was the first church in Achaia, to which Paul devoted some of his most earnest and faithful efforts, and which evidently was largely imbedded in his thoughts and affections. Here he wrote some of his Epistles. Indeed the first of his pastoral letters were probably penned during his residence in Corinth.

His labors were eminently successful, for he writes to the Romans

of the Church in Corinth, and in his Epistles to the Corinthians he speaks as if they had become a large and influential Christian community. During his successful preaching in this city, the Jews sought to interrupt his work by bringing charges against him before the Roman Proconsul Gallio. But their attempts were frustrated through the firmness and intelligence of the governor, who dismissed the case with a plain rebuke of the Jewish bigotry that had thus assaulted men for a simple difference in their religious opinions.

The Apostle, besides this encouragement to continue his work, was still farther strengthened by a divine assurance that many people in that city were yet to be converted under his ministry, and that no one should be permitted to disturb or injure him in his work. It is evident that his labors extended to Cenchrea, the eastern part of Corinth, where a church also was founded, whose influence must doubtless have been felt among the merchants and sailors who met there from all parts of the east. Mention is made of this church in Paul's letter to the Romans, in which he says, "I commend unto you, Phebe our sister who is a servant of the church which is at Cenchrea."

The residence of the Apostle in Corinth continued for a year and six months, after which he visited the scenes of previous labors in company with his friends Aquila and Priscilla, who greatly aided him in his work. Once more he visited the city, remaining there three months, and renewing his labors as a servant of Christ.

From the letters of Paul to this people, it is evident that there were here as elsewhere, errors and corruptions which had sprung up

through corrupt teachers and false brethren. Unhappy strifes and divisions marred the peace of the church, and evil practices arising from old heathen customs and principles, were disgracing it and dishonoring its reputation. Reference is made to these evils in the two Epistles of Paul to this people, in which he faithfully warns and rebukes them, and affectionately sets before them their errors and dangers. Besides this he presents to them most instructive views of the nature of the ordinances of the church, especially the Lord's Supper; and in his argument respecting the resurrection of the dead, he holds up, for all ages, one of the most sublime and wonderful descriptions of the future state, that is to be found in all the range of Revelation.

It is possible from some allusions in his letters, that the Apostle wrote an Epistle which has not been preserved, and made a third visit to Corinth, the particulars of which have not been recorded. It is evident that he bore the church and its interests very near to his heart. When he left the city he must have passed down to the port of Cenchrea, where were many converts to the Christian faith, and many friends who gave him a warm and cordial welcome. Here he took ship and sailed away for other fields of missionary labor, leaving his work there, to other hands, who built upon the foundations which he had laid.

The city continued to prosper during all the years that Rome held her sway over the nations of the east. When the great capital of the world began to tremble and weaken under the assaults of the vast hordes of northern barbarians who swept down upon her, the cities that had shared her protec-

tion and enjoyed her smile were exposed to assault and plunder. Corinth was too rich a prize to escape the hands of the enemy, and was taken and burned by the Heruli, A. D. 268. In 525 it was shattered by an earthquake; in 1180 it was plundered by Reger, King of Sicily; and in 1458 it fell into the hands of the Turks; in 1687 it was transferred to the Venetians; and in 1715 restored to Turkey. Since the Greek revolution in 1823, it has fallen back into its old nationality, but its wealth and power as a commercial city have departed forever. A small and insignificant village of a few hundred inhabitants is all that is now left of the magnificent city, full of wealth, and splendor, and life, which Paul entered, and where he established a Christian church. At the head of the Corinthian Gulf, the Austrian Lloyds Company have a depot for their steamers from Trieste, and a few miserable huts surround the port once filled with the ships of all the western Mediterranean. Cenchrea is still represented by a small modern settlement called Kikries, but Kalamaki, or the ancient Schœnus, one of the old ports of Corinth, and about three miles distant from it, is the present station and port in which the vessels for Athens and the Saronic Gulf find better accommodations, and there is a large and imposing depot for steamers that connect with the lines from Trieste.

A few monuments of ancient Corinth still remain. The seven majestic columns which usually appear in the views of the modern city, are the ruins of the old temple of Minerva Chalimatis, supposed to have been built 700 B. C. Ruins of walls and buildings, and massive foundations of former structures are scattered over the

plain; and brick, pottery, and other relics of the former city are thickly strewn over several miles from the present village. At Kalamaki may be still traced the outline of the old Posidium or sanctuary of Neptune, where were held the Isthmian games, which yearly attracted multitudes of the people, and from which Paul drew some of his most striking figures in illustration of the Christian life. On its southern side was the Stadium where foot races were run. On the east was the theater where pugilistic encounters were held, to which Paul alludes when he says, "so fight I not as one that beateth the air;"—and all around are the pine trees from which the wreaths were obtained with which to crown the victors.

The population of modern Corinth is about equally divided among the Mohammedans and the Christians, the latter of whom are members of the Greek Church which has here an Archbishopric. The glory of this once proud metropolis has departed, and time has crumbled its monuments, and temples, and palaces, and buried in the dust

its ancient splendor. Its merchants and princes, and men of wealth and power, are all unnamed and unknown; but the humble and obscure tent maker who, eighteen centuries ago, was passing through its streets an unnoticed stranger, despised by many, rejected even by most of his own countrymen, refused admission to their synagogues, and persecuted for his religious opinions,—built up a monument which has made him ever after to be remembered.

The heathen deities whose temples crowned every hill of Greece and Rome, have no longer a worshipper or a shrine. But the CHRIST whom Paul preached, and of whose Gospel he was not ashamed, even when standing before the wisest and mightiest names of the old world, still lives and reigns, and his kingdom is stretching itself from sea to sea. His church is rising and extending over all nations, and will flourish and grow until "the kingdoms of this world shall be given to him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Trust and Praise.

*A Sailor's Hymn, composed while walking the deck in the middle night watch, after rounding Cape Horn.*

*"Thy loving-kindness and tender mercies are great towards me."*

Our Glorious King! enthroned above!  
We praise the mercy and the love  
With which our lives are daily crowned,  
And every night anew 'tis found,  
Alike on shore, and distant wave—  
That mercy and that love will save.

When foaming billows, angry, rise  
In wild confusion to the skies,—  
And threaten with tremendous power  
To overwhelm us,—in that hour,  
Thy mercy calm and peace doth give,  
Thy loving-kindness bids us live.

From hidden dangers, sudden shock,  
The secret leak, the sunken rock,  
Thy watchful eye preserves us still,  
Alike from seen and unseen ill;  
Circled by everlasting arms,  
We rest secure from all alarms.

But most we praise the wondrous love  
That brought our Savior from above;—  
That made him leave th' eternal throne,  
And suffer death, for sin to atone.  
From hell He saves us by his grace,  
And now in heaven prepares our place.

Henceforth no more we'll doubt thy love,—  
For all things will sufficient prove;  
And He who spared not his own Son  
Will perfect that which He's begun!  
Though clouds and darkness gird thy ways,  
Through all our lives we'll trust and praise!

Then with the ransomed joyful throng  
In realms above we'll swell the song,  
"To Him who washed us with his blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God,  
All honor, power and glory be,  
Through ages of Eternity!"

R. C. A.

## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Reader, imagine for a moment that time has passed, and that the day of judgment has come. We are all gathered together, both quick and dead. The trumpet-blast waxes exceeding loud and long. We are all attentive, expecting something marvellous. The shop is deserted by the tradesman; the crowded streets are filled. All men stand still; they feel that the last great business-day is come, and that now they must settle their accounts for ever.

A solemn stillness fills the air: no sound is heard. All, all is noiseless. Presently a great white cloud with solemn state sails through the sky, and then—hark the twofold clamor of the startled earth! On that cloud there sits one like unto the Son of Man. Every eye looks, and at last there is heard a unanimous shout—"It is He! It is He!" and after that you hear on the one hand, shouts of "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, Son of God." But mixed with that there is a deep bass, composed of the weeping and the wailing of the men who have persecuted Him, and who have rejected Him.

Listen! I think I can dissect the sounds; I think I can hear the words as they come separately, each one of them, tolling like a death-knell. What say they? They say, "Rocks, hide us; mountains, fall upon us; hide us from the face of Him that sits upon the throne." And shall you be among the number of those who say to the rocks, "Hide us"?

My impenitent reader, I suppose for a moment that you have gone out of this world, and that you have died impenitent, and that you

are among those who are weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth. Oh, what will then be your terror! Blanched cheeks and knocking knees are nothing compared to thy horror of heart, when thou shalt be drunken, but not with wine, and when thou shalt reel to and fro, with the intoxication of amazement, and shalt fall down, and roll in the dust for horror and dismay. For there He comes, and there He is, with fierce, fire-darting eye; and now the time is come for the great division. The voice is heard, "Gather my people." They are gathered at the right hand, and there they are. And now saith He, "Gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn."

And you are gathered, and on the left hand there you are, gathered into the bundle. All that is wanted is the lighting of the pile. Where shall be the torch that shall kindle it? The tares are to be burned; where is the flame? The flame comes out of *His* mouth, and it is composed of words like these—Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Do you linger? "*Depart!*" Do you seek a blessing? "*Ye are cursed.*" I curse you with a curse." Do you seek to escape? *It is everlasting fire.* Do you stop and plead? No, "*I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hands, and ye regarded me not: therefore I will mock at your calamity, I will laugh when your fear cometh.*" "*Depart, again I say; depart for ever!*"

And you are gone. And what are your reflections? Why, they are these: "Oh, would to God that I never had been born! Oh, that I



had never heard the Gospel preached, that I might never have had the sin of rejecting it!" This will be the gnawing of the worm in your conscience—"I knew better, but I did not do better." As I sowed the wind, it is right I should reap the whirlwind; I was checked, but I would not be stopped; I was wooed, but I would not be invited. Now I see that I have murdered myself. Oh, thought above all thoughts most deadly! I am *lost!* LOST! LOST! And this is the horror of horrors: I have caused myself to be lost; I have put from me the Gospel of Christ; I have destroyed myself.

Shall this be so with thee, my reader? Shall this be so with thee? I pray it may not! "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There He hangs, dying on his cross! look to Him and live.

Be you wicked, filthy, depraved, degraded, you are still invited to Christ. The devil's castaways Christ takes in—the off-scouring, the dross, the scum, the sewerage of this world, is now invited to Christ. Come to Him now, and obtain mercy!

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### Almost Saved.

A man is drowning! He fell off the pier head into the sea, and look! you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him. Now he has it! No, he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him farther out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was so near it!

"And he so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye; "why, the rope fairly touched his hand!" Ay, that made it all the worse. To

think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Reader, do you not hear that cry from another world?—"I was once very near being saved, I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it, and now it is too late! Lost! lost! and for ever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh that I had come to Him then, when I might have come."

Dear reader, are you almost persuaded to be a Christian? Then there is one great difference between you and that poor drowning man. *It was not his fault that he missed the rope.* He did all that he could; he clutched at the rope with all the strength of despair,—and who blames him because he missed it? But ah! it is not so with you. You know that you might be saved at this moment, *if you liked*; but instead of laying hold of Christ at once, you are thinking about it, and wishing, and hesitating, and putting off. "Ye will not come unto Me that you might have life," says Christ.

Almost within the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, lingering about the door, catching an echo of its music—and yet shut out!

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### Tom Paine and Dr. Franklin.

Tom Paine showed his "Age of Reason," before it was printed, to Franklin, and desired his opinion of it. The Philosopher replied, "I have read your manuscript. You strike at the foundations of all religion. You will not succeed, so as to change the general sentiment of mankind on that subject. The consequence of printing this piece will be mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face."

## GOD KNOWETH BEST.

## I.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars for evermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned—  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet—  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

## II.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And even as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

## III.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser Hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
O do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

## IV.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend;  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.

## V.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold:  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart—  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,—  
I think that we will say,—“*God knew the best.*”

*From The Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

## THE RIM OF THE SEA—ITS USES, ITS CENOTAPHS, ITS STORMS AND INCIDENTS.

BY REV. JOHN G. HALL.

The tourist in mid ocean, at the center of that well-known circle which seems never to change, does not wonder at the saying of Prof. Guyot, that "the strongest senti-

ment which, on the whole, the ocean inspires in the man who trusts himself to its waves, is that of a despairing monotony." But he who stands enchanted on its

rim, can as fully appreciate the sense of security, as well as the acknowledgment of the divine power indicated in Jeremiah's allusion to God's "placing the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet they cannot prevail; though they roar yet they cannot pass over it." A rimless ocean implies a universal deluge, and the total disappearance of our race. It was not the least of God's works on our behalf, when he shut up the sea with doors and bars and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther;



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SEA, RIDING THE WAVES.

and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." We step back a little from these curving billows of pride, and are safe.

The sea itself could tell us tales of the thousands that it annually engulfs; but there are those on its shore who miss their departed, and who affectionately erect tablets to their remembrance. All along this southeastern coast of Massachusetts, on a portion of which I have spent the past summer, the burying-grounds are full of cenotaphs commemorative of those who have perished at sea. The intimated graves are not "heaped in many a mouldering turf," as Gray says,

but are left perfectly flat, in token that nothing is beneath. At Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, for example, the large cemetery is crowded with these empty tombs, touching to behold, even beyond ordinary graves; according to that principle of our nature which the prophet so impressively celebrates in his unrivalled words, "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."



THE ROCKY RIM OF THE SEA.

Here is one of a young shipmaster, who is said to have been "unfortunately lost at sea; 1797." Here another, "Drowned near Gay-Head;" another, "At Talouhuano," and his son, two years after, "At Manado, on the island of Celebes;" another, "On the coast of Chili;" another, "At Point Melano, east coast of Africa;" another, "Near the coast of New Zealand;" but his son, nothing daunted, years after, must needs

go to sea and be lost too. And so these sad slabs stand on every hand. One of them quaintly says,

"Suddenly the shaft of death  
Flew to stop his vital breath;  
Sunk him to his coral bed,  
Till the sea gives up its dead."

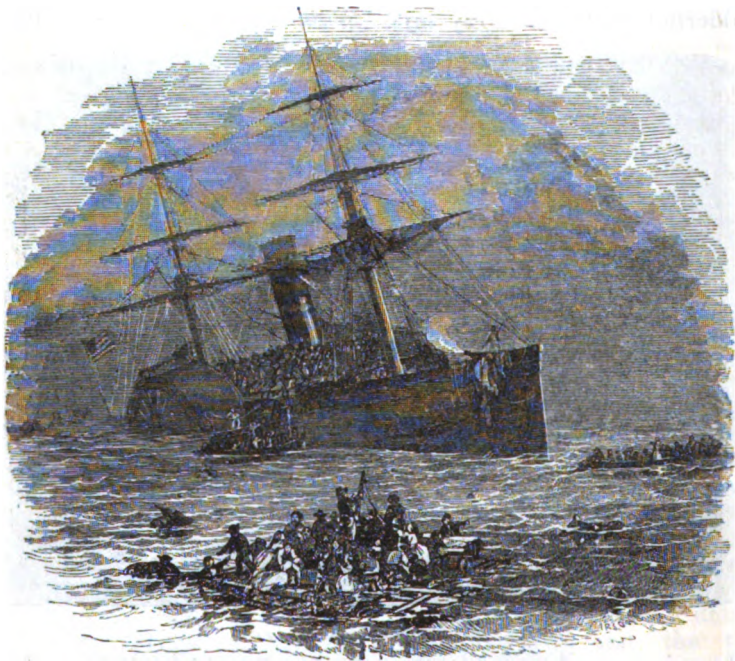
But of all who have gone from this island to be engulfed in the treacherous deep, none will rise from it at last to a brighter resurrection-crown, than one for whose cenotaph you look around in vain; I mean the Rev. Thomas Mayhew,



the only son of Gov. Mayhew, the early proprietor and settler of the whole island. This extraordinary young man commenced his gospel labors among the Indians immediately upon his arrival at the island, in 1642, when only twenty-one years of age; and was so successful that ere long he had won their entire confidence, conquered their language, established schools, and advanced them to a good de-

gree of Christian civilization. In 1657, he sailed for England, on an errand of love for his poor Indians, but neither himself nor the ship was ever heard of more. "Alas," said the famous John Eliot of Roxbury, "the Lord hath given us this amazing blow, to take away my brother Mayhew!"

Nothing commemorative of him was ever erected, if we may except a heap of stones, which his grate-



A COLLISION—A STEAMER SINKING.

ful and sorrowing Indians themselves made, on a spot a mile or two back from the harbor, where they last parted from him; and where, as the Rev. Thomas Prince, of Boston, near that day, says, "he solemnly and affectionately took leave of them on his way to the ship." No polished shaft, or "storied urn," could have been more appropriate. If it was a

storm in which he perished, it was one that did not reach this coast, and the tidings of his non-arrival in England crept slowly back to his bereaved and stricken father, and carried "mourning, lamentation, and woe," throughout the whole island, and, indeed, throughout all New England also.

These eastern regions are, at times, visited with very severe

storms, which vex all the adjacent seas, and lash the shores with tremendous fury. But the one which is said, by local tradition hereabouts, never to have been exceeded, occurred in 1778, and is known as the "Magee storm;" so called from the name of the captain of one of our national vessels, the *Gen. Arnold*, lost in that storm. Sailing from Boston on the 24th of December, she was overtaken by the storm off Plymouth, in which harbor she took refuge. There she cast anchor; but, towards morning, the fury of the wind had so increased, that she dragged her anchors and drifted on to the shoals, "heel on;" which caused her to "bring home" her anchors, as the sailors say, and then, swinging around broadside to the gale, the work of destruction commenced. She was too heavily ballasted, to begin with. In addition to that, her guns were very heavy. The mate, or lieutenant, more sagacious than the commander, advised him to heave the guns overboard, to the windward; which, had he done it, might have proved their safety. But with a natural, but unwise, naval pride, not to lose his cruise, he refused, and so lost all. The cold was intense, the dashing water froze into ice on every hand, the fury of the blast was insupportable, and out of 106 men aboard, 66 fell down frozen to death on the decks. Others were frost-bitten, crippled, and maimed, in various ways. When the storm had subsided, all Plymouth rallied for the rescue of the living, and the burial of the dead. This ghastly army of the frozen were taken to the Town Hall; where, when the hour of service had arrived, the two clergymen who officiated, fainted, it is said, when they first entered and beheld the unprecedented and appalling spectacle.

One of the survivors was from this town, and I have just been looking at his tombstone. He was but 16 years of age, when aboard the ship, and lost the extremities of both feet by the frost, but owed his life to large quantities of sweet oil which he drank, and which was brought to him by a friendly Indian with him from the same town. He lived to the age of 75.

In the same storm, a privateer drove into this Edgartown harbor, and stranded. Some of the company, reaching the land, saved themselves in an old mill, by the help of the flour-bags. Others aiming at the same refuge, missed it, and went by; but the fury of the gale, with its sleet and hail, was so excessive, that they could not turn again and face it, and so paced on before it, until they fell and perished.

But one man, who decided to stay by the wreck, was saved in a very strange fashion. Crouching down behind the bulwarks as best he could, he saw the ship's cat, creeping in manifest terror towards him as though asking for assistance or company. Pitying the poor creature, as forlorn as himself, he took her up and tucked her under his coat, near his heart, where she quietly lay till the man himself was rescued. (It is not stated whether she purred.) And the physicians attributed his survival very much to the warmth from the animal, or from the mutual warmth of the two; as Solomon says, "If two lie together then they have heat; but how can one be warm alone?" So the humanity of the privateersman was well repaid.

Such are a few specimens of the legends which one meets with, as he summers it at the Rim of the Sea.

### Various Items.

#### *Steam Towing on New York State Canals.*

The Belgian Cable System of towing canal boats, now coming into use on the Erie Canal, will, it is claimed, reduce the expenses about one-half, and the time consumed two-thirds. The State of New York has granted to the company for fifty years an exclusive privilege of laying cables in the Erie Canal between Buffalo and Albany for this purpose, and it is believed that they will be laid as far as Troy before winter. Early in the present season the laying of the wire-rope cable was put under contract, and a fleet of steamers was ordered to be built at Lockport, N. Y. Now the cable is completed within four miles of Rochester. Some tows have already been carried over it, at three miles an hour, which is double the average speed attained with horses. A contract has been made to do the towing of the only horse line on that part of the canal at 20 cents a mile. Horse-towing costs at present 30 cents a mile. The system consists of a tow-boat propelled by steam, with a rudder at each end, and furnished with two steel wire cables one inch in diameter, one for the up-boats, and the other for the down. Three traction wheels are on the side of the boat, over which the cable passes. Thus the tow-boat is drawn along the cable. Six boats constitute a tow, and it is estimated that under the new system the 5,000 boats now employed on the canal can do double the work. Mr. EMERSON FOOTE, No 40 Broadway, in this city, has had much to do in the inception and development of the new enterprise.

#### *Decline of the Whaling Traffic.*

The introduction of petroleum, the consequent fall in the price of whale-oil, the destruction of whalers by the rebel cruiser *Shenandoah*, the loss of many vessels in the Arctic ice-fields in 1871 and 1876, and the decrease in the number of whales, have contributed to reduce the Pacific whaling fleet from 600 vessels, in 1855, to 40 in 1879. Of these only 18 are now in the North Pacific, and recently they have made their rendezvous in San Francisco, Cal., harbor, whereas, formerly, Honolulu, S. I., was the port where they discharged cargo, refitted,

and spent the winter. They employ about 700 men, and the average catch may be set down as 15,000 barrels of oil and 70 tons of whale-bone. The whales are scarce and shy, now, south of Behring Straits, and most of the vessels venture into the Arctic Sea. In a fair season a vessel will take five whales, the northern right whale yielding 125 barrels and the Arctic 90 barrels of oil, and each about 1,500 pounds of bone. If the whales are not found, the vessel frequently devotes itself to the walrus, each of which gives 20 barrels of oil and 5 pounds of ivory; but three out of four killed are lost; and as they are the chief dependence of the Esquimaux for subsistence, some whaling masters will not kill them so long as there is any hope of finding whales. The introduction of an improved bomb-lance gun will probably make the business less dangerous and more profitable. There are half a dozen whaling stations on the Coast of California, where a lookout is kept on shore, and when notice is given that a whale is in sight men put off in row-boats for the prize. There are 25 men at Punta Banda, and 12 at Santo Tomas, in Lower California, and 10 at Ballast Point, in the American territory, all belonging to San Diego; a company at Monterey; one of 25 men at Pigeon Point; and one or two in Mendocino county. Most of the whales taken are the California graybacks, which are neither rich in oil or easily taken. Some seasons more than half of those killed are lost. They migrate, when fat, to the southward from November to February, keeping near the land, and to the northward from May to October, when lean, running a little further out. It is more than probable that our whaling fleet will rendezvous at San Francisco hereafter, instead of the Sandwich Islands, because of the greater facilities for communicating intelligence.

#### *The Depth of Niagara.*

The United States Corps of Engineers, with a small lead of only 12 pounds weight, attached to a slender rope or sounding cord, lately obtained the depths of Niagara River from the Falls to the lower bridge. With great difficulty, says a writer, we approached within a short distance of the American Falls, which darted great jets of water on us, and far out into the stream. The roar was so terrible that no voice or human sound, however near we were to one another,

could be heard. The leadsman cast the line, which passed rapidly down and told off 83 feet. This was quite near the shore. Passing out of the friendly eddy which had assisted us up so near the falls, we shot rapidly down stream. The next cast of the lead told off 100 feet, deepening to 192 feet at the inclined railway. The average depth to the Swift Drift, where the river suddenly becomes narrow, with a velocity too great to be measured, was 153 feet. Just under the lower bridge, the whirlpool rapids set in, and so violently are the waters moved that they rise, like ocean waves, to the height of 20 feet. At this point, your correspondent, at the time of the survey, computed the depth at 210 feet, which is accepted as approximately correct.

#### *Tunnel under The Hudson River.*

Work on the proposed tunnel under the North River, between Jersey City and New York, is now in progress. About forty men are at work building the perpendicular shaft, which descends by gravitation, as fast as the soil beneath is removed. When this mass of brick masonry has been sunk about 60 feet, the archway built into one side and temporarily bricked up, will be opened, so that the horizontal shaft, or tunnel proper, can be pushed forward beneath the river's bed. On this latter part of the work an "air lock" will be introduced, consisting of an iron cylinder 16x6 feet, so arranged by means of a hinged door, that laborers can pass through it into the compressed air-chamber, and go on with the excavation. The outward pressure of the air is expected to assist in excluding water and upholding the roof of earth. The expectation is, that the Erie and Pennsylvania Railroads, the New Jersey Central, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and other important lines which are now dependent on river transportation, will send their trains through the tunnel, which will have a capacity for 400 trains every twenty-four hours. The tunnel will be about one mile under the river, with approaches at either end—12,000 feet altogether. It will be circular in form, 26x24 feet, fitted with a double track railway. Total estimated cost, \$10,000,000.

#### *A Terrific Sea Voyage.*

The steamship *Montana*, of the Guion Line, which lately arrived at New York,

from Liverpool, encountered a hurricane which threatened the destruction of the ship and all on board—the wind blowing with terrific force from the northeast. A passenger says:—

"I and five others who ventured on deck were able to get to the smoking-room by hanging on to the rails. From there we could watch the storm by holding fast to the stationary objects. The captain had been obliged to put the ship before the wind as a measure of safety. She was fairly flying over the waves, but seemed to ride beautifully and safely over them. I managed to get up on the bridge with the second officer, and, while holding on for dear life, I could not but wonder at the terrible fury of the storm. One moment the ship would be lifted up by a gigantic wave, and the next we would drop down into the trough of the sea, imprisoned by walls of water on all sides. Every few moments a terrific wave would strike us with a shock that made the vessel tremble from stem to stern. After running before the gale for some time and finding it increase, the captain decided upon going about and heaving to. In a few words he warned the sailors to look out for their lives. He ordered the engines stopped, and then caused the wheel to be put hard down. Then the engines were started slowly, and to turn the ship about was to go directly in the teeth of the gale. As the seas struck us the great ship's course was changed, and as she wore around she careened over so that her beam ends were under. They tell me that even the captain held his breath as the ship went through the trough of the sea. The position at this critical interval was as dangerous as it could be, and had a heavy sea struck us at this time we would probably have gone to destruction. At this time, I and three others were in the smoking room, and we thought it was all over. In the saloon a terrible scene was taking place. Panic stricken passengers were crying and screaming and ladies were fainting. To make matters worse, a sea was shipped into the engine room, which sent a puff of steam into the saloons with a hissing sound. This caused an alarm of fire, and for a short time there was terrible excitement. Heavy seas continued to break over us, and at a quarter past one, a gigantic wave washed away a large life-boat, crushing it into a thousand pieces. Later on, others were damaged,



until only one seaworthy boat was left. At the time the first boat was crushed, the first loss of life occurred. Two steerage passengers were standing near the funnel. The same wave which smashed the boat swept them away. One of them managed to grasp the rail just as he was going over. He was quickly rescued, but his companion was never seen again. Shortly after this, while the sailors were trying to secure the foresail, another heavy sea dashed over us. One of the sailors, named Michael Higgins, was swept overboard and drowned, and another was badly hurt."

#### *A New Mariner's Compass.*

An Englishman has invented a mariner's compass which enables the captain or officer in charge, to hear, by the ringing of a bell, when the vessel is out of the ordered course. The apparatus is easily carried about, and is intended to be placed in the captain's cabin. Over the card are two index hands, which can be adjusted to any angle, allowing of greater or less deviation in steering to either the port or starboard side. The captain, on quitting the deck, sets the index hands to a certain angle, allowing the steersman a given latitude for deviation either to port or starboard of that course. Instead of having to be constantly watching the compass, as at present, to see that his orders are carried out, the captain leaves the instrument to tell him by its silence if they are, and by its sounds if they are not obeyed. Should the ship be steered off her course beyond the limit allowed on either side, an electric alarm-bell rings instantaneously, and, moreover, continues ringing until the right course is resumed. The index hands can be raised away from the card, when the bell becomes disconnected, and the compass can be used like an ordinary one.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Temperance Among the Tars.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Sailors' Snug Harbor Temperance Society, was observed with suitable accompaniments of music, recitations, and addresses, on Thursday evening, October 30th, in the church on the Harbor grounds.

The services were opened by the reading of the Scriptures by Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, the efficient volunteer chaplain to the sailors at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, Rev. C. J. JONES.

After a brief report of the year by the secretary, Captain Henry Macy, the concert proper was entered upon. Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Miss Cristadoro, and Mr. Hale, all of Brooklyn, were the vocalists. They were accompanied, on one of Decker Brothers' square pianos, by Prof. Penfield, also of Brooklyn; and several recitations were given with much effect, by Mr. Julian Henriques of the University of New York.

Between the parts a touching and earnest address was delivered by Captain BANCROFT GHERARDI, U. S. N., commanding U. S. S. *Colorado*, in which he urged the audience to entirely abandon the use of all intoxicating drinks, on the ground that they are useless, harmful, and do not contribute to the happiness of men on earth, or to their fitness for the enjoyment of heaven. He was greeted with frequent rounds of applause by the sailors, some of whom had been shipmates with him in former years.

A novel feature of the entertainment, was some very fine and sweet music, from an instrument called a "Tumbler-onicon," which consisted of a series of tumblers, partially filled with cold water, and arranged in a wooden frame. The performer, Mr. Isaac Simonson, of Springville, Staten Island, was accompanied on the organ by Miss Ida Corson of the same place. On the whole, the occasion was one of great enjoyment to the sailors and their friends, who filled the house. The pleasure was somewhat enhanced, moreover, by the fact that the services of all who took part were rendered gratuitously. For this the gratitude of the recipients was expressed, at the close, by a vote which was passed with a rousing "aye." J.

## Denmark.

## COPENHAGEN.

Since his return from Denmark, our missionary, Mr. BORELLA, has received several interesting letters in regard to the spiritual work now in progress there among seamen.

The following, which he has handed us, will interest our readers.—Ed.

COPENHAGEN, October 27th, 1879.

*Dear Brother :—*

Having been informed (by telegraph) of your safe arrival in America, we all feel to thank God for bringing you in peace and safety to the port of your destination, and to the land of your spiritual birth. We also feel to thank Him for the visit you were permitted to make us this summer. I cannot tell you how happy we all were to have you here, and of the joy and encouragement it gave us, to hear from the dear friends in America, and of God's work there. Your visit has truly been blest to us all; very profitable indeed, especially to the cause of Christ, bearing fruit already to the glory of His name.

After you left Copenhagen, I went to see Pastor PRIOR and other ministers of the Gospel in the city, about the spiritual welfare of seamen, for which you labored so earnestly while here; and I am happy to inform you that a number of wealthy christian gentlemen and ladies, with Pastor Prior at the head, have formed themselves into a society, and undertaken to bear all the expenses connected with our Seamen's Mission. Pastor Prior has already preached twice in the mission, and we have had a blessed time, for which we all feel called to praise the Lord. I believe, from now on, the Lutherans will do all they can to make our work a success. We had a very large meeting last Thursday evening; among others, Mrs. PRIOR, Mrs. HANSEN, Miss RÖRBY and KAMMERJUNKERINDE ÅRSING, (from the royal household). These four noble Christian ladies, stirred by the Spirit of God, took upon themselves to visit the harbor through the day, inviting

seamen to come to the mission that evening. There were present besides, a number of prominent and influential gentlemen and ladies from the city, and between seventy and eighty seamen. \* \* \* Captain GJØRSEN, one of the leading gentlemen in organizing our Sailors' Home, who feels very much interested in its prosperity was also present. The congregation was so large that we had to take off the doors into my private apartments. Pastor Prior preached, Miss Rörby played the organ, several seamen told what the Lord hath done for them, and we all, as with one accord, felt like praising the Lord for "his goodness and mercy, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." After the service was over, the ladies gave an entertainment to the seamen. Tea, coffee, and cake, were served by the ladies; and, for the encouragement of the seamen, and for the prosperity of the mission, these Christian sisters promised to give like entertainments occasionally, thus showing their interest in these long neglected men. Besides all this there has been presented to the mission, fifty hymn books, and the rooms have been fitted up with new lamps, flowers, &c., and Miss Rörby has promised to play the organ for us every Sunday and every Thursday. Miss Rörby has also deposited in the bank three hundred Kroner as a present to the Seamen's Mission. We are all of us wonderfully stirred up, for which "my soul doth magnify and bless the Lord." Two weeks ago we held service on board of one of the vessels here in the harbor. Mr. RADCLIFFE, the English evangelist, preached. I interpreted. There were present about 600 people. Surely Jesus is passing this way, and to His name be all the praise.... The Mission will be under the direction of Pastor Prior, Pastor Jørgensen, and myself. Pastor Jørgensen will preach here in the German language. I have written to Rev. Dr. HALL, and told him the good news, and that henceforth the expenses

of the mission will be provided here. From 1st of April next my private apartments will be used for the mission, until we can get a larger place.

Yours in Christ,  
A. WOLLESON."

In a note Mr. Borella adds: "Besides this interesting and encouraging letter from Brother Wolleson, I have received from a relative, Mrs. Ferdinand Borella, a similar letter, wherein she speaks of the wonderful interest and work in the Seamen's Mission. She (with her family) frequently visits the Mission, to express their gratitude to God for the interest taken in seamen by Christians in America. It appears that by listening to the story of the Cross, and in hearing what the Lord had done for us in this far off and blessed land, she was led to Christ. I believe she is a truly converted person. Many like her, though they have never seen this country, are praying for God's blessing to rest upon it, for here their wandering boys and friends have found the pearl of great price. I remember visiting a very respectable family in Copenhagen with Brother Wolleson, and upon my speaking of the SAILORS' HOME in New York, the lady of the house in touching language expressed her gratitude to God for what the Lord had done for her sea-faring, wandering boy in that Sailors' Home in New York,—calling for God's blessing to rest upon the good people for taking such interest in her son. She told us of the wonderful change wrought by the Holy Ghost in his heart, and how different he was from what he had been. This son is one of *many* who likewise have been converted in the Sailors' Home in Cherry Street.

"For myself, when I think of what I was, and what I am to-day by the grace of God, I feel like "calling upon my soul and all that is within me to praise His holy name." When I came to this country many years ago, I was not only "a stranger in a strange land," but I was a stran-

ger from the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. But "now in Christ Jesus I who sometimes were afar off, am made nigh by the blood of Christ." If any one can sing from the inmost soul,—

"O to grace how great a debtor  
Dally I'm constrained to be,"—

surely it is I. Grace sought me, grace saved me, and grace keeps me. Even now when I pass by the house, which was once a dance house, where I used to board when a Sailor, (though many years ago) I feel called to praise the Lord who took me as a brand from the burning and changed my whole career. My delight then was in the dance house and there did I dwell; but when God changed my heart my desire was that I might "dwell in the house of the Lord forever to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His holy temple."

"With best wishes and prayer for God's blessing to rest upon the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY in its grand and noble work for the welfare of seamen,

I am, respectfully,  
C. A. BORELLA."

### Tides in the Bay of Fundy.

Captain Reagh, of the schooner *Wind-sor Packet*, informs us that he noticed off the south shore of the Bay of Fundy a mysterious change in the currents; that the fresh water supposed to flow from the St. John River had forced its way across the bay to the Nova Scotia shore, causing a tide to set in shore and reverse the general order of things. At ebb tide, when it should be running down, it was, for the first two hours running up. The fishermen along the coast were confounded, and also complained of this double current, which so interfered with their nets that they had for five days to stop fishing—some lost their nets by it, while others were wholly destroyed. This is a strange freak of nature, and likely to prove, if lasting, dan-

gerous to shipping, as by this current they would all drift in on shore.—*Wind-  
sor (N. S.) Mail.*

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

The work on this building is rapidly approaching completion. The masons are about through; the carpenters are driving matters, and the painters are following close upon them. As we have watched the progress of the work, we have been greatly pleased to notice how the contractors in their several departments have seemed to conscientiously do what they promised. It seems to be well planned in all its appointments and improvements; and when ready for inspection and use, will, we think, justify the outlay, and gratify the friends of the sailor, and our sympathizing patrons.

The enlarged and remodeled Home will, it is hoped, be ready for re-dedication some time in December.

### Position of the Principal Planets for December, 1879.

MERCURY is an evening star until the forenoon of the 10th, at 6h. 33m., when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 12th, at 8h. 41m., being 5° 6' north; is stationary among the stars in Serpentarius on the morning of the 20th, at about 6 o'clock; is at its greatest elongation at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, being then 22° 35' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 31st, when it rises at 5h. 41m., and 23° 21' south of east.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 8h. 8m., and 8° 46' south of east; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 4th, at about 3 o'clock, being 46° 49' west of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 10th, at 8h. 17m., being 8° 1' north.

MARS crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 10h. 4m., being then 17° 10' north; is stationary among the stars in Aries on the forenoon of the 16th, at about 7 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 24th, at 2h. 2m., being 3° 8' south.

JUPITER is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 25m. past midnight and 14° 29' north of west; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 18th, at 6h. 8m., being 5° 49' south.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st, at 7h. 55m., being 1° 12' north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Cetus on the morning of the 12th, at about 4 o'clock; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st, at 10h. 51m., being 8° 28' south; is in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 31st, at 2h. 5m., after which it is considered as an evening star.

*N. Y. University.*

R. H. B.

### Marine Disasters in October, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 32, of which 17 were wrecked, 4 abandoned, 1 burned, 2 sunk by collision, 6 foundered, and 2 are missing. The list comprises 2 ships, 6 barks, 2 brigs, and 22 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$290,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *s* c sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

#### SHIPS.

Philosopher, *f*. from Calcutta for Boston.  
S. Blanchard, *a*. from Liverpool for Rio Janeiro.

#### BARKS.

Midas, *w*. from Valparaiso for San Antonio.  
Leone, *b* from New York for Alexandria.  
T. C. Jones, *w*. from Barcelona for New York.  
Bayard, *w*. from New York for Greenore.  
Geo. Kingman, *w*. from Halifax for Boston.  
Pohono, *w*. from New York for Pascagoula.

#### BRIGS.

Hattie Pettis, *w*. from Santa Anna for N. York.  
Diligente, *w*. from Havana for Mobile.

#### SCHOONERS.

White Wing, *f*. from Matanzas for Philadelphia.  
Harry & Fred, *w*. from Windsor, N. B. for Baltimore.  
Charger, *f*. from South Amboy for Somerset.  
Arizona, *m*. (Whaler.)  
Harriet Brewster, *a*. from New York for Bordeaux.  
Anna Bell Hyer, *w*. from Alexandria for Jacksonville.  
E. T. Smith, *f*. from Philadelphia for Nantucket.  
Annie Stefer, *w*. (At Casper Creek.)  
S. S. Godfrey, *m*. from Philadelphia for Danvers.  
Maggie Johnson, *w*. from San Francisco for Makin Island.  
Winslow, *w*. from Boston for Bangor.  
Mountain Laurel, *a*. from Bangor for N. York.  
E. G. Buxton, *w*. from Boston for Bucksport.  
White Foam, *s*. c. from Virginia for Baltimore.  
Nancy, *w*. from Richbuto for Boston.  
Jane McKay, *w*. from Boston for Rustico, P. E. I.  
Olive Branch, *w*. from Nassau for New York.

Mary H. Mifflin, *f.* from Hoboken for Warren, R. I.  
 Alabama, *a.* from Chickahominy for Philadelphia.  
 Antelope, *f.* from Boothbay for Boston.  
 Thos. W. Finney, *s. c.* from Potomac River for Baltimore.  
 Henry M. Clark, *w.* from Tignish, P. E. I. for Boston.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—34 English, 15 American, 13 Norwegian, 10 French, 8 Dutch, 7 German, 5 Italian, 5 Republic of Nicaragua, 5 Swedish, 8 Chilian, 3 Russian, 2 Austrian, 2 Portuguese, 1 Brazilian, 1 Republic of Costa Rica, 1 Republic of New Grenada, 3 of which the nationality is unknown. total, 118. In this number are included 8 vessels reported missing.  
*Steamers*:—5 English, 1 French, total, 6.

## Receipts for October, 1879.

### MAINE.

Bangor, Hammond St. Cong ch .... \$ 25 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Exeter, 1st church..... 28 86  
 2nd church..... 22 17  
 Nashua, 1st church..... 10 54

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashby, Cong. church..... 5 20  
 Ayer, S. S. class, for library..... 10 00  
 Boston, brig *Daniel Hugbee*..... 1 00  
 Roxboro, Cong. church..... 5 00  
 Charlestown, Winthrop church..... 24 09  
 Charlton, Cong. church..... 3 70  
 Chelsea, "Willie"..... 25  
 Dorchester, Village church..... 10 02  
 Florence, Cong. church..... 60 00  
 Groton, Mrs. Richard P. Joy, for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Harvard, Cong. church..... 13 00  
 Holyoke, 1st Cong. church..... 3 00  
 Lancaster, Cong. church..... 10 00  
 Marion, Mr. S. D. Hadley..... 5 00  
 Newburyport, Bethel Society, by Miss Fanny G. Bray, Sec'y..... 40 00  
 Palmer, 2nd Cong. church, of wh. \$20, for library..... 27 41  
 South Hadley Falls, Cong. church..... 10 00  
 Springfield, South Cong. church..... 11 71  
 Tewksbury, Cong. church..... 22 00  
 Townsend, Cong. church..... 7 00  
 Westboro, Evang'l church..... 62 78  
 Westfield, 1st Cong. church..... 10 34  
 West Springfield, Park St. Cong. ch..... 32 06  
 Whately, Cong. church, of wh. \$20, from S. S. for library..... 25 50  
 Wilmington, Cong. church..... 8 43  
 Worcester, Central church..... 70 20  
 Salem St. church, for library..... 21 06

### CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church..... 3 36  
 Bridgeport, Park St. Cong. church..... 23 00  
 Chester, Cong. church..... 18 00  
 Fairfield, 1st Cong. church, of wh. for ships' libraries, Jonathan Sturges, \$20; Henry C. Sturges, \$20; Sam'l Morehouse, \$20; Cong. ch. S. S., \$20, and O. B. Jennings, for Mary A. McCoy, \$20..... 161 48  
 Fair Haven, 2nd Cong. ch., for lib'y.. 20 00  
 Greenwich, Oliver Mead..... 10 00  
 Sarah Mead..... 20 00  
 Guilford, 1st Cong. church..... 5 00

Madison, Cong. church..... 3 95  
 New Britain, 1st Cong. church..... 54 16  
 New Haven, 1st Cong. church..... 94 47  
 North Cong. church..... 55 45  
 Church of the Redeemer..... 55 00  
 North Stamford, Cong. church..... 3 00  
 Norwich, Estate of D. W. Coit, by Chas. W. Coit, ex..... 528 75  
 Broadway Cong. church..... 143 93  
 Rockville, Rev. W. J. Jennings..... 5 00  
 West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church..... 12 83

### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Pres. ch., of wh. Electa F. Minot, bal. for ships' library, \$10..... 24 58  
 Brooklyn, 2nd Pres. church..... 48 00  
 Churchville, Cong. church..... 11 00  
 Coxsackie, Dr. Robert Bocock..... 1 00  
 Dansville, Pres. church..... 17 00  
 Luth. church..... 1 17  
 Hamilton, S. S. Bap. church, Berean class, for library..... 23 00  
 New York City, John Dwight..... 100 00  
 Jonas Marsh Libbey, for libraries.. 60 00  
 William Rockefeller..... 50 00  
 William Libbey, Jr., for libraries.. 40 00  
 Trustees Murray Fund..... 30 00  
 E. D. Morgan..... 25 00  
 B. G. Arnold & Co..... 25 00  
 W. E. Dodge..... 25 00  
 Cash..... 23 00  
 Fairbanks & Co..... 10 00  
 Henderson Bros..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Charles Morgan..... 10 00  
 Waldo Hutchins..... 10 00  
 C. F. Hunter..... 10 00  
 Edwin Mead..... 10 00  
 J. Atkins..... 10 00  
 John T. Denny..... 10 00  
 M. W. Cooper..... 10 00  
 E. C. Benedict..... 10 00  
 S. B. S..... 10 00  
 D. Clarkson..... 5 00  
 Cash, N..... 5 00  
 H. M. Taber..... 5 00  
 Cash, F..... 5 00  
 H. S. Ely..... 5 00  
 John H. Boynton..... 5 00  
 Walter T. Miller..... 5 00  
 J. H. Linsly..... 2 00  
 Cash, B..... 2 00  
 W. W. Pell..... 1 00  
 S. M. S..... 1 00  
 Capt. Trefry and crew bark *Templar*..... 5 50  
 Capt. Geo. Bailey and crew schr. *Wm. H. Bailey*..... 4 00  
 Oswego, Cong. church..... 18 02  
 Plattsburg, Mrs. M. K. Platt..... 4 00  
 Rochester, Central Pres. church, of wh. for libraries, \$40..... 45 00  
 Smithtown, (L. I.) Pres. church..... 5 00  
 Wyoming, S. S. 1st Pres. church..... 10 11

### NEW JERSEY.

Lafayette, Ref. church..... 16 00  
 Newark, High St. Pres. church..... 41 00  
 2nd Pres. church, add'l..... 6 22

### MARYLAND.

Baltimore, Mrs. Mary R. Hoffman, for library..... 20 00

### ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chas. S. Holt, Esq., for lib'y..... 20 00

### JAPAN.

Tokio, Dr. D. B. McCartee, for lib'y.. 30 00

\$2,680 85

Newburyport, Mass. Ladies' Bethel Society, two bed quilts.




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### "Does Jesus Christ Live Here?"

Only a few years ago, as a lady was sitting on the veranda of her Burmese house, a jungle-boy came bounding through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and, approaching her, inquired with eagerness, "Does Jesus Christ live here?" He was about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in a most slovenly manner about his person. "Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the veranda, and crouched at the lady's feet. "What do you want of Jesus Christ?" she asked. "I want to see him; I want to confess to him."—"Why? what have you been doing that you want to confess?"—"Does he live here?" he continued with great emphasis; "I want to know that. Doing? why, I tell lies, I steal, I do every thing bad. I am afraid of going to hell; and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ!"—"But he does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."—"I want to stop doing wickedly," said the inquirer; "but I can't stop; I don't know how to stop. The

evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"—"Nothing but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant "B-ha-lai?"—"You cannot see Jesus Christ now," she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of despair. "But I am his humble friend and follower," said the lady, at which the face of the little listener brightened. She continued, "He has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so." The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me, oh, tell me! Only ask your master the Lord Jesus Christ to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry; do not send me away. I want to be saved—save me from hell!" The next day this boy was introduced to the little bamboo schoolhouse, in the character of the wild Karen boy; and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had seldom been seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation; and every day his feelings enlarged, and his face gradually lost

its look of indescribable stupidity. He was at length baptized, and commemorated the love of that Saviour he had so earnestly sought. He lived a while to testify his sincerity, and died in joyful hope. He had "confessed," and had found a deliverer from those sins from which he could not free himself. The lady died also, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer.—*Church Missionary Gleaner.*

### A Penny, and A Prayer, Too.

"Was that penny on the table yours, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday-school. "I saw it after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in. You know I earn my penny every week by getting up early and going for the milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"O, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it?"

"I'm going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."—*Child's Paper.*

### Comfort in a Cloud.

A friend of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble, in her little room; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew The Rock. "Why," said he, "Mary, you must have very dark days, they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, "but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said, "when I am very low and dark I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words, '*A cloud received Him out of their sight*;' and I look up and see the cloud sure enough, and then I think,—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

### Off for Boy-Land.

Ho! All aboard! A traveller  
Sets sail from Baby-land!  
Before my eyes there comes a blur,  
But still I kiss my hand,  
And try to smile as off he goes,  
My bonny winsome boy!  
Yes, *bon voyage!* God only knows  
How much I wish thee joy.

Oh, tell me, have ye heard of him?  
He wore a sailor's hat  
All silver-corded round the brim,  
And—stranger e'en than that—  
A wondrous suit of navy-blue,  
With pockets deep and wide;  
Oh, tell me, sailors, tell me true,  
How fares he on the tide?

We've now no baby in the house;  
'Twas but this very morn,  
He doffed his dainty 'broidered blouse,  
With skirts of snowy lawn;  
And shook a mass of silken curls  
From off his sunny brow;  
They fretted him—"so like a girl's!"  
Mamma can have them now."

He owned a brand-new pocket-book,  
But that he could not find;  
A knife and string was all he took;  
What did he leave behind?  
A heap of blocks with letters gay,  
And here and there a toy;  
I cannot pick them up to-day,  
My heart is with my boy.

Ho! Ship ahoy! At Boyhood's town  
Cast anchor strong and deep!  
What! tears upon this little gown  
Left for mamma to keep?  
Weep not, but smile; for through the air  
A merry message rings:  
"Just sell it to the rag-man there!  
I've done with baby things!"  
Emma H. Nason, in *St Nicholas*.

## Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,508; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men. Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,148 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1879, seventy-two loan libraries, twenty-eight new, and forty-four refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,731 to 6,751 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,184, 5,185, 5,186, 5,187, 5,188, 5,189, and 5,190, at Boston. Of the new libraries sent out in October, assignments were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5184..	Salem St. Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass..	U. S Ship Kearsarge.....	Norfolk, Va.....	210
5185..	Mrs. Richard P. Joy, Groton, Mass.....	Brig Daniel Bugbee.....	Europe.....	9
5186..	S. S. Cong. church, Whately, Mass.....	Schr. H. C. Winship.....	Rotterdam.....	8
5187..	Cong. church, Florence, Mass.....	" McMannery.....	Philadelphia.....	7
5188..	Central Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.....	Ship Iceberg.....	East Indies.....	26
5189..	Cong. church, Westboro, Mass.....	Barkentine Nello M. Slade	Melbourne.....	10
5190..	Central Cong. ch., Worcester, Mass.....	Ship Magellan.....	Valparaiso.....	22
6738..	2nd Cong. church, Fair Haven, Conn.....	" Sunrise.....	Anfjer, E. I.....	20
6747..	Mrs. Jeannette McKenzie, Newark, N. J., for the McKenzie Library.....	" Sea Witch.....	Java.....	24

Assignments were also made, during the month of October, 1879, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6697..	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	Ship Oakland.....	Japan.....	18
6698..	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	" Samuel Watts.....	San Francisco.....	28
6699..	2nd Cong. church, Palmer, Mass.....	" Gardner Colby.....	Shanghai.....	22
6700..	Jonathan Sturges, Fairfield, Conn.....	Bark St. Lucie.....	Callao, S. A.....	15
6701..	Henry C. Sturges, New York City.....	Ship Jane Fish.....	".....	23
6702..	Samuel Morehouse, Fairfield, Conn.....	" Gen. McClellan.....	San Francisco.....	30
6703..	S. S. Cong. church, Fairfield, Conn.....	Bark Charles R. Lewis..	Melbourne.....	16
6704..	O. B. Jennings, Esq., Fairfield, Conn., for Mary A. McCoy Library.....	Ship Commodore.....	San Francisco.....	32
6705..	Berean class S. S. Bap. church, Hamilton, N. Y.....	" Annie Fish.....	Bombay.....	25
6706..	Charles S. Holt, Esq., Chicago, Ill.....	" Lyra.....	Antwerp.....	20
6709..	Mrs. Mary A. Hoffman, Baltimore, Md.....	" Mary Whitridge.....	Shanghai.....	20
6728..	Dr. D. B. McCartee, of Japan.....	" Guardian.....	Java.....	19

## The forty-four libraries refitted and reshipped were:—

No. 1,923,	No. 3,941,	No. 4,599,	No. 4,738,	No. 5,017,	No. 5,785,	No. 5,817,	No. 6,054,	No. 6,475,
" 2,209,	" 4,067,	" 4,510,	" 4,807,	" 5,200,	" 5,759,	" 5,584,	" 6,121,	" 6,539,
" 2,973,	" 4,033,	" 4,650,	" 4,822,	" 5,230,	" 5,771,	" 5,962,	" 6,268,	" 6,553,
" 3,583,	" 4,252,	" 4,706,	" 4,911,	" 5,255,	" 5,799,	" 5,997,	" 6,356,	" 6,649,
" 3,639,	" 4,395,	" 4,712,	" 4,914,	" 5,262,	" 5,800,	" 6,040,	" 6,440,	

## The Dead Raven, or "The Lord Helps."

The subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wupperthal; a poor man in his outward circumstance, but rich toward

God, and well-known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utter-



ance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "*The Lord helps*," he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity, work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well, the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the sad news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although as the days went on, poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left, no bread, no fuel in the house, only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside, with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "*The Lord helps*." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man; "There, saint! there is something for you to eat," he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and, stroking its feathers down said, compassionately, "Poor creature! thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand. The wife looked at it confounded; the weaver exclaimed, "*The Lord helps*," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two dollars, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the trinket, and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory. Quickly he took the necklace and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy at the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly; "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus he who fed Elijah by living ravens proves himself equally able to supply the needs of his tired servant by the same bird when dead.—*Sword and Trowel*.

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A GOOD LADY once said to the preacher, as he came out of the pulpit: "You preached a good sermon to-night." "What is your standard of a good sermon?" "When a sermon makes you feel that you ought to do better, I call it a good sermon." It would be hard to find a better definition. It is less compact, but has more inwardness than the saying of Matthew Henry:—"That is a good sermon which does *thee* good."

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#### American Seamen's Friend Society.

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L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.  
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.

THE  
SAILORS' MAGAZINE

AND

SEAMEN'S FRIEND;

AND

THE LIFE BOAT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER, 1880.

*"If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet :—  
You can stand among the sailors  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away !"*

VOL. LII.



NEW YORK:  
AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,  
80 WALL STREET.



## PREFACE.

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An age which holds, as no preceding age has done, to the truth that

“Life is real, life is earnest,”—

more and more demands of those who ask their fellows for co-operative aid, the facts which shall justify its granting.

In the conduct of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, during its *fifty-second volume*, this truth has been increasingly kept in view, and its successive issues have steadily been filled with record of facts which should persuade men that the work of the *AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY* is one inspired and sustained of God, for the good of men.

The witness to what is here written, appears in the succeeding pages. They give a clear account of activity and achievement during the year 1880, for which, in the retrospect, every friend of seamen must devoutly bless God. Within them will be found an extended and careful presentation of results secured by the re-modeling of our Sailors' Home in the City of New York, with large report of dedicatory exercises which preceded its re-opening, and appropriate historical reminiscence. Here too, in connection with a succinct abstract of our Fifty-second Annual Report is the record of a fifty-second Anniversary Meeting which was made valuable by the most effective address of Rev. Dr. MACKENZIE. The progress and observations of Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, in a European tour where he appeared on various

occasions as the representative of our Society, is chronicled with such faithfulness as has been possible. And an amount of current intelligence from our missions at home and abroad, which has not been surpassed in fulness and variety, has been regularly furnished to our readers.

So, too, in every more indirect presentation and appeal, we have aimed to make the *MAGAZINE* bear upon and stimulate the work of leading seamen upward and onward from sin and its issues, to Christ and Christ's life.

To every writer who has helped us, to any friend who has noted and sympathized in our delightful labor, has prayed and wrought that it might not be in vain,—we tender, here, our heartiest thanks.

The volume commemorates a year of blessing from the Lord alike upon the humanitarian and the spiritual work He has entrusted to our hands.

May all He has enabled us to conserve within it, prove the prophecy of ampler favor and richer blessing in the time to come, until the “abundance of the sea” has been converted!

DECEMBER, 1880.

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FIFTY-SECOND VOLUME  
OF THE  
**SAILORS' MAGAZINE**  
AND  
**SEAMEN'S FRIEND;**  
AND TO THE  
**LIFE BOAT, FOR 1880.**

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### A NEW-YEAR GREETING.

We esteem it a high privilege, as we begin the FIFTY-SECOND volume of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, to extend to our readers, the good wishes of the season. We have been glad to count large numbers of them as firm friends of the Seamen's Cause, for scores of years. And these, with others, who have come to know and love it later, will rejoice with us in the fact that at the opening of no other twelvemonth has it ever seemed to have so wide and deep a hold upon the sympathy and support of the church of Christ, as now.

So, at no other time has God granted to us more unmistakable evidences of approval upon the Society's efforts to preach the gospel to the men of the sea, than in the recent past. Indeed, in this respect, we are more and more moved to solicit the prayerful coöperation of all friends, old and new,—at home and abroad, on land and on sea,—that we, with our faithful Chaplains, and other Christian laborers for seamen, may be so guided of God's Spirit, that He may see fit, henceforth, to crown our labor with its past success, and with even more abundant blessing.

After presenting the Sailors' Cause in a crowded assembly, not long since, the pastor of the church followed us with the effective remark that what is to be done to bring the sailor to

Christ, must be quickly done. "Never, (said he) shall I forget preaching at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, a year or two since, to an audience of over a hundred seamen. Never can I forget their eager attention, their almost tearful interest. Never shall I forget the awful sense of responsibility that came upon me, when I was told, on the next Lord's Day, that *nearly every one of those hearers had gone, together, to their account at the bar of God, from the wreck of the Huron!*"

May grace be given us to labor in the coming months, for our remaining fellow voyagers to Eternity, with the impression of the same thought on our hearts!

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*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

## FROM THE FIRESIDE TO THE FORECASTLE.

BY REV. C. J. JONES.

*Chaplain Sailors' Snug Harbor.*

There is an air of romance, an atmosphere of poetry, about the life and calling of the sailor, which serves to invest the very name with a charm. You but mention the word, and troops of memories, hosts of associations marshal themselves before the mind. Toil-some explorations in unknown seas; marvelous discoveries among peoples strange; perilous escapades from fire and storm; deeds of noble daring and of hopeless suffering; of shipwreck and strife, of hunger and thirst, and nakedness and cold; of disease and disaster; of endurance and of death; the foundering craft and crazy raft; the white squall and the water-spout, and the iron-bound leeshore, all press forward for recognition, and all give evidence that the sailor is no mere myth, nor his life all poetry and romance, but one of stern reality; a life of sore vicissitudes and "garnished o'er with pain." Yet these very vicissitudes are associated with traits of character that seem to be born of the very exigencies of his wild and roving

life. All that is noble, generous, brave, and free, has been considered as embodied in his calling. In every land he is spoken of as the "jolly tar;" his very excesses are esteemed only as foibles, and his reckless disregard of himself, attributed to his generous nature.

His devotion to his duty, his contempt of danger, his self-sacrificing spirit, his bravery and patriotism in war, his energy and enterprise in times of peace,—these have elevated him to an exalted place in the estimation of all people who are capable of appreciating his sterling worth. His rollicking good nature and love of fun, his sensitiveness to praise or blame, his open-handed benevolence, and the tenderness of heart that brings the tear to his eye when a tale of suffering is told,—all these have served to invest his character with a charm of attractiveness, as clearly defined as the halo of glory with which art has adorned the head of pictured saint and Madonna. The sailor is *sui generis* a class by himself. His

dress is peculiar. His trim blue jacket and wide flowing pants, his low quartered pumps and tarpaulin hat, his loose 'kerchief exposing his bronzed neck and breast, all fitting so neatly and sitting so gracefully on his well formed person, all suggest—together with his rolling gait—the unrestrained freedom with which he moves upon his own chosen element; just as his horny hand and sunburned visage denote his toil and exposure in foreign climes. His characteristic peculiarities are believed to be the result of his mode of life. Yet it is true that the germ of these traits of character must exist in the boy before they are developed in the man. It may be said of the sailor, as of the poet: "He is born, not made." The longings of the boy for

"A life on the Ocean wave  
A home on the rolling deep"

may be fostered and developed by circumstances, but they must be innate. The first voyage never yet killed a true sailor: the germ is in him. It will develop itself under favorable circumstances. But if these do not come, then he will make circumstances, as certain plants make the soil in which they grow. See the boy as he sits by the home fireside with jack-knife and chunk of soft pine, carving out his miniature craft, his future life unfolding within him, as the vessel takes shape and model in his hands. Now she is finished. Broken glass and sand-paper, and putty, and paint have done their work on the hull. Her wedge-like stem and fore-foot, her well flanged bow and rounded bends, her clean run, and her lilliputian rudder delicately hung, all are evidences of his bent, as well as of his mechanical skill. Now her tapering spars are stepped, her rigging thrown over

the mast-head and set up, her slender yards are crossed, and her rude sails bent; her diminutive anchors, with top-string for cables, are suspended from the catheads, and the starry flag is flung to the breeze from her mizzen peak. According to his ideal, she is complete, a marvel of his own handiwork and a proof of his ingenuity and taste. Behold the glee with which he hies away to the neighboring pond to test her sailing qualities and get her "trim." With what pride he watches her progress through the water! How gratified to see her yield so gracefully to the passing breeze, as she forges ahead and shapes her course for the further shore! *She*, the delight of wondering urchins! and *he* the observed and the envied of all observers! But his triumph is complete as he sees her heel over to her bearings, and refuse to yield farther to the increasing wind. His next step is the actual ship and the real sea.

The conflict between his affection for his home and loved ones, and his desire to wander, is short. He has found a ship, has donned the sailor jacket and tarpaulin hat; his chest is packed, and the expressman at the door. And now pressing a fervid kiss on the cheek of his weeping mother and sister, and comforting his infant brother with the promise of presents from beyond the sea, he takes his farewell of home, to become a wanderer on the great deep. The scene is a touching one, but finds its explanation in the picture of his father's ship which is hanging on the wall. Poor boy! Little knows he of the perils which await him on the treacherous sea, in which his father went down. What he suffers, however, by his exposure will be more than compensated for

by the stimulus given to his energies, and by the sturdy traits of manhood which his new life will display. There are not wanting well authenticated instances of boys going to sea, who were parsimonious and selfish, and ungenerous, who nevertheless lost these qualities on becoming associated with the sea and the ship. The philosophy of this change is not easily discerned. Men have different theories on the subject. One thing is certain. It is not the lazy and listless, the nerveless and the stupid, but the earnest, the active, the energetic boy that goes to sea. The character of such a boy cannot but be developed by association with the works of nature in her grandest and in her wildest forms.

Would the reader test this? Let him go forth with the sailor upon his own element, stand beside him when the topsails and topgallantsails are mastheaded, when the royals are "sheeted home" and the good ship gathering way, her white wings spread to the breeze, runs out into the offing, leaving the receding shore astern, until it sinks beneath the horizon with the setting sun; pace with him the deck in the mid-watch; look up at the concave of boundless blue, studded with twinkling stars. Behold the Moon as she mounts the heavens, walking in her brightness, flinging her silvery sheen on the dark blue wave, and paving old ocean with a cause-way of light. Now look out with him on every side from the mast-head. Behold the limitless expanse! Let the eye penetrate to ocean's

"visual line,

Where air and ocean seem to join,"

until that horizon becomes to you the ever moving circumference of a circle, of which you are the ever moving centre. In other words,

look at the sailor from his own point of view. But confine not yourself to the mere romance and poetry of his life. Look at its stern reality. Share with him its perils, participate in his dangers and discomforts.

Behold him now, the sport of mighty seas,  
Now bound in calms, and whistling for a breeze.

Now pinched with hunger: now exposed to cold,

Now parched with thirst: now lavishing his gold.

Now covering beneath the hurricane's rude blast,

Now bravely nail his colors to the mast,

Now racked with pain: now burdened with disease,

Now 'neath the "Line;" now tossed on Polar Seas;

Now, pacing fearlessly the vessel's burning deck:

Now clinging to the scattered fragments of the wreck.

Now duped by landaharks, robbed of all his store,

Now death confronts him on the dark lee shore.

'Mid blood and carnage now, and battle's roar,

Begrimed with smoke, and weltering in his gore:

Now grappling madly with his country's foe,

Now bending 'neath the tyrant's dastard blow.

In conscious safety now, he climbs the mast,

Another moment and the rude wind's blast,  
Has hurled him down. He sinks into the surge,

And Ocean's chorus chants his funeral dirge.

This is no fancy sketch, the extremes of the sailor's life, wide as they may appear apart, often meet suddenly and unexpectedly. To-day he may be bowling along under easy sail, the very thought of danger being far away. To-morrow his faithful craft, which has borne him over thousands of miles in safety, may go down under his feet, leaving him, perhaps, with nothing between himself and eternity but an extemporized raft, on which he may be doomed, with his starving shipmates, to spend weeks in hun-

ger and thirst, in nakedness and cold, and to see them one by one drop into the hungry sea, and finally to sink himself into hopeless despair, unless relieved by some friendly sail. These perils tend materially to reduce his strength and to make him prematurely old. The really aged sailor is a rare sight. The average of a seaman's life is but twenty-eight years; of his actual sea life only eleven. For every sixteen who die on the shore from the ordinary causes of mortality, twenty-seven die from exposure, intemperance, and accidents at sea. The thinned and wasted ranks of these men must be replenished from some source, or our merchant and naval marine must pass into other hands. Hitherto, the cod and whale fisheries of our New England coast have proved prolific nurseries for this interesting class of our fellow men. Yet these nurseries even have their own perils. From a single New England fishing town one thousand two hundred and fifty lives and two hundred and eighty-one vessels have been lost during the last forty years, leaving behind them more than four hundred widows and eight hundred fatherless children. To fully realize the discomforts of the sailor's life one must endure with him wet and cold, sleepless nights and toilsome days, lay out with him 'midst storm and darkness, on the topsail yard, and share with him in his vain endeavors to gather in the struggling canvas, as it flaps and snaps with the fury of the hurricane, and tears itself from his grasp, while the blinding sleet and snow are beating in his face with merciless force and his hands are freezing to the stiffened leach. Then come down with him when, wet to the skin, his strength exhausted and his blood almost con-

gealed in his veins, come down I say, to the deck, and hear the brutal curse with which his exertions are sometimes rewarded, and witness the dastard blow struck by the cowardly thing that walks the quarter-deck in the place of a humane and skilful officer. And now, when the duties and dangers of the yard and the deck are over, he turns to go below for rest, descend with him into that damp, dark, and cheerless fore-castle, where no fire gives forth its reviving warmth, and where bed and berth and chest, with their contents, are alike saturated, as wet and comfortless as the clothes he has on, so that he is literally said to "turn in wet and turn out smoking."

What comfort can a man have in such circumstances? Does not his lot demand, and should it not secure for him our sincere sympathy and our heartfelt prayers? And what is his condition ashore? Alas! his boarding-house is, in many instances, as destitute of comfort as the fore-castle he has left. Here too, he often becomes the victim of harpies who seek his destruction. He is drugged or poisoned with bad liquor and then "shanghaed," or taken insensible on board of another vessel, where some merciless tyrant, perchance may force him through the same round of abuse and exposure and toil and watching and pain. Do you wonder that the sailor is reckless? Is it not a still greater wonder that he does not oftener appear, as a criminal, before our Police courts? The property entrusted to his care, the interests committed to him, are all protected and preserved with a generous firmness and unswerving integrity, notwithstanding his many temptations, and his sore abuse. Is not this an evidence of

his nobleness, his trustworthiness, and his forgiving character? If seamen were, as a class, the ferocious malignants that some would have us to believe, commerce would become the most unsafe of investments; the sailor, the mere Corsair of the deep, and America, instead of being as she is, the first among the nations, would rank with the barbarous rovers of the Algerine

coast. If then seamen have laid us under so great a weight of obligation, we should endeavor, in some measure, to acknowledge our indebtedness to them. Surely none can lay greater claim to our sympathy than the three millions of our fellow-men whose modicum of comfort is too often found in the murky gloom of a damp and cheerless fore-castle.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### XII.—EPHESUS.

The early history of *Ephesus*, like that of most of the cities of Western Asia is obscured by fables and legends, out of which it is difficult to select events which are associated with its origin and early progress. An inspection of the map of Asia Minor will show that its western coasts must, very early in the advance of population, have teemed with a vigorous and enterprising people, who would soon demand the establishment of ports and cities upon the sea coast for the use of commerce. Whoever were the early inhabitants of Ionia, it is certain that colonies from the opposite shores of Greece settled here, and founded twelve small states, the centers of which were cities, of which *Ephesus* was the most populous and distinguished. Besides a coast line which was filled with safe and commodious harbors, sheltered by a long series of islands, many of which were sufficiently large to contain separate kingdoms; there were fertile valleys and plains stretching eastward between vast ranges of mountains, and watered by rivers which welled up from their rounded sum-

mits. Thus there were long approaches to the shore which formed highways for inland commerce, along which a vast tide of agricultural wealth poured its tribute into the *Ægean Sea*. Their most important outlets were *Miletus*, *Ephesus*, and *Smyrna*, in whose ports the ships of all nations met, and made up a vast and remunerative commerce.

*Ephesus* like many another capital of the oriental world, had been destroyed and rebuilt ages before the coming of Christ. And when Paul came to it in the progress of one of his great missionary tours through Asia, he looked upon a magnificent city which was built upon the ruins of one that had preceded it. When he left Corinth, for this port, he sailed almost directly eastward, passing over the whole of the *Ægean Sea* and entering the *Icarian Gulf* into which flowed the river *Cayster*, on which *Ephesus* stood, five miles distant from its mouth. Through the defiles and passes of the mountains that rose around the city a magnificent highway was opened to *Sardis*, and thence onward through

Phrygia and Cappadocia to the Euphrates. Thus Ephesus, with all the changes of rulers it had experienced, became, under the Romans, the great metropolis of the east, and when Paul entered it, had reached the height of its greatness and glory.

On its southern side stood an almost precipitous range of hills, still abounding in the ruins of the ancient Ephesus which had once crowned their sides and heights. Mount Pactyas so rose and bounded it on the east. On the north stood mount Gallesius. Thus these hills surrounded it like impregnable ramparts, except where the river Cayster wound its way through the valley and plain on the north-east. As the Apostle passed upward from the sea, the ship entered a magnificent harbor, surrounded by convenient wharves and store houses, and splendid public buildings. This vast dock was called Panormus or All Haven, where the ships of all nations were riding at anchor or entering and leaving port. It must have been a wonderful scene which opened to the eyes of the Apostle, familiar though they were with the ports of Cæsarea, Athens, and Corinth. On one hand was the stadium where games and races and contests of strength were held, and whose seats were cut out of the solid rock from the hill on which it stood. Near by was an immense theatre, in which the Apostle was destined to witness one of the most intense and exciting of all the popular tumults which his ministry awakened. All around him were splendid buildings of marble, quarried from one of the hills that overlooked the city.

But the most wonderful of all the structures that the Apostle saw, stood directly before him as

he entered the harbor, upon its eastern side. This was the temple of Diana, to whose worship the city of Ephesus was devoted. It was the successor of one which had been burned on the day of the birth of Alexander, by a young man named Erostratus, who confessed upon the rack that he had been prompted to destroy this work, by the simple desire of transmitting his name to posterity. The common council of Asia, passed a decree that his name should never be mentioned, but this only the more certainly made it memorable.

'The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome,  
Outlives in fame the pious fools that reared it.'

Alexander offered to rebuild the temple at his own expense, on the simple provision that the Ephesians should put his name upon its front. But this offer they rejected, telling him 'it was not fit that one God should build a temple to another.' Out of the sale of the pillars and other parts of the temple which had been saved from the fire, and by the jewels which the Ephesian women offered, a sufficient sum was secured to commence the rebuilding of the temple; and through the contributions which afterward came in, the work was at length completed. It was two hundred and twenty years in building, and when finished was one of the wonders of the world. Its length was 425 feet, and its breadth 220. A magnificent colonnade surrounded it, composed of 127 marble columns, 60 feet in height, and weighing 150 tons each. Columns of green jasper supported the roof. Eight of these were removed to Constantinople during the reign of the Emperor Justinian, and now adorn the mosque of St. Sophia. Apelles' wonderful picture of Alexander



grasping a thunderbolt adorned this temple, having been placed there at an expense of \$200,000. The chisel of Praxiteles wrought out its magnificent altars. Splendid pictures of the greatest artists of the world adorned its walls, and its niches were filled with statues of marble, silver, and gold, the work of the most celebrated sculptors of the age. And all this wealth of art and genius was poured forth to form the shrine for a rude image of Diana, representing a female with many hearts, (the ancient symbol of the life of animated beings,) terminating in a shapeless block of wood. In each hand was an iron bar by which the figure was supported, and the dress was covered with numerous mystic devices. Though carved by human hands, it was said to have fallen from the sky, and was thus an object of veneration to multitudes of Asia, who in their ignorance of the true God, bowed in idolatrous worship before the senseless image which could neither walk, nor see, nor hear.

It was to this city, the very center of heathenism, that Paul came to make known the blessed truths of the Gospel of Christ. It would not be strange if the Apostle had seen, even on the ship in which he had been a passenger, indications of the idolatry which he was to find with all its dreadful influences in the city of Ephesus. He may have noticed among the officers and crew, the shrines which they had in other voyages obtained at the silversmiths of this city, and his heart may have been saddened as he saw them bowing before them in idolatrous homage. As he looked up toward the magnificent temple of which he had often heard, he knew full well what was passing within it, and what multitudes

were there joining in the worship of a senseless image of a heathen goddess.

On entering the city with his friends, Aquila and Priscilla, who had come with him from Corinth, he probably resumed with them the trade by which he had elsewhere supported himself, and as he was purposing, in a short time, to pay a visit to Jerusalem, he confined his labors to the Jews who, under the Roman authority, had been permitted to erect for themselves a Synagogue. His brief visit seems to have been an occasion of gratification to his Jewish brethren who desired him to remain with them, but whom he was obliged to leave, for a while, that he might once more keep the feast at Jerusalem.

During his absence, an eloquent and learned Jew from Alexandria had come among them, and opened to their minds the prophecies, as they related to the Messiah, calling them to repentance, and reviving the earnest teachings of John the Baptist of whom he was a disciple. He seems to have thus far been ignorant of the fact that Christ the true Messiah had come, and had suffered in the flesh, though ready to welcome the truth when it should be opened to him. This was soon done under the instructions of Aquila and Priscilla, and henceforth he became an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel, convincing the Jews by undoubted arguments from their own Scriptures that JESUS was the CHRIST. Then leaving his friends, he went to Corinth and resumed the work which Paul had begun there, while the Apostle himself soon returned to Ephesus that he might give himself fully to the establishment of the Christian Church in that idolatrous city.

There he found twelve of the disciples of John whom he baptized in accordance with the formula taught by Christ himself, and to whom he taught the nature of the plan of salvation as revealed in the Gospel. After their full enlightenment, and the descent of the Spirit upon them, they joined with Paul in the preaching of Christ to the Ephesians. These efforts were followed with bitter opposition on the part of the Jews, who soon showed their hostility to the proclamation of salvation by the Cross. Hence turning from them the Apostle found a place in which he might hold public services in the lecture room of a teacher of philosophy, who had doubtless become a convert to the Christian faith, and here his labors were eminently successful.

He was not only a preacher, but a pastor, going from house to house and tearfully exhorting the people to turn to Christ and be saved. These earnest labors were largely blessed, and many were converted to the truth. The success of the Apostle was largely increased by the miracles which he wrought, which tended greatly to confirm his word as a messenger of Christ. During the three years of his ministry in Ephesus, a large and important church was established, to which it is supposed both Timothy and John afterwards held pastoral relations.

It cannot be supposed that such success could be attained without bitter opposition on the part of those who rejected the Gospel. It came first from the Jews, and afterwards from the heathen population, multitudes of whom had gathered at the games which were celebrated in the city, and at the great assizes which were held there under the Roman government.

Many of these who had even been adherents of the wildest and grossest forms of Oriental superstition, and had used the arts of magic and sorcery, not only abandoned their belief and profession, but destroyed the instruments of their strange and absurd practices, burning up their books and pictures and the images of their heathen idolatry. The craftsmen of the city who had made their living by the sale of the famous shrines of Ephesus, soon perceived that the hope of their gains would be gone if such a reformation continued, and so excited that intense popular tumult in the great amphitheatre of the city, an account of which is given in Acts xixth. Any one who reads that sketch will see that it is drawn by a master hand, and that it gives the origin and progress of an outbreak created by designing, unprincipled and interested leaders who understood what influences might most successfully be used among a vast crowd of men for the purpose of creating a bitter prejudice against the Apostle and his friends and thus if possible destroying their growing influence in the city. The excitement which was thus raised was so intense as to threaten the peace of the whole community, but was at length quelled by the firm and judicious action of the town clerk, who with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, appeased the excited multitude and dismissed the assembly.

That scene in Ephesus was the foreshadowing of similar excitements in all the history of the Church. When it comes directly in contact with men's appetites, passions and interests, it meets with opposition and hostility and persecutions. Men do not like to see their gains from sinful practices and destructive pursuits slip-

ping away under the power of a great moral reform. When they fear that their business will be gone because the Gospel opposes it, then they seek to excite popular indignation against the Church and its ministers. And so the scenes of the Ephesian tumult have been reproduced a thousand times since this great awakening under Paul.

The Apostle, however, never lost his interest in that people, though he was compelled, soon after the subsidence of the tumult, to pass away to other fields of labor. When, on a subsequent journey, he again sailed by these familiar scenes endeared to him by a thousand memories, though he concluded not again to visit the city where he had so long and successfully labored, yet when he stopped at Miletus, a port about thirty miles southward, he sent for the representatives of the Ephesian church and held with them that affecting interview described in Acts xxth. It was a scene which has been painted with wonderful beauty and power by the Evangelist. The meeting of the Apostle with the elders of the Church, his review of his ministry among them, his anticipation of coming scenes of labor and suffering through which he was to pass, his appeal to their own judgments, that he was pure from their blood, because he had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, his admonition as to their duty in watching over the Church, his caution concerning false teachers, who, as grievous wolves, would not spare the flock, his commendation of them to God, the word of his grace, his assurance that they should see his face no more, his prayer with them by the sea shore, and their tearful and sad parting, as they accompanied him to the ship,—all this is drawn

with unequalled fidelity to nature and with a power that makes the whole scene a reality.

We meet subsequently with allusions to the city, in Paul's letters, both to the Ephesians and to the Corinthians, in the latter of which he speaks of having fought with beasts at Ephesus. In his Epistle to Timothy he also alludes to facts which supplement the record of his sojourn there as given by Luke. Once more the city reappears in the message of Christ through John to the seven churches of Asia. And while mention is made of the patience and works of that people, significant hints are given of its decline in faith and piety, and the solemn caution is uttered, "Repent or I will come and remove thy candlestick out of its place."

It is evident that this warning was unheeded, though the city for many years retained its prominence as the seat of the Asiatic Primate of the Church. In the year 431, the scenes of the theatre in the time of Paul were reproduced in the disgraceful and turbulent contests which attended the meeting of the Third General Council of the Church, called to decide upon the heresy of Nestorius. Cyril of Alexandria came there, not as did Paul, a passenger upon some transient ship, but with a large fleet, the riches of Egypt and a host of mariners, slaves and fanatics who had come to aid in the destruction of a man who had simply refused to call Mary the Mother of God, though he did not deny the divinity or the Son of God, who through her, had assumed the nature of man.

In the year 449 a second council was held there for the purpose, if possible, of healing the difficulties which had arisen out of the previous meeting. But the scenes of

violence and outrage which then took place exceeded all that had preceded them. The Greeks called the assembly of Christian Prelates, a band of robbers, because of the fraud and violence by which it was sought to settle the doctrines of the Church.

With this event the history of Ephesus is almost closed. It had lost its first love in the growing pride and corruption of its teachers and overseers. They who should have tenderly led and instructed the people, were but grievous wolves who spared not the flock. And so the power of the Church waned and with it the glory of the city. Exposed as it was to ceaseless assaults and invasions during the terrible wars that gradually weakened and destroyed the Roman empire, Ephesus sank away, its commerce declined, its wealth diminished, its population decreased, its glory departed, and the candlestick, in which once shone the light of a pure, earnest and eloquent christian ministry, was removed out of its place. Near the end of the eleventh century a pirate named Tangripermos seized it and held it as his booty, but was afterwards deprived of it by the Greek Admiral John Ducus.

After the downfall of the Roman empire that had recognized it as one of its seats of political and social power, it gradually lost prestige, and its former glory passed away. In the year 1283 the Mohammedans became its masters. In 1401 Tamerlane plundered it, and shortly after it was set on fire and its destruction completed. A small and obscure village (called *Ayassaluk*) composed of a few mean huts is now all that represents the city which was once spoken of as one of the eyes of Asia.

As the traveler climbs the hills which rise around the place, he looks over only heaps of unsightly ruins. Its streets are obscured and overgrown. The magnificent harbor in which once rode the ships of all nations, is now a morass; herds of goats are sheltered amid the ruins of ancient palaces, and the partridge whistles in the area of former temples and theatres. Of Ephesus as of Babylon the ancient prophecy seems to be fulfilled, "I will make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water, and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction saith the Lord of Hosts. The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness." But though the city is thus a ruined heap, enough remains of its ancient buildings to enable one, by the aid of ancient historians, to form a tolerable idea of the former glory of Ephesus, and to reproduce, with some accuracy, its appearance as seen by the Apostle Paul. And the contrast of its former magnificence with its present wretchedness and desolation only serves to echo the solemn warnings which came to it from him who holds the stars in his right hand. All its wealth and glory and power could not protect it from the results of its declension in faith, love and piety. Its ancient privileges and exalted influence only made its doom more certain and severe. Silence and desolation reign where once busy multitudes thronged the great thoroughfares, and commerce set up her throne, and art and genius built their splendid monuments that were the wonders of the world.

## THE SAILOR OF NEWFOUNDLAND; OR, THE TWO SYSTEMS CONTRASTED.

BY REV. R. J. WALKER,

*Minister of the Floating Episcopal Church, New York.*

One bright and beautiful Lord's Day morning, without a cloud in the deep blue sky, and when the waters of the noble Bay of New York were sleeping tranquilly in the summer's sun, with scarce a ripple to disturb their slumbers, the writer, accompanied by the sexton and chorister of the Coenties Slip Station, stepped on board a large and cleanly-swept North River barge lying at Pier No. 6, East River. Seated on the rail of this humble vessel was a slight and delicate-looking man, clothed in sailor's garments, and waiting for the commencement of the service which had been held in that neighborhood for many years without any interruption. During the introductory prayers and hymns, the seaman evinced the greatest devotion, repeating the responses aloud, and singing in the most fervid manner. The sermon he listened to with rapt attention, his eyes overflowing with tears of joy as he heard of God's great love to sinners, in the redemption of the world, by the death of His well-beloved Son upon the accursed tree. At the afternoon service, the sailor was again present, exhibiting by his deportment the most reverential and loving spirit. At the conclusion of this service, he accompanied the boatmen and seamen to the room in South Street, where Bibles and religious books were distributed every Sunday afternoon. He delivered an address to a room full of these hardy men, and such an address the writer scarcely ever heard from the lips of any man, although he

has sat and listened to some of the most distinguished divines of Europe and America. It was truly a wonderful discourse to fall from the lips of a wandering son of ocean, and seemed to be directly inspired by the Divine Spirit. When all had departed save the writer and the sailor, the latter, after a little pressing, related the history of his life and conversion in nearly the following words:—

"I was born," said he, "in the little seaport of —, in the island of Newfoundland. My parents were Irish Roman Catholics, and they brought me up strictly in that faith. When only ten years of age, I went to sea, and grew up to manhood on shipboard, stopping very little on shore; but as I grew in years, I increased also in wickedness, indulging in every kind of vice and sin, until at length I became one of the vilest and most depraved wretches that ever blasphemed the name of God, which was my constant practice. Returning to my native place, after a voyage to the West Indies, the vessel was frozen in for the winter, which is long and terribly severe in Newfoundland. The crew were all discharged except myself, and I was left in charge of the bark. And now the Almighty called me to a reckoning for my past life. One day I went aloft to secure a block that was about to be carried away by a gale which was blowing. On reaching the masthead, instantly, like a flash of lightning, the horrible sins that I had committed against God, came into my mind, with all their aggravating circum-

stances, and I felt in my inmost soul that I was lost, doomed, and accursed of God. I feared that I should fall from aloft, as my hands and knees trembled like one afflicted with the ague. With great difficulty I reached the deck, and I went at once to the priest to tell him of my awful state of mind, hoping he might give me some relief. At every step I made, on the way to his house, I felt as if the ground was about to open beneath my feet and I should be plunged into hell. The priest listened to me with patience, and then told me to kneel down and confess my sins. I confessed to him a great many of my worst ones; and he, by way of penance, ordered me to walk six miles in the snow without shoes or stockings, on the next morning, and fasting. This I did very willingly, hoping to find some relief for my troubled mind. But it was all in vain. If possible, I felt worse than before. The next day I went again to the priest, when he became angry, and said, 'You did not confess all your sins; kneel down again, and tell me all the other wicked things you have done.' Every additional sin that I could remember I confessed to him. The next penance he put upon me was even more severe than the first. I was ordered to go round the Catholic church six times on my bare knees in the snow, fasting, and at daybreak. But still I found no relief. My condition seemed to become more desperate, and I went the third time to the priest. 'I can do nothing more for you,' was his reply; 'you are going out of your mind, and you ought to go where there are young people, dancing and singing and playing cards, and amuse yourself.' This advice I tried night after night, but I only

grew worse and worse. I then fell into a state of complete despair, and gave up all hope of ever being pardoned, of ever knowing one happy hour in this world or the next. Adjoining my father's house lived a carpenter, a very good and religious man. While working at his bench he was singing hymns all day long, and this aggravated my case very much, to know that he was so happy and I was so miserable. In my desperation, I went into his shop and said to him, 'How is it neighbor, that you are always so merry and cheerful, while I am continually cursing the day that I was born?' 'I am merry and cheerful,' said he, 'because I know that Jesus Christ has pardoned all my sins.' I then opened my mind to him, and told him all that I have just told you. The carpenter then said, 'All through the long Newfoundland winter, we have a prayer meeting in the Town Hall every evening, and Protestants from all the churches in town unite to pray for each other, for their families and neighbors. Come with me this evening, and perhaps God may hear and answer our prayers on your behalf.' I had never been at a Protestant meeting of any kind, and had never heard one of their ministers, but I concluded to accept the invitation. After the meeting had been opened with singing and prayer, the carpenter got up and told the Christians who were present, the dreadful state of my mind. They gathered round me, and prayed for me with all their hearts and souls, and entreated me to pray earnestly for myself. They assured me that the Savior died on the cross for the very greatest sinners, if they would only repent and fly to Him for pardon, believe on Him in their hearts, and depend entirely on His

sufferings and death for their salvation. I sobbed and groaned in the bitterness of my spirit, uttered a few broken petitions, and looked up to Christ hanging on the cross and there dying for my sins. I had faith given to me to believe that He was *my* Savior, and in an instant, like another flash of lightning, the dreadful weight of guilt left my heart, and the presence of Christ, the Lord of life and glory, shone into my soul, like the sun rising after a dark night. I have never for a moment doubted, since that blessed hour, that I am a saved sinner—saved freely by the blood of Christ. The next Sunday I received the Lord's Supper in the Episcopal Church with the greatest joy, and have been connected with it ever since. All of my father's family—and there were nine of us—followed my example, except one brother. My conversion was so wonderful that it brought them round, one by one, to pray earnestly to the Savior, to seek His pardon and obtain His blessing."

And thus ended the sailor's narrative. The last rays of the setting sun lit up the cross on the spire of Trinity Church with a supernatural splendor as I wended my way homeward, and the sailor's story lit up a flame of sacred love in my own heart.

Dear reader, you may not have led so evil a life as that of this Newfoundland sailor; nevertheless you must truly repent of your sins, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in your heart, and intend to lead a new life, following the commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in His holy ways. No one can enter the kingdom of Heaven except he be born again of the Holy Spirit. Without holiness, without a new heart, without a true and living faith, you cannot possibly be saved.

## The Close Cling to Jesus.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The Christian hymns written in America have been rather more remarkable for quantity than for quality. But among them are some precious heart-songs which are already sung around the globe, and may be among the favorites of the Millennial Church. The foremost of these is Dr. Ray Palmer's 'My faith looks up to Thee'; and it is the foremost because it most completely voices the experience of a soul hanging upon Jesus, and Jesus only. That hymn begins with the soul's look to the Lamb of God on the cross, and ends with its look into the face of that same Savior in glory. No song and no sermon can keep sweet for any length of time that has not been steeped in the blood of atonement.

Among our more recent hymns, is a very satisfying one from the pen of Mrs. Fanny Crosby Van Alstyne. It is impassioned in its fervor, simple in language, and full of one idea—the soul's close cling to Jesus. Toplady or Wesley might have written its opening verse—

"Savior, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee,  
Let Thy precious blood applied,  
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side."

The repetition of the word "clinging" marks the intensity of the hold. The refrain after each verse only adds fresh volume to the prayer,—

"May Thy tender love to me  
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee!"

This touches the very core of true piety. Until we begin to take hold on Christ, we are sinking toward the bottomless pit. When we have gotten the first hold, we have passed from death unto life. Conversion is the beginning to grasp Jesus; and growth in grace

is but tightening the grasp. Trusting Him we cannot stray; and the sole reason why the Christian ever loses his way, is that he pulls his hand out of Christ's hand. Just as soon as we attempt to go where He will not go with us, we are in slippery places, and the fall will soon come. No Christian ever fell, or ever will fall, who cleaves fast to the Omnipotent Savior.

It is worthy of note that all through the dealings of Christ with His disciples, He made so much of cleaving to Him, and following Him and abiding in Him. The constant command is "Follow Me"; the sum total of obedience is to do His will; the promise of fruitfulness all depends on "abiding" in the vine. When Peter lets go of Jesus, he sinks. When Thomas stays away from Him, he turns doubter. Safety depends entirely on the degree in which Christ is closely followed. Danger comes the moment that we lose sight of Him.

During that terrible night of tempest on Galilee, the safety of all the little boats depended on their keeping in the wake of their divine Commander. Many an oar may have snapped with the toilsome rowing, and many a heavy sea lurched into the boats. John and Peter may have often recalled that night of hurricane, when they were in tempests of trial. Brethren! you and I can recall some nights of pitchy darkness in the surging seas. When we reach the desired haven, our "log-book" will contain the record of some wonderful interpositions for us by that Pilot who never sleeps. More than one of us will look back and see how close we ran to the rocks, and what hair-breadth escapes we made when we "struck a light" with the tinder and steel of faith.

The shores of Eternity will be strewn with innumerable wrecks. But not a single soul that set out with Jesus, and "clung close" to Jesus, will miss the harbor. The light of heaven will glitter on some dripping sails and torn canvass, and weather-beaten mariners. But every one who comes in will be singing,—

"Savior, more than life to me,  
I am clinging, clinging close to THEE."

*N. Y. Evangelist.*

### Our Prayer Meetings.

A sailor brother who has recently given his heart to the Lord, and feels that he has had much forgiven,—that he is a miracle of free grace and divine saving power is "at the wheel." (About half our prayer meetings are led by the brethren, without respect of persons.) He has just returned safely from the West Indies, preserved from the wasting pestilence, while others have been taken. He spoke of the goodness of God in keeping him, and the love of Christ he still enjoys. He alluded to the hardship endured by contact with men who have no sympathy with the word of God, and the gospel which we believe;—men who profess another religion, whose entire history is a narrative of intolerance, arrogance and persecution. We could but feel that he had been called to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

A Captain spoke of the experience he had had during forty-three years of sea service in all ranks, from a boy at fourteen years of age to the present time,—sailing almost everywhere that ships go,—three times round the world. "And the Lord has kept me. I was thrown as a boy alone upon the world, for it pleased God to



take my father and mother. But something moved me to go to God and cast myself upon his care. I seemed to have nowhere else to go. He has never failed me. I have never known what it is to drink or gamble. Never played a game of cards. The Lord has made me see the evil of it, and kept me from it. When I first went to sea they served out grog. I had no use for it, so I came with my bottle and took it and sold it to those who wanted more. But after a while I thought that I ought not to sell that which I know injures men, so I threw it overboard. Since being in command, I have found that religion is a good thing to secure order on ship-board. I have had no trouble. In a short time all swearing disappeared from the vessel. I think bad officers make bad men. The love of Christ will cure most of the difficulties at sea. I wish to recommend the religion of Christ to all."

A brother then called attention to the scripture that had been read, and what had been remarked before, that 'the gospel is cheap.' "The meaning was good, and yet there is something that does not strike me favorably. I know that it is free,—it costs nothing; and in that sense it is cheap,—cheap to us; but it cost a great deal: the sacrifice, suffering and death of the Son of God. He paid the price, a great ransom! And while it is 'without money and without price,' and so, cheap to us, it is the most costly thing in the world. When we think of it we must needs think of the precious blood of Christ."

Still another remarked upon the importance of prayer. "The passage that has just been read, exhorts us 'always to pray and not to faint.' We need just this instruction, we

are so apt to be discouraged. This subject reminds me of a story I have read. A minister was dying. He called his little boy to his bedside, prayed for him, and committed him to a covenant-keeping God, that he should take his place as a preacher of the gospel. He died and left him with his mother, who continued to pray for his conversion. It was thought necessary to leave the boy during his youth in care of a relative who was able to give him an education. Here he was not under Christian influence, and his early impressions faded away. He grew indifferent to the concerns of the soul, and the claims of religion, and near the close of his course of education, wrote to his mother that he had concluded not to be a minister, but to study law. Still she continued to plead with God for him. He chose to pursue his law studies with a man of ability, who was an avowed infidel. The young man readily embraced his opinions, and informed his mother in reply to her letters, that he had outgrown those early notions, and regarded the teachings of the Bible and the story of the Cross as beneath the dignity of learned men,—in fact that he was ashamed of it. This almost broke her heart. She could not pray. For a time she felt as though she could not attend the meetings for prayer. But she did not utterly faint. In a short time the Lord touched that hard, wayward heart, and she received a letter of great penitence—expressing his wonder at God's mercy, his sense of the reality of religion, his humble hope that God for Christ's sake had forgiven his sins, and his willingness, if it was the Master's pleasure, to devote himself to his service in the gospel ministry."—*Bethel Flag.*

### Wrecks of a Year.

The home wrecks of Great Britain and Ireland for 1877-78, numbered 845, of 54,343 tons. Of these 62 foundered, 200 stranded, 52 collided, 4 were wrecked from other causes and 28 missing. Of the 62 lost by foundering, only 30 were lost through stress of weather, but 27 were lost from *defects* in vessel or equipments, or from overloading or improper stowage of cargo. And of the stranded vessels, 66 were wrecked through error, neglect or incompetency of persons in charge, and 5 on account of defective hulls. The report states that there were 795 collisions during 1877-78, of which 59 were attended with total loss, 233 with serious damage, and 498 with small damage. Out of the 59 collisions attended with total loss, 9 were due to bad look-out, 11 to neglect, or misapprehension of sailing and steering rules, 21 to errors of judgment or want of caution, 5 to want of lights, 2 to foggy weather, 3 to parting cables, and 6 to causes undetermined. Nearly, if not all of the 59 collisions were due to causes which were preventable. Nothing is said of the causes of the other collisions, but there can be no doubt that many of them were of the same nature as those mentioned above. There were 588 British vessels, (273 belonging to the United Kingdom and 315 to the Colonies) excluding collisions, casualties, reported as lost abroad, during 1877-78. Of these, 103 foundered, 370 stranded, 58 were lost through miscellaneous causes, including spontaneous combustion, and 60 were missing. Of these, 262 vessels were lost owing to the action of the elements, and 153 including 49 vessels which were unseaworthy, overladen, or insufficiently equipped, were lost owing to the act or default of man.

### Sitka Harbor.

An Alaska correspondent of the *American Ship*, who wrote from Sitka, last season, gives an ecstatic description of the harbor under a summer sun:—

"It is truly," he says, "the grandest harbor in the world for scenery. Here is a combination of the beautiful small islands of Japan and the Alps. Imagine a semi-circle of five miles in diameter, of grand mountain hills and peaks, and in this, closely nestled together, thirty or

forty low, wooded islands, between which are three passages to the anchorage, which is commodious, securely landlocked, and of very good holding ground for weather usually experienced here. They are occasionally visited by hurricanes in the winter months, when vessels drag, even with four anchors down; but this they would do almost anywhere. The land is covered by dense woods, beginning at the water's edge and rising gradually to 2,000 feet in height, only giving up the ascent when the snow which covers the peaks is reached.

"I would notify you for the benefit of navigators, that we are to erect a stone beacon fifteen feet in height on the island of Viskari, which will enable vessels to pick it up in any kind of weather, and that three clumps of rocks appearing on entering the harbor to be equally distant apart, and about thirty or forty yards from each other, show to the north-northwest of this island, and are not on the charts."

### The New Sea Signal Code.

The London *Daily Telegraph* of October 6th, says that the following governments have signified to the British government their acquiescence in the new international code of ocean and river signals and rule of the road at sea, just issued by an order in council. viz.: France, Germany, Russia, the United States, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, the Netherlands, Austria-Hungary, Greece and Chili. The new rules and signals will come into use everywhere on the 1st of September, 1880. In the mean time all candidates for certificates of proficiency in carrying them out, will undergo examination.

### To our Life Directors and Life Members.

If you desire to receive the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* for 1880, please notify us to that effect, with your proper address, early in the present year. It will be apparent, upon a very little reflection, that in no other way can any benevolent society keep the record of members to whom its periodicals should go, measureably free from the names of deceased persons, or preserve correct addresses for the living, upon its mail books. Hence this regulation, which we have adopted in common with other organizations.

## The Sailor's Text.

## DAYBREAK.

*"My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning; I say, more than they that watch for the morning."*—Ps. cxxx. 6.

How often has the sailor watched the sun rising on the sea! First the dim gray dawn on the eastern sky—then the rays shooting up before the disc is visible—then all at once the ball of burnished gold appearing above the horizon, lighting up for itself a pathway of liquid fire along the trough of the ocean, and finally illuminating the whole heavens with its glory.

Emblem of the "Sun of Righteousness" rising on a darkened soul! Reader! has God, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," thus shined into your heart? Go! watch for Him. Seek Him by prayer. It is to them also who "look for Him that He shall appear." Fear Him—love Him—serve Him—seek to please Him. For thus saith the Scripture, "Unto you that *fear* my name, shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

"Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear!

It is not night if Thou art near:

Oh, let no earth-born cloud arise

To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come near, and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above."

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## Italy.

## NAPLES.

The missionary, Mr. STEPHEN BURROWS, says, in transmitting the record of his work from July 1st to September 30th, 1879:—

"The port of Naples has been visited by more vessels during these three months, than during the same period in 1878. Large steamers coming with coal, made up the increase.

In July we had much pleasure in visiting the yacht of the Khedive of Egypt. The English engineers on board were extremely courteous, and took a warm interest in the mission, by attending the services in the Bethel, and by contributing, unsolicited, a liberal subscription to the work of the Mission. The crew of the *N——— B———* were

constant at the means of grace. This brig had been twice before this, during eighteen months, in Naples. Several on board seemed turned to the Lord. Being Welsh they did not speak much of their christian experience, but there were visible signs that God was working in their hearts. The farewell meeting held on the evening of the 7th of July was most precious. The Captain's kindness we shall never forget. The crew gave liberal subscriptions to the mission.

August 8th, visited the *S. S. Sir Bemis* at Tona del Annunziata, ten miles from Naples. Had a long and interesting talk with two Spanish engineers on board, whose hearts seemed in the gospel kingdom, and they manifested a warm interest in the work of the Lord everywhere. Returned the following week and held a meeting on board. All the seamen and firemen willingly attended and

expressed sincere thanks for the visit. The U. S. brigantine *Johnny Smith* remained in harbor for more than three weeks. This gave ample time to get acquainted with the crew, who attended all our meetings, and they willingly responded to the Captain's proposal to give monetary aid to the mission.

*Sunday, August 24th*, I conducted the service on the U. S. S. *Winnipeg*. The Captain was anxious to do good among his men by having the means of grace every Sabbath Day on board. On this occasion there were more officers than forward-men. In the port of A—, a short time before, a minister had come from the shore to preach and made some unguarded statements which offended the majority of the sailors who were Roman Catholics. However, the men sat forward at our meeting, and as the upper deck was covered with an awning they could easily hear all that was spoken, and through God's blessing the word may have pierced some hearts even at that distance.

*September 14th* I had a large audience in the Bethel. The father of the Captain of the *Speedwell* took part. His prayer, so earnest and full of christian experience, seemed to impress all who heard it. The *W. L. J.* lay at Pozzuoli for four weeks. Owing to one of my children being very ill we stayed at P. during this month, returning to Naples several times weekly. The above brigantine was often visited. She had a mixed crew of different religions and nationalities; all attended the services on board except the cook, a German Catholic. The Irish Catholics came willingly to hear the Gospel story. Even the cook joined all the rest on our last visit, to give a subscription to the mission. On the 24th I also resumed the weekly lectures on the Bible, illustrated by diagrams; at this meeting, held in the Bethel, we had a good attendance. The captain of the *S. S. Mercator* led the singing sweetly and efficiently. This good captain also led the singing on Sabbath evening, and got all his crew to give liberally to the mission.

We mention those cases of subscribing, because they came spontaneously from themselves, and they show that some of those who go down to the sea in ships appreciate any good work in progress for their moral and spiritual well being.

The total number of vessels during the three months were 88 steamers and 10 sailing vessels. Visits to vessels, 448; meetings in Bethel and on board ships, 19; tracts, books and papers, 1,250; Bibles sold, 6; Testaments, 5."

## The Honolulu Bethel Repaired and Re-painted.

The same may be said of the Bethel in Honolulu, S. I., as was said of the Temple at Jerusalem:—"Forty and six years was this temple in building." The Bethel was dedicated as a house for public worship in November, 1833—forty-six years ago. During nearly one-half a century it has been opened nearly every Sabbath for public worship, *seats free*; hence, for all necessary repairs and other expenses appeals have been made to the public, and uniformly a generous response has been made. It has long been apparent that some repairs were needed. The recent expenditures amount to a little over \$1,200, and to meet these bills about \$1,000 has already been raised, including the avails of a Fair in May. The Bethel was re-opened for public service on Sabbath morning, November 9th.

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## South America.

VALPARAISO.

Mr. F. MULLER wrote under date of September 18th, of his work for the first eight months of the year 1879:—

"My labor was especially among seafaring men in the bay, also in the Alms house, in the English and in German Hospitals. From the 1st of January to the 31st of August I visited 628 vessels, and was 57 times at the Hospitals. I sold 427 Scriptures and books, to the value of \$422 40, to 259 men on board of 140 vessels. In the Hospitals I left with thirty-five sailors, thirty-five Testaments to the value of \$5 20. I distributed 16,204 tracts and periodicals on shore and on board. About 10,000 were given to seafaring men.

"More than one thousand vessels arrived here in seven months. More than the half of them were foreign vessels. Tracts in about fifteen different languages, the Records and Púdras were everywhere kindly received. Several

captains of English vessels ordered me to send books and tracts along the coast of Chili and Peru.

"In the Hospitals I met most regularly with ten to twenty men (each visit) to worship God. To my knowledge, about twelve men in the Hospitals were converted lately, and I have not the least doubt that the Lord has blessed his work.

"During this year the Gospel has been preached every Sunday once and twice on board of about thirty vessels, either by Rev. Mr. LA FETRA or by Rev. Mr. JEFFREY. Every time about forty to seventy seafaring men have attended the services on board. I spend about half of my time among sailors. I like this precious and blessed work. Almost everywhere I am kindly received, and the captains and officers ask me to call oftener."

### New York City.

We take pleasure in transferring from the *New York Observer* of Dec. 18th, 1879, with our hearty endorsement, the following deserving appeal. Is there not some lever of souls who will step forward and with generous hand provide the means called for by the existing exigencies of this long established and useful seamen's church?

"The Mariners' church of the New York Port Society, at 46 Catherine street, is the scene and centre of a remarkable work. On Sunday the regular services, conducted by Rev. E. D. MURPHY, are largely attended by an audience composed almost exclusively of seamen. Every evening of the week services for prayer and inquiry are held in the utterly insufficient apartments in the basement. Scarcely one-third of the men who wish to enjoy these privileges can be accommodated. It is painful to think of such a harvest as this with no place for its ingathering. For years this great work has been pursued with wonderful success in these dark, damp, contracted quarters. If the Society could afford to give up the rent of the store adjoining the reading-room, they could enlarge their present borders. Is it possible that this city of superb church edifices can-

not provide for the wants of the brave men who contribute so much to the vast wealth of the metropolis?"

#### P. E. CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The thirty-fifth annual report of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the city and port of New York is printed. The society seeks to reach the sailor through three missions, the Floating Church of our Savior, at the foot of Pike Street, under the charge of the Rev. ROBERT J. WALKER; the Church of the Holy Comforter, at No. 365 West Street (North River), until lately under the charge of the Rev. HENRY FLOY ROBERTS, that loving servant of the Lord, who, after many years of whole-souled devotion to this work, has now passed on to the reward of his labors; and, lastly, the Coenties Slip Station, on the dock, and in the room No. 7 Coenties Slip, under the charge of the Rev. ISAAC MAGUIRE. The Floating Church of our Savior is reported as in a flourishing condition. It is well attended, especially afternoons, when it is often crowded to its full capacity. Over one-half of the congregation consists of seamen. The communicants number between two and three hundred, a majority of whom are sailors. About sixty-four new names were added to the list during the year. Almost all of these are seamen. Connected with the church are several organizations, which are efficient means for good, and deserve mention.

The Church of the Holy Comforter is in a locality well chosen for its work. Near at hand are the docks of many of the European lines of steamers, and very favorable opportunities are afforded for the missionary and the Society's colporteur to visit the men on their respective boats, and to distribute books among them.

The reading-room in the mission house No. 90 Barrow Street, is proving an efficient aid, and has, since its opening in September, 1878, been visited by 800 persons.

The Coenties Slip Station, held the greater part of its services, in 1878-9, on adjacent piers and docks. Here were gathered large bodies of seamen and boatmen to listen to the missionary's preaching. At other times the services were held in the mission room, which is thrown open during the week as a reading-room.

The New Sailors' Home in Pearl Street was a shelter to 817 seamen during the year. The receipts of the Society for the twelve months were \$10,304 76; expenditures \$9,077 42.

THE UNION TEMPERANCE SOCIETY of the Church of Sea and Land, at Market and Henry Streets, has been in successful operation every Friday evening for the past twelve months, with very encouraging results. The number of seamen and others who have signed the total abstinence pledge during that time will amount to *four hundred*, and quite a number of those who have signed it, have also given their hearts to the Savior, joined the church and given good proof of their fidelity. It is an old Society, and its membership is now in the neighborhood of 20,000. The weekly signers to the pledge, average fifteen, and the attendance of sailors, and others, is, in every way, most encouraging.

### Portsmouth, N. H.

The Seamen's Society held its general meeting in November. Its restaurant and Home have been largely patronized during the year. A reading room was also sustained.

"The city missionary, Mr. LOYNE, visited three hundred vessels, and distributed 2,400 papers and other reading matter, besides seventy-five testaments. A Bethel Flag has been raised over the Bow mission where services are held on the Sabbath by Mr. Loyne. During the year 1,101 vessels, with a tonnage of 187,173 and carrying 5,943 sailors, were

entered at the custom house; seventy-seven are owned in P. Many of these are engaged in the fishing business. The society dates from 1823, three years after the formation of the Howard society, when, even then, fishing was one of the chief sources of the city's wealth. The record of 1824 shows sixty-eight vessels and 581 men employed in it. 46,809 quintals of pollock and cod, 1,216 barrels of fish oil, besides fresh mackerel for the city markets and 5,575 barrels sent elsewhere, indicate the lively times of that day."

### New Orleans, La.

The *New Orleans Times* of the 12th December, says:—"A large audience last night gathered at the Lower Bethel, to participate in the feast of reason and flow of melody that had been promised them.

"Several songs and recitations were given, and Rev. Dr. Witherspoon addressed the meeting as follows:—

"I feel myself highly honored by the invitation to deliver a short address in this Bethel on this interesting occasion. I rejoice to have an opportunity afforded of offering the expression of my high appreciation of that noble Society, which has accomplished such beneficent results for seamen, in various ports of the world. It is a venerable institution. It has celebrated its semi-centennial, and its praises have been sounded forth in various ways. The good the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has accomplished in New Orleans will never be known until the disclosures of the judgment day. Let me mention a fact connected with the epidemic of last year. The secretary of that noble Society sent one hundred dollars, which was distributed among the sick and destitute seamen in the port of New Orleans, which alleviated much distress in that dreadful pestilence. Look at this neat chapel and extensive reading-room, (the best public or private reading-room in

our city,) and do we not owe much to the American Seamen's Friend Society, that sustains such an enterprise in our city?

"Is not also the public under great obligation to the faithful chaplain, Rev. L. H. PEASE, who has presided over this important work among seamen for so many years past, and has never become weary in well doing, under so many difficulties that have beset the progress of this work? I have been informed that this gentleman, who loves the work among seamen, has borne much of the expense of this enterprise out of his own private means. He has purchased this building, and has made it neat and attractive, and has opened a free reading room, and his motto is, 'welcome to all.' Long may he live to see this good work prospering in his hands!

"The temperance society has been fortunate in obtaining the services of one of the best and most faithful workers in the world, for any cause he undertakes. I know his great merits as a worker. He contributed much to the success of the temperance work at my Bethel, and my loss is your great gain. I pronounce him the best letter writer in this city, and he writes letters and does things generally in Johnsonian or 'gilt edge' style. He is also a steam engine to work for the temperance cause.

"The Bethel is the home of the stranger in our gates. We are dependent upon commerce for our prosperity, and how could commerce be carried on without ships and men to sail them? And shall we not give them a hearty welcome in our port? And this can be accomplished more successfully by the Bethel work, than by any other method. Let us, then, go on with the good work, and may Almighty God bless all who work in it!"

### British and Foreign Sailor's Society.

The following are items from its Forty-Sixth Annual Report, presented in May of last year.

Two hundred and seventy-two libraries were placed on vessels, by the Society, during the year. The total number of libraries sent out since 1865, is 2,117.

Two missionaries are at work in Ireland, at Dublin, and others at Cork, at Queenstown, at Belfast, and in smaller northern ports. The mission in Wales have been well sustained. In England, proper, there are laborers of the Society, at various places on the Western, Southern, and Eastern coasts, as well as at London.

Forty thousand six hundred and ninety-nine seamen visited its London Reading Room during the twelvemonth.

The foreign fields occupied by laborers of the Society are at Malta, Genoa, Naples, in Italy; at Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, on the North Sea.

The Report says of the mission at Antwerp, in Belgium;—"The Directors are pleased to report that the Chaplain collected in his various tours in Belgium, Holland, Britain, United States, and Canada, over £3,300 toward the beautiful building opened by Lord Garvagh in the name of the Earl of Aberdeen. Enough was received to meet all the liabilities on both land and building. Since last August, the vacancy occasioned by the removal of the chaplain to his present official connection with the Society, has been supplied by efficient agents, with the assistance of an energetic colporteur. April 12th, 1879, the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE safely arrived from the United States, being appointed by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in conjunction with our own, to the Chaplaincy in Antwerp, for the period of two years."

The years' income was £4,393 5s. 8d.,—the expenditures, £4 359 6s. 8d. Liabilities, March 31st, 1879, £306 18s. 4d.

### The Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.,

REMODELED AND ENLARGED.

At the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, held in the Broadway Tabernacle in this city, May 8th, 1878, "in recognition of the Divine goodness through all its history, and in commemoration of its SEMI-CEN-

TENARY," the trustees were instructed to "arrange for remodeling and enlarging their SAILORS' HOME."

This building, 190 Cherry Street, was begun October 14th, 1841, when the Rev. Dr. MILNOR—of sainted memory—laid the corner-stone, with appropriate and eloquent addresses on the occasion by the Hon. THOS. BUTLER KING of Georgia, and by the Rev. SPENCER H. CONE, D. D., and the Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, of New York.

It was opened, (to be kept on strictly temperance principles and with daily family worship,) for its philanthropic and christian uses, in the following Spring, and for the THIRTY-SEVEN years that have since transpired, it has stood a monument to the practical wisdom of its founders, proving itself an incalculable blessing to those for whose good it was specially designed.

Since its opening, and up to May last, when it was surrendered to contractors, the HOME had accommodated as boarders, 95,189 seamen of all nationalities, had received for temporary safe keeping, and returned to depositors or transmitted to friends, over \$1,500,000 of their hard earned wages, had sheltered great numbers of shipwrecked and destitute sailors until they were fitted for sea again or otherwise provided for, and in kindred ways had steadily pursued its beneficent mission.

The work of remodeling and enlargement assigned them, which the Trustees, from carefully prepared and satisfactory plans, promptly entered upon, is now, at an outlay of about \$30,000 from funds in hand for the purpose, very nearly completed. Its re-opening is appointed for Wednesday, January 21st, with appropriate services, to be hereafter announced. It only remains to provide for suitably furnishing the building to accommodate its expected occupants.

It is estimated that this will require an expenditure of at least \$6,000, and

relying under God on the friends of the sailor, and the tried patrons of our cause, we confidently ask for the favorable and generous consideration of our present need.

R. P. BUCK, *President*,  
SAM'L H. HALL,  
*Cor. Sec. and Treas.*

80 Wall Street New York.  
January 1st, 1880.

## Matters of Interest in Loan Library Work.

We subjoin a few varied testimonies as to the nature of our loan library work, and the interest excited by it,—which have lately come to hand.

THE BOOKS READ BY DIFFERENT CREWS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 6th, 1879.

*To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

We have a library, —No. 4,396, and would like to change it for another one. The books have been much read by the men, four or five different crews, and have done much good. We have been to South America, West Indies, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Bermudas, N. S., and Charleston, S. C. It has done us good service.

C. BROOKS,  
*Schr. Almira Woolley.*

APPRECIATIVE.

NEW YORK, 29th October, 1879.

Loan Library 5,070\* has been on board the British brigantine *Eureka*, for six months. It has been sought after and read with eagerness, by all employed on board, and has proved to be a blessing to them, for which they desire to return their hearty thanks. For myself, I can say that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is a grand institution, and cal-

\* Contributed by the Countess of Aberdeen, Scotland.



culated to do a great deal of good. It gives most instructive reading to those "that go down to the sea in ships."

Yours faithfully,  
S. C. DOANE, *Master*.

#### SEEKING FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Library No. 6,540 was contributed by Miss Auchincloss of New York City and went out in December, 1878, as the "Hugh Auchincloss Brown Library," on the ship *Seminole*, from New York for San Francisco. It was returned in November, 1879, "thoroughly read; had been very useful." The Chinese steward came to our Rooms with it, and asked for an Atlas.

#### IT HELPED IN RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

From Library No. 6,268, provided by Miss Park, Englewood, N. J., placed in December, 1877, on the ship *Soolo* of Salem, Mass., for Yokohama, we hear that it has just been reshipped at Boston, Mass. "Religious services were held on board," says our Secretary, there,— "and the books were very useful."

#### ANOTHER LONG TERM OF SERVICE.

Library No. 2,194, contributed by Moses Kelley, Washington, D. C., and placed by us, on the ship *Tyre*, for Antwerp, March 29th, 1867, came to our Rooms in Boston, in November, 1879, and was there reshipped. We have no previous record of it, since its original shipment.

#### TOO GOOD NOT TO PRINT.

The Infant Class in the S. S. of the Second Presbyterian Church in Troy, N. Y., have sent us the following letter, and we have been glad to ship their Library. It may help some other classes to "do likewise," when they see how patiently and lovingly the gift has been striven for, and finally made.

Troy, N. Y., Nov. 27th, 1879.

*To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

We desire to give twenty dollars to your Society to send a Loan Library to sea.

We are little folk, and we have but little money. We have been four years in getting our \$20 together. We have done a good many things to get the two thousand pennies which have gone into these dollars. Some have earned theirs by carrying clothes, others have gone for pails of water, and one boy has driven a cow. Some little girls have rocked the baby, and others earned something by "helping mother,"—and we have all tried our best in saving pennies.

We are very glad that we have at last got our \$20, ready, and now we send it as our Thanksgiving gift, hoping that the Library will help to make the sailors better men.

As you are pleased to promise fifty copies of the *LIFE BOAT* to any Sunday School that sends \$20, we will be very glad to receive the paper. And now we are going to begin to save our pennies for some other good thing, by and by. Our minister is Rev. F. G. CLARK, D. D., and we have two teachers.

#### A TOUCHING DONATION.

— L. I., Dec. 4th, 1879.

*To The American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

My only brother was lost at sea. I learned my little daughter Mrs. Heman's poem,—A thought of Home at Sea.

"'Tis lone on the waters."

She composed music to it and even now it is music to me, though many years have elapsed. She also patched a bed quilt for the Sailors' Home in her sixth year. I sent it there and they acknowledged its receipt. In her fifteenth year, when from home, at school, she died,—my only child.

I send twenty dollars for a Library in her memory.

Yours,

G. F.

## From the U. S. Life Saving Stations.

A WARM-HEARTED GREETING—THEIR SABBATH SERVICE BY THE OCEAN SHORE—THE PATROL DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN SURFMAN.

Rarely have we printed a letter which more clearly illustrates the value of our Loan Libraries to the noble workers at the stations, than the following:—

*U. S. L. S. Station No. 19, 6th Dist.*

RODANTHA P. O., DARE Co., N. C.,

November 18th, 1879.

*American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

This station is supplied with one of your libraries\* and oh! what a blessing it is to us! cut off, as we are from the world, confined to the station and its various duties and hardships! What a relief it is to us when we get a little time to ourselves, to peruse some of those blessed books! I have read several of them myself, and the rest of the crew read them regularly. They are a great source of spiritual food and strength for our souls. We acknowledge in them the goodness of God in sending the blessed Gospel to all who have not the privilege to go out and hear it preached.

I am happy to tell you that both keeper and crew of this station are trying to know the Lord. We take regular turns in conducting our worship. Prayer and Bible-reading every Sabbath morning, and reading from some of the good books in the library, through the day, and, occasionally, exhortations and experience meetings. We have had preaching twice since September 1st. Brother SANDERSON PAINE has visited us twice, coming all the way across Pamlico Sound in a small canoe to preach for us. Brother WILLIAM LOUDE, Pastor of the M. E. Church, stopped at the station one night and preached with and for us. Brother DAMMON MIDGETT, leader of the class at Rodantha, came and prayed with us one

Sabbath. We have some very interesting visitations of the Holy Spirit, both in our humble devotions, and while alone on our patrol duty along the beach at night. What a rare opportunity for studying God's love to man. We are exposed to storms from every direction: no shelter but the Providence of God. When we have to brave the dangers of the sea, as we sometimes do,—before launching forth, we commit ourselves and the care of our families to God.

We, of all other classes, should, I think, work for the cause of christianity, especially in this Service. I dearly love to correspond with keepers and crews of other stations on the line, upon this glorious theme, and I enclose an extract from a letter from Brother D. B. AUSTIN, Keeper of Station No. 10. He is a veteran soldier of the cross.

I am a sailor by profession, and advise all seamen who have the opportunity, to read, carefully and prayerfully, the books of the Loan Libraries, also the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, and above all things else, "search the Scriptures."

Fraternally yours,

A. W. SIMPSON,

*Surfman, No. 3, Station 19.*

(Extract.)

*U. S. L. S. No. 10, Dist. No. 6.*

CAFFEY'S INLET, N. C.,

November 2nd, 1879.

*Dear Brother:—*I received your very kind letter some time ago. I am very glad to hear from you, and to know that you have such religious opportunities. I like the service very well, my only objection is being debarred, or deprived of all religious privileges. I have not been to a religious meeting of any kind, only our prayer meetings here at the station, for the two months I have been here; but the Good Lord hears when we pray, whether alone or in the great congregations, and I have that privilege here and everywhere. \* \* \* \*

D. B. AUSTIN, *Keeper.*

\* No. 6,596, one of a hundred libraries contributed for the Stations by a single contributor to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

## Their Good Record.

The following is a list of moneys lately collected from the crew of the bark *Templar*, for the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY:—

R. P. Trefry.....	\$1 00
S. C. Bent.....	1 00
N. C. Larkin.....	50
C. D. Bowers.....	50
William Daves.....	50
E. A. Westdin.....	50
Thomas Jacobren.....	50
E. C. Webster.....	50
Robert Wehmann.....	50
Andrew Anderson.....	50
J. F. Moore.....	50
	<hr/>
	\$6 50

To the above we add the following list of contributions just received for our work, from the crew of the American ship *Dauntless*:—

Capt. R. P. Wilbur.....	\$5 00
F. M. Plummer.....	5 00
William Nelson.....	2 00
John Meyers.....	2 00
Samuel Robinson.....	2 00
Robert Neal.....	2 00
Charles Paulsen.....	1 00
John Tompson.....	2 00
John Davis.....	2 00
Christopher.....	2 00
Charles Scott.....	1 00
George L. Field.....	1 00
Andrew Halverson.....	2 00
	<hr/>
	\$30 00

## Obituary.

WILLIAM F. DAMON.

A bitter trial has fallen upon our brother Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., in the death, at Honolulu, S. I., Oct. 23rd, 1879, of his youngest son, in the 23rd year of his age. In a letter announcing the sad intelligence, the bereaved father expresses a sorrow beyond the power of mere human sympathy to relieve, and asks to be remembered in the prayers of his Christian friends.

William F. Damon was born in Hono-

lulu, where the greater part of his education was received. Five years ago he came to the United States, attending for a year a Mercantile College at Minneapolis, Minn., and subsequently the Agricultural College at Amherst, Mass. Upon returning, he went into the employ of the large business concern with which he was engaged at the time of his death. He is spoken of as "in the first flush of manhood, large hearted, generous to a fault, conscientious and true, with ample prospects of future usefulness and success." How mysterious when such a one is singled out and cut down!

The entire community seems to sympathize with the afflicted family, and the look of sorrow on the part of all classes is said to attest the loving influence of an early ended christian life.

CHARLES H. DABNEY.

This gentleman, once a resident of New York but latterly of Philadelphia, died at Hastings, England, Dec. 15th, 1879. Mr. DABNEY was a firm friend and generous patron of this Society. At the time of his death he was one of our honored Vice Presidents.

It was measureably through his influence that the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN was induced to use our Library work, as the channel for her generous benefactions to seamen; and in various other ways he showed his appreciation of evangelical effort for this particular class.

## To Seamen.

Any person knowing anything concerning a seaman named Milton White,—where he is, or where he was when last heard from, or any information whatever, concerning him,—would confer a great favor and receive a liberal reward, by forwarding the same to

S. D. KENDALL,

*St. Johnsbury, Caledonia Co., Vt. U. S. A.*

## Position of the Principal Planets for January, 1880.

**MERCURY** is a morning star during this month, rising on the 1st at 5h. 45m., and south of east  $28^{\circ} 41'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 10th at 6h. 25m., being  $1^{\circ} 47'$  north.

**VENUS** is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 3h. 53m., and south of east  $22^{\circ} 1'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 8th at 3 o'clock, being  $6^{\circ} 6'$  north.

**MARS** crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 8h. 3m., being  $17^{\circ} 57'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 20th, at 10h. 6m., being  $2^{\circ} 31'$  south.

**JUPITER** is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 9h. 29m., and south of west  $12^{\circ} 7'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon at 56m. past noon on the 15th, being  $6^{\circ} 5'$  south.

**SATURN** is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 1m. before midnight and north of west  $1^{\circ} 55'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 17th at 7h. 55m., being  $8^{\circ} 21'$  south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in November, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 53, of which 26 were wrecked, 2 burned, 12 abandoned, 6 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 3 are missing. The list comprises 5 steamers, 3 ships, 16 barks, 1 brig, and 28 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,285,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, a abandoned, *s* c sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Champion, *s* c. from New York for Charleston.  
Gurtubay, *a* from Bilbao for New York.  
Joseph Pease, *w*. from N. York for Marseilles.  
Telford, *m*. from New York for Antwerp.  
Alabama, *w*. from New York for Rouen.

### SHIPS.

Bokhara, *s* c. from Antwerp for New York.  
E. J. Harland, *s* c. from Androssan for N. York.  
Royal Charter, *a*. from New York for Antwerp.

### BARKS.

Nereio, *w*. from Montreal for Queenstown.  
Canning, *a*. from Bremen for Philadelphia.  
Forest Belle, *f*. from N. York for Queenstown.  
Ocean, *a*. from Christiansand for New York.  
Emerald, *w*. from New York for Gottenberg.  
Edith Davis, *b*. from New York for Callao.  
Marmion, *w*. from Departure Bay for San Francisco.  
Amykos, *b*. from New York for Bremen.  
Ornen, *w*. from Rotterdam for Galveston.  
Canada, *m*. from Baltimore for Southampton.  
Svea, *a*. from Boston for Antwerp.  
Venerata, *a*. from Newcastle, E. for N. York.  
Elna, *w*. from Philadelphia for Calais.  
Mercury, *a*. (Whaler.) of New Bedford.  
Shooting Star, *a*. from Baltimore for Queenstown.  
Editha, *f*. from Philadelphia for Queenstown.

### BRIG.

Prosperite, *w*. from London for Wilmington, N. C.

### SCHOONERS.

Carrie Butler, *w* (Fisherman.) of Gloucester.  
Emeline, *w*. from Boston for Charlotetown.  
Souvenir, *w*. from New York for St. Johns, N. F.  
Ella Kirkman, *s* c. Oyster vessel.  
Leesburg, *w*. from Bangor for Boston.  
Nellie Brown, *w*. from Gardiner for Philadelphia.  
Florence, *w*. (Whaler.) of New London.  
Abbott Devereux, *w*. from savanna-la-Mar for Kingston, Ja.  
Violet, *a*. from Moncton N. B. for Boston.  
Petrel, *a*. (Whaler.) of New Bedford.  
Ester Cobos, *w*. (At Rouge River, Cal.)  
Joanna Doughty, *s* c. from Boothbay for Savannah.  
Pathway, *s* c. from Rappahann'ck. for Bath, Me.  
Bay Queen, *w*. (At Cape Ann Mass.)  
White Wing, *m*. from Baltimore for Ruatan.  
Constance, *w*. from Ruatan for New Orleans.  
Greyhound, *w*. (Fisherman.) of Newburyport.  
Reunion, *w*. from New York for Newfoundland.  
Stephen Waterman, *w*. from Boston for Kennebunk.  
Concordia, *w*. from Rockland for Steuben.  
Newton Booth, *w*. from Plover Bay for San Francisco.  
Minnehaha, *f*. from Baltimore for James River.  
Francis Burritt, *a*. from New York for Wilmington, Del.  
Hector, *w*. from Philadelphia for Boston.  
May Queen, *w*. (At Eureka, Cal.)  
John, *f*. from New York for Savannah.  
O. S. Bailey, *a*. from Dominica for Gloucester.  
Ross Winans, *w*. from Baltimore for Plank-tank.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

OCTOBER, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—29 English, 15 German, 14 Norwegian, 12 American, 12 French, 10 Swedish, 8 Dutch, 3 Danish, 3 Italian, 2 Austrian, 1 Spanish, 1 Republic of Guatemala, 1 Portuguese, 1 Russian, 8 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 115. In this number are included 3 vessels reported missing.  
*Steamers*:—8 English.

## Receipts for November, 1879.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bennington, Cong. church.....	\$ 10 00
Bristol, Cong. church.....	3 60
Mount Vernon, Cong. church.....	5 00
North Hampton, Cong. church.....	10 00
Rindge, Cong. church.....	2 06
Walpole, Cong. church.....	10 00

## VERMONT.

Clarendon, Cong. church.....	6 00
Greensboro, Cong. church.....	2 50

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Union ch...	5 00
Boston, Schr. Fred. A. Cotti, Capt.	
McDonald.....	3 00
Schr. Fessenden, Capt. Beebe.....	2 00
Schr. Meta, Capt. Engel.....	1 00
Schr. Matheson, Capt. McArthur.....	50
East Bridgewater, Mrs. George, S. S.	
class for library.....	10 00
Easton, Evang'l Cong. church.....	5 25
Fitchburg Cong. church, of which \$40	
for libraries.....	70 35
Rollstone ch. bal. to const. John W.	
Dowden, L. M.....	25 13
Gilbertville, Cong. church.....	15 00
Granby, Cong. church, toward lib'y.....	10 00
Haverhill, S. S. North Cong. church,	
for lib'y.....	20 00
Monson, estate of Andrew W. Porter,	
by E. F. Morris, exr.....	250 00
Newburyport Cong. church.....	7 29
Norfolk Cong. church.....	2 45
Orleans Cong. church.....	5 00
Phillipston Cong. church.....	8 53
Salem, So. church.....	18 38
Schr. McManney, Capt. Reeve.....	2 00
South Framingham Cong. church, of	
which \$40 for libraries.....	80 00
Springfield 1st Cong. church.....	47 84
Taunton, Winslow church.....	8 50
Townsend, Cong. church, S. S.....	5 00
Waverly, Cong. church.....	13 20
West Roxbury, \$20 for lib'y.....	22 70
West Springfield, 1st Cong. church.....	16 00
2nd Cong. church, (Mittenague).....	10 00
Winchester Cong. church, of which	
\$40 for libraries.....	55 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Central Falls, of which \$40	
for libraries.....	50 84

## CONNECTICUT.

Collinsville, 1st Cong. church.....	12 56
Fairfield Cong. ch. Henry C. Sturges	
for lib'y.....	20 00
Greenwich, Cornelius Mead.....	5 00
Hartford, Dr. T. S. Childs.....	10 00
Middlebury, S. S. Cong. ch. for lib'y...	21 00
Milford 1st Cong. church.....	27 02
Northfield Cong. church.....	3 61
Trumbull, Cong. church.....	23 50
Unionville H. Northrop.....	1 00
Wat-rtown John De Forest, for lib'y...	20 00
Windsor Locks Cong. church.....	50 00

## NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Arthur W. Benson, Esq for	
furnishing Sailors' Home.....	100 00
Henry D. Fulhemus special.....	100 00
1st Ref. Dutch church.....	54 77
Lafayette Ave. Pres. ch., Grandma	
Cuyler, for ships lib'y.....	20 00
Harlem Cong. church.....	23 81
Ithaca, Albert H. Estey and others, for	
library.....	20 00
Lockport, Individuals.....	10 00
New York City, Mr. S. T. Gordon.....	100 00
Stamford Mfg. Co.....	50 00

Robert Carter & Bros.....	50 00
Higgins & Cox, Atty's.....	50 00
Horace Gray.....	50 00
Stewart Brown.....	50 00
Jno. C. Cook, Esq., special for Genoa	
Mission.....	50 00
H. T. M.....	50 00
Valentine G. Hall.....	30 00
Benedict, Taft & Benedict.....	25 00
Harding, Colby & Co.....	25 00
W. H. Webb.....	25 00
A. W. Benson.....	25 00
J. Everts Tracy.....	25 00
W. F. Cary.....	25 00
Miss C. A. Hedges.....	20 00
Miss Annie Dennis' Young Ladies	
class, for ships lib'y.....	20 00
Episcopal Seamen's Mission, Rev. R.	
J. Walker, for ships lib'y.....	30 00
Jno. E. Parsons.....	20 00
Joseph H. Choate.....	15 00
Deering, Milliken & Co.....	10 00
Ammidown, Lane & Co.....	10 00
Jared Linsley, M. D.....	10 00
W. N. Blakeman, M. D.....	10 00
C. C. Waite.....	10 00
F. F. Thompson.....	10 00
Geo F. Baker.....	10 00
L. Tuckeman.....	10 00
S. L. M. B.....	10 00
B. W. Merriam.....	10 00
W. F. Lee.....	10 00
A. P. Man.....	10 00
William Borden.....	10 00
W. S. Gilman.....	10 00
J. M. Fiske.....	10 00
J. S. Holt.....	10 00
A. Friend, P.....	10 00
J. W. Dominick.....	5 00
D. B. Whitlock.....	5 00
W. A. Camp.....	5 00
W. C. Martin.....	5 00
A. F. Pearce.....	5 00
H. B. Spelman.....	5 00
O. P. C. Billings.....	5 00
Cash, L.....	5 00
Mrs. Hopper, for Sailors' Home.....	50
U. S. Coast Survey, Steamer <i>Bache</i> ,	
by Lieut. Wadhams.....	10 25
Capt. B. Whitehouse, Bark <i>Unanima</i> ,	
Theodore Strand, mate Brig <i>Robert</i>	
<i>Mouze</i> .....	3 00
Prattsburg, Union Meeting, for lib'y...	20 00
Syracuse, Hon. E. W. Leavenworth...	5 00
Throopsville, S. S.....	15 02
Troy, 2nd Pres. church, S. S. Infant	
class, for lib'y.....	20 00
Waterloo, Pres. church.....	15 00
Meth. church.....	5 00
Yonkers, 1st Pres. church.....	9 67

## NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Mrs. Jeannette McKenzie, for	
McKenzie ship's lib'y.....	20 00
Plainfield, Mr. H. R. Munger, for ship's	
lib'y in name of Henry C. Munger.....	25 00

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Mrs. Van Harlingen for	
library in memory of Capt. John	
Campbell.....	20 00

## GEORGIA.

Herndon, Mrs. Moses J. Wadley, lib'y	
in memory of Thos. S. Clark.....	20 00

## MINNESOTA.

Marshall Rev. Sam'l J. Rogers.....	3 00
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## WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Olympia, officers and crew U. S. S.	
<i>Earnest</i> .....	19 00

32,457 33



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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*For the Life Boat.*

### A Sea Captain's Story—Trusting God and Coming into Boston Harbor.

Capt. T. L. FLEMING of the bark *Black Swan*, reports verbally:—

“I am an old African trader and have been a pretty hard case. At sea I found on board my vessel a Library of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in the hands of a sailor in the forecabin. I began to read the books, and found one that took hold of me, and made me feel that I needed a Savior. I continued reading, and think I became a Christian. I am going another voyage, and I want one of your libraries. He took a library and made a voyage to the east coast of Africa. Returning, he reported “the library has been very useful. We have kept the Sabbath, and held meetings on our vessel from time to time, and the books have done us all good. We have been out in several terrible gales in which we all expected to go to the bottom, but God has spared us. The vessel that we sailed in company with went down with all on board. We tried to help her but could not. We came on to Boston in the tremendous gale of February, when the air was so full of snow that no object could be seen. When we got inside the Highland Light, the gale increased, the

wind blowing directly toward the land. No Light House could be seen on account of the snow, which filled the air. We all expected to go to the bottom, or go upon the rocks. I made up my mind that there was no other way to do but to go into *Boston Harbor*. I took sounding, and found forty fathoms. Afterward I sounded and found thirty-five fathoms, the third sounding was taken, and then I made up my reckoning and found we were exactly opposite *Boston Harbor*.

“I told my mate that I was going in. He remonstrated. I told him he must stand by me, or we should have a panic among the crew which would be worse than the storm,—that I had committed the crew to God, and had done all I could. I then ordered the storm-sail up, and we came in before that terrific gale at the rate of eleven knots. No Light House could be seen, and we were going directly toward the shore. Not a word was spoken, and every man was at his duty. The howling of the wind was dreadful, as the great waves rolled in upon the shore. Suddenly the *Boston Light flashed directly down upon our deck*,—showing that we were in the mouth of the harbor

and within a rod of the rocky shore. We came on to the Nantasket Rocks and came to anchor on quiet water. As soon as it was light, we came up the harbor, and came ashore. I went immediately to my house, and told my family what had occurred. Then my daughter read a psalm, and we all kneeled down, and I prayed and thanked God for his wonderful works to the children of men. I then went out to see some of my old associates, to tell them what the Lord had done for me. Then I went to my native town where I told my old friends what a Savior I had found."

Capt. Fleming remained for a few weeks at home, attending prayer meetings often and telling what the Lord had done for his soul. He then went to sea, taking another library, and his wife, to help him in his christian work.

*Boston, Dec. 1879.*

S. W. H.

### A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone up Woodward Avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you

see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child,—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go:—

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### The Sailor Boy.

Over the Ocean's dancing wave,  
Over the deep sea's surging foam;  
In a stately ship, with a gallant crew,  
My sailor boy sailed from home.  
My sailor boy sails to the Orient bright,  
And blue-eyed Jennie is weeping to-night.

Over the Ocean's trackless wave,  
Over the deep sea's treacherous foam;  
In a stately ship, with a gallant crew,  
My sailor boy brave doth roam.  
My sailor boy's gone to India's shore,  
To seek for bright diamonds and golden ore.

Over the Ocean's sparkling wave,  
Over the deep sea's surging foam;  
In a stately ship, with a gallant crew,  
My sailor boy's coming home.  
My sailor boy went in his youthful pride,  
To gather rich pearls for his future bride.

Over the Ocean's rippling wave,  
Sweetly float on the evening air;  
Orisons pure for a sailor boy brave;  
Mother and Maiden are kneeling in prayer:—  
"Protect my sailor boy on the deep sea,  
Protect and guide him in safety to me."

Over the Ocean's mountain wave,  
Over the deep sea's foaming track;  
A stately ship with her gallant crew  
Lies helpless, with sails aback.  
For the white-squall struck 'neath a cloudless sky,  
And the plunging wreck hushed the sailor boy's cry.

Under the Ocean's silent blue,  
Under the deep sea's swelling wave,  
A stately ship, with a gallant crew,  
And a sailor boy found a grave.  
The sailor boy sleeps where the sea birds soar;  
The sailor boy's smile shall greet thee no more.

E. V. Welch.

## TO SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

Our efforts to serve the Divine Master in the saving of sailors' souls, by means of our LOAN LIBRARIES, so many of which have been sent out, through us, by your schools,—are constantly honored of God. The very latest illustration of this of which we know, is found in the fact that on board the American ship *Daniel Barnes*, on which we placed Library No. 6,530, when she left this port for Java, in November, 1878,—out of a crew of twenty-five men, *no less than fourteen have since given their hearts to the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ!*

Such blessing justifies us, we feel sure, in asking, *Can you not see to it that your School forwards us the \$20 needful to send out a new Library, on some other vessel?*

For years past we have issued, about 20,000 monthly copies of the LIFE BOAT, mainly for the Sunday schools who are engaged in thus giving the Lord's Gospel to sailors.

These LOAN LIBRARIES for seamen contain on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. When sent from the Society's Rooms, they are put upon sea-going vessels in neat cases, at an expense of twenty dollars each, in the name of the contributor. After they have been read on shipboard, they come back to our Rooms, for refitting and reshipment, or may be exchanged between different vessels at sea, or in foreign ports. *We send fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each.*

We desire to increase this work in the year that lies before us. *Can you not respond to our call?—and that speedily?* Address

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 WALL ST.,

New York, N. Y.

See what God has privileged us to do already, as follows!

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1868-9, to April 1st, 1879, was 6,502; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,144. The number of volumes in these libraries was 349,328, and they were accessible to 254,295 men.—Eight hundred and ninety-three libraries, with 32,143 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 101,680 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

Trusting that the Society may receive a favorable response to this appeal, we are

Faithfully yours,

ED. LIFE BOAT.

January 1st, 1880.

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"I Can Swim Sir."

During a terrible naval battle between the English and the Dutch, the English flagship, commanded by Admiral Narborough, was drawn into the thickest of the fight. Two masts were soon shot away, and the main-mast fell with a

fearful crash upon the deck. Admiral Narborough saw that all was lost, unless he could bring up his ships from the right. Hastily scrawling an order, he called for volunteers to swim across the boiling water under the hail of shot and shell. A dozen sailors at once offered



their services, and among them a cabin boy.

"Why," said the Admiral, "what can you do, my fearless lad?"

"I can swim, sir," the boy replied; "If I be shot, I can be easier spared than any one else."

Narborough hesitated, his men were few, and his position was desperate. The boy plunged into the sea amid the cheers of the sailors, and was soon lost to sight. The battle raged fiercer, and as the time went on defeat seemed inevitable. But just as hope was fading, a thundering cannonade was heard from the right, and the reserve were seen bearing down upon the enemy. By sunset the Dutch fleet were scattered far and wide, and the cabin boy, the hero of the hour, was called in to receive the honor due him. His modesty and bearing so won the heart of the old Admiral that he exclaimed:

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own."

The prediction was fulfilled when the cabin boy, having become Admiral CLOUDSLEY SHOVEL, was knighted by the king.—*Lutheran.*

### A Little Errand for God.

Helen stood on the doorsteps with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear; I came to take you to Mr. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked her father.

"Oh, it's to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled, and asked, "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—oh, no: I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly, "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my big orange that I saved from dessert, to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice; and he's so good and thankful! Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread; and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy! Don't you think poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes as well as poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear; and I think we often forget them till sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa; here is one."

"Well, here is a two-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. That will pay old Peter's rent for two weeks; and perhaps this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a lesson, looked very happy as her fingers fixed the fresh bill on the orange.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN of Brixton, England, two years ago started a Sunday afternoon service for children, which is now attended by from 500 to 600 children. Within the last year he formed a "Waste Not Society" among them, the members of which collect waste paper, from the sale of which they have supported a little girl in the orphanage.

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
 L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
 80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*  
 Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.

**Shipped in June, July, August, September and November, 1879.**

**JUNE, 1879.**

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5167.	Mary M. Reid, Haverhill, Mass.....	Bark Kate Williams.....	Fayal .....	12
6656..	West Elizabeth S. S., Elizabeth, N. J....	Ship C. B. Hazeltine.....	Buenos Ayres.....	18
6662..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	Bark Robert Porter.....	Java.....	10
6664..	" " " " " " " " " "	" Monrovia.....	Monrovia.....	12
6665..	"G." Tarrytown, N. Y.....	Ship Cornelius Grinnell..	London.....	24
6666..	J. B. H. Janeway, Philadelphia, Pa.....	Bark Elmira.....	New Zealand.....	14
6667..	J. W. Hamersley, New York City.....	" Hannah Blanchard.....	Gloucester, Eng.....	17
6668..	S. S. Cong. church, Groton, Conn.....	" Antwerp.....	Antwerp.....	25
6669..	" " " " " " " " " "	Ship Thomas Perry.....	Dublin.....	18
6670..	Fred. A. Libbey, New York City.....	" Grandee.....	Japan.....	22
6671..	" " " " " " " " " "	" Levi G. Burgess.....	East Indies.....	23
6672..	" " " " " " " " " "	" Great Admiral.....	San Francisco.....	32
6673..	" " " " " " " " " "	" Joseph S. Spinney.....	" " " " " " " " " "	32
6674..	N. Y. Epis. church Seamen's Mission, New York City.....	Schr. Arietes.....	Key West.....	12
6675..	S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Peekskill, N. Y.....	Bark Yamoyden.....	Rio de Janeiro.....	8
6676..	Six Mile Run Ref. Dutch church, at Franklin Park, N. J.....	Ship Vantus.....	Batavia.....	25
6677..	Mrs. Charles E. Nott, Bristol, Conn. for <i>Julius Nott Memorial Library</i> .....	Bark S. R. Bearce.....	Valparaiso.....	12
6678..	N. Y. Epis. church Seamen's Mission, New York City.....	Schr. Hattie Darling.....	Nassau.....	8
6679..	Mrs. Anson Dodge, New York City, in <i>memorial</i> Arthur Daingerfield.....	U S Ship Blake, of Coast Survey.....	Providence, R. I. and Eastward.....	45-
6681..	S. S. Cong. church, Litchfield, Conn.....	Bark Laura R. Burnham.....	Honolulu.....	10-
6682..	S. S. Pres. church, Oyster Bay, L. I. ....	Ship Don Enrique.....	Yokohama.....	20
6684..	Mrs. Bella McB. Davidson's S. S. class, Pres. church, Brockport, N. Y.....	" Fleetwing.....	Japan.....	25-

6657..S. S. Pres. church, Edgewater, S. I..... Ship Olive S. Southard.. San Francisco..... 20

During July, 1879, fifteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,680, 6,683, and 6,685 to 6,696, inclusive, at New York; and No. 5,168 at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

# LOAN LIBRARY REPORT OF THE

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
5168.	Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society, Attleboro, Mass.....	Bark Raymond.....	Europe.....	17
6680.	Rev. H. C. Riggs and family, Rochester, N. Y.....	" Dirigo .....	Sydney, N. S. W....	13
6683.	Rev. H. N. Cobb, Millbrook, N. Y., and Mrs. S. L. Cobb, Tarrytown, N. Y. ....	" H. D. Brookman...	Cape Town.....	13
6685.	Mrs. F. Warner's S. S. class, Wethersfield, Conn.....	Ship Imperial .....	San Francisco.....	23
6686.	Mrs. McKee Swift New Brunswick, N. J.....	" Ocean King.....	" .....	34
6687.	P. H. Silvester, Coxsackie, N. Y. ....	Bark Lara.....	Grimsby, Eng.....	15
6688.	Child's Miss'y Soc'y, 1st Pres. church, Morristown, N. J.....	" Nimbus .....	Queensdown.....	18
6689.	Mrs. Theron V. Shaw, Boston, Mass.....	" Richard Parsons...	Bombay & Calcutta	21
6690.	J. D. Fish, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Edith B. and E. Mildred Fish.....	" John F. Rothman..	Gibraltar.....	12
6692.	J. D. Fish, Brooklyn, N. Y., for Edith B. and E. Mildred Fish.....	" Surprise.....	Manilla.....	14
6693.	William Libbey, Jr., New York City....	U. S. S. Mayflower....	Home Stations....	80
6694.	" .....	" Standish.....	Cruising.....	80
6696.	S. S. Ref. church, Saugerties, N. Y.....	Ship Kate Davenport...	Japan.....	20

## AUGUST, 1879.

During August, 1879, twenty-one new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,697 to 6,711 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,170, 5,171, 5,173, 5,174, 5,175, and 5,176, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries, not previously reported, were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
5170.	S. S. Cong. church, Foxboro, Mass.....	U. S. Training Ship Ports-mouth .....	Cruising.....	270
5171.	Ladies' Bethel Society, Newburyport, Mass.....	U. S. Training Ship Ports-mouth .....	" .....	"
5173.	S. S. Cong. church, Webster, Mass. ....	Bark William Hales.....	Melbourne.....	15
5174.	S. S. Cong. church, Falmouth, Mass....	" Stafford .....	Whaling.....	35
5175.	Cong. church, Central Falls, R. I.....	" Woodside.....	Buenos Ayres.....	12
5176.	S. S. Cong. church, Hampton, N. H....	" C. A. Littlefield....	Australia.....	11
6707.	S. S. Cong. church, Middlebury, Conn....	Ship Alexandria.....	Antwerp.....	17
6708.	John De Forest, Watertown, Conn.....	" Clydesdale.....	Yokohama.....	23
6710.	Mrs. M. J. Wadley, Herndon, Burke Co. Ga., in memory of Thos. S. Clark..	" Everest .....	Antwerp .....	24
6711.	S. S. No. Cong. ch., Haverhill, Mass....	Bark Com. Dupont .....	Port Natal.....	10

## SEPTEMBER, 1879.

During September, 1879, twenty-seven new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,712 to 6,730 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,169, 5,172, 5,177, 5,178, 5,179, 5,180, 5,181 and 5,182, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
5169.	S. S. South Cong. ch., Salem, Mass.....	U. S. Ship Wachusett....	South America....	110
5172.	Rodney French, Bath, Me.....	Schr. Rulon S. Hunt....	West Indies.....	6
5177.	Jasper P. George, Manchester, N. H....	Ship B. P. Chaney.....	San Francisco.....	27
5178.	Annual Bequest, E. N. H., Holbrook, Mass.....	" Game Cock.....	East Indies.....	18
5179.	Annual Bequest, E. N. H., Holbrook, Mass.....	Steam Whaler Mary and Helen.....	Arctic Ocean.....	38
5180.	C. E. H., Holbrook, Mass.....	Ship Eliza Adams.....	Whaling.....	33
5181.	American Seamen's Friend Society....	Brig Black Swan.....	West Indies.....	8
5182.	" .....	Bark Hascard .....	West Africa.....	10
6713.	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. Coast Survey Steam'r W. T.....	Earnest at Olympia,	15
6718.	Prattsburg, N. Y. Union Meeting.....	Bark Addie McAdam....	Bordeaux.....	10
6714.	S. S. Pres. church, Dansville, N. Y.....	Ship Coringa .....	Antwerp.....	20
6715.	W. E. Davis, Birmingham, Conn.....	Bark Lyman E. Cann....	Havre.....	13
6716.	Cong. church, Birmingham Conn.....	" Chignecto.....	Liverpool.....	13
6717.	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. S. Shenandoah....	Brasil Station....	250
6718.	" .....	" .....	" .....	"
6719.	Cong. church, Birmingham, Conn.....	Ship Charter Oak.....	Leghorn.....	20
6720.	Mrs. G. Fanning Moriches, L. I., in memory Mary S. Fanning.....	Bark Hazlehurst.....	Hamburg .....	15
6721.	S. S. Pres. church, Naples, N. Y.....	" Crescent.....	Mobile and Europe	14

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

During November, 1879, twenty-nine new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,752 to 6,758, inclusive, and Nos. 6,760 to 6,771, inclusive, at New York; with Nos. 5,191 to 5,199, inclusive, and No. 5,400, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5191..	Mrs. Geo. — S. S. class E Bridge-water, Mass.	Ship Electra.....	East Indies.....	20
5192..	Cong. church, So. Framingham, Mass..	Three mast schr. H. E. Riley.....	West Indies.....	7
5193..	" " " " " " " " " "	Barkentine Hancock....	Buenos Ayres....	9
5194..	C. C. church, Fitchburg, Mass.	Schr. A. H. Revere.....	Coasting.....	7
5195..	Cong. church, West Roxbury, Mass.	Bark Fury.....	Africa.....	10
5196..	C. C. church, Fitchburg, Mass.	" Charlotte.....	East Indies.....	18
5197..	Cong. church, Winchester, Mass.	Barkentine Carrie Hickie	Australia.....	12
5198..	" " " " " " " " " "	Bark Kate Williams.....	Africa.....	12
5199..	Central Falls church, Pawtucket, R. I.	Ship Eclipse.....	San Francisco.....	27
5400..	" " " " " " " " " "	Bark Norway.....	Africa.....	10
6755..	S. S. 1st Pres church, Troy, N. Y., as Ada F. Gale Memorial Library.....	Ship Annie M Smull....	Shanghae.....	24
6756..	Mrs. Louisa F. Cuyler, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the Theo. Cuyler Jr. Library.....	" Eureka.....	San Francisco.....	30
6762..	Mrs. Louisa F. Cuyler, Brooklyn, N. Y., in memoriam Georgie Cuyler.....	Bark Esther L. Pettingell	Java.....	18
6763..	Albert H. Estey and others, Ithaca, N. Y.	" Agnes.....	Baltic.....	15
6769..	N. Y. Epis. Seamen's Mission, New York City.....	Brig Beatrice.....	Cape Town.....	10
6770..	Miss Annie Dennis' S. S. class Central Pres. church, New York City.....	Ship Glory of the Seas...	San Francisco.....	13

Assignments were also made, during the month of November, 1879, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

6735..	Fred. A. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. S. Constitution....	Europe.....	309
6736..	" " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " "	"
6738..	2nd Cong. church, Fair Haven, Conn...	Ship Sunrise.....	Anjler, E. I.....	30
6743..	Fred. A. Libbey, New York City.....	" L. Schepp.....	San Francisco.....	28
6744..	" " " " " " " " " "	" Americus.....	" " " " " " " " " "	27
6745..	" " " " " " " " " "	" J. L. Morse.....	Japan.....	30
6747..	Mrs. Jeannette McKenzie, Newark, N. J.	" Sea Witch.....	Java.....	24
6750..	Infant class S. S. 2nd Pres. church, Troy, N. Y.....	" Leonora.....	Yokohama.....	23

During November, 1879, fifty-four loan libraries, previously sent out, were re-shipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows:—

No. 2,194,	No. 3,915,	No. 4,333,	No. 4,574,	No. 4,691,	No. 5,070,	No. 5,531,	No. 6,004,	No. 6,255,
" 2,605,	" 3,987,	" 4,379,	" 4,691,	" 4,693,	" 5,152,	" 5,534,	" 6,019,	" 6,435.
" 2,754,	" 3,989,	" 4,398,	" 4,810,	" 4,902,	" 5,156,	" 5,730,	" 6,061,	" 6,468,
" 3,092,	" 3,995,	" 4,444,	" 4,811,	" 4,932,	" 5,238,	" 5,760,	" 6,084,	" 6,513,
" 3,760,	" 4,150,	" 4,470,	" 4,847,	" 4,964,	" 5,464,	" 5,944,	" 6,118,	" 6,540,
" 3,768,	" 4,291,	" 4,481,	" 4,868,	" 4,965,	" 5,500,	" 5,997,	" 6,247,	" 6,569,

The new loan libraries, Nos. 6,697 and 6,698, assigned in October, 1879, and reported in LIFE BOAT with the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for December, 1879, should have been credited to the Newburyport, (Mass.) Bethel Society.

## SUMMARY.

New Libraries Issued in June, 1879—22	Libraries Reshipped in June, 1879—50
" " " July, " —15	" " " July, " —50
" " " Aug. " —21	" " " Aug. " —52
" " " Sept. " —27	" " " Sept. " —45
" " " Oct. " —28	" " " Oct. " —44
" " " Nov. " —29	" " " Nov. " —54

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT** for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to April, 1879, is 6,502, containing 849,328 volumes. Calculating 6,144 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 254,295 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS' BANKS**, the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c.

The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

**NOTE.**—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.



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Vol. 52.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 2.

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## THE REMODELED HOME FOR SAILORS, IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

As our readers were reminded in the last number of the *MAGAZINE*, at the FIFTIETH anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY held at the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, May 6th, 1878, "in recognition of the Divine goodness through all its history, and in commemoration of its Semi-Centenary," the Society's Board of Trustees were instructed to arrange for remodeling and enlarging their SAILORS' HOME.

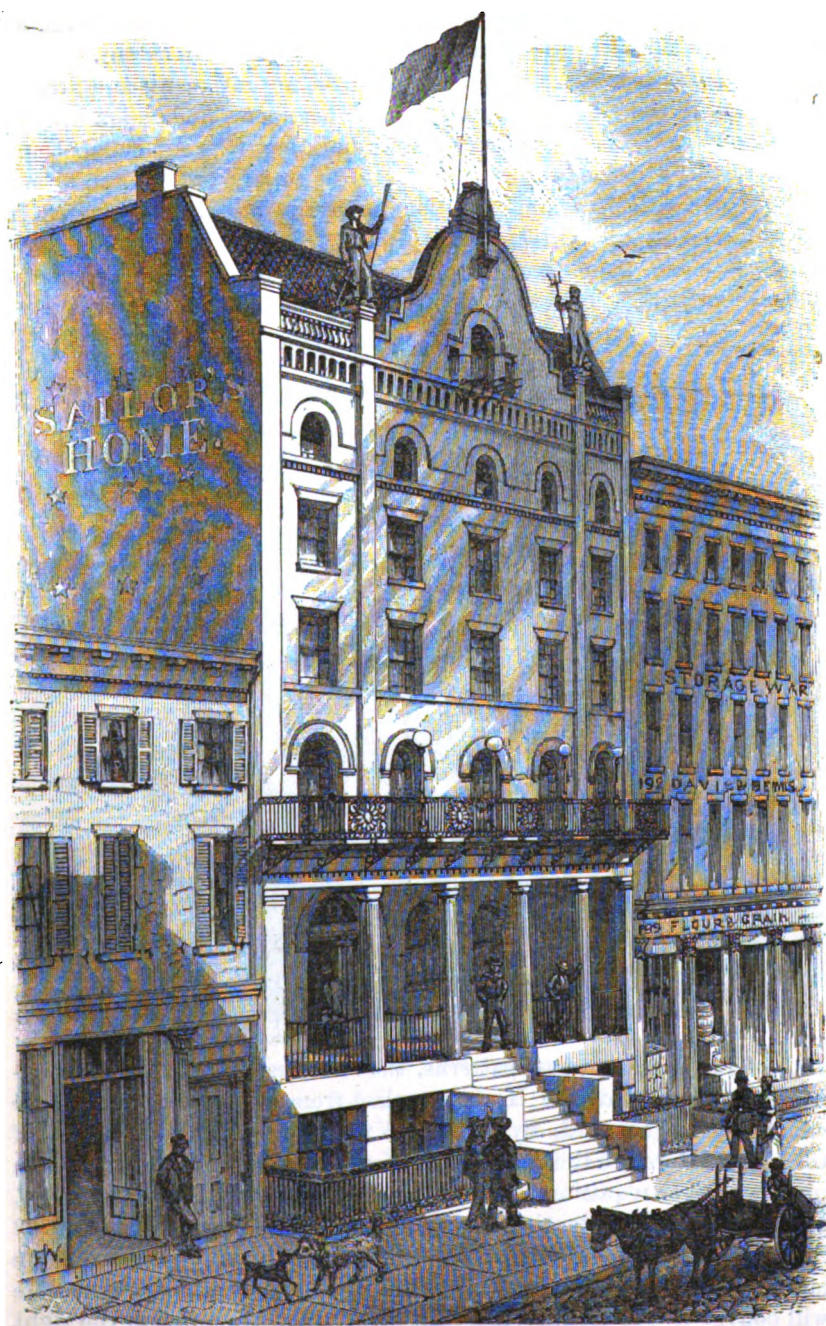
The action thus taken, looking as it did to the thorough renovation of the building at 190 Cherry St., was no less needful than appropriate. In the progress of years since the opening of the Home in May, 1842, an edifice whose provisions for seamen were at that time most ample and commodious, had fallen behind those requirements as to convenience, comfort and cheer, which are due in our day, from those who would minister to sailors in such matters, and to which very many of them now feel that they are justly entitled, in return for their expenditure for board and lodging while on shore. And, to those who rightly gauge the advancement of the sailor under the Christian and reformatory influences which have operated upon him for the last half century, few things are more apparent than the truth that as he grows towards the sense of equal manhood with his fellows in the human family, so does he make demand for that to which he is entitled, in every befitting direction.

The Trustees of the Society, therefore, in making their new Sailors' Home,—for new it virtually is, albeit a remodeling and renovation of the old one,—what it is to-day,—have only kept abreast of the spirit of the age, and met the demands of the class of men for whose welfare in all respects, the Society was organized, and for whom it has so long prosecuted its work. They have made nothing “too good” for the sailor, while in the judgment of those competent to decide, they have now put the HOME upon a footing where it may be reckoned as unsurpassed, if indeed it be equalled in its adaptations and conveniences by any similar building in the world.

The Home Building Committee, from our Board of Trustees, has consisted of Messrs. FREDERICK STURGES, REUBEN W. ROPES, JOHN DWIGHT, HENRY A. HURLBURT, and JAMES W. ELWELL. The architect whose plans they have carried into execution in the changes of the building is Mr. J. C. CADY of New York. And all parties, architect, committee and Society, with the wider circle of philanthropic persons in this and every community who care for “Jack’s” welfare, are to be congratulated upon the results secured in the completion of the work these gentlemen have had in hand.

The engravings whose aid we bring into play, in this article, will greatly assist our readers in the comprehension of what has been done with the old Home. These have been prepared for us by the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, from the designs and under the personal care of Mr. WHITNEY, their artist, whose great skill in his line of labor is too well known to call for anything beyond mention. The first, which appears on our next page, gives a fair view of the present front of the building, which has been quite reconstructed. Mr. Cady has here taken for his type, as befitting the locality of the Home, the early and rather Dutch architecture of the city, working into it, however, the conveniences and improvements of this generation. The basement is of granite, and carries heavy granite columns, supporting the rest of the front. The space on the main floor back of the columns is tiled, and affords a place for the sailors to sit, walk or chat. This is walled, on the back, with buff brick, making it light and cheerful. The front wall is of Philadelphia brick (Peerless) with ornamental portions of moulded bricks and *terra cotta*. The upper part of the front rises in a lofty scroll-stepped gable, flanked by marine statuary on either side, and is surmounted by a flagstaff. The roof is of red tiles. Wrought iron balconies relieve and decorate the front at various points. The whole front is 50 feet wide on Cherry St., and the depth of the lot is nearly 200 feet. A portion of the plot of ground, in area about 25x130 feet from the rear, on the south side, is reserved for a yard, making the



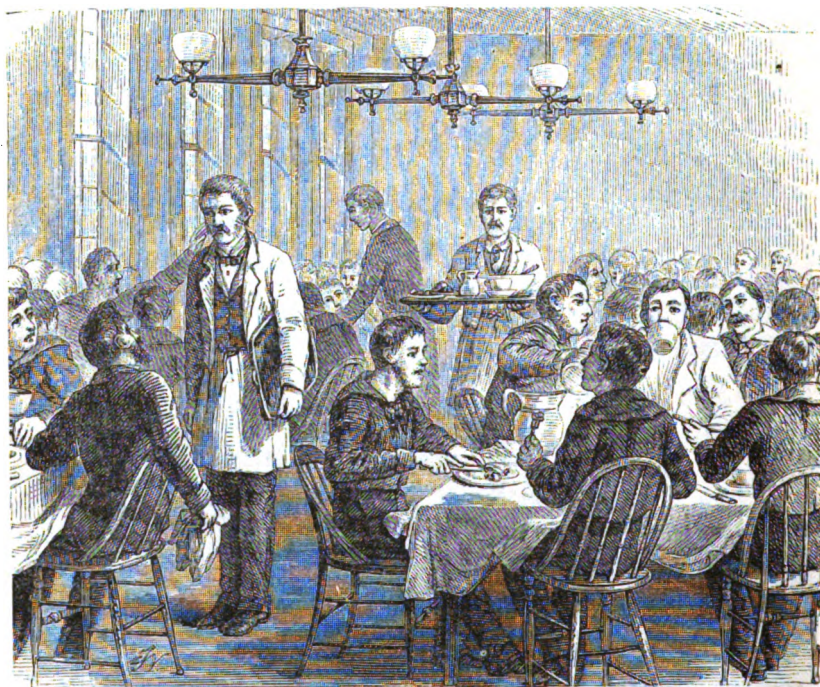


SAILORS' HOME IN NEW YORK—FRONT ELEVATION.



Home to consist of a main front building, say 50x50 feet, with an extension running to the back of the lot, 25x130 feet in extent.

The visitor desirous of familiarity with the improvements and present capacities of the Home, entering at the basement, finds upon his left hand, and in the basement of the main building, (the sub-cellars being underneath) a spacious store for the sale of sailors' outfits, and a baggage room, with lift running to the top of the building, six stories in height, above him. On his right is the great kitchen, with a No. 6 Knickerbocker Range from P. ROLLHAUS & Co., New York, 6 feet 7 inches in length. This room is fitted with tea, coffee and water boilers,



SAILORS' HOME IN NEW YORK—THE DINING-ROOM.

etc., of the latest and best patterns, the latter as well as all the steam-heating apparatus of the Home supplied from a separate engine-house and boiler in the yard, by Messrs. WYLLYS H. WARNER & Co., of this city. Here are the needful pantries and store-rooms, with steam pipes wherever requisite. Passing back on the same (basement) floor, and coming to the extension, the visitor enters the dining-room, 100x22 feet, with accommodations for 250 persons, in the rear of which is the laundry. We present a picture of the dining-room which we are sure will convey to our friends the impression that here, and in the right way, even the sailor will "take mine ease in mine inn."

Ascending to the first floor, and starting at the front of the main building, we have on the right of the hallway the business office of the Home. This has been admirably arranged for its special purposes, and here the weary sailor in the future, and we hope, for a long time to come, will be greeted after his voyage and on his arrival in port, by Mr. B. F. PINKHAM, for years past, Superintendent's Clerk. A notable fitting here, is a new safe, appropriately labelled, from the manufactory of S. C. HERRING & Co., of this city. In the rear of this office is a



SAILORS' HOME IN NEW YORK—BUSINESS OFFICE.

convenient reception room, for use by sailors in receiving friends, family or other, with whom they may wish to have social intercourse. Across the hall on this floor and at the front of the main building, is the smoking-room, with seating capacity for twenty-four occupants.

Proceeding to the extension, through a wide doorway, one passes to the reading-room, 60x22 feet, of which Mr. Whitney has given us a view that is exceedingly attractive, as well as truthful. In the rear of the

reading-room, and on the floor with it, is the chapel, 45x22 feet, neatly fitted for 125 persons. The walls are ornamented with appropriate Scripture mottoes, and a fine cabinet organ stands by the side of the platform at the western end of the room. Passing from the chapel, a small room is found behind it, which has been reserved for the possible opening of a School of Navigation, to which the inmates of the Home shall have access under such regulations as may seem to be wise.

Ascending to the second floor, in the front of the main building are the family apartments of Mr. FREDERICK ALEXANDER, the efficient



SAILORS' HOME IN NEW YORK—READING-ROOM.

Lessee of the Home since 1869, with appropriate bath and wash-rooms, closets, etc. In the extension and running to the rear of the building, one reaches for the first time the bed-rooms for sailor-boarders, whose windows, one or more in each, open upon this and all the floors above it, to the air, with a clear southern exposure. In the long halls at their north side, on every floor, are two clusters of steam pipes, by which both halls and rooms are fully heated. The size of the rooms is, on the average, 16x8 feet, and there are about 120 of them in all. They are uncarpeted. Each one is furnished with its iron bedstead,



(supplied with the Hartford Wire Mattress and bedding of excellent quality) of ample width for one person,—one or two chairs, a small bureau, looking glass, and hooks on the walls for clothing. In a few of the largest rooms two beds are placed, but this infrequently. The most interesting of them all are the two allotted to Mr. C. A. BORELLA, the resident missionary at the Home, who has long been permitted to do his good work for seamen's souls at the Institution. One of them will henceforth be known as the "prayer-room," and will make the place where this faithful servant of Christ shall daily gather knots of sailors in personal religious conversation and in petition to God. The highest boon which his and the sailors' friends can ask in connection with it, is that this room shall be hallowed as Mr. Borella's was, within the old Home,—by the continuous outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The last of our engravings is the picture of an interior of these



SAILORS' HOME IN NEW YORK—A BED-ROOM.

the architect's plans, is best apparent. To be fully appreciated one must not only experience the amplitude of light and ventilation now secured, but be able to contrast it, by personal recollection, with what was, before, in the old building, in these respects. The halls and stairways in the main building, as now arranged, are spacious, and the main stairway occupies a large square area, each flight being broken into three divisions, with broad landings, and great windows opening to

bed-rooms. Larger rooms than those which have been described are found on the third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors, in the main building, for use by captains and officers of vessels, staying at the Home.

It is on this second floor, at the rear of the main building, as well as through the hall of the extension, upon the second floor, and those above it, in the corresponding localities,—that the great changes produced in the building by the profuse introduction of light and air in the execution of

the south and west, while a large skylight surmounts the whole. Two smaller wells, with a like skylight, pierce the extension from the roof to the second floor, and supply the same abundance of air and light to that and every floor above it.

The remaining floors (third, fourth, fifth and sixth) are devoted, throughout, both in the main building and extension, to dormitories for the occupants. Five rooms on each of them are 25x8 feet in dimensions, and some of them are double-bedded. On the upper floor (main building) is the tank which supplies water to the Home, of a capacity of five tons, and ordinarily it will be refilled nightly. The roof of main building and extension is raised, for ventilation, four feet above the uppermost ceilings. The plumbing at the Home occupies a section of the main building, in its north-east corner, commencing, for the most part, upon the second floor,—the ample bath-rooms, sinks and closets to be found on this and every floor above it, being fully ventilated, and very complete in every way. This branch of the work was entrusted to Mr. JAMES ARMSTRONG of Brooklyn, N. Y., under the care of Mr. Cady, who has served alike as Designing and as Supervising Architect. The mason work has been done by Messrs. W. & T. LAMB of this city; the carpenter was Mr. E. SNEDEKER of Brooklyn, and his Superintendent in charge, Mr. R. M. TRYON. It will not abate the interest of our readers, to know that the latter was, for years, a sailor. The exterior of the Home, save its front, of Philadelphia brick, is painted in light buff, and all the inside walls in buff or gray,—the painting being done by Mr. W. NORTHRIDGE of Brooklyn. Messrs. J. & W. MASON of this city have supplied all new furniture for the outfit of the Home, and Mr. H. P. WILLIAMS, also of New York, the bedding. Gas fixtures were put in through the building by Messrs. G. H. KITCHEN & Co., of this city.

Only a few words need be added to convey an adequate idea of this beautiful edifice. A great thought of Mr. Cady, in its remodeling, and right nobly has it been carried out,—was to devise and perfect those plans which should give the greatest amount of sunshine and cheer for the interior, as well as the best ventilation. Accordingly every one of its apartments has a window or windows opening out of doors, and four-fifths of the rooms have a southern or south-eastern exposure, making the building both healthful and cheerful. In these, and in all respects, the Home now seems to be precisely what the many seamen who are always to be found in our harbor, need, and have a right to ask for,—precisely what it ought to be, to be an honor to the community in which it is found, and we would fain hope, a credit to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

It is not out of place, in concluding this article, to quote the words of Mr. ARCHIBALD, long the British Consul in New York, spoken at the opening of the Home on the 21st January, and congratulate seamen and their friends in our own land and the world, upon them. He said:—"I have visited many homes for seamen in other countries, but I have never seen any one to equal in comfort and convenience that in which we now are." We believe his words to be the sober utterance of truth: and for the fact they declare, we give thanks to Almighty God, who in a real sense, we are certain, has "built this house" for those who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon the great waters."

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### THE RE-OPENING OF OUR NEW YORK SAILORS' HOME.

The re-opening of the remodeled HOME in Cherry Street for boarders, in the third week of January, was preceded by an invited gathering of the patrons of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, with its officers, and others, at the new building, on the 21st. The day was of the finest, interposed, by a good providence, between two others which were stormy and dull,—and the attendance was all that could have been reasonably desired, both as to numbers and in the high standing and character of those who were present. After some time spent in inspecting the building, the guests assembled in the chapel, on the first floor, which, with the reading-room was beautifully ornamented with flowers, at 2 p. m.,—with RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., the SOCIETY'S *President*, in the chair. Among those gathered were Messrs. WILLIAM A. BOOTH, HORACE GRAY, REUBEN W. ROPES, HENRY A. HURLBURT, JOHN DWIGHT, ENOS N. TAFT, CALEB B. KNEVALS, FREDERICK STURGES, WILLIAM C. STURGES, WILLIAM MATHEWS, and CHARLES F. HARDY, with Capt. B. GHERARDI, U. S. N., and Capt. DAVID GILLESPIE, as well as Rev. Drs. E. D. G. PRIME, JOHN SPAULDING, and J. E. ROCKWELL, of the Society's Board of Trustees; the Rev. Dr. SAMUEL H. HALL its *Corresponding Secretary*, L. P. HUBBARD, Esq., its *Financial Agent*, the Revs. E. O. BATES and H. H. MCFARLAND, of the Society, the Lessee of the Home, Mr. FREDERICK ALEXANDER,—its missionaries, Messrs. BORELLA and SMITH,—Mr. F. H. STANLEY, colporteur of the American Tract Society, Messrs. E. M. ARCHIBALD, H. B. M. Consul at New York, WILLIAM E. DODGE, Esq., Capt. C. C. DUNCAN, U. S. Shipping Commissioner at New York, the Rev. Dr. L. D. BEVAN, of New York, GEO. W. LANE, Esq., President of the New York Port Society, and Rev. E. D. MURPHY of the same organization, Rev.

CHARLES J. JONES, Chaplain Sailor's Snug Harbor on Staten Island, Rev. R. J. WALKER of the New York Episcopal Seamen's Mission, Rev. T. D. WILLIAMS, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S Missionary at the Brooklyn, N. Y., U. S. Navy Yard, Capt. RICHARD LUCE of New York, Rev. A. P. STOCKWELL and Mr. JOHN J. LAKE of Gravesend, L. I., and "of devout women, not a few."

Letters were received in response to invitations to be present, from Commander J. W. NICHOLSON of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, also from Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL, Rev. Dr. H. C. POTTER, Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, Rev. Dr. C. S. ROBINSON, and Rev. Dr. E. N. WHITE, of New York, with Rev. Drs. T. L. CUYLER and H. M. SCUDDER of Brooklyn.

The public exercises were opened by the audience singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name,"—Mr. C. H. JONES of Staten Island leading at the organ, and then President BUCK spoke, saying in substance:—

*"My Friends:*—We have come together to invoke the blessing of God upon this SAILORS' HOME. We who have been interested in it, have long looked forward, either to the erection of a new Home, or to the refitting of this one. Our hope has been to make a comfortable building,—not only a comfortable Home for the seaman, in supplying his material necessities, but a religious Home, with Gospel and missionary influences pervading it.

We have now, as you see, really made a new thing out of an old one, and I am sure that you all, as I am, are grateful to God for our success. We propose to have an informal meeting this afternoon, in the effort to dedicate this house to God and to the sailor."

Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, the Society's Secretary and Treasurer then read the following statement:—

In a carefully prepared "Chronology of the Seamen's Cause in the Port of New York," published in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for August, 1853, the following steps or stages in the development of this Christian philanthropy are significantly given, viz:

*1816, Dec. 20th.*—The first religious meeting ever held in America for the special benefit of sailors, was assembled at No. 37 Cherry Street, when the Rev. WARD STAFFORD preached a sermon on the subject.

*1817, Feb. 12th.*—A meeting of merchants and ship masters was held at the house of Capt. CHRISTOPHER PRINCE, to take into consideration the project of forming a MARINE BIBLE SOCIETY, which socially, was subsequently organized at a public meeting held at the City Hotel, March 14th, 1817.

*1818, June 5th.*—"The Society for promoting the Gospel among Seamen in the Port of New York was organized," the same being incorporated the following year.

*1819, Oct. 14th.*—The corner-stone of the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt St., was laid. The house was completed and dedicated June 4th, 1820, and was the first edifice of the kind in the world.

*1825, Jan. 11th.*—The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY was organized, the Board, however, suspending all operations, until May 5th, 1828, when a reorganization took place, the Hon. SMITH THOMPSON of New York, then Secretary of the

Navy, having been elected as *President*, and the Rev. CHARLES P. (subsequently Bishop) McILVAINE as *Corresponding Secretary*. The Society was incorporated by the Legislature of New York, April 29th, 1833. It published the first number of its monthly, *THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, now in its 52nd year, in the following September; and on the 18th of October, 1829, sent forth the Rev. DAVID ABREL, its first Foreign Seamen's Chaplain, who sailed (in the ship *Roman*, Capt. Lavender,) for Canton, the scene of his future and eminently successful labors.

The next noticeable event in this line of development, was the establishing of a *SAILORS' HOME*, imperatively called for, by the shockingly wretched and perilous condition of things among seamen in the port. The first (of but limited capacity,) opened October 10th, 1837, at 140 Cherry Street, was kept by Capt. ROLAND GELSTON, who within a couple of years thereafter, found himself called to open *another*, which, at the corner of James Slip and Water Street, was likewise crowded with boarders, and in every way eminently successful.

These were both under the direction of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which also had a Home for Colored Seamen, in John Street, opened in Nov. 1839, and usefully kept there and elsewhere by Mr. WM. P. POWELL, for several years.

The Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street, which the building we re-enter to-day succeeds, and practically displaces,—was begun Oct. 14th, 1841, when the Rev. Dr. MILNOR—of sainted memory—laid the corner-stone, with appropriate and eloquent addresses on the occasion, by the Hon. THOS. BUTLER KING of Georgia, and by the Rev. SPENCER H. CONE, D. D., and the Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, of New York.

It was opened, (to be kept on strictly temperance principles and with daily family worship,) for its philanthropic and Christian uses, in the following Spring, May 2nd, 1842, and for the thirty-seven years that have since transpired, it has stood a monument to the practical wisdom of its founders, proving itself an incalculable blessing to those for whose good it was specially intended.

Since its opening, and up to May last, when it was surrendered to contractors, the Home, during the successive administrations of Capts. Gelston, Richardson Walford, Sayre, Tracy, Cassidy, and the present efficient lessee, Capt. Alexander, had accommodated as boarders, 95,189 seamen of all nationalities, had received for temporary safe keeping, and returned to depositors or transmitted to friends, over \$1,500,000 of their hard earned wages, had sheltered and ministered to great numbers of shipwrecked and destitute sailors until they were fitted for sea again or otherwise provided for,—and in kindred ways had steadily pursued its beneficent mission.

After such protracted and exhaustive service, as can readily be imagined, a building that had endured so long, with but an occasional (and never with a very thorough) refitting, must at last wear out and give way; and so the anticipated time, when something would have to be done in the way of replacing it, to continue its recognized usefulness at last arrived. Accordingly on the occasion of the FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, held in the Broadway Tabernacle, May 6th, 1878, "in recognition of the Divine goodness through all its history, and in practical commemoration of its SEMI-CENTENARY," the Trustees, by unanimous vote, were instructed to this end "to arrange for remodeling and enlarging their Sailors' Home. This was eminently called for, and now seemed the time to do it.



The work thus assigned them, the Trustees, with Messrs. Frederick Sturges, Reuben W. Ropes, Henry A. Hurlbut, John Dwight, and Mr. Jas. W. Elwell, for a Building Committee, promptly entered upon: and after mature deliberation elected from among many, and adopted the carefully prepared and satisfactory plans submitted by Mr. J. C. CADY, under whose immediate oversight and direction as supervising architect, the work has been thoroughly completed, as it is shown to-day, to the inspection and favor of the friends of seamen, to the patrons of the Society, and to a generous Christian public.

As to the Architect's success, we think there can be but a single opinion. His happy conception of what a model Home should be, he has practically realized; and in the plain but substantial and admirably appointed light and cheerful building provided, with its economical and sanitary arrangements, and with its conveniences for the comfort of the sailor temporarily sojourning herein, he certainly merits our consideration, our commendation, and our thanks.

Secretary Hall here introduced statistics, the substance of which is incorporated in the opening article of this MAGAZINE, and then continued:—

Of the Officers of the Society, who thirty-eight years ago, participated in the structure and dedication of the original Sailors' Home—with a single exception—none remain. The President, eighteen Vice-Presidents, the Treasurer, and a board of eighteen Directors, all—all have passed away. Of that honorable company, only the dear and venerable Dr. Spaulding, then the Financial Secretary is left among us, honored and esteemed by all!

His associate for several years, and one of the Secretaries of the Society from 1844 to 1870, and latterly a member of the Board of Trustees—the Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., who planned and expected to be with us to-day, has just been suddenly removed. He died on Monday night, and is not, for God has taken him. There is a lesson taught us in the review we have made, and in the events of the hour which we may wisely and should seriously consider!

Soon, the places that now know us, will know us no more forever. Surely does it behoove us to be faithful to the trust committed to us, the voice we hear saying to each one—"What thy hand findeth to do"—to do for God and for humanity—"do it with thy might!"

We enter this re-opened Home, not only with a sense of gratitude to Him who hath helped us hitherto, but also with a quickened and deepened sense of new and greater responsibilities.

Thousands from the seas have here received the Word and rejoiced therein. Thousands more, coming and going, going and coming, like the tides, will here receive it.

Thousands of shipwrecked and destitute rescued seamen have been provided for here: thousands will come asking our sympathy and aid!

Thousands here in connection with Chapel and Missionary services have been hopefully converted to God; thousands are yet to come—the full trophy of the Savior's love, the purchase of His redemption!

Thousands are sailing to-day out on the oceans of the world who have registered as guests of the Home; and thousands with them, mothers and wives and kindred, are lifting their prayers to-day for the blessing of God on this new gift of Christian charity—this re-opened Christian Home!

May He who thus far as by a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, has led us in all our past, graciously accept this memorial of His goodness, and ever go before us in the work He has set us, in the work which He expects us to do!

President BUCK then called upon Rev. Dr. JOHN SPAULDING to lead the assembly in prayer. Dr. Spaulding, before complying, made a few remarks, in which he said:—

“Thirty-eight years ago last October, the corner-stone of the SAILORS’ HOME was laid; and thirty-seven years ago last May it was opened. The stone was laid, and the house opened with prayer, and predictions of good. It was my privilege to be present and share in the gladness and hopeful faith of those occasions, and so far as I know, this was the privilege of but one other person present here to-day, Mr. L. P. HUBBARD. But we had not faith enough to predict that in these years over ninety-five thousand seamen would here find the protection, the comforts, and elevating influences of a Christian Home: that a million and a half of their hard earned dollars would here be deposited for safe-keeping, and returned to the depositors or transmitted to their friends: that in each of these years the shipwrecked and destitute in so large numbers would here be received, be refitted for another voyage, sent to the Hospital, or home to their friends: that sailors by thousands instead of hundreds would take and keep the strict temperance pledge; and above all, and better than all, that scores of them would under this roof be scripturally converted to God!

Our faith was not large enough to forecast, and embrace all this. But now our faith is turned into sight, “We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.” Of all the Life Saving Stations on our coast, or on any other coast, what one of them,—nay what ten of them have done a more humane, Christian, and saving work than this SAILORS’ HOME!”

Rev. Dr. Spaulding also made touching reference to the sudden decrease (January 19th) of the Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, of the Society’s Board of Trustees, who had planned to be at this meeting, and in the prayer commended the afflicted family to the helpful love of a Heavenly Father. At its close, the meeting being thrown open for general remark, Rev. Dr. EDWARD HOPPER of the Church of Sea and Land in New York City, said:—

“Rev. Dr. Spaulding was in error in saying that he and Mr. Hubbard were the only persons present here to-day, who witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of this SAILORS’ HOME in October, 1841, for I came here, then, to hear, and I did hear OGDEN HOFFMAN deliver a most wonderful speech. And I also heard, then, the converted actor, Rev. SPENCER H. CONE, for a long time the pastor of the First Baptist Church, then in Elizabeth Street, in this city.

Dr. Hopper continued in a strain of reminiscence, and then expressed his satisfaction as pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land in Market St., with the work and with the proximity to his church of the Home. He said it was impossible to give character to any man until you give him a Home. “It is so with the sailor, just as really as with others.” He concluded by referring to the ameliorating influence of a Christian woman, as illustrated for years past, in the effect wrought upon the sailors at this Home, by Mrs. ALEXANDER, the wife of its Lessee.

The Rev. Dr. J. E. ROCKWELL said that reference had been made to the sending out of Rev. DAVID ABEEL, as the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S first missionary, in 1829. He recollected the coming of that devoted man to his father's house, as also that of Rev. JONATHAN GREENLEAF, of sainted memory, in connection with a presentation of the Seamen's cause. Ever since those days his heart had been increasingly warm toward the men of the sea. He dwelt upon the need of such a Home as this, for seamen, and closed by saying:—"Let us thank GOD and take courage" for the example we have been enabled to afford to other cities, in its erection.

President BUCK then spoke of his own acquaintances in New York, when he came to the city. Among them was one of the Elders of the then old Brick Church,—Rev. Dr. GARDNER SPRING'S. He expressed his pleasure, that although the Rev. Dr. Spring had been taken to his Heavenly home, he now had the pleasure of seeing before him Rev. Dr. LEWELLYN D. BEVAN, the Dr's successor in the Brick Church pastorate, and invited him to address the assembly.

Rev. Dr. BEVAN said that although he had been in New York for three years, it was not until to-day that he had found out the Sailors' Home. He was greatly pleased however, to know it now. He spoke of his knowledge of and love for Christian work for sailors in London, and bore testimony to the impressibility of sailors to the healthful influences of good women. He emphasized the indebtedness of this and of all communities, to seamen. So far as it was acknowledged, he added that the fact of its recognition came from the spirit of Christianity, and not from that of Science or from any of the "philosophies" of our day and generation. "When so magnificent a tribute to the value of the sailor's services to his fellow man, as that in which we are gathered to-day, shall have been erected by the devotees of such science and philosophy, apart from the Christianity of the age, then shall I fear for Christianity itself. But the time for that is a long way off." He forecast a greater future, in the provision of other Homes like this, for the men of the sea, in the port of New York.

GEORGE W. LANE, Esq., President of the N. Y. Port Society was called upon and said it was a great thing for the sailor to have such a HOME as this, in such a city as ours. He alluded to the work of women for the salvation of sailor's souls, in connection with his own Society, and called on the Rev. E. D. MURPHY, who gave farther testimony in the same direction.

The chairman next introduced Mr. E. M. ARCHIBALD, H. B. M. Consul in this port, who said in substance, that he was no stranger to this SAILORS' HOME, or to seamen. For years past, he had been enjoying its advantages.

"I know," he continued, "the virtues of sailors, and I know their deficiencies. In a community like this, it is to such a place as this that we must look for their improvement. In this city the sailor is a prey to many who, under the guise of

benevolence, deprive him of his earnings, and it is to such an Institution as this that we must look for the means of rescuing him and building him up spiritually and making him a useful member of society. In regard to this Institution itself, I am delighted to see how admirably the alterations have been carried out. I have visited many homes for seamen in other countries, but have never seen any one to equal in comfort, and convenience, that in which we now are. I think there ought to be a much larger one in this city."

Mr. Archibald, in farther remark, bore testimony to the good work which he knew was done at the Home by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander. "If now," he continued, "it can be extended, it will be one of the greatest blessings which can come to this or to any community." He sat down after expressing his great satisfaction at being present.

Mr. Archibald was succeeded by Capt. B. GHERARDI, U. S. N. He had followed the sea, he said, for thirty-three years, and felt confident to speak of the improvement in the character of seamen during that period. He valued such a place as this Home as it secured this improvement in three things:—1st it gave to seamen a *Home*;—2nd, it provided for them a *Temperance Home*, and 3rd, it is, to them, a *Church*. Of the improvement among sailors, he felt sure, from his present position at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where he is continually enlisting men for the naval service. Man after man comes to him now, not calling for a new outfit at his enlistment, but having all the clothes he needs, in good condition; his "kit" as he calls it, in his possession. This is vastly different from the old times and ways, in which "Jack" came to such an officer, almost invariably, with money spent and all proper clothes gone, and had to draw largely in advance for necessities. He spoke with great earnestness of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S work in all directions for the benefit of seamen.

Rev. CHARLES J. JONES, chaplain of the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, being introduced, referred to personal memories awakened by the remarks of preceding speakers. He himself had served nine and a half years on British naval and mercantile vessels, and he owed everything to the Sailors' Home. In 1840, after a long series of unsuccessful attempts, he found his way that one in New York, then kept by Capt. GELSTON, and was greatly blessed in his soul by his experiences there. Leaving reminiscence, Rev. Mr. Jones gave farther witness to his personal knowledge of the hallowed and wide-spread influences that had gone forth from the Missionary's room at the Home, for the glory of Jesus Christ and for the good of souls. He dwelt especially upon the marvelous history of the great Sailors' Revival at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, in 1849, which took root in a prayer-meeting started by a single sailor named Morris, who had been an inmate of the Home. Many sailors were converted; in groups and singly

they went out all over the world, from that revival, to preach Christ in consecrated and in sanctified lives. A great amount of correspondence from and with them, now in his possession, attests this. He spoke of the multiplication of these Homes over the world by the agency of some of these very men; instancing that at Honolulu, S. I., now kept by EDWARD DUNSCOMBE, converted in the movement on the U. S. Ship *North Carolina*, which he had described, and he urged the great importance of the sailor's part in bringing the world to the Savior's feet, when he has himself been led there, "clothed and in his right mind."

Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE then expressed his joy at what he had seen of the new Home and extended his congratulations upon its transformation. This was a work, he added, in which he had always been interested,—preaching the gospel to the men of the sea.

Mr. Dodge was followed by Rev. R. J. WALKER of the N. Y. Episcopal Seamen's Mission, who made the most interesting statements concerning his own conversion, his arrival in New York from Ireland, and the noble work which he had been permitted to do for sailors, in this city for years past. He also bore the heartiest testimony to the value and to the work of the Society's HOME.

Rev. E. D. G. PRIME, D. D., was the last speaker. He spoke of the wide spiritual work now going on among seamen in the city and in the world, as a part of the advancement of the kingdom of Christ among men, and asked the prayers of all Christian people for this Institution now really dedicated to the cause of God and man. He regarded nothing as a greater evidence of the divine origin of the Christian religion, than the change, taking place, in our day, in the hearts of seamen as they are brought to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." The work goes on everywhere. It is not merely found in mariners' churches, not merely in sailors' homes, but out on the sea, in vessels and in harbors, all over the globe. Again he besought prayer, faithful and continuous for this HOME, and those "that go down to the sea in ships."

The Doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," was then sung, and after the benediction, pronounced by Rev. E. D. MURPHY, the company present adjourned to a collation furnished by Mr. and Mrs. ALEXANDER, in the dining room below. Here nearly two hundred friends of the Society, and of the sailor, lingered awhile over the good things provided for them, and then separated, assured by what they had seen and heard that the occasion which had brought them together had made the day one on which the Seamen's Cause and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY had made a good step forward, in the great city of New York.

**"HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM."**

. The Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., who began his service for seamen in connection with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY as their chaplain at the port of New Orleans, La., in January, 1837, who was its Associate Corresponding Secretary from 1844-5 to 1870, and was one of its Trustees thence onward until his death, expired at his house in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday evening, January 19th, 1880, after a very brief attack of pneumonia, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The last public appearance of the Rev. Dr. Loomis was at a meeting of the Brooklyn Woman's Temperance Union, on the evening of January 13th, held in one of the theaters of that city. Here he experienced a chill which brought upon him a cold, that kept him within doors thereafter, but it was not until afternoon on the day of his decease that any apprehension was felt of a fatal termination of the disease; and of his departure from the world in which he had always been so busy, it may be said that it was,—

*"As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement."*

The Board of Trustees of our Society, at their meeting held January 23th, adopted the resolutions printed on a succeeding page of this MAGAZINE, which declare their sense of the value of that long service which Dr. Loomis rendered to the cause of the evangelization of the sailor. That was so great, however, and he who rendered it had filled so large a place in the esteem of its especial friends through many of the United States, especially in New England, that we are certain we shall only answer to the desires of our readers, if we set down here, at some length, the record of his funeral services. These were held on Thursday, January 22nd, at the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, of which Dr. Loomis was a member, were conducted by Rev. Dr. T. L. CUYLER, his pastor, and were attended not only by many of his late associates in the Society to whose work he had mainly given his life, but by a large concourse of sympathetic and mourning friends who had known him, and had labored with him in various fields of christian activity. We are the more ready to do this, because the removal of this brother from our side on earth, has fallen on us with such sudden force that we, at this writing, can hardly trust ourselves to speak of him as we should desire to. A good man has departed. An honest and earnest workman has fallen. We can only now pray that more of the spirit with which he was accustomed to do his best work for the sailor, may, by God's blessing, come upon those of us who as yet remain at our posts.

Brief services having been held at the house, those at the church were commenced at 2 p. m. by Scripture reading, after which the hymn

"Jesus, lover of my soul," was sung by the congregation. We make no attempt to report the address of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler which then followed, *verbatim*, but we do seek to present its spirit and essence. He said, substantially:—

"We come together, my friends, brought here by a personal bereavement. A personal loss has happened to us, a personal sorrow calls us into this house. This church with whom we are gathered, and the whole church of the living God does, and will feel, this. For this life which has gone out, was a beautiful witness to JESUS CHRIST, all the way from its active commencement to the moment of our dear brother's transition to glory. He has gone there as a shock of corn falls when fully ripe, which the reaper gathers in, rounded and beautiful.

To me, let me say, and in this church,—Dr. Loomis was almost like a colleague in the work of the ministry, and a confidant in respect of very many things. And therefore, here to-day, I assure you I could well be silent, such is my own grief, if silence would not be treason to duty. This life began more than three score and ten years since. Our brother was a native of Vermont, the Green Mountain State, which produces noble men. He was born in the town of Georgia, near Lake Champlain, was educated at Burlington University, and afterwards at Andover and Princeton Theological Seminaries. Thence onward he gave his whole energies to the active service of Christ among men, and his hand never shrank from what he felt was his duty. He led a long life but he might naturally have looked for it to be longer. He came of good stock, physically, and we who knew him, know that his force, in this respect, was not abated. So confident was he himself of this, that even the day before he died, he said:—"I shall not die but live and go on with my work. That is not done,—and they are praying for me!"

What a busy life it was, my friends! You in this church, and elsewhere, who remember his sermons, might well wonder, as you sometimes did, why he had not given himself to the steady work of a settled ministry and pastorate. Especially will some of you recall, among others, a single sermon preached in this pulpit, by him, on a sudden call, when the pastor was ill, that made many men unused to shed tears within the sanctuary, weep as they listened to it,—and was talked of for weeks after its delivery. Well may you wonder at the fact, I say, that he did not preach regularly, and in connection with a single charge. But Dr. Loomis always felt that he had another call in the Master's service than that, and so he gave the best thirty years of his life to the men of the sea, in connection with the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, whose President and many of whose officers come here to-day to honor his memory. And many others, on land and on sea, as they hear of his decease will recall his successful efforts to bring them into an ark of safety in Jesus Christ, from the storm of divine wrath, at sea.

His was indeed a beautiful record of personal labor for the souls of men. In this matter he was never idle. His pen, moreover,—that was always busy, in these later years, with the same exertion. His book, "The Land of Shadowing Wings," has in it some most delight-

ful and serviceable thoughts. How often, too, has he recently visited my study in this church, to talk of the last great idea which filled his soul,—the arrangement of the Bible in chronological order, that should easily allure and instruct all classes of men. How often did his voice ring out in yonder room for prayer! Day by day, too, he stood with this band of christian women, nay rather, year after year, he has been with them in their labor through this city, in the cause of temperance, cheering and helping them forward. For many Sabbath evenings just now past, he wrought with them, in the theater, to pluck brands from the burning, there, for the glory of the Lamb of God. It was only the other day, indeed, that he was stricken in this Christian labor. And now he is not.

Even this bare outline of his life among men, my friends, I am certain, justifies me in calling it a beautiful one. I need not dwell, at length, upon its characteristics; to you who knew him, they speak for themselves as you remember him. He was a *sturdy Puritan Christian*. He had a clear and distinct faith in every line of God's Word. His was a staunch allegiance to the doctrines and faith of the Fathers. He was never contaminated, never seduced by any vanity of this world, but all through the years, he just steadily gave himself more and more to the service of Christ. His was a really consecrated life, wherein the soul had laid itself on the altar, for sacrifice, keeping back nothing, but saying in all sincerity,—“here am I.”

Rev. Dr. Cuyler closed his tribute to the life and work of Dr. Loomis, by addressing those within the audience, and he said they were many,—to whom the deceased had been a comforter in their afflictions.

Rev. Dr. JOHN SPAULDING, co-Secretary of this Society, with Rev. Dr. LOOMIS, from 1844 to 1856, followed, saying:—

“There is a divine text, my friends, the reality of which our departed brother now sees very clearly. It is this:—‘*And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*’ Yes,—rest after a long day of toil, unspeakably good after a faithful service of three score and ten years, unspeakably precious. The echo comes back from that world of rest, *unspeakably precious.*

*And their works do follow them.*—Yes, and do they not also go before them? How many of the seamen to whom our brother preached the Gospel of salvation in the long ago, in the city of New Orleans, reached the desired haven before him! How many savingly benefited by his earnest presentation of the same precious truths in numerous congregations, have gone to glory before him! How many sailors instrumentally saved by his direct and indirect pleas in their behalf, during the years of his connection with the American Seamen's Friend Society, entered the celestial city before him; and how many of all these awaited him in the gateway, to welcome him into the joy of their Lord, at eight o'clock, last Monday evening!



And then the works which are to follow! How many more, by the same, or similar means, are to follow him to the same everlasting rest! These questions we may not be able to answer till we also,—

"Shall see, and hear, and know,  
All we desired or wished below;  
And every thought find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy."

But this we now know, *Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!* This we can say and sing with joyful confidence. The wife of his youth, and of his maturer years, now sitting solitary as a widow; and the children and grand children, and other related friends God has given them, can daily take up the gladdening refrain, *Blessed, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!* And for your comfort let me add, God has opened for you sweeter and better fountains than ever welled up from the green mountains and hills of your husband and father's early home; better wells than Abraham digged and Isaac re-digged in the valley of Gerar; a better well than that of Jacob in Samaria, even *a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*

Paul had been drinking at this fountain when he said, *'Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.'*

Here daily dip your cup, and your sorrow will be turned in joy; your trials into grateful thanksgivings!"

The congregation sang part of the hymn, a favorite of the Rev. Dr. Loomis,—

"Down life's dark vale we wander,—  
Till Jesus comes,"—

and were led in prayer by Rev. Dr. CUYLER. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. SPAULDING, and the assembly then dispersed. Very rarely has it been our fortune to participate in like services so largely attended, where the sense of individual bereavement has seemed so generally to pervade those who were present.

The following is the action of the Board of Trustees, referred to on page 49.

"The Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY are deeply pained to record the decease of one of their number, Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., who departed this life at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 19th inst.

"Dr. LOOMIS had devoted nearly the whole of his active ministry to the Cause of Seamen, serving as a Corresponding Secretary of this Society for twenty-five years, and with marked efficiency and success; the churches welcoming him as an eloquent advocate of its claims, and his discourses and addresses doing much to awaken widespread interest in its behalf.

"On resigning his office as Secretary, he was elected a Trustee, since which time he has rarely been absent from the meetings of the Board.

His last years were devoted to Christian labor in various forms, and it was while engaged in such work, that he contracted the disease which suddenly terminated his useful life.

*“Resolved:—That the sympathy of the members of this Board be tendered to the family of our late associate, with an assurance of the great loss to which they have been called in the providence of God, and with the prayer that they may receive divine consolation in this sore bereavement.”*

### Special—To Our Readers.

The *MAGAZINE* for this month is of such exceptional interest in its presentation of matters directly connected with work for seamen, that we feel certain no apology is requisite for the delay of a few days in its issue. It seemed eminently desirable that it should conserve the records which it does contain, in connection with the *SAILORS' HOME*, and the death of Rev. Dr. LOOMIS. The advices from our chaplains in Denmark and Oregon are also of such moment as to form, with the rest of its contents, a number of extraordinary value. Other missionary and general information as to our work, now in hand, is necessarily reserved until next month.

### An Interesting History.

“Notes of Fifty Years’ Efforts for the Welfare of Seamen,” published by the *AMERICAN SEAMEN’S FRIEND SOCIETY* in 1878, has the following, among other notices of the history of our Sailors’ Home in New York. It will be seen that the provision of a suitable shelter and boarding place for sailors in this great city, was among the first objects which occupied the attention of the Board of Trustees. In the third year of the Society’s existence, 1880-1, “a beginning was made towards providing funds for the erection of a house in New York City devoted to the interests of seamen. Besides furnishing board for them, it was contemplated to make it the center of all the societies and agencies operating in behalf of sailors. The sum of \$135 was contributed by a few persons, for this object.”

Three years having passed, we find this farther record, in 1833-4. “Progress was made towards providing a building for the accommodation of the various agencies operating for seamen.

A liberal subscription was made, a site was selected and purchased, at the corner of John and Cliff Sts., \$9,000 paid, and the property mortgaged for the balance of \$10,000. But the commercial embarrassments of the times prevented an immediate completion of the undertaking.

In the eighth year of the Society’s existence, 1835-6, the original plan for a house to accommodate the officers of Seamen’s Institutions in New York City, was enlarged to embrace a HOME for the sailor also, and the sum of \$1,000 was subscribed by an individual (Mr. DANIEL FANSHAW, printer,) as a thank offering to the Lord, for the saving of his office from destruction by fire, for its erection, provided the requisite amount should be raised before the close of the year. This was at once undertaken, an additional lot of ground purchased, and a resolution was passed to erect the building as soon as practicable.

Time went by, and in 1837-8, although owing to pecuniary embarrassments and to other obstacles, the work of erecting

the contemplated building was deferred, it was resolved no longer to delay opening a boarding house for seamen. Accordingly the house, No. 140 Cherry Street, was leased, and opened for the reception of boarders under the direction of Captain R. GELSTON, on the 10th of October. Five hundred and thirty-nine seamen were accommodated after May 1838, of whom ninety signed the temperance pledge, and thirty-eight deposited, in the aggregate, \$2,000 in the Savings Bank, not one of whom had ever deposited a dollar before that time.

In 1840-1, such had been the success of the HOME in Cherry Street, that another Home was opened by the Society at the corner of James Slip and Water Street, also under the Superintendency of Capt. GELSTON. The property which had been purchased some years before for the purpose of erecting a building to be called the SAILOR'S HOME, and to contain various offices for the benefit of seamen, being thought unsuitable for the object, was sold, and the site of the present HOME, 190 Cherry Street, was purchased. A grant of \$10,000 was made by the State in aid of the proposed institution, and arrangements were made for the speedy erection of the building.

The year 1841-2 is to be remembered for the completion of the institution which for so many years had been in contemplation. The corner stone was laid October 14th, 1841, and the building was finished and ready for occupancy, the following spring. Captain and Superintendent GELSTON, who had kept the two boarding houses under direction of the Society, removed to the new Home, May 2nd, 1842, with two hundred and twenty boarders. The Rev. HENRY CHASE was present, and conducted family service on the first morning, and the house commenced its career of usefulness under the happiest auspices. Rev. Mr. CHASE was the second individual regularly engaged to devote time to Christian labor for seamen in the port of

New York, having been employed by the N. Y. Port Society in March, 1831. His predecessor in that work was the Rev. WARD STAFFORD, from the spring of 1818 to November, 1820.

In 1848-9, the Board of Trustees congratulated the friends of seamen on the increasing prosperity, and usefulness of the Institution. Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, to whose instrumentality the cause is largely indebted in various ways, renewed engagement as its Superintendent. Mr. ALSON G. PHELPS President of the Society, had exerted a leading agency in the establishment of the Home, and great good was accomplished by it. Many a homeless and friendless seaman, found here a home and friend, and what is more, was brought to the knowledge of the "better friend" above. The number of boarders for the year was 3,635, and for the seven years since its beginning 25,554.

In 1849-50, Capt. Richardson resigned his post as Superintendent, and was succeeded by Capt. MATTHEW SAYRE.

The next record shows that Capt. D. TRACY took charge of the Home, May 1st, 1853. The whole number of boarders from the beginning at the institution, was, May 1st, 1857, 50,096. In 1856, an interesting revival was enjoyed among the seamen boarding at the HOME, in connection with the several Bethels in the city.

The keeping of the Home passed from Capt. TRACY's hands, into those of Captains E. RICHARDSON and E. WALFORD, as Superintendents, in 1857-8. In 1858, (Dec. 1st,) having been thoroughly repaired, repainted and refurnished, with funds provided by New York merchants, it was re-opened under their charge. Ten hundred and sixty-three seamen signed the Temperance Pledge, there, and at the Mariners' Church.

Mr. JOHN H. CASSIDY next leased the Home, in 1861-2, for five years, and began to act as its Superintendent. The total of boarders for twenty years aggre-

gated 61,066; one hundred and ten men and boys were relieved during the year, and \$10,418 15 was put into bank or sent to friends, by the inmates.

In 1863-4, the labors of Mr. LUTHER P. HUBBARD, the Society's Financial Agent, were so prospered, that in April of the latter year, the long standing debt of \$15,000, which had rested upon the organization in connection with the ownership of the HOME, was fully paid.

Two notable items set down in 1867-8, are that the Society expended at the Home this year, \$459 66 for the relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen; and that twenty-seven conversions of sailors to Christ, were reported as occurring in connection with the meetings at the Institution.

In 1868-9, Mr. FREDERICK ALEXANDER, assumed the Superintendency of the Home, and has continued in the position up to the present time (January, 1880).

It is reported in 1870-1, that during the twenty-nine years of its existence, this one Home had now saved to seamen and their families, over one and a half million dollars,—nearly double the amount of money which had then been received into the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S treasury for the support of all its operations.

In 1872-3, we find that the opening of the SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE had also greatly increased the business of the New York SAILORS' HOME, which accommodated this year, 2,828 boarders, the largest number in any one year since its opening. In 1874-5, it is noted that the best spiritual results were manifest in connection with religious labor at the Home, and the last record to be inserted fitly closes these reminiscences of the past, as it summarizes work at the Home for the final twelvemonth preceding the thorough and really splendid transformation which we especially and fully commemorate in the present number of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. It is from the abstract of the Society's fifty-first (1878-9) Annual Report, presented last May.

"THE SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., has during the past year, accommodated 1,994 boarders. These men temporarily deposited with the Superintendent, \$28,247, of which amount, \$14,809 were sent to relatives and friends, \$2,776 were placed to their credit in the Savings Banks, and the balance returned to the depositors.

"The whole number of boarders since the Home was established, in 1842, is 95,194.

"Relief has frequently been furnished to shipwrecked and destitute seamen. Some discharged from the hospitals as incurable, and some permanently disabled from accident or other causes, have here been provided with transportation to their friends, or assisted in their applications for admittance to the Sailor's Snug Harbor. Many also have found at the Home, not only physical comfort, but the forgiveness of sin, and spiritual life and peace.

"Family worship, (with a Wednesday and Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and other occasional services,) has been regularly maintained in the chapel of the institution, and the resident Missionary has been allowed to see his labors signally approved.

"The much needed and long talked of remodeling, enlargement and virtual rebuilding of the SAILORS' HOME, has, after careful deliberation, been undertaken, and the work, involving a large expenditure, is now in the hands of contractors. Special donations to that object, and also for the re-furnishing of the Home, will be gladly received. Safe and comfortable temporary accommodations for seamen are provided at 111 Monroe street, between Pike and Rutgers streets."

## Copenhagen, Denmark.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY—REVIVAL WORK  
—RETROSPECTIVE—CHRISTMAS  
FESTIVITIES, ETC.

A very noteworthy letter from Rev. Mr. WOLLESON, our chaplain, was received at our Rooms, January 23rd. We quote:—

"It is with deep emotion and gratitude that I can speak of our mission work here as a blessed and prosperous undertaking, which God has been pleased to honor in many respects, especially in the conversion of a large number of

Scandinavian sailors as to many of whom I can speak positively, and some few Englishmen, Germans, and one sailor from Berbice, South America. These have been led to "behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that they should be called the sons of God."

Rev. Pastor PRIOR (Lutheran minister in C.,) writes in a monthly paper just issued, named *The Harbor*, (Harnen) and says in touching language of acknowledgment and gratitude, "As we go to work in the Seamen's Mission, we receive it as a holy inheritance from fellow workers with God from far off lands (the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY). Their work in our city has been a blessing to many seamen and to the whole church. We appreciate it very highly that this Society has enabled one to work on, here, who is a proficient in Seamen's Missionary work."

"In my letter to Mr. BORELLA (see SAILORS' MAGAZINE, December, 1879, p. 370) I stated that from April 1st my private apartments would be added to the mission until we could get a larger place. The desired larger apartments we have now obtained and we are occupying No. 17 Holbergsgade. There are two large rooms and a smaller one. We can have service in three languages at once, (which we had last night in Danish, English, and German) but as a general thing it is the largest room which we use to preach in. The other large room is used as an inquiry room, the third as a work room for the ladies. The rent of this place is 900 fr. which will be paid by my friends here. We had services here the first time on the 13th of December, when Mr. RADCLIFFE from Liverpool preached, and to the honor and glory of God and as an encouragement to us the workers in the new place I can say that one soul was born anew.

"The past has been a year of work, but God Almighty has in a rich measure blessed our efforts. The laborers here have been but few, but the Lord of the

harvest has sent us devoted helpers from other lands and the Seamen's cause has been especially benefited. Lord RADSTOCK from London, and Mr. and Mrs. RADCLIFFE from Liverpool, have done much in stirring up Christians to a sense of their duty. Mr. and Mrs. BERGER from Sweden, excellent Christian people, came here in the Spring and started the Bag Mission of which Miss ROBBE is the Principal. During the Summer and Autumn they visited Odense, Svendborg, Rudkjobing and Horsens, working with zeal to get ladies interested in the Bag Mission. And in mentioning these I must not neglect to speak of our beloved brother Borella's visit to Denmark, which also is a token of God's love. Though his visit was short I can safely say that much was accomplished to the honor and glory of God and to the prosperity of our Mission.

"On the 30th December the ladies interested in our work gave a Christmas festival. There were more than one hundred and twenty sailors present that evening. The Mission rooms were handsomely ornamented and dressed with flags representing America, Denmark, Sweden and Norway. The Christmas tree was beautifully dressed, and we had a little present for each. A loving Christian lady (widow of a sea captain) had, together with other ladies, knitted stockings, woolen shirts, scarfs, wrist muffs, and other useful articles which were all given to sailors. Rev. Pastor Prior made a short speech. Then the candles were lit and we all went in procession around the tree singing some of our choicest Christmas hymns. After the procession the ladies served out chocolate and cake. A bookmark, with inscription, was given to each one present, and a Testament was presented to all who had none. A couple of bushels of apples were distributed and there was no lack of any good thing. We beheld none but happy faces and heard many utterances and expressions of joy.

"In making this brief statement of our Mission, here, I give praise to the Lord and render my sincere gratitude to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, the founder of this blessed work. With a bright prospect do I hope for the future. I pray that God will come upon us and baptize us with His Holy Spirit that we may be instruments in our loving Father's hand to bring many to the Cross of Christ. I most sincerely plead for an interest in the prayers of the people of God.

"I have visited more than 3,500 vessels of different nationalities, among them have been 3 American, 1 English, and 7 Russian men-of-war. A goodly number of tracts and other religious papers have been distributed, and sailors have been provided with the word of God in their own language, for which I thank the American Bible Society (in New York) very cordially. For the encouragement of that Society I can state that this Autumn is the first time I have received a free grant of Bibles and Testaments to our seamen from the Danish Bible House in Copenhagen. Sailor boarding houses have been visited two or three times a week and hospitals once a week. Then I have spent as much of my time as possible in the Mission conversing and helping sailors both spiritually and temporally. Divine service has been held four or five times weekly, and my loving Savior has given me grace to tell the story of the Cross both in private and public."

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### Portland, Oregon.

GOOD NEWS WITH THE OPENING YEAR—A  
HELPER FROM THE FORECASTLE, WHO  
WAS CONVERTED AT THE BETHEL—  
WORK BLESSED OF GOD.

Chaplain STUBBS, in a communication dated January 2nd, says:—

Our Sabbath and week-day meetings have been well attended, and have proven

seasons of gracious refreshing to our hearts. Quite a number of seamen have risen for prayers, and have been led to the Savior, so far as to turn from their sins and to endeavor to believe the truth as it is in Christ.

Some cases are marked with peculiar interest. I will mention one especially, because it has resulted in raising up a Helper, for us, from the Forecastle, converted in the Bethel.

He is a young man twenty-five years of age. He is from Glasgow. His name is JOHN MCNIELL, and he has been to sea about eight years, mostly in "deep water" ships. He heard of our Bethel from a Brother Rogers, who has been assisting me in my work of visiting the ships on Sabbath mornings, distributing tracts and papers, and inviting the men to the churches, the Y. M. C. A., and the Bethel meetings. On Sabbath, December 14th, in the evening, he attended the Bethel preaching services, and there heard the message from the chaplain's lips which it pleased God to make the means of his thorough awakening, and remarkable conversion, while in the attitude of prayer at the close of the discourse.

Concerning this gracious experience his language is as follows:—"Before I rose from my knees I was certain Christ had died for me; the sense of guilt was removed from my heart entirely, and I had peace with God. Since then I have had a discovery of my own nothingness, as never before; also my own sinfulness, and inability of myself to do anything acceptable to God." Mrs. Stubbs and I were so impressed with the humility and earnestness of Bro. McNeill that we especially urged him to fidelity, believing that God might open to him a field of usefulness.

His vessel, the *David Law*, sailed from Portland to complete her lading at Astoria, before we matured any arrangement with Capt. Allan, only that he promised,—if I would get him as good a

man as John to fill John's place in the fore-castle, and John would relinquish so much of his wages as would make up the difference in the wages the ship would have to pay to a hand shipped in Portland for Europe,—to release John.

After about ten days of deliberation and prayer to God for His will to be done, and earnestly desiring to be guided, it became necessary to act, as the ship had completed her cargo,—so I took the 'Frisco steamer and reached Astoria, at 7-30, p. m., on Saturday, but the *David Law* had just tripped her anchor, and was steaming away for the outer roads, to anchor at Fort Stevens.

I obtained a sailor, and his bag and baggage, and engaged two men to row me down about ten miles, and reached the vessel at dark. Hastening into the cabin, I told Capt. Allan that I had traveled over a hundred miles to get my man, and had a sailor in the boat alongside, ready to sign articles. The captain had John called aft and consulted. At first, John was overwhelmed at the bare thought of becoming a missionary; he shrunk back, and thought he must make his return passage to Europe, and be a witness for his Lord in the fore-castle, and suffer whatever might come upon him, and "endure the much deserved chastisement which God might visit upon him to humble my (his) proud spirit."

I reasoned with him that humility was a product of divine grace, and that God's grace is sufficient for us each, if we trust to the Giver of grace. Brother McNeill then thought he must go home to see his parents, and that he would endeavor to return to Portland next year. Finally this objection gave place to the call to immediate compliance, and Brother McNeill received his discharge, and sacrificed all his earnings of the voyage, about £12, sterling, and went on shore with me, to work in the Lord's vineyard, with not a cent in the world. A snow storm and gale of wind detained us until 3 p. m. the day following—the Lord's

day—I therefore held services in the fore-castle of the *David Law*, and had a precious time. On our way up to Astoria, from Fort Stevens, we passed the bark *Carnegie*, Capt. NESBITT; I called alongside; jumped on deck, and, not finding anyone stirring, I entered the cabin, and found, to my great joy, that Capt. Nesbitt was holding a service. He insisted that I should offer one more prayer. I did so, and I learned that it was the second service he had held that day on board his vessel.

He made a contribution to aid me to defray the expenses of reaching Fort Stevens, and then we took a tender and affecting farewell of one of God's good Christian shipmasters.

Next morning we started for Portland, and arrived in time to escape the ice with which the Columbia river was gorged on the day following. I took Brother McNeill into my family, and he lives with me, and thus far is working faithfully and reverently. His coming seems to me to be very opportune, for I was beginning to break with overwork and care. Oh how truly good our Adorable Lord is unto us! Praise his holy name forever.

Our meetings at the Bethel, Sabbath evenings and week evenings, are truly precious seasons of interest, scarcely a single meeting but that some one or more,—seamen or landmen,—gives expression to a desire for salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Oh how overwhelmed my poor heart is in view of the goodness and faithfulness of God to me, and to my work, and to my household.

About three weeks since we were organized into a Good Templar Lodge by Special Deputy of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, Brother W. Simpson,—a seamen on board the bark *Carnegie*. He has since left us, for Liverpool in that vessel. He is from Bath, England. For two years we have felt the need of this means of usefulness among seamen belonging to Good Tem-

plar Lodges under this jurisdiction—they (the seamen) being refused admission into Lodges of the American Order. The coming of Brother Simpson was entirely unlooked for, and when discovered, was a fact over which we rejoiced. We hope to do a good work of temperance reform through this organization, especially among the people to whom I have been sent,—MY BROTHERS OF THE SEA.

I now close, and in doing so ask to be especially remembered by the dear people of the Lord, that I may have grace to be faithful until death; and that I may have great wisdom in my Bethel relations and opportunities.

Yours, &c.,

R. S. S.

## Marine Disasters in December, 1879.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 56 of which 33 were wrecked, 11 abandoned, and 2 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 5 are missing. The list comprises 2 steamers, 8 ships, 15 barks, 9 brigs, and 22 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,223,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *s* c sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Borussia, *a*. from Liverpool for New Orleans.  
Kensington, *m*. from Liverpool for N. Orleans.

### SHIPS.

Kurrachee, *a*. from New York for Antjer.  
Tyro, *a*. from Philadelphia for Bremen.  
Rayenea Padre, *a*. from Philadelphia for Genoa.  
Jacob Trumpy, *w*. from Hamburg for N. York.  
Theo. H. Allen, *a*. from New York for San Francisco.  
Peruvian, *a*. from Dublin for Philadelphia.  
Leda, *w*. from New York for Bremen.  
Alex. McKenzie, *w*. from N. York for Antwerp.

### BARKS.

Dagny, *w*. from New York for Sables d'Olonne.  
Marv Anne, *w*. from Troon for Boston.  
Sunbeam, *w*. from Brunswick, Ga., for Rio Janeiro.  
Anna Jaspersen, *w*. from New York for Dedegatch.  
Olive, *a*. from New York for Gibraltar.  
Eugenie Leonie, *w*. from Dunkirk for Philadelphia.  
Mercurius, *w*. from Hamburg for Wilmington, N. C.  
Warren Hastings, *a*. from Lisbon for Delaware Breakwater.  
Invincible, *a*. from Pensacola for Marseilles.  
Iwalo, *w*. from Jacobstadt for Boston.

Henry A. Paul, *w*. from Port Elizabeth for Tristan d'Acunha.  
Sophia, *a*. from New York for Queenstown.  
W. H. Thorndike, *w*. from Port Johnson for Boston.  
Stabbeast, *w*. from St. Thomas for Galveston.  
Janet, *a*. (Whaler,) of New Bedford.

### BRIGS.

Adele McLoon, *w*. (At Aspinwall.)  
Julia F. Carney, *b*. (At Loando, W. C. A.)  
E. H. Rich, *w*. (At Aspinwall.)  
Isis, *w*. from Navassa for Wilmington, N. C.  
Francesco Deak, *f*. from Glasgow for Philadelphia.  
Open Sea, *w*. from New York for Providence.  
Maggie, *f*. from Charleston for Aberdeen.  
Black Swan, *w*. from Miragoane for Boston.  
Arcang'lo Gabriele, *w*. from Rio Janeiro for New York.

### SCHOONERS.

N. H. Phillips, *m*. (Fisherman,) of Gloucester, Mass.  
Andrew Leighton, *m*. (Fisherman,) of Gloucester, Mass.  
Hannah Willetts, *s* c. from Port Johnson for Providence.  
M. & E. Henderson, *w*. from Bull River for Baltimore.  
Louisa, *m*. from Combahee for Charleston.  
E. M. Russell, *w*. from Canso, N. S. for Boston.  
Milwaukee, *w*. from Boston for Millbridge.  
Artie Garwood, *w*. from Philadelphia for Boston.  
Sunrise, *w*. from New York for Rio Hacha.  
Winnie Weston, *w*. (Fisherman) of Portland, Me.  
Excelsior, *f*. from Perth Amboy for Clinton, Ct.  
Trellis, *w*. from Providence for St. John, N. B.  
Whitney Long, *w*. from New York for Port Royal, S. C.  
Brookville, *w*. from Canning, N. S., for New York.  
T. J. Trafton, *f*. from New York for Boston.  
N. Noyes, *w*. from Charlotetown for N. York.  
H. C. Macky, *m*. (Fisherman) of Gloucester, Mass.  
Emerald, *w*. from Luces, Ja. for Mobile.  
Vesper, *b*. from New York for Nuevitas.  
Mary D. Pomeroy, *w*. from Crescent City for San Francisco.  
Enoch Moore, *w*. from Mobile for Cienfuegos.  
Annie Cotter, *w*. from Port de Paix for New York.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

NOVEMBER, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*:—48 English, 17 German, 12 American, 12 French, 11 Norwegian, 9 Dutch, 7 Swedish, 6 Danish, 4 Italian, 2 Greek, 2 Portuguese, 1 Austrian, 4 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 130.

*Steamers*:—13 English, 2 Spanish, 1 German, 1 American, 1 Dutch; total: 18. In this number are included 2 steamers reported missing.

## Receipts for December, 1879.

### MAINE.

Bucksport Elm Street Cong. church..\$ 27 65  
Kennebunk H. G. C. Durrell .. 2 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, North church S. S. for lib'y. 20 00  
Great Falls, C. ng. church..... 7 50  
Greenland, Cong. church..... 13 00  
Hamstead, Cong. church ..... 8 50



Hampton, Cong. church.....	8 77
Free Bap. church.....	3 72
Hinsdale, Cong. church.....	7 52
Hopkinton, Rev. Dan'l Sawyer.....	1 00
Manchester, 1st Cong. church.....	27 80
Pelham Cong. church.....	22 68
Rindge, Col. Jason B. Perry.....	1 00
Sanbornton Cong. church.....	13 00
Troy, Trin. Cong. church.....	6 50
Winchester, Cong. church.....	6 12

## VERMONT.

Springfield Cong. S. S. for library....	20 00
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## MASSACHUSETTS.

Attleboro, 2nd Cong. church, of wh. S. S., for library \$20.....	73 39
Auburndale, W. A. Little's S. S. class, (Boys).....	2 00
Beverly, Dane Street church.....	45 31
Cong. church.....	15 00
Boston, Bark <i>Boynnton</i> , Capt. Nason.....	3 00
Bark <i>Shetland</i> , Capt. Haskell.....	1 00
Schr. <i>Jourdan</i> , Capt. St. John.....	1 00
Schr. <i>Elta M. Stone</i> , Capt. Wade.....	1 00
Schr. <i>Kate Wentworth</i> , Capt. Cox.....	1 00
Schr. <i>A. H. Edwards</i> , Capt. Dottridge.....	1 00
Easthampton, Payson Cong. church.....	44 30
Haverhill, Friends for tracts.....	8 00
Holden, Cong. church.....	7 41
Ipswich, 1st church and Society, add'l.....	1 88
Lenox, Cong. church.....	21 00
Leominster Cong. church.....	22 14
Littleton Orthodox church.....	5 80
Lowell John Street church.....	30 75
Emily Rogers, for Memorial Library.....	20 00
Lynn, 1st. church.....	7 69
Central church.....	5 75
Newburyport, Bellville church, of wh. \$31, by Joshua Hale, to const. Cyrus K. Hale L. M.....	64 33
Newton, Stephen Moore, for library.....	20 00
Newtonville, Central church.....	12 61
North Abington, Cong. church.....	5 69
North Amherst, Mrs. Kellogg's S. S. class.....	10 00
North Weymouth, Cong. church.....	11 16
South Hadley Falls, Cong. church.....	8 69
Springfield, Memorial church.....	17 18
Sterling, A. Friend.....	1 00
Sturbridge, legacy of M. A. Bullock, per Rev. M. L. Richardson, for lib'y.....	20 00
Warren Cong. S. S. for library.....	21 00
Watertown, Cong. church.....	13 00
West Medway, Cong. church, for lib'y.....	20 00
West Warren.....	2 06
Weymouth, Herman F. Vickery.....	5 00
Winchendon, N. church.....	18 59

## RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Mrs. H. Nickerson, L. M..	1 00
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## CONNECTICUT.

Berlin 2nd Cong. church.....	8 04
Birmingham, Cong. church of wh. to const. Mr. Wm. E. Downs L. M., and for libraries, \$60.....	73 33
Black Rock Cong. church.....	15 00
Clinton, Mrs. M. Griffing.....	1 00
East Woodstock, Cong. church.....	6 91
Enfield Memorial Library for Miss Caroline Lusk, by her sisters.....	20 00
Fair Haven, 1st Cong. church.....	22 46
Lebanon, Cong. ch., Goshen Parish.....	6 00
New London, 1st Cong. church.....	15 32
North Haven, Cong. church.....	31 37
North Manchester, Rev. N. J. Squires.....	1 00
Norwich, 2nd Cong. church.....	48 04
1st Cong. church.....	40 00
Old Lyme, Cong. church.....	12 66
Rocky Hill, S. S. Cong. ch., for lib'y.....	20 00
Stamford, Mrs. Seymour Hoyt.....	9 00

Stonington, Mrs. Jerusha Pomeroy....	5 00
Thomaston Cong. church.....	17 76
Thompson, Cong. church.....	8 46
Warren, Cong. church.....	13 00
West Hartford, Cong. church add'l.....	2 00
West Meriden, 1st Cong. church.....	23 03
Willington, Friends.....	3 00
A Sailor's sister.....	5 00
Windsor, Cong. church, of wh. S. S. \$12	37 00

## NEW YORK.

Brentwood, E. F. Richardson.....	2 00
Coxsackie, Rev. M. Lusk.....	5 00
Dansville, Pres. ch. S. S., for library....	20 00
Geneseo, Mrs. B. Ayrault L. M.....	1 00
Gravesend, Mr. John J. Lake.....	5 00
Hamilton, Bap. church.....	13 47
Cong. church.....	8 00
Ithaca, Pres. church, add'l.....	8 00
Kinderhook, Ref. Dutch church.....	3 57
Lockport, 1st Pres. church.....	60 31
Moriches, Glorianna Fanning, Memorial Library for Mary S. Fanning....	20 00
Naples, S. S. Pres. church, for library, of wh. \$1, from Infant class.....	20 00
New York City, Frederick A. Libbey, for libraries.....	100 00
Mrs. G. B. Grinnell, for libraries.....	100 00
Wm. Libbey, Jr., for libraries.....	60 00
Joseph W. Alsop.....	50 00
Frederick Sturges.....	50 00
J. A. Roosevelt.....	20 00
Tiffany & Co.....	25 00
David Dows.....	25 00
William Oothout.....	25 00
Wm. H. Fogg.....	20 00
Edward Austen.....	20 00
W. R. Powell.....	10 00
Cash, C.....	10 00
A. F. Warburton.....	10 00
John Zitlosen.....	5 00
James Cassidy.....	1 00
F. M. Plummer, 2nd mate ship <i>Dawntless</i> , officers and crew.....	30 00
Capt. A. Doane, officers and crew, bark <i>Jonathan Bourne</i> .....	16 70
North Granville, Miss A. A. Carr L. M.	1 00
Ontario, James Whittleton, Sr.....	5 00
Plattsburgh, a Friend, for library.....	20 00
Sag Harbor, George Bassett.....	1 00
Southampton, L. I., Mrs. S. Hodder, for library.....	20 00
Friend, by Mrs. S. H. Bennett.....	2 00
Tarrytown, Edward B. Cobb, to const. Capt. Geo. S. Brewster of Stonington, Conn., L. M.....	30 00
Throopville, S. S. Bap. church, bal. for library.....	5 00
Troy, S. S. 1st. Pres. church, for A. De F. Gale Memorial Library.....	20 00
Mary Floyd and Margaret Cushman, ea. \$1.....	2 00
An Unknown Friend.....	2 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Cape May Point, a Friend, to const. Chas. M. Springer L. M.....	30 00
Franklinville, Mrs. L. J. Spaulding, for library.....	20 00
Newark 2nd Pres. church, add'l.....	7 98
Orange, 2nd Pres. church.....	34 50

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Allentown, Rev. J. W. Wood.....	1 00
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## IOWA.

Lewis, Rev. Chas. Little.....	3 00
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## MINNESOTA.

East Castle Rock, Conrad Stegner....	5 00
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\$2,220 74




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### Bearing The Cross.

Nearly seven hundred years ago, on a cold rainy evening, five persons stood together in a little room in one of the poorest streets of the city of Cologne. There were four men and a little girl. It was plain they were hiding, for chilly as it was, they dared not light a fire. At last the bitter cold was more than they could bear, so they ventured to make a small fire. They had scarcely begun to warm themselves, when soldiers burst in and seized them all. They were taken to prison, and soon brought before the judges. Then it was found that their only crime was that they worshipped God, and would not pray to the Virgin Mary or the saints. They were condemned to be burnt to death; but a pardon was offered them if they would forsake Christ. Three of the men answered at once they could die, but they could not be unfaithful to their Lord. The fourth, named Robert, hesitated; he was the father of the little girl, Arlette, and her mother had not been dead many weeks. But soon he decided like the rest. The judges coaxed and threatened Arlette. They told her they could not save her from being burnt alive, unless she promised to leave her father's reli-

gion. She answered steadily, "I cannot forsake the faith." In less than a week, the five were led out to the place of execution. The four men were tied each to a stake, and fagots heaped around them. They placed Arlette against a stake, but did not tie her. Then they set fire to the fagots, and some kind-hearted man pulled the little girl away, and said he would save her from the dreadful death, and bring her up not to serve her father's God. "I cannot forsake the faith," said Arlette again. And before they could stop her, she had run to her father and caught hold of his hand. In a few moments, Robert and Arlette were in heaven together.

You and I may be thankful that we have not to bear a cross like Arlette; but we can love the Savior as well as she did, and be as firm as she was in refusing to do anything that will grieve Him. —*Early Days.*

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### Pluck.

Sam was the eldest son of a Welsh family who owned and worked a small hill farm in central Ohio—then a new country, almost, and spoken of by East-

ern people as the West, though it is a long way from the West of to-day, whatever it may have been in 1835 or thereabouts.

Sam, like many another boy in that country and in those days, longed for an education; and the progress he had made, surrounded as he was with difficulties, gave evidence of this prominent desire as one of the characteristics of his life, which the incident I am about to relate fully proves.

A great drawback troubled him, and this was the want of suitable shoes; for, as yet, he had never been the owner of a pair of shoes that really protected his feet from frost and snow, having only fallen heir to his father's old ones, well worn at that. Now, however, as he saw the year go slipping by, and the period drawing near when boyhood and youth would be passed, and he would be expected to take up the responsibilities of manhood, he made up his mind that the coming winter's school should find him on hand early and late, with a determination to make such progress as he had never made before; and to this end he managed to carry to market, by extra work, sufficient tan bark to buy for himself leather for a pair of shoes, and the neighborhood shoemaker had been promising their completion now for weeks. Either from a press of work, or for fear Sam might not prove as prompt a paymaster as some others of his customers, the time for the commencement of the usual three months' term came on and the shoemaker's promise was yet unfulfilled, and Sam did not put in his appearance at the school-house. Two weeks of weary waiting had passed, and for want of his shoes Sam had not commenced his attendance at school. The morning of the third Monday, Sam came into his breakfast with a piece of board about twelve by eighteen inches, and a couple of inches thick, and putting it down as close to the fire as he could and not burn it, he answered the inquiring look of his mother with the declaration,

"I am going to school."

"Without your shoes?"

"Yes; shoes or no shoes, I am going to school, mother;" and he explained the proposed use of the board. Having eaten his breakfast and gathered up his scanty supply of books, he took his hot board under his jacket and started for the school house, a mile or more distant. Half way between his house and the school house, was the house of a neighbor, where Sam knew he would be welcome to halt and warm his bare feet and reheat his board.

So at good round double-quick, he was off, and when half to this neighbor's he halted, and putting his board on the ground, stood on it till his benumbed feet were warm and limbered up for another run, when he took up his board and made the second stage to neighbor Jones's. Here he warmed his feet and board, and repeated the same feat to reach the school-house.

When the boys saw him come up with his board under his arm, and understood its use, they greeted him with a little good-natured chaff on his improved mode of travel, and the saving of shoe leather; but there was too much genuine admiration for his pluck to allow any show of undue mirth at his expense, while the master was filled with pleasure at his appearance, and the spirit with which he came to school.

Whether the shoemaker saw in this the promise of pay for his work, or was moved by admiration of the plan for doing without shoes, I can't say; but Sam got his shoes, and was able to bid defiance to the weather for the rest of the winter.

The boy was but the blossom of the man, and he grew up to take his place as one of the leading men of his country.

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"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME, AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."—PROV. VIII. 17.

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to January 1st, 1880, was 6,729; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,602. The number of volumes in these libraries was 373,988, and they were accessible to 260,379 men.—Nine hundred and eight libraries, with 32,688 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 103,604 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During December, 1879, seventy-two loan libraries,—thirty-four new, and thirty-eight refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,772 to 6,796 inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,401-5 409, inclusive, at Boston.

*The thirty-eight libraries re-shipped were :—*

No. 512,	No. 3 932,	No. 4,685,	No. 5 128,	No. 5,862,	No. 6,017,	No. 6,371,	No. 6,577,
" 1,937,	" 4,268,	" 5,025,	" 5,163,	" 5,888,	" 6,181,	" 6,407,	" 6,664,
" 2,194,	" 4,396,	" 5,030,	" 5,403,	" 5,953,	" 6,155,	" 6,168,	" 6,690.
" 2,888,	" 4,552,	" 5,031,	" 5,563,	" 5,974,	" 6,180,	" 6,483,	
" 3,727,	" 4,640,	" 5,076,	" 5,837,	" 5,978,	" 6,213,	" 6,522,	

## The Grasshopper and its Tale.

Whenever I go to London I always stand at the corner of the Bank of England for a minute or two, watching the crowd of busy men hurrying everywhere. What thousands of cares they carry! How many anxieties! Then I look at the Royal Exchange. It is pleasant to see the London sparrows, though they are a little black and grimy, chirping on the massive cornices, and free and happy as possible, above the din and awful hurry of the great city. They have no cares, no anxieties. They seem to know what the great letters mean, which are cut in the stones on which they hop. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." God keeps the sparrows, and they are happy. I wish the busy city men would watch the sparrows, and read the great city text.

But the sparrows and the text are not the most attractive things about the Exchange, and I am sure if you look at it you would think as I do—that the weathercock is the most singular and curious thing about the building. It is not like any other weathercock in England, or I

should think in the world; for there, twisting on the pinnacle of the spire, is a monster grasshopper; and I'll tell you how it came to be there.

About three hundred and fifty years ago, a woman with a little baby in her arms was trudging along a country lane. Presently, after looking to see that no one was watching her, she climbed over a gate into the field, and wrapping the baby in its little shawl, she laid it down in the grass, so gently as not to awake it, and then, never even looking behind her, she climbed over the gate again into the lane, and went on her journey.

The baby soon awoke, and began to cry; and it cried for a long, long time. And at last, tired and hungry, and hot, with the sun, for it was a fine summer's day, it was wearied out, and dropped off to sleep again. "But God had heard the voice of the lad," and see how simply he brought help for the little one.

By and by, down the lane came a school boy; he was whistling away, as happy as ever he could be. He had come out of school and was going home. He lived at the farmhouse a little way further up the lane. Now he gathered up a few prim-

roses, now he scampered after a butterfly, now he had a shy at a bird; but just as he came to the gate over which the woman had climbed, he heard a grasshopper chipping away so loudly, that he sprang over the gate to catch him; and there was the baby fast asleep! Far more pleased than if he had caught a hundred grasshoppers, the boy took up the little fellow, and ran home with his prize. The kind farmer's wife, although she had many of her own, at once determined to keep the little orphan who had been saved from death by a grasshopper.

Years passed away and the baby became a strong boy; the boy grew to be a man; he went to London and became a merchant. God blessed all he did, and he rose to be the most noted man in the city. Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, and often did she send for Sir Thomas Gresham, for the little deserted boy had become a knight, to consult him on the great affairs of State.

Just three hundred years ago Sir Thomas Gresham founded the Exchange. The Queen came to dine with him, and to lay the first stone; and there, upon the topmost pinnacle, Sir Thomas placed a grasshopper; and there it is to-day, to tell the busy, toiling city, and to tell you and me, when we go to see the city, that Almighty God will hear the infant's cry, and can save a valuable life by even such a little thing as a grasshopper.

So it was that "God heard the voice of the lad."—*Presbyterian*.

## A Boy's Last Hymn in a Garret.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement-house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"  
"Hush! don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"  
"Hush! please don't tell anybody, sir,—I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"  
"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."  
"Where's your mother?"  
"Please, sir, mother's dead."  
"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"  
"What did he beat you like that for?"  
"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"  
"Yes, sir, I was a street thief once!"  
"And why don't you steal any more?"  
"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here; you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time; I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing!  
"Yes. I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought,  
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,  
In the kingdom of thy grace  
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir; good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings; and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.

*London Christian.*



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THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE HONOLULU,  
S. I., SEAMEN'S CHAPLAINCY.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., CHAPLAIN.

*To the Corresponding Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

My labors have been much increased in consequence of a malarial fever which has prevailed in Honolulu during a large part of the year just closed. We hope it is passing away, but its visitation has brought sorrow to many families and to many hearts. Also with this sorrow has come a joy such as the Holy Spirit can alone impart.

*Organization of a Chinese Church.*

Among the noteworthy events of the past year has been the organization of a Chinese church in Honolulu. Ten members of the Bethel church were furnished with letters to form it. These were all Chinese who had from time to time united with our church. Several were educated in Mr. DUNSCOMBE'S English-Chinese school. I am happy to report that the new organization continues to prosper. Only last Sabbath I administered the sacrament to the church, among the Chinese still meeting at the Bethel. One new member was added. About thirty were present. I was most happy to have with me the Rev. Dr. HYDE, Missionary of the American Board, and the Rev. O. C. THOMPSON, D. D., from Detroit, who is now visiting the Islands.

The Chinese are making arrangements for building a church this year. A lot costing \$4,500 has been purchased and a charter obtained. The money for the payment of this amount has already been subscribed, and more than one-half by Chinese, several giving from \$50 to \$500. They take hold in good earnest. We have now five efficient colporteurs

laboring among the Chinese on the Islands. The good work is steadily going forward. We are very much in need of a good and efficient missionary speaking English and Chinese, to head and carry forward this grand and noble work. The number of Chinese who have come to the Islands, during the year, cannot be less than 3,000, making in all perhaps nearly 8,000.

Herewith I send a letter recently received from a Chinese colporteur with whom I correspond. It was written in English, and is printed as written.

“KOLOA, Dec. 5, 1879.

REV. S. C. DAMON.—My Dear Sir:—I received your letter last month and ought to answer you immediately, but my eye has been sick. This is reason I do not write. Please excuse me. I was around the Island the third time, and know four men who like trust Jesus Christ. For I have seen them reading Bible when they have time, and they tell me pray to God to help them. They go to native church every week. Please you pray the Lord give Holy Spirit to them to deliver them from evil.

The Lord bless you and your family.

Ho Pui.”

### *British Seamen.*

In my labors among seamen I am constantly coming in contact with British sailors and officers attached to ships of war and merchant vessels. I am most happy to bear my testimony to the truthfulness of the sentiment expressed in the following item from the SAILORS' MAGAZINE for October, 1879.

“Dean Stanley, of England, in a recent sermon represented that a great improvement has taken place in the morals of British seamen. Profanity and debauchery are almost as rare as reverence and sobriety were years ago.”

This is stating the point, perhaps, in too strong language, but yet the opinion is correct that there has been a great improvement among British seamen. *I now find on board nearly every British ship-of-war, a circle of praying sailors.* Not many months ago a ship visited Honolulu, to which a company of “Good Templars” belonged, and they were accustomed to come on shore and hold their meetings at the Bethel. There is a lady, Miss Agnes E. Weston, residing in Devonport, England, who is doing a most useful evangelistic work among British seamen. She writes and publishes a Monthly Letter, addressed “*To Officers, Seamen, Marines, and Marine Artillery of the Royal Navy, at Home and Abroad.*” The number for June, 1879, now lies before me. These are most admirable epistles, and are highly prized by those to whom they are sent. These monthly messengers are circulated among British seamen, on board all ships-of-war, in all parts of the world. No one can estimate the amount of good accomplished by Miss Weston. She operates in her useful efforts from “*The Sailors' Rest, Fore Street, Devonport, for the Sailors and Marines of the Royal Navy.*”

But another institution for the benefit of British seamen has its headquarters at 151 Duke Street, Liverpool. With this Home, for Apprentices, on board merchant British ships, I feel well acquainted. Some fifteen years ago its Keeper, Mr. Legge, visited Honolulu, when attached to a British man-of-war; and when I was in Liverpool, in February, 1870, the institution had just been opened. During the

last ten years its usefulness has been ever increasing. With Mr. A. BALFOUR, the Founder, and Mr. LEGGE, the Keeper, I am in correspondence. Seamen are frequently arriving in Honolulu bringing letters of introduction from Mr. Legge, to me. Only a few days ago came a nice young sailor with a note, commencing thus, "I send this note by Sidney Mortimer, thinking you would like to shake hands with a lad from the 'Home.' We are as usual; only, of course, ten years older than when you left us. Thank God, ten years nearer Home!"

Mr. Balfour, the proprietor and founder of this Home, laid out his plans in a most generous manner for the improvement of seamen sailing in his own ships, which were principally engaged in the South American trade, as he had been a successful merchant in Valparaiso. He is at the head of the firm of BALFOUR, WILLIAMSON & Co., of Liverpool, having houses in Valparaiso, S. A., and in San Francisco, Cal. Mr. GUTHRIE, a son of the late Rev. Dr. GUTHRIE, is connected with the firm. They are noble merchants, doing much good. Mr. Balfour is a fast and generous friend of Rev. Dr. TRUMBULL of Valparaiso. When Mr. MOODY preached in Liverpool he subscribed £1,000 to help forward the enterprise. He is also laboring most efficiently in the Temperance cause, and in every other evangelistic work brought to his notice. Only this very week, too, I have met with J. T. ARUNDEL, Esq., a London merchant much interested in the welfare of seamen and in all missionary work. Last March he left Honolulu and has returned from a voyage around the world, *via* Sydney, Egypt, London, New York and San Francisco. He is attached to the house of HOLDER BROTHERS & Co., of London, engaged in the Guano trade. Mr. Arundel is a noble christian man, engaged in every good work. During all these years of my labors among seamen, I have always been sustained by the coöperation of good British christians.

#### *Bethel in Honolulu.*

During the past year the old Bethel, here, has been thoroughly repaired and re-painted, at a cost of \$1,300, but I am glad to report that no debt remains to be paid. The ladies carried through a Fair, realizing over \$900, and the balance has been met by a subscription among the merchants and friends of the Bethel. I do not think the Bethel and its surroundings and internal arrangements were ever in better condition than at the present time. It is nearly fifty years since the Chapel was erected, and during that long period some of the "timbers" were getting weak, but I have now thoroughly repaired the building. Since my return from the United States in 1876, I have also built a new Lecture-room and school-room for the Chinese, expending in all, with the recent repairs, not less than \$4,000, but I have succeeded in raising this amount in Honolulu.

#### *Sailors' Home.*

Mr. DUNSCOMBE has conducted the Home to the full satisfaction of the Board of Trustees. We held our Annual meeting for the election of Trustees last week, and I enclose the twenty-fifth Annual Report, from the Honolulu *Pacific*, January 9th, 1880.

"The annual meeting of the Sailors' Home society, which constituted its 25th anniversary, was held at the Home on the 3rd January, 1880, at 11 a. m., Hon. S. N. Castle presiding.



The Treasurer reported a balance of \$85 82 on hand. The report of the Chairman of the Executive Committee is given below.

The election of Trustees for a term of three years, closing on the 31st December, 1892, resulted as follows:—Messrs. C. R. Bishop, P. C. Jones, J. T. Waterhouse, Jr., J. B. Atherton, A. Fuller, and Wm. Babcock.

The Trustees elected the following officers by ballot, viz.:—S. N. Castle, President; C. R. Bishop, Treasurer; F. A. Schaefer, Secretary.

Executive Committee:—Rev. S. C. Damon, E. O. Hall, and P. C. Jones.

The Sailors' Home continues its usefulness in this community, although it has changed in its character to a great extent in proportion to the general change which the twenty-five years of its existence have wrought in this city. The Record of this Institution is full of interesting reminiscences, and calls to mind a number of our best and most useful citizens of whom many have since departed to a better life.

Of those who constituted the first body of Trustees, eighteen in all, only six are now living, and of these, the Rev. Dr. Damon and Hon. S. N. Castle, have ever been active members and officers of the Board. Great credit, and the thanks of this community, are especially due to the Rev. Dr. Damon for his indefatigable labors in the interests of the Sailors' Home, and the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary is a fit opportunity to give expression to these sentiments. In that gentleman's report, as Chairman of the Executive Committee, will be found an interesting bit of international history—an evidently well-founded presumption that American legislation relating to seamen, received some hints from that of Hawaii, on the same subject.

#### ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Whatever changes have passed over the world during the last quarter, the Honolulu Sailors' Home has continued onward in its career of usefulness. Its doors have always been open, and accommodations always provided for those for whom it was built, and others who concluded to avail themselves of its privileges. Many thousands of seamen, and others, have here found a quiet temporary resting place. In reviewing the history of the Society, we notice that some of the original officers are living, while others have passed away. Judge Allen, our Minister at Washington, was the first President; Judge Lee, one of the Trustees; Judge Robertson, another, and S. N. Castle, another, while Capt. Babcock was one of the Floating Committee. Mr. Castle has been among those of the Trustees during all the period of the society's existence, and he is now our honored President, while the Seamen's Chaplain has always acted as Chairman of the Executive Committee in preparing the Annual Report.

The corner-stone was laid by His Majesty Kamehameha IVth, on Restoration Day, 31st of July, 1855. We have always admired the address of His Majesty on that occasion as peculiarly appropriate, and we remember it was written out in his own hand writing, when called for by the printer.

'The laying of the corner-stone of an edifice destined to add to the welfare and happiness of seamen, is an occasion interesting to every member of this community. The hardships with which the sailor contends, and the dangers which he braves, bring us ease and security. Had he never steered his ships into our waters, Honolulu might simply have retained its position as a fishing village, or become, by this time, a deserted beach. I hope the day has passed for any class of men to be valued only for their strength, and adaptability to the purposes of others. The sailor, the miner, the seamstress, and even the slave, for generations to come, will all have cause to bless the Nineteenth Century. In raising this Home, we endeavor to act in accordance with the spirit of the age, by seeking to ameliorate the condition of a preponderating element of our foreign, and a very considerable one of our native, population.

The moral wants of the sailor demand our care equally with those that are physical. The facilities offered to him on shore, as a reasonable and responsible being, should be multiform, in order to counteract the disadvantages inseparable from a life at sea. For his own sake, and that of every community he visits, he should ever be found an orderly and intelligent member of society. Institutions of this character will help to make him so. Entertaining these feelings towards sailors, I did not hesitate to assist in the ceremony of to-day, and I esteem myself happy that my name is associated with this good work.'

The Society has always been peculiarly fortunate in securing good and reliable managers:—Mr. and Mrs. Thrum, 1856-1859; Capt. and Mrs. Oat, 1860-1863; Mr. and Mrs. Miller, 1864-1865; Mrs. Crabb, 1866-1871; Mrs. Whiteous, 1871-1873; Mr. and Mrs. Dunscombe, 1873—.

During the last ten years, the Y. M. C. A. has sustained a Reading-room at the Home, which has been much frequented, and never more than at the present time.

Although whaleships have ceased to frequent this port—only one coming this year—yet merchant vessels have increased, and vessels of war come occasionally, as in former years. The necessity for sustaining such an institution remains as urgent as ever. It forms a central place of resort for friends of many good enterprises, including Bible and tract distribution. So manifest has been the usefulness of this institution, that it has never been allowed to become encumbered with debt, and the community has always most generously responded when appeals have been made for its support.

It should not be forgotten, that in the early days of the Home, representation of Government officers, among the Trustees, led to a thorough review and remodeling of Hawaiian Laws relating to the proper treatment of seamen. Some years ago, when the friends of seamen, in the United States desired the enactment of new laws relating to seamen, copies of our Laws and regulations were applied for, and when the newly-framed laws were passed by the United States Congress, it was manifest that hints at least were suggested by Hawaiian laws and regulations relating to seamen. No candid observer can possibly review the history of the Home for a quarter of a century and not acknowledge its great usefulness to seamen, strangers, and others. At the present time, all our Consuls send their distressed seamen thither when they are not under medical treatment at the Queen's Hospital. Many of the boarders of late have been sent by the planters' agents. Hence, to close its doors, and suppress its various agencies, would be a serious loss to the community.

SAM'L C. DAMON, *Chairman of Ex. Com.*"

The following reasons have operated to render the Home a success:—

1. It is situated in a good place.
2. The Hawaiian government has always been favorable,—granting the site, not charging any license or water rates, and otherwise favoring the enterprise.
3. The Christian community in Honolulu is ever ready to aid.
4. Excellent managers have always been secured.
5. The benefits of the Home have always been manifest.
6. God's blessing has always seemed to rest upon the Institution.

*Personal Intercourse with Seamen.*

The longer I labor among seamen the more am I impressed with the importance of *personal intercourse with them*, in order to do them real spiritual good. The laborer in this field must meet them as Christ met the woman at Jacob's well, or Zaccheus on the tree. So sailors must be met in the street, along the wharfs, on ship-board, or wherever in the Providence of God the chaplain chances to fall in with them. They remember words of kindness when properly addressed to them. I am continually meeting with facts illustrative of this remark. A few days ago a Lieutenant from the U. S. S. — called at my house and pleasantly remarked that he came to make an apology, adding that in 1849, or 1850, or about thirty years ago, when a boy attached to a whale ship, he and another lad were met by the chaplain and family on their way to church one Sabbath morning. He was invited to accompany them, but as he did not, he now wished to say that he regretted it, in as much as it had been a source of *trouble* to him ever since. This officer, let me add, was a Lieutenant on board the ill-fated *Cumberland* when one hundred and twenty of her crew went down in Hampton Roads. I be-

lieve he was the officer to give the order to fire the last gun at the *Merrimac*. He commanded the gun at which sixteen of her gunners were killed! During the civil war he was twenty-eight times under fire, yet he escaped and returned to Honolulu to apologise for not accepting an invitation to attend church! How wonderfully memory and conscience keep up the record of our lives!

*Seamen of all kindred and tongues "standing up for Jesus."—The Books they are reading.*

At one of our meetings during the late "Week of Prayer," I noticed three man-of-war's men present. One made some highly appropriate remarks. On leaving the lecture room they called at my residence. They were all strangers and I was much pleased with the appearance of these men; one was a German, another a Swede, and the third a Canadian. During our interview I learned that the German had professed his faith in Christ at the Presbyterian church in Vallejo, Cal. On being asked if he desired some "sea-reading," he replied, "No," as he had expended \$20 for books, since being in port. Among his purchases he mentioned having bought Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*, Pope's *Poems*, Cowper's, and several other standard authors. The Swede remarked that his principal reading was the *Bible*! He was a member of the Methodist church in Gottingen, Sweden. The Canadian, who was a Quarter-master, remarked that he read, or studied, at sea, "Green's Analysis of the English Language," "Greenleaf's Algebra," and "Davis' Geometry." The latter did not "profess religion," but he said that he "hated those who made rum, those who sold rum, and almost those who drank it." When this man's heart shall become softened and mellowed with the purifying influences of the Holy Spirit, I think Christ will have a good disciple.

*Seamen's Service on Shipboard.*

Among some old letters I recently found the following, dated more than thirty years ago. It is written by an old New London master of a whale ship:—

"AT SEA, December, 24th, 1847.

*Dear Brother Damon:*—I hasten to improve this opportunity of writing these few lines to you, knowing you are always anxious to hear from all those who love the Lord Jesus. I have nothing especial to communicate only that we are all well, and I hope this may find you and yours enjoying the blessings of health and a great portion of the Holy Spirit of Jesus. We have meetings every evening on board, and enjoy ourselves very much. I shall ever remember you and your deep interest for my welfare. I would write more, but have no time.

Believe me yours in the bonds of Christ,

W. R. B."

*Improvement among Sailors.*

I might write a volume filled with pleasant reminiscences of my interviews with the hardy men of the sea, belonging to almost every nation on the earth. Forty years' labor among them has created in my heart, a warm sympathy for all those "that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters." As a class I believe they are improving, and among them will be found many genuine and earnest followers of Him who gathered his disciples among the fishermen on the beautiful shores of the lake of Genessaret. It is a note-worthy fact

that so many of Christ's disciples were fishermen on that lake, and subsequently became "fishers of men," as they cast their nets into the great ocean of humanity. One of our Savior's most solemn and impressive parables relates to this subject:—"The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind, which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. So shall it be at the end of the world, the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

HONOLULU, January 14th, 1880.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### XIII.—PORTS OF THE ÆGEAN SEA

The cities which lie along that vast indentation of the Mediterranean coast now known as the Grecian Archipelago, are chiefly brought to our notice in the Scriptures by the accounts of St. Paul's missionary journeys, made partly by land and partly by coasting voyages, on his way from Antioch and Cesarea to the eastern parts of Europe. The country of whose commerce they are the outlet was called by the ancients, Anatolia, but is spoken of in the New Testament as Asia, and is now known as Asia Minor. It is that Peninsula which has for its eastern limit a line drawn from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea, and which stretches on westward to the shore directly opposite to Greece. The sea which flows between these two coasts is dotted with islands, many of which are famed for their beauty and fertility, and were once filled with flourishing cities and a vast population. The coast which borders upon the Ægean Sea is bold and irregular, with numerous bays and estuaries which afford safe harbors for ships

and convenient outlets for commerce. The whole region is girdled by mountains which sometimes approach closely to the shore, and run backward through the whole peninsula. Numerous rivers run down to the sea and enrich the valleys and plains through which they pass. The climate is perfect, especially on the western slope of the country. The soil is eminently fertile, producing a vast variety of fruits, wine and oil, while the mountains are covered with forests which afford an inexhaustible supply of timber for ship building and for domestic purposes.

During a period of 3,000 years, going back to the obscure age of Semiramis, this beautiful country was the prize for which the nations of Asia contended. Here was the seat of the old Trojan kingdom of Priam. Here Greece established many of her most flourishing colonies, and here Cræsus, the Lydian monarch, ruled over a vast and rich country. So attractive a prize drew thither the armies of Cyrus the Persian, and afterwards fell into the hands of Philip and

Alexander of Macedon. And at length the Roman legions swept over the land, and added it to the provinces of the great power that for ages held the whole world in its grasp.

Here in this wonderful region Homer sang,

"Achilles' wrath, to Greece, the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered."

Here Thales and Pythagoras were born and taught the people their systems of philosophy, and here famous artists and poets left behind them imperishable names. The whole coast was lined with important cities celebrated in history and in song, and associated with classic legends which were old even when Paul passed over these scenes on his mission as an apostle of Christ to the Gentiles. It was in the course of his second and third missionary journeys that he visited the ports of the *Ægean Sea*, making known to the people the Gospel of Christ and establishing among them many christian churches. The most distant of these was *Thessalonica*, which lay upon the extreme north-eastern coast of the *Thermaic Gulf*. The original name of the city had been *Therma*, but its present name had been received in honor of the sister of Alexander, either at her birth, or, as some say, on the occasion of her marriage with Cassander who rebuilt and enlarged it. As the power of Greece waned, this city rose in importance. When Macedonia, of which it was the chief port, was divided under the Roman authority it still retained its influence as the metropolis of the province in which it stood.

Its position was every way favorable to its growth. It stood on the *Via Egnatia*, the great military highway built by Rome to connect with her the provinces of Asia,

that lay north of the *Ægean Sea*, and was the principal station on that road. It was also the outlet for the wealth of a vast territory, and in its capacious harbor the largest vessels might discharge and receive their freight. It was built upon the side of a hill sloping to the sea, and was every way sightly and beautiful for situation. Even in the age of Paul it divided the commerce of the world with Corinth and Ephesus. With a commodious and safe harbor, and with the command of all the great thoroughfares of Macedonia through which its products reached the sea, it seized and has ever since held a large share of the commerce of that populous and productive region.

Under the Romans into whose hands it fell, 167 B. C., it increased in wealth and influence, and attained a population of 220,000. Here Paul came with Silas by land, after having been driven out from Phillippi, and after most shameful treatment from the city authorities. He found a mixed people of Jews, Greeks and Romans, among whom he at once began his labors as an Apostle of Christ. As usual he entered the Synagogue and opened to his brethren the nature of the Gospel. The result of his preaching was soon apparent. Some of the Jews believed the truths which he alleged concerning Christ and adhered to Paul and Silas, and great multitudes of the Greeks and of the chief women of the city were converted. The success which attended his labors excited the envy of the Jews, who gathering to themselves the elements of lawlessness and violence which exist in every large city, assaulted the house of one of the citizens who had entertained the Apostle, and created an excitement

so intense and general that it was thought best for the missionaries to depart from the city, at least for a while. But the seed which he had sown took deep root despite this opposition. A Christian church was organized to which Paul addressed two important letters. And so the city regained its lost reputation, of which a hint is given in the contrast between it and the people of Berea,—“These were more noble than those of Thessalonica, because they heard the word with all readiness of mind and searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so.” For many centuries its influence as a Christian city was widespread. The Apostle speaks of the Thessalonians as examples to all that believe in Macedonia,—from whom the word had sounded forth in Macedonia and Achaia and in every place their faith was spoken of. Amid the revolutions which swept over Asia and Europe, Thessalonica held its own as a Christian as well as a commercial center. Its bishops were found in the great councils of the church, and held forth the Gospel to the various tribes who swept over the Roman Empire and wasted its power. Even as late as the twelfth century it had distinguished Christian preachers and authors.

Under the modern name of Saleniki it is still the home of the Greek church, and has a population of 70,000, with an active and growing commerce. A few interesting remains of the city as it existed at the time of Paul are still pointed out to the traveler who looks over the same hills and waters that the Apostle saw, as he came thither on his great errand as an ambassador for Christ.

About sixty miles east of Thessalonica, lying upon the great Ro-

man road and near the Stramonice Gulf, is the city of *Amphipolis*. It was founded by a colony of Athenians 500 years B. C., and was an important center of Grecian commerce when Paul came to it from Phillippi. The river Strymon, on which it stood, nearly surrounded it, spreading out not far from the shore into a beautiful lake, between which and the sea the city stood. Its position was important as being the outlet for the products of an exceedingly fertile region which is still covered with plantations and villages. The pass upon which it is situated, cut through the mountains that skirted the sea, and numerous roads led to it from the surrounding country and opened to this port the commerce that was for many years extensive and important. Here Paul, as elsewhere, proclaimed to its inhabitants the Gospel of the grace of God. An obscure Turkish village now stands upon the spot, and the city which was once the object of strife between Philip of Macedonia and the Athenians, and in which Paulus Æmilius, after the battle of Pydna, proclaimed liberty for the Macedonians, has passed away.

Thirty miles north-east from Amphipolis, upon an indentation of the Thracian Sea and twelve miles from the island of Thasos, stood *Neapolis*, where now lies the busy port of Kavalla in which are still found remains of the ancient city. This was the seaport of *Phillippi*, which lay ten miles inland, and with which it was connected by a substantial road. It was here that Paul landed on his way from Troas to Macedonia, sailing northward by the island of Samothracia and landing at Neapolis for the purpose of visiting Phillippi. The port stood upon a

high, rocky promontory, within a harbor having an entrance about a mile and a half in width, affording safe and excellent anchorage, and being one of the important naval depôts of Rome. When Paul sailed into it he saw, as elsewhere, the ships of all the Mediterranean ports lying at anchor, or entering and leaving the harbor. Among them were the triremes, or war vessels propelled by three banks of stalwart rowers, which were evidences of the power with which Rome maintained her supremacy over her provinces, while large ships from Alexandria, and the Phœnician, Grecian and Asiatic ports were landing their cargoes to be carried on to Phillippi, then the representative of Roman authority in this region. Between Neapolis and Phillippi lies a range of high mountains, through the defiles of which the road which unites them had been cut and over which Paul and his companions traveled in the prosecution of their missionary journey. It was here that the last battle had been fought in the time of Brutus, which decided the fate of the Republic of Rome, and here the messenger of Christ was now approaching with tidings of peace and freedom to all who were willing to enroll themselves under the standard of the Cross of Christ.

But little notice is made of Neapolis in the New Testament except as the landing place of Paul when about to enter upon his labors and trials in the city of which it was the port, and where its commerce found an opening to the sea.

In the record of the Apostle's travels the port from which he sailed to Neapolis was *Troas*, which lies upon the western coast of Asia, and where he had that remarkable vision of a man from Macedonia

saying, "Come over and help us." As he approached this spot by the Roman road that follows the northern shore of the Gulf of Adramyttium, he could not but have recalled the intensely interesting history with which it was associated and with which the brilliant scholar, as well as the devout Apostle, was familiar.

Though Alexandria Troas was comparatively a new city, having been peopled by the successors of Alexander, it stood amid scenes of great historic and poetic interest. Upon this plain rose the walls of ancient Troy, the seat of those wars which Homer and Virgil had celebrated in immortal verse, to whose coasts a vast navy of nearly one thousand two hundred ships had brought the army that had gathered from Greece to avenge the insult to Menelaus the king of Sparta, from whom Paris, the son of Priam had stolen his wife, the beautiful Helen. Over these plains swept the mighty army of Agamemnon, led on by Ulysses and Nestor and Neoptolemus. And after a long and bloody siege the city fell and sunk into its grave. But in the time of Alexander and his immediate successors, a new Troy arose, and here it was that now the Apostle proclaimed a mightier name than that of all the Princes of Grecian story, as he was passing on his way to fulfill the work assigned to him. To him every field had a voice and a song, and though old Troy had disappeared, the mountains, waters and islands upon which he gazed were the same that Homer and Virgil had sung. Behind the city lay Mount Ida, and before it was the island of Tenedos, and far across the blue waters rose the lofty Mount Athos, the first land in Greece that spread before him.

The city of Troas must have been a town of some importance when it was visited by Paul. He was there twice; once on his way to Phillippi, and again on his return. Here a Christian church was established, as is evident by the account of his second visit, where, upon the first day of the week, the disciples came together to break bread. Twice in his epistles he alludes to Troas; once in 2 Cor. ii: 12, where he speaks of coming there to preach Christ, and again in 2 Tim. iv: 13, where he requests his young brother to bring with him the cloak which he had left there. The city continued to flourish long after Paul's visit there, so much so that Constantine had some thoughts of making it the capital of the Eastern empire: so it is still called Eski-Stamboul, or old Constantinople. Some of the walls of the old city are yet standing, and the outlines of the harbor may be traced in a basin four hundred feet long by two hundred broad. Here the ships entered that carried the Apostle over these waters of the *Ægean*, on his great work of making known to the Gentiles the news of salvation through Christ, amid the scenes of former conflicts between mighty armies, and bloody struggles for earthly triumphs and supremacy.

Nineteen miles south of Troas, on the northern shore of the Gulf of *Adramyttium*, lies *Assos*, connected by a Roman road with the interior, and noticed only as the point to which Paul walked after his visit to Troas, while his companions sailed thither in the ship that was to take them to Miletus. It is now an insignificant village called *Beirum*, built upon a high ridge of land facing the shore. But in the times of Paul it must

have presented a scene of great interest as he approached it in his solitary walk along the Roman highway, or looked upon it from the ship as he sailed away. Along the shore was a terrace with a long portico raised upon a wall of rock, approached through a magnificent gateway, by a long flight of steps. Still higher up was the theater from which was had a fine view of the sea, and upon a granite cliff stood the citadel, built of Greek masonry. Some of the ruins of these buildings still remain, presenting abundant evidence of the beauty and magnificence of this old seaport of the Greeks on the coast of Mysia.

*Adramyttium*, which lies at the head of the Gulf which bears its name, is noticed only twice in the history of Paul, as the port from which the ships sailed in which he went to Troas, and again into Italy, after his appeal to Caesar from the unjust judgment of Festus. It is evident that the place was an important seaport, which had a large commerce and frequent communication with the Asiatic and European coasts of the Mediterranean. The modern town of *Adramytti* is its representative, and still has considerable trade and ship building.

Upon the island of Lesbos, famed for its wine, its music and its poets, stood the port of *Mitylene*, incidentally noticed in the account of Paul's return from his third missionary tour. It stood upon the eastern side of the island, and its harbor afforded a convenient anchorage for the ship where it might lie through the night in the voyage from *Assos*, southward. It was long celebrated for its beauty and still retains much of its ancient appearance and commercial importance.

The name of *Chios*, the modern



*Scio*, occurs only in the history of Paul's return voyage and then simply as a landmark by which they could record their daily progress. Just east of this, upon the mainland, lay a large and important port which Paul never visited, but which is of deep interest to the Christian student as one of the seven churches of Asia. This was *Smyrna*, which had been built in the time of Alexander upon the ruins of a city whose origin dated back to the age of ancient fable. It was long one of the richest and most powerful cities of western Asia. It stands upon a plain between Mount Pagus and the harbor, and still retains its ancient position as a seaport, having a fine commerce and extensive communication with the country in the interior.

Its citadel, or Acropolis, stood upon the mountain on whose slopes the city is built. To the church which had been established here, the Savior addressed a message full of tender sympathy, forewarning them of coming persecutions, yet strengthening them for the trial by precious promises. Here Polycarp, the disciple of John, lived and preached and suffered martyrdom, and with him several others also were put to death, and since those times the city has frequently been the scene of similar sufferings, witnessing at one time the butchery of one thousand five hundred Christians by the Moslems. So the prophecy of the Apocalypse has been fulfilled, and the city is still the center of noble Christian influences which are spreading outward through the work of modern missions. The trade of Smyrna consists largely of fruits which are brought in by camels from the interior, and then sent on shipboard for all parts of the world.

*Ephesus*, where stood another

of the seven churches of Asia, lies about thirty-five miles south of Smyrna, and then comes *Miletus*, which has a special and tender interest as the scene of Paul's final interview with the elders of Ephesus, for whom he had sent, and who came here to bid him farewell. The city was founded by the Cretans, and rapidly grew in importance and power. Its inhabitants early applied themselves to commerce and planted numerous colonies in various parts of the world. Its hardy and fearless sailors visited the most remote regions along the Propontis and the Euxine Sea, and on the southern coasts of the Mediterranean. And when Paul entered the harbor he must have seen, on every hand, the bustle and excitement of a great seaport. Here stood a heathen temple dedicated to Apollo, in which was an oracle that was famous as late as the fourth century. Here also a Christian church was established, and Paul found himself, on landing here, in the midst of Christian brethren who exhibited a tender interest for him and remained with him until he entered the ship which was to bear him from there to other scenes of labor and of trial. Upon the shore whither they had gone with him, he knelt down and prayed for them all, and then left them sorrowing for the words he had uttered "that they should see his face no more."

Great change has taken place in that once busy mart since that scene was witnessed. The coast has so risen that the site of Miletus is now ten miles from the sea, and the havens in which proud fleets rode at anchor have disappeared. The city fell into decay after it had been conquered by the Saracens, and is now only a mass of ruins.

So the busy centers of commerce which for ages were the seats of affluence and social and political power pass away to be forgotten, and new cities arise and flourish and in their turn decay. All human institutions are thus mutable. God only is unchanging, and his word abideth forever. The gospel

which Paul preached along the coasts of the Ægean Sea is still vigorous, though the cities where he labored have sunk into their graves. And they who heard and believed his instructions are citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem which Time can never waste nor age and change destroy.

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## THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY A. R. STILLMAN.

Let me tell you of a little sermon I had preached to me the other day. I had stopped for a moment's chat with a friend on the street, and, as she turned away, she said, with a beautiful smile illuminating her sad, patient face,—“I am so glad I met you. It will be something pleasant to tell Bessie when I get home. ‘*There is always something pleasant*,’ Bessie says.”

That smile, those cheerful words, looked at against the background of her darkened life, filled the heart with unspeakable reverence. As this is a true sketch I may not lay bare to you the story of her sorrows; enough, that all the world could give her she had once enjoyed; all that the world could take from her she had lost,—husband, health, beauty, station, wealth, and friends; and even while in her only child her love found its one solace, it was a love made holier by tears, for not only was Bessie's early girlhood blighted by a painful spinal disease, but God had laid on her that sorest chastening of his hand—she was blind. Yet “there was always something pleasant,” Bessie said.

Well, that was my text; and, to tell you the truth, my sermon began where our minister's usually leaves off, with a bit of application,

and I told myself right heartily that it was a shame when Bessie was so easily pleased, and I could therefore, many a time, even with my limited capacity, give her little pleasures, I so seldom remembered to do it, and that it would be still more of a shame if, after this, I did not do better.

Just at first a great tide of pity swelled into my heart to think how barren of joy those lives must be in which such atoms of pleasure could be so eagerly picked up and made much of; yet it was not, I knew, the emptiness of their cups which had taught them so deeply to appreciate whatever drops of balm God let fall into them. The secret lies in the heart more than in the circumstances. If dear blind Bessie has the spiritual vision to see “something pleasant” in every day of her darkened life, I think you and I might almost envy her; at least, we might learn of her. For it is so gloriously true, when one comes to think of it: there is “always something pleasant.” I do not mean on those rare days of blessedness when the “cup runneth over,” but on those we are apt to call commonplace and dull, if not dreary. If, as we wake each day, we could take directly and freshly from God's hand the quick

pulse of health with which we go forth to the day's labor, and the sight which revels in his wonderful blue sky and beautiful familiar daylight—in fact, every one of the common comforts of life, one by one, as they come to us, we would learn to feel that “his goodness is new every morning,” while along the day's walk little blessings, like violets, will shed their sweetness on our way, and we will always meet their glad blue eyes when we stoop to look for them under the leaves. Even if the waking be one of pain and languishing and weariness, cannot you remember some time when

“An early flower, unasked, bestowed;  
A light and cautious tread;  
A voice to gentlest whispers hushed  
To spare an aching head,”

has given you “something pleasant” to think about all day?

Once, after a very painful illness, I tried to note down the purely pleasant things of those weary days, and after filling three great pages, left off tired, not having told half; and another time I can remember being refreshed and helped through the slow watches of a fever-stricken night by just looking at a great white tea-rose glimmering in a tumbler on the windowsill, sent by a thoughtful friend. These are all little things, to be sure; but I think, if we oftener brought the magnifying-glass to bear upon our pleasures and more seldom upon our trials, we would be happier, and God would be more glorified. I very much doubt if any of us are as happy as we might be.

Even in lives left bare by some great desolation, I think it is still true that there is “something pleasant.” Do you not remember in the grand mountain places, where riven rocks betrayed the

footsteps of the storm, how the delicate ferns and pretty little wild-flowers filled up the ghastly rents, and how the tender lichens and mosses covered over the scars?

If God does not “show forth his loving-kindness in the daytime,” then “he giveth songs in the night.” “When God takes away the sunshine he gives us the stars.” The great secret is in *being willing* to be pleased with trifles when God has put the great joy out of our reach.

Yes, there is “always something pleasant,” and God ever-present in all, and through all, and above all, and the hope of heaven, like a day-star, giving us promise of a glorious dawn.

One afternoon a teacher was returning, sick in heart and body, from a day of joyless work, and on her way she passed a little shop kept by an old negro woman, who was just then standing on the sidewalk arranging some of her wares, carrying on at the same time, in the easy, unembarrassed manner of her race, a religious conversation with some one inside. As the weary feet toiled slowly past, the aching heart caught just these homely words: “De Massa mighty good to his suff’rin’ people. Neb-er min’, honey, he’ll gib you Heben bymeby.” *But they healed the ache.* —*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

### The Pioneer Steamships.

The man to whom England chiefly owes the establishment of her oceanic steam navigation was Isambard Kingdom Brunel. To his original genius, and to the honorable rivalry between him and the younger Stephenson, we are indebted for the broad-gauge railway, and, in no small degree, for

the high speed of the locomotive. In 1819 an American ship of 300 tons burden, named the *Savannah*, built at New York, with engines of small power, and paddles made to ship and unship, actually made two voyages across the Atlantic. But no serious steps thus to link together the two hemispheres were made until October, 1835, when, at a meeting of the directors of the Great Western Railway, one of the party spoke of the enormous length, as it then appeared, of the proposed railway from London to Bristol. Mr. Brunel exclaimed, "Why not make it longer, and have a steamboat to go from Bristol to New York, and call it the Great Western?" The suggestion, treated at first as a joke, soon engaged the serious attention of three of the leading members of the board. A tour of the great ship-building ports of the kingdom was made in order to collect information. In the report of the result of the inquiry, Mr. Brunel inserted a paragraph which laid down the principles on which the success of oceanic steam navigation wholly depends. It was simply this, that the resistance to the passage of vessels through the water increases at a lower rate of progression than their tonnage. At equal speed, a vessel twice the size of another will encounter four times the resistance. But its capacity, or tonnage, will be eightfold that of the smaller vessel. By a well-proportioned increase of size, therefore, it is possible to employ far more powerful engines, to carry enough coal for the consumption of a long voyage, and at the same time to have ample accommodation for passengers and goods. So true is this principle, that it is now admitted that the economical limit to the size of vessels, is imposed rather by the

dimensions of ports and harbors, than by the exigencies of the shipwright. Speed, also, may be considerably increased by the employment of more powerful engines; the limit to ocean speed being imposed by another physical law, to the effect that the resistance increases as the cube of the velocity.

The logical soundness of Mr. Brunel's position was impugned by those scientific men of the day who were not engineers. At a crowded meeting of the mechanical section of the British Association at Bristol, in August, 1836, Dr. Lardner declared that a vessel of 1,600 tons, provided with 400-horse power engines, for a voyage to New York, must carry 1,348 tons of coal, besides the weight of the engines, which he put at 400 tons. "He thought it would be a waste of time, under the circumstances, to say much more to convince them of the inexpediency of attempting a direct voyage to New York."

Mr. Brunel's reply was the launch, July 19th, 1837, of the *Great Western* steamship. The length between perpendiculars was 212 feet; her load displacement was 2,300 tons; her engines and boilers weighed 400 tons, besides the 80 tons of water contained in the latter. After a narrow escape from fire, in which Mr. Brunel was picked up insensible, the vessel started from Bristol on Sunday, April 10th, 1838, and struck soundings at Newfoundland on the ninth day. She arrived at New York on the 23rd, with 200 tons of coal, out of her provision of 660 tons, still on board. Stimulated by the courage of the directors of the *Great Western*, the St. George Steam Packet Company had bought the *Sirius*, a vessel of about 700 tons burden and 320-horse power, which they despatched from Cork

eight hours before the *Great Western* left Bristol. With the advantage of about thirty-two hours start, including time and distance, the *Sirius* arrived at New York in the morning of the 23rd, the *Great Western* arriving in the afternoon of the same day. "They were received," says an American writer, "with the utmost enthusiasm. They were saluted by the forts and men-of-war in the harbor; the merchant vessels dipped their flags, and the citizens assembled off the batteries, and, coming to meet them in boats of all kinds and sizes, cheered heartily." A few days later the two steamers started on their return to Great Britain; the *Sirius* reaching Falmouth safely in 18 days, and the *Great Western* making the voyage to Bristol in 15 days; the latter meeting with head winds, and working, during a part of the time, against a heavy gale and in a high sea, at the rate of but two knots an hour. The voyage occupied about half the time usually allowed for the sailing packets. Thus was inaugurated "a trans-oceanic steam service which has steadily grown in extent and importance. The use of steam power for this work of extended ocean transportation has never since been interrupted." On the Cunard line of packets, between Liverpool and New York, there are now fifty steam vessels, with an aggregate amount of nearly 50,000 horse power, making the passage frequently in eight days. The use of iron and steel, the introduction of the screw-propeller, and the saving in fuel accomplished by the use of the compound engine, have brought the steam vessel to such a state of perfection that sailing vessels are now rarely built in this country, except for the purposes of yachting.—*Edinburgh Review*, Oct., 1879.

## How Marblehead Fishermen Saved the Constitution.

Gen. Butler, in his recent campaign, very adroitly entertained the men of Marblehead, Mass., with accounts of heroic deeds, in which fishermen took a hand.

From your harbor, said he, was fitted out and sailed that privateer that captured the powder-ship of the British army which supplied the troops of Washington when they were encamped around Boston and Cambridge. In later years, Marblehead furnished from its hardy ship fishermen the crew of the ill-fated *Chesapeake*, that engaged in deadly conflict with the *Shannon* in Boston Bay, when the gallant Lawrence gave up his life but not his love for his country, and with his dying breath exclaimed, "Don't give up the ship." (Prolonged applause.) Afterwards the glorious old *Constitution* was manned from Marblehead substantially when she led the whole British fleet in that memorable chase of thirty-six hours, and when the wind failed to stir the sails of the American ship, the sturdy sons of Marblehead at the oar, towed her away out of the reach of the British guns. (Prolonged applause.) Nor was Marblehead unrepresented in that gallant crew and heroic officers, when the *Guerriere* was taken. Marblehead has not done with the old frigate *Constitution*. In 1861, when it was my good fortune to command the Eighth Regiment of Massachusetts militia, of which Marblehead furnished the largest company (applause), we landed at Annapolis on Sunday morning and found it almost in a state of siege from the "plug uglies" of Baltimore, for it was held by that gallant old commodore, Blake, who, with his midshipmen formed the garrison. The

practice-ship *Constitution* lay at the wharf, and the first question asked of me by the commodore, when he came aboard the *Maryland*, which brought us down from Havre de Grace, was, "Can you spare me any men to help me out with the frigate *Constitution*? I can't bear to see her fall into the hands of the rebels. Will your orders permit you to aid me?" And the tears welled up into the old man's eyes as he spoke. "Why, Commodore," I replied, "I am here without orders. I came here on my own hook. (Great laughter.) I was ordered to go to Washington. I couldn't get there through Baltimore, because they had burned the bridges, so I am going to march from here. I certainly can spare men to rescue the *Constitution*." "Well," said he, "but what shall I do? I have no men to man her. I have no sailors who know how to sail her. What can I do, even if we get her away from the wharf?" Said I, "Don't trouble yourself, Commodore Blake; I have a company of Marblehead men in my regiment, under the command of Captain Martin. I will put them on board the *Constitution*. They know how to reef and steer and pull an oar, and they will sail the *Constitution* as their fathers did before them." (Cheers.) From that moment the *Constitution* was safe. (Renewed cheers.) They raised her anchor. They lightened her so that she could arise from the bed of mud in which she had been encased by lying there for a long time. They lightened her up by whipping her guns on board the *Maryland*, and then towed her out. She set sail, manned by men of Marblehead and guarded by a company from Salem—the Salem Zouaves (prolonged applause)—and went safely to New York.

## The Sea.

"The floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves:" Ps. 93rd.

### I.

*The floods lift up their voice!*  
 Deep from all old Ocean's caves  
 Breaks the thunder of the waves—  
 Hark how they rejoice!  
 Low from all her valleys creeping,  
 High into the heavens leaping;  
 Now they mirror forth the skies,  
 Now they shed the rainbow's dyes;  
 Rearing, bounding, laughing, glancing,  
 Foaming, curling, marching, dancing;  
 Still they thunder to the sky;  
 And forever is the theme  
 The glory of the Great Supreme.

### II.

*Their voice in joy doth burst:—*  
 The song which through the heavens rang,  
 When the young stars of morning sang,  
 They heard it at the first;  
 And tho' that song was changed to woe  
 By dark rebellion long ago,  
 Its first tones faintly echo now;  
 As when among a thousand strings  
 Which breathe in one harmonious tone,  
 One only jars, and wildly flings  
 Forth on the air notes all its own;  
 Yet tones so sweet they seem to be  
 Notes of some long lost minstrelsy;  
 Such notes of joy do rise  
 From ocean to the skies.

### III.

*The dark floods speak in wrath!*  
 Down on their face the thunders spring,  
 And o'er them with its fiery wing  
 The lightning makes his path.  
 The tempests settle on the deep;  
 The wild tornadoes madly sweep;  
 And the great billows heed the nod  
 To do the vengeful work of God.  
 Far down upon their floor of stone  
 The fragments of their wrath lie strown;  
 While ever o'er their dreamless sleep  
 The roaring, chafing waters sweep,  
 And vengefully deep calls to deep.

### IV.

*The waters speak in love:—*  
 While on their face the winds are sighing  
 Faintly, as the breath of dying—  
 How wantonly they move.  
 So deep and peaceful is their rest  
 The stars are pillowed on their breast;  
 The ship across their surface flies,  
 Freight with human destinies;  
 The fins of speckled monsters shine,  
 Glancing through the laughing brine;  
 Many a bird, like some sea blossom,  
 Skims his circuit o'er their bosom;  
 All is peaceful, gentle motion,  
 Boundless, glorious, mighty ocean!  
 To man thou givest stores of wealth;  
 To man thou givest joy and health:  
 Ah, yes, in love,  
 Thy voice doth move;  
 Yet when the tempest makes his path  
 Across thy face, thy voice is wrath:  
 But still, whate'er thy tones may be,  
 It is their praise, Great God, to Thee!

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

## CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

We summarize full reports and letters, in hand for two months past, from various stations,—the pages of the *MAGAZINE*, last month, having been occupied with other and special matters. The first is from

## St. John, N. B.

Rev. JAMES SPENCER reports that in connection with other labor, he preached, in 1879, eighty-two sermons to seamen, and held twenty-eight prayer meetings. He paid ninety visits to sick seamen; in all one hundred and four visits to sailors on board ships, and distributed 14,000 pages of religious reading. During the year there were 425 American vessels in port, with crews numbering 2,553 men.

## Labrador Coast.

## BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

From late Labrador letters, we quote the following, dated Oct. 10th, 1879. "The fall has been a mild one compared with some past seasons, and we have only begun lately to have anything like hard frosts. Miss WARRINER is quite well, and we are glad to hear that Miss HAMPTON had a very quick passage up to Quebec. The people are beginning to move into winter quarters, but the delay of the Quebec vessel still keeps many at their 'outside' homes." Later on (October 14th) Mr. BUTLER mentions the arrival of the above schooner, and the consequent joy among the people on the coast; the winter supply of provisions for most of the families (the Mission house included) was on board. The people were beginning to express fears that it had gone ashore on the way down. Speaking of the amount (\$12 56) collected from the "Young People's Missionary Society," Mr. B. says, "all have not brought in their contributions. One young man who has been two years in the United States, sent me \$2 a few weeks ago, say-

ing that although absent he felt he must do something for the Mission. The people generally have been rather slow in bringing in their contributions this year. Those from the vessels were pretty small; as the Nova Scotian vessels, which are the largest givers, were not so many of them here, as usual. The amount is \$11 20, which I have used for some of the lumber from Quebec. Work on the church has gone on a little farther. I think it will be ready for us to occupy next year. With regard to the money sent by the children, I think it might be well to apply it to some foreign mission work. They have heretofore given to their own Mission, but I have thought that something might now be done outside, and that they should be encouraged to consider the work of missions abroad."

## Ramsgate, England.

We have a letter dated January 24th, 1880, from Mr. WILLIAM WHITMORE, Seamen's Missionary at this harbor, in which he says:—

"It is very cheering to look upon the past and see what has been accomplished among the men of the sea during the last fifty years. How many ~~have~~ been the efforts put forth for the social, moral and spiritual improvement of seamen in the establishment of Homes, Hospitals, Savings Banks, Nautical Schools, Asylums for Seamen, Bethels, Chaplaincies, &c. Now that all this machinery, which is still multiplying, has been put in motion, which has proved so effective in improving the general condition of sailors,—to my own mind, *that which is especially needed at the present time is daily remembrance in prayer, for the renewed conversion to God, of all laborers in the vast field of sailors' evangelization, and above all a rich baptism of the Holy Spirit.* Oh that it may be given in rich

abundance to every worker in this great and glorious cause, so that all our minds and hearts may be saturated with his gracious influence, and all our actions be made a power for good among our brethren of the deep!"

### Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, in recent communications, mentions that he has met with several Christian sailors here, and in the vicinity. The captain of the Norwegian ship *Resver* "testified" in the prayer meetings, and on the same ship the mate and the carpenter were believers. "On an English steamer," he says, "the crew received the word with great thankfulness and told me that their captain was a good man who preached the word for them every Sabbath." The Bible-Bags have been received "with desire" by the sailors;—"I trust they will do good to them. In the meetings on shore we have experienced the presence of the Lord. In the island Hven, hundreds of sailors were present at a Mission meeting, and listened to the word of life. Two seamen at a Mission meeting at Skurup confessed their sins and asked for the way of life."

Later, he reports that hundreds of vessels of all sizes, English, Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, German, French, etc., being anchored near Elsinore, he met with many sailors on board, and spoke to them of the way of life. A Norwegian captain and his mate found life in believing on Christ. Lord RADSTOCK, the English Evangelist, held meetings for two days at H, and in Elsinore.

GOTTENBERG.

Rev. S. SWENSON, in his last letters, records good success in field preaching last season, which was largely attended, and in part by sailors. He had also visited on shipboard and at the hospitals, and distributed tracts. There are three temperance organizations in the city, and Mr. Swenson has been elected a

committeeman in one of them. At a small town on the west coast of Lake Wennern, the captain of the local steamer lay at the quay for two hours and a half beyond his appointed time, on Sunday, that he and his crew might have the opportunity of attending the religious service conducted by our chaplain, and the whole company of the vessel came. Mr. S. gives an interesting record of the conversion of a young sailor named Ansgarius who had gone upon a vessel to the Mediterranean, and who, he hopes, may prove a missionary among his shipmates. He closes his letter by urging the great need of a reading-room, there being no place in the port where sailors may be brought together.

STOCKHOLM.

One Alandian sea captain said to Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG, our missionary:—"It is marvellous that the word of God makes us so happy. I feel it in soul and body." Mr. L's time has evidently been filled with earnest and diligent labor for seamen's souls, and the Great Husbandman has been with him in his efforts to reap fruit for Christ's glory. In some places however, when attempting the distribution of tracts on the bridges, he has suffered the same kind of treatment which the Master endured when he was on earth. Thus:—"they tried," he writes, "to prevent me, they threatened to hang or drown me; one gave me a box on the ear, so that my hat fell off, because I would not drink brandy. Sometimes I am in danger of being beaten to pieces. And yet some of these ungodly people have received the word of God with desire. It is more convenient (he continues) to preach the word in the pulpit than to be hunted by the mob of Stockholm. But when they hunt me in one place I flee to another." Along with this experience, however, he is privileged to chronicle meeting on shipboard, with disciples of Christ, among the seamen, who welcomed him.



He reports that on the island of Aland, (between the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia) there has been of late a great religious awakening. For the last two years, two preachers, Rev. Mr. LUNDMARK from Sundswall, and Rev. Mr. UPPMANN, have traveled over it, preaching, and very many, especially of the youth, have been converted. Here Mr. Ljungberg, too, has recently preached, renewing his acquaintance of nine years' standing with the fishermen. From this population comes out a portion of the great number of Scandinavian seamen who are to be found all over the world. During the quarter ending November, 1879, Mr. L. visited on board 80 English, 74 Swedish, 4 French, 10 Norwegian, 8 Danish, 85 Finland, 2 Dutch, and 4 German vessels. During that and the two preceding quarters he had visited 481 vessels, among which were 108 English and one American vessel.

#### GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERICSSON writes:—"I cannot tell you of any great awakening,"—but his labor has been continuous and faithful, and he says that "the weak in the faith have been confirmed in grace. In every place where I have preached, there have been some inquirers who have listened to the word of life."

#### GOTHLAND.

Old JOHN LINDELIUS, who has now been for thirty-two years in the service of the Society, still prosecutes his work, and writes:—"It is apparent that we live in a new time, for when my honored Society sent me here, I was the only missionary on the island. Now we have many preachers, of several denominations, who travel round our country."

#### Norway.

##### CHRISTIANIA.

"The good Lord," says Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, "continues to bless me and my work." On board ship, and on his

visitation, two sailors have found Jesus, and two others were under deep conviction. The captain was a Christian. He narrates other instances of successful personal effort to lead souls to Jesus Christ.

#### Germany.

##### HAMBURG.

Mr. HITCHENS, port missionary, writes to the London *Chart and Compass*:—

"To a sick sailor in the Hospital, here, your leaf from the 'Sailor's Text Book,' and the Scripture text, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,' have been made a blessing that brought him to Jesus. He turned over the leaf and read, 'I will trust thee;' and then said, 'Yes, I will trust thee.' He soon committed the whole of the hymn to memory, and began to tell others in the hospital, as well as he was able (they being Germans), what a Savior he had found. He fixed on a tune and began to sing the hymn, and, by perseverance, taught a fellow-sufferer in the same sick ward as himself a verse of the hymn; and both may be heard singing in the hospital, at night—

'Jesus, I will trust Thee,  
Trust Thee with my soul;  
Guilty, lost, and helpless,  
Thou canst make me whole.'"

#### Belgium.

##### ANTWERP.

Rev. Dr. A. G. VERMILYE, writing of his work, says:—"One thing strikes me forcibly here. Of the English, Scotch, and Nova Scotians, a goodly number are Christians."—We hear from another source, that "the Bethel is full, on the Sabbath, with a most attentive and pleasant congregation." "Many stay," writes Dr. V., again, "to the evening (Sunday) prayer meeting, in which three or four take part, earnestly and well."

#### France.

##### MARSEILLES.

Rev. D. S. GOVERT, chaplain, is initiating a movement for a Sailors' Home, there being now no such institution in

any port of France. He says in a late letter:—"It must be a satisfaction to you to know how favorably your (American) seamen contrast with British in the matter of temperance. I am continually having the fact forced upon me." The number of English speaking seamen, on English and American vessels in port, in 1879, was 11,925. They were regularly visited and supplied with book-packets. There were 6,121 visits at the Reading Room. The British and American sailors, in the hospitals, for the year, numbered 214, and they were faithfully visited.

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### Italy.

#### GENOA.

Rev. Mr. MILLER, promising soon to send us ample reports, writes in a recent note:—"I can conscientiously say that the work done in connection with our Harbor Mission, is a great and important one, and continues to be prosecuted with as much vigor and earnestness as ever."

#### NAPLES.

In a late communication, Rev. JAMES GORDON GRAY, chaplain, says:—"We rejoice to find the commanders of American men-of-war so disposed to give every facility to the sailors' missionary, in his labors. In general they are God-fearing men themselves, and not unfrequently conduct regular services on board their ships."—"Encouraging results," he writes, on the 27th January, "are being obtained in connection with our work. The missionary is cheered from time to time, by hearing of cases of spiritual quickening." The report of Mr. BURNS, the harbor missionary, for the three months ending Dec. 31st, 1879, is, in part, as follows:—"From Sept. 1st, to the end of December, fifty-one services were conducted in the floating Bethel and on board of ships; 670 visits were made to vessels; 2,540 papers and tracts were given away. Six English Bibles and two Testaments were sold. The average attendance at meetings was from 10 to 120.

We have had an increase of steamers coming with grain, from America, and with coals from England. These vessels were, for the most part, new to the port of Naples, and consequently the crews did not attend the means of grace so regularly as those from vessels coming constantly. On one Sunday morning, (Jan. 4th) after visiting six steamers, only two attended the Bethel service; yet there was a good attendance from ships with which we had a previous acquaintance.

We, however, were cheered in our meetings, by the help and progress of several aged Christians from sailing vessels, and from some youthful Christian captains, some of whom took part in the Bethel services. At the close of one service, a sailor requested private conversation with the preacher, Capt. Clayton. His conscience seemed touched, and he was resolved to live a different life.

I was led to speak from the words "Abide in me," by having them impressed on my mind for several days, at the service in the evening on the 26th October. A solemn feeling pervaded the meeting. One who had been awakened while in Africa, through the loss of his wife and his property, found consolation and expressed himself thankful that God had given the very message he needed. Next day I found this friend in his cabin, where we conversed for a long time, and he seemed to have rest in Christ.

The American ship *Investigator*, came to Pozzuoli with petroleum in December. I held five services on board. The whole crew were very attentive, and seemed much benefited. The captain lived in Naples, and attended the Bethel. He expressed thankfulness for the means of grace, and said he had not been in a Bethel since his previous visit to Naples, twelve months ago.

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### New York City.

The faithful missionaries at our Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry street, in furnishing their last report for 1879, which we were not able to print, even in part, in the *MAGAZINE* for February, say:—"Our labor in the Lord, has been continued, as usual, in our constant visits to boarding-houses and vessels in the harbor, where we have distributed the Scripture in the different languages, and have given invitations to seamen to attend

the means of grace. We have had great success, which has shown itself from time to time, in the more than ordinary attendance on the Sabbath-day, as well as well as week-day services, and in the earnestness with which these men have received the Gospel which maketh wise unto salvation.

"In our visits to the different seamen's hospitals, (another great field of labor,) we have met with many anxious inquirers. The sick in general always welcome the missionary, and our hearts have often been cheered by seeing the eagerness with which they listen to the story of Jesus, and we often observe the fulfillment of God's Word. Affliction though not joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness. Some who died in the hospital, gave evidence that our visits there had been a comfort and blessing to them.

This report having been made before the opening of the remodeled Home, in January, the missionaries say:—"Although we cannot give so cheering a report of our labor at the temporary Home, in Monroe street, having labored under many disadvantages, yet even there we have seen some sailors who found the Lord, and have gone away rejoicing. Others have left deeply impressed.

"In regard to temperance, many seamen have lately become total abstainers. Mr. JOHN McLELLAN, the President of the Union Temperance Society of the Church of Sea and Land, has by the help of God, done a great and good work in the cause of temperance among the men of the sea, and through this instrumentality, not a few, we believe, have found the better way, and are now living a life of faith on the Son of God. We have beside these various fields of labor, visited a great number of sick and poor seamen's families, whom through the kindness of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and other Christian gentlemen, we have been able to help both spiritual- and temporally.

"Many interesting letters have been received by us from time to time, from different parts of the world, speaking of the grace that sought and saved the writers, and has kept them amid dangers seen and unseen, by sea and by land. We have now with us several seamen who have come home after years of absence. They are bright Christians, bearing their humble testimonies for Jesus."

That must be added to the above which we are sure will gladden and encourage many friends of sailors who read the words,—that since the opening of the new HOME, to seamen, and following the delightful exercises at its re-dedication, on the 22nd January, the Spirit of God has been poured out upon some of its sailor inmates, and several have believed on the Lord Jesus to the saving of their souls. No other baptism of the HOME could be so grateful to us, or to the friends of the cause of Christ.

Mr. DR WITT C. SLATER'S Missionary Report for the closing quarter of the year 1879, sums up 2,074 vessels of all classes visited, 602 visits paid to sailors' boarding houses, 23 visits to hospitals and asylums, 129 day, evening, and "after" meetings attended, and 55 religious meetings conducted by the missionary. Speaking of his visits to the boarding houses, he says:—"The opportunities here offered, on account of the leisure hours of seamen while on shore, make it "the acceptable time" for the "word to be spoken in season," and inspire the heart with double diligence and effort, to bring him to the house of God and to Christ, and away from the manifold temptations that so often strive for the mastery to lead him into sin. To get the sailor to promise that he will come to the meeting is, moreover, good security (with few exceptions) that he will be there, and in time too. I have met many seamen both from the vessels and boarding houses, at the chapel and mission meetings, through these invitations given and promises made, of whom a number have been truly converted to God.

"One of the best seasons for labor is during the "after" meeting. (a second or "hand to hand" meeting,) held after

the first or regular meeting, to more fully instruct and urge by conversation and prayer, the inquiring soul to Christ. In these meetings the sailor while kneeling in prayer, feels that he is alone in the conflict, and begins to deal honestly with his soul, and often the only way of escape is looked for and found in the Christ.

"In one of these meetings, while kneeling in prayer with a French seaman, he suddenly bounded off his knees and fell prostrate, crying out 'I am too great a sinner to be saved.' On inquiring he said, 'I have killed a score of Germans. I was in the war with France against Germany; I did not enlist, nor was I pressed into the army, but I volunteered as a sharp-shooter. I saw these men fall at each discharge of my rifle, and my conscience at sea and on shore, has troubled me ever since, and I cannot find peace.' I said to him, 'Jesus says: 'All manner of sin shall be forgiven men, save the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.' Do you believe on Christ as the Son of God?' He replied, 'I do, but I feel like a murderer.' I said, 'do you feel to be as great sinner (or murderer,) as those who drove the spikes into the hands and feet, and thrust the spear into the side of the Son of God?' He answered, 'I do not.' I said, 'But if you will only believe in His word, 'all manner of sin is forgiven you.' At this moment the change was wrought in his heart, and like the one 'clothed and in his right mind,' he was at peace, resting on the promise of his Savior.

"During my visits to hospitals, in speaking words of comfort and consolation to the sick, and while at their bedside in prayer, some speak of the blessings they received while in health, at the chapel and mission meetings, and of the benefits now derived in time of sickness. Others looking away to, and with longings for, dear and loved ones in the distant land of their birth, find an abiding peace as they look toward the place of their 'spiritual birth,' and by a living faith in Christ, become identified with the people of God and His church. From some of these sick seamen I have since received letters of thanks, for spiritual and temporal services rendered. I supply each patient with religious reading, which is almost invariably received with thanks.

"The meetings at the several seamen's churches are well attended, especially at the Mariners Church, where large numbers of seamen gather, and, 'daily the Lord is adding to the churches, such as shall be saved.'"

## Norfolk, Va., and New Orleans, La.

We have recent advices from both these places, which show that Chaplain CRANE, at N., and Chaplain PEASE, at N. O., are diligently prosecuting temperance work for and among sailors.

## San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. JAMES PIERPONT, chaplain of the Sailors' Home, sends us his annual report. From twelve to sixteen hundred sailors are guests of the Home yearly.

## Portland, Oregon.

Very recent advices from chaplain R. S. STUBBS contain the following:—

"I am in receipt of two very interesting letters, one from Glasgow, Scotland, from Capt. J. SMITH, a Christian ship-owner, and one from Calcutta, from Capt. J. BLACK, of the ship *Shenir*, who was with us last year. The contents awakened profound gratitude in our hearts. When the *Shenir* left Glasgow she had eight professed christians on board. When she arrived in Calcutta she had twenty-one who professed faith in Christ. What church can report larger results? To God alone be all the glory!"

We find in the London *Chart and Compass* for January, a more ample account of some of the occurrences on board the *Shenir*, to which chaplain Stubbs refers. As a portraiture of what the Spirit of God is doing among seamen, in our day, very few recent records have been more full and satisfying. The account is written by Mr. W. SMITH of Glasgow.

"The *Shenir* left Glasgow on June 26th, 1879, for Negapatam, with a few converts on board. The day before the ship sailed the captain called a meeting on board. Many of the faithful came; the cabin was crowded; and a number of sailors gave their experience, and the ship and crew were commended to God.

"On June 29th, at 4 a. m., the ship moved off from Glasgow Quay. Mr. Morrison, seamen's missionary, and a number of Christian workers, turned out to wish the Christian voyagers good-bye.

The morning was calm and the summer air serene, and the friends sang farewell hymns amid the waving of handkerchiefs on both sides as far as the ship was seen. This was the last of our good friends till October, when the first letter from the Captain came, dated—

NEGAPATAM, 25th September, 1879.

'We arrived here on the evening of the 23rd, all well. Went out the North channel and got clear of the land on June 29th. Were 30 days to the Equator, 58 days to the meridian of the Cape, and had a fine weather passage all the way.

'We have had a blessed and happy passage. *We had eight who professed to be saved when we left home. We now number twenty-one, that is thirteen souls who profess to have found the Savior on the passage.* Praise the Lord for his great work among us. We have a happy ship. When I first commenced to have meetings after leaving Calcutta, I used to feel the hour too long; now it is too short. Now we take an hour and twenty minutes, and, for the last month, after the men go out of the cabin they stand round the after hatch, and sing two or three hymns every night before they go forward. You are having your prayers answered for us. I think, after this, Mr. Morrison will be going to sing farewell hymns to all the ships leaving Glasgow at any hour, night or day. The Lord has indeed been with us in power ever since in saving so many souls.

'The first work we had done after leaving home was to get all the crew to sign the Temperance pledge, and all on board signed the second Saturday after leaving. I have my men write all their testimonies, and I am sending them to Mrs. Black, and ask her to take them to Glasgow and have them read in the Bethel.'

"The above is an extract from the Captain's letter. The testimonies from the crew came a week later, and in faithfulness to the men who penned their experience, at our Saturday evening experience meetings in the Bethel, in Glasgow, these men's written testimonies were read to a full house, and some of us had wet eyes on hearing anew of the power that saves.

*The Mate says:—*'In Port Chalmers, New Zealand, December, 1875, was the birthplace of my soul. There I commenced the beginning of my months, and the song of redeeming grace.

'Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And pardoning love to know;  
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.'

'I am indeed at rest now. I can trust my Savior for all yet to come. All my desire in this life is to honor and serve Christ, and bring others to be partakers of His mighty love.'

*The Second Mate says:—*'During summer he was in his native town, Wick, where Mr. Graham, a converted sailor evangelist, was laboring. He attended these meetings, and ultimately gave himself to the Savior. It was not long after that when I joined the *Shenir*, and thank God every doubt is gone since I joined her. I often thank God that he guided me to this ship, for with the Christian aid, and seeing others saved, and getting prayers answered, I feel so very happy that I could leap for joy.'

*The Sailmaker says:—*'I have much pleasure in testifying to what the Lord has done for me. I was brought to the knowledge of the truth on the 18th November, 1877, in the American Methodist Church, Calcutta, and since that time I have found great happiness in serving the blessed Lord.

'About a month after my conversion I was greatly tempted of Satan, and I felt very low in spirit, when the Lord revealed Himself to me in the following words, Isaiah xli. 10, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee,' &c., and immediately I felt quite confident of my salvation.

'At the time of my conversion I was with Captain Black in the *Shenir*, and I am still in her. It has been a blessed time to me. I have seen many souls brought to the Savior, and I must say the blessed Lord is pouring down blessings on us daily. We have a happy time on board; we have meetings both fore and aft, and we feel greatly blessed thereby.'"

## Cheering Words.

It greatly helps the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY to receive such a letter as the following from a tried and earnest lady friend of the organization, and of its work.

JANUARY 19th, 1880.

*Dear Sir:—*I enclose \$50 for the Society, and only wish it were a very much larger amount. You know you have my

warm sympathy and earnest Christian interest in this most excellent institution. The sailors and their well-being, spiritual and temporal, are ever near my heart, and if I am able to do so, I shall hope to add something more to the enclosed sum during the coming year. I felt greatly pleased that you thought it worth your while to call and see me.

The New Year's visits that have given me the most heartfelt pleasure, this season, have been those from gentlemen at the head of the various religious and benevolent societies with which I am connected. Hoping that you may have a full and satisfactory opening of your new SAILORS' HOME, believe me,

Very truly your friend,

### Deserved Commendation.

In view of the signal service of the crews of the U. S. Life Saving Service, on the coast of New Jersey, in the great storm of Feb. 2nd, General Superintendent S. I. KIMBALL has just written from Washington, D. C., to Capt. GREEN of Station No. 5,—“The gallant conduct of yourself and the keepers of Stations Nos. 2, 3 and 4, in the Fourth District, during the great storm of Monday night and Tuesday, February 2 and 3, \* \* \* is worthy of all commendation. *Such behavior not only does the greatest credit to the men directly engaged, and the service they represent, BUT IS AN HONOR TO THE NATION,*” to every word of which the Nation, for whom he speaks, will heartily respond.

### Death Roll at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Stapleton, S. I., for 1879.

The whole number of deaths is 58. The sum of their ages is 4,235 years. The average of each, at death, was 73 years. Ecclesiastically, 50 were professedly Protestants, and 8 Catholics. Thirty-three gave evidence of their faith in

Christ, of whom, eleven were converted after they became inmates. Nationally, 28 were Americans, 8 Germans, 6 English, 6 Swedes, 5 Irish, 1 Scotch, 2 Italians, 1 Canadian, and 1 from the Channel Island of Jersey. As to duration of life, eight were over 80, seventeen were between 70 and 80, eighteen between 60 and 70, thirteen between 50 and 60, and two only under 50. The number of inmates now enrolled in the Snug Harbor, is 720.

Cushing, Capt. William, aged 64, born in Maine, died January 8th; Sanford, George, 80, Massachusetts, Jan. 11th; Ward, Patrick, 55, Ireland, Jan. 15th; Bengen, John, 73, Hanover, Jan. 15th; Holbrook, Sam'l F., 86, New York City, Jan. 23rd; Hansen, William, 55, Sweden, Feb. 5th; Caleb, John O., 65, Massachusetts, Feb. 9th; Leeds, David B., 71, New Jersey, Feb. 15th; Smith, James, 59, Ireland, Feb. 17th; Allen, Gresham B., 61, Connecticut, Feb. 21st; Rheburg, Gottlieb, 85, Germany, Feb. 27th; Marriner, Francis, 65, North Carolina, March 2nd; Fitzhugh, Horatio, 74, Virginia, March 13th; Thompson, Wm. H., 66, Baltimore, Md., March 14th; Trotter, Wm. T., 56, England, March 15th; Bell, Robert, 79, England, March 25th; Pratt, Joseph, 59, England, March 26th; Le Boutillier, Frank P., 53, Island of Jersey, April 4th; Knowles, Zaccheus, 55, Massachusetts, April 5th; Norby, John, 60, Sweden, April 5th; (Gebhart) John Owen, 63, Bremen, April 10th; Stone, Benj., 70, England, April 20th; Connolly, Peter, 45, Ireland, April 26th; Van Nerp, Adam, 71, Connecticut, May 5th; Jergena, Jerry, 70, Germany, May 13th; Welsh, Edward, 88, Ireland, May 17th; Lann, Christopher, 66, Sweden, May 27th; Bunker, Lorenzo, 59, Maine, May 28th; Rhodes, Joseph, 88, Italy, June 10th; Scovil, Horatio, 61, Connecticut, June 11th; Messina, John, 68, Sicily, June 14th; Joslin, George W., 65, Albany, N. Y., June 26th; Douglass, George H., 73, Philadelphia, June 27th; Hiliard, John, (col.) 53, New York, July 2nd; McLoon, John, 74, Maine, July 3rd; Paxton, William, 87, Pennsylvania, July 4th; Bannister, John, 79, Rhode Island, July 11th; Tome, Jacob, 68, Pennsylvania, July 21st; Davidson, Chas. 69, Prussia, July 24th; Merritt, Wm. E., 70, England, July 28th; Cummings, Chas. P., 75, Massachusetts, July 30th; Erskine, Robert, 80, Maine, Aug. 3rd;

Bell, James B., 68, Scotland, Aug. 2nd; Manning, Michael, 65, Ireland, Aug. 7th; Bergman, Henry, 72, Germany, Aug. 10th; Bailey, Alfred, 68, England, Aug. 21st; Smith, Charles, 56, Sweden, Sept. 7th; Brown, William, 52, Germany, Sept. 14th; Ross, Elijah, 51, Maine, Sept. 25th; Draper, Hiram, 76, New York, Sept. 25th; Ashton, Edward, 61, Germany, Sept. 29th; Colson, Herrman, 45, Sweden, Oct. 5th; Young, Abram, 76, Maine, Oct. 7th; Bouchar, Ely, 88, Canada, Oct. 25th; Andrews, Chas. F., 70, Massachusetts, Dec. 3rd; Ayres, John P., 63, Pennsylvania, Dec. 17th; Weeks, Edward, 79, New York, Dec. 19th; Campbell, William, 53, Sweden, Dec. 21.

C. J. J.

### Position of the Principal Planets for March, 1880.

**MERCURY** is an evening star until the evening of the 28th at about 7 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 7th, at which time it sets at 7h. 24m., and north of west  $4^{\circ} 16'$ ; is at its greatest elongation on the evening of the 10th at about 6 o'clock, when it is  $18^{\circ} 22'$  east of the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 12th at 10h. 54m., being  $3^{\circ} 3'$  south; is stationary among the stars in Pisces on the morning of the 19th at about 5 o'clock.

**VENUS** is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 7m., and south of east  $24^{\circ} 50'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 8th at 6h. 46m., being  $3^{\circ} 20'$  south.

**MARS** is an evening star setting on the morning of the 1st at 1h. 13m., and north of west  $31^{\circ} 41'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 17th at 6h. 32m., being  $23'$  south. At this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between parallels of latitude  $7^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$  north.

**JUPITER** is an evening star until the afternoon of the 15th at 3 o'clock, when it is in conjunction with the Sun, and during the remainder of the month it be-

comes a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 11th at 7h. 24m., being  $6^{\circ} 26'$  south.

**SATURN** is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 24m., and north of west  $4^{\circ} 37'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 12th at 31m., before midnight, being  $7^{\circ} 52'$  south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

### Marine Disasters in January, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 24 of which 16 were wrecked, 5 abandoned, 1 sunk by collision, 1 foundered, and 1 is missing. The list comprises 1 steamer, 2 ships, 13 barks, 2 brigs, and 6 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$672,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *s c* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

#### STEAMER.

Hansa, *w.* from New York for Bremen.

#### SHIPS.

Formosa, *f.* from Cebu for Boston.

Tollington, *w.* from Bremen for United States.

#### BARKS.

Enrique, *w.* from New Orleans for Leith.

Black Prince, *w.* from New Orleans for Amsterdam.

Adelaide Cooper, *w.* from Port Blakely for Wilmington, Cal.

St. Nicholas, *w.* from New York for Rotterdam.

Aldebaran, *a.* from Baltimore for Amsterdam.

Verity, *w.* from Waterford for New York.

Elcano, *w.* from Belfast, I., for New York.

Maria Dunan, *a.* from Boston for Ipswich.

Continental, *m.* from Georgetown, D. C. for St. Jago.

Sarah E. Frazier, *s c.* from Portland for Matanzas.

Colombine, *a.* from St. Vincent, C. V. I., for Doboy.

Arucuna, *w.* from St. Vincent, C. V. I., for Pensacola.

Gen. Cobb, *w.* from San Francisco for Seabeck.

#### BRIGS.

Alice Lea, *w.* from Wilmington, N. C., for Philadelphia.

Condor, *w.* from Nagasaki for Shanghai.

#### SCHOONERS.

Industry, *w.* from San Francisco.

Madeira, *w.* from St. John, N. B., for N. York.

Lizzie Morris, *a.* from Demerara for N. York.

Parallel, *a.* from Cutler, Me., for Boston.

Butterfly, *w.* from Suffolk, Va. for Georgetown, D. C.

Confidence, *w.* (pilot-boat,) from San Francisco.

Of the total number reported in the list, only 11 vessels, with an estimated valuation of \$118,000, were owned wholly in the United States.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

DECEMBER, 1879.

*Sailing Vessels*.—44 English, 16 American, 16 Norwegian, 14 French, 13 German, 9 Italian, 8 Austrian, 7 Dutch, 6 Greek, 6 Swedish, 3 Spanish, 2 Russian, 1 Danish, 5 of which the nationality is unknown: total: 149. In this number are included 4 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*.—15 English, 2 Spanish, 2 French, 2 Dutch; total: 21. In this number are included 2 steamers reported missing.

## Receipts for January, 1880.

### MAINE.

Bangor, Central Cong. church.....	\$ 10 00
Gorham, 1st Cong. church.....	9 20
South Berwick, Jno. H. Plumer.....	1 00
G. C. Wallingford.....	1 00
Yarmouth, Giles Loring.....	10 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church.....	8 08
Chichester, Cong. church.....	2 00
Concord, So. church.....	11 76
Mrs M. E. Prescott.....	1 00
Exeter, Anon.....	1 00
Hollis, Cong. church.....	7 50
Manchester, Helen Wallace.....	1 00
Marlboro, a friend.....	2 00
Milford, a friend.....	75
Nashua, 1st church.....	14 40
Rindge, Cong. church.....	1 15

### VERMONT.

Bennington, 2nd Cong. church.....	6 50
Cornwall, Rev. Jno. C. Houghton....	1 00
Hartford, Cong. S. S., for library....	20 00
Pittsford, Samuel Woods.....	2 00
Post Mills, Rev. James Caldwell.....	5 00
South Burlington, Pierpont E. Smith.	1 00
Stafford, Rev. Henry Cummings.....	1 00
West Charleston, Rev. and Mrs. W. T. Herrick.....	9 56

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Acton, Cong. church.....	6 75
Amherst, 1st Cong. church.....	18 00
Andover, Prof. C. M. Mead and wife, for library.....	20 00
Prof. J. H. Thayer.....	5 00
Prof. J. C. Churchill.....	5 00
Theological Seminary, add'l.....	3 00
A Friend.....	1 00
Beverly, Abby M. Cressy.....	1 00
Boston, Wm. Q. Wales and Mrs. Wm. Wales, for library.....	20 00
Boston Highlands, Walnut Ave. S. S., for libraries.....	53 33
Byfield Cong. church.....	4 89
Chelsea, Lieut. H. C. Keene, for lib'y.	20 00
Clinton, Mrs. Abbie R. Winter.....	1 00
Cohasset, Cong. church.....	8 10
Dalton, Mrs. James B. Crane.....	100 00
Dedham M. P. B. and E. H. F., for library, in memoriam John Kingsbury.....	20 00
East Bridgewater Z. Hatch, for lib'y	20 00
East Douglas, Cong. ch., to const.	
Thomas H. Meek, L. M.....	47 61
East Medway, Rev. E. N. Hidden.....	1 00
Falmouth, Mrs. Warren N. Bourne.....	1 00
Fitchburg, John Dowe.....	1 00
Foxboro, Miss Abby T. Dean.....	1 00
Dan'l Carpenter.....	1 00
Gardner, Cong. church.....	40 35
Gloucester, Cong. church, to const.	

Mrs. Frank G. Clark, L. M.....	50 00
Granby, Miss E. Kellogg's S. S. class, for library.....	20 00
Great Barrington, Cong. church.....	60 00
Groton D. Adams.....	1 00
Hadley Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, for lib'y in memory of Colton G. and Lucy Stone Dickinson.....	20 00
Hopkinton, Mrs. P. J. Claffin.....	1 00
Hubbardston, Rufus Case.....	1 00
Lowell, Elizabeth Rogers.....	1 00
James Lawton.....	1 00
Lynn, 1st Cong. church, for library..	20 21
Mansfield, Cong. church.....	7 00
Millbury, 1st Cong. church.....	11 60
New Bedford, Emily F. Usher.....	5 00
Newburyport, Mrs. Benj. T. Tredick.	1 00
Newton Centre, S. S., for library....	20 00
North Adams Cong. church.....	10 00
North Brookfield, 1st Cong. church..	30 00
Northfield, Mrs. M. D. Alexander, for library.....	20 00
Northampton, Mrs. J. P. Williston,	25 00
1st Cong. ch. S. S., for library.....	20 00
Orange, Lewis R. Howe.....	1 00
Oxford, Cong. S. S., toward library..	16 24
Peabody, Joseph Poor.....	2 00
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church.....	35 15
Cash.....	5 00
J. Spencer.....	1 00
Plymouth, Church of the Pilgrims....	45 98
Rockland, Cong. church.....	40 00
Rutland Cong. church.....	16 38
Schr. L. McManery, Capt. Reeves..	2 00
South Weymouth, Cong. church, to const. G. N. Marden, L. M.....	30 00
Spencer, J. L. Bush.....	1000 00
Springfield, Miss Lois Bliss.....	1 00
Stockbridge, Cong. church.....	58 91
Upton, Cong. church.....	5 10
Uxbridge, Willard Judson.....	1 00
Walpole, Cong. church.....	12 50
Ware, Cong. church.....	18 81
Webster, Cong. church.....	14 00
Well-sley, W. S. Winsor.....	2 00
Westboro, Rev. E. Tenny.....	1 00
West Boylston, Cong. church.....	4 87
West Brookfield Cong. ch., for lib'y.	21 22
Westfield, Sarah A. Day.....	5 00
West Haverhill, Cong. church.....	8 56
West Springfield S. S. 1st Cong. ch..	40 00
Worcester, Cong. church.....	35 84

### RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, Mrs. M. D. W. Rogers, for library.....	20 00
Miss C. D. De Wolf, for library.....	20 00
Little Compton, United Cong. church	7 48
Newport Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, for library.....	20 00
Pawtucket, Cong. church.....	60 00
Mrs. Amos B. Lane.....	2 00
Providence, Union Cong. church.....	51 00

### CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia J. H. Bartholomew, for lib'y	20 00
Branford, Eckford Davis.....	1 00
Bristol S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y..	20 00
Danbury, 1st Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y	20 00
Derby, E. D. Thompson.....	5 00
East Hartford David L. Williams....	4 00
Farmington, Cong. church.....	41 52
Glastenbury, 1st Cong church.....	56 00
Greenville, Cong. church.....	24 53
Greenwich, Israel Peck.....	5 00
Wm. J. Mead.....	5 00
Groton, S. S. Cong. church.....	11 28
Betsey A. Copp.....	6 00
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. church.	81 52
Anna H. Bolton, to const. Sam'l C. Hodge, L. M.....	30 00
Mrs. Mary C. Bemis.....	11 00
Jewett City, Cong. church.....	8 00



Litchfield, 1st. Cong. church.....	28 31
Anon.....	1 00
Lyme, 1st Cong. church.....	12 78
Mt. Carmel, Cong. church.....	6 00
New Britain, South Cong. church....	16 62
New Haven, Capt. Lyman Osborn....	5 00
Edward E. Mix.....	1 00
Northford, Cong. church.....	2 70
North Manchester, Cong. church, S. S., for library.....	20 00
A Friend.....	10 00
Norwalk, 1st Cong. church and Soc'y	26 60
Miss Lucy M. Merrill.....	1 00
Norwich, 2nd Cong. church, add'l....	10 00
C. B. Farnsworth.....	1 00
Orange, A. N. Merwin.....	10 00
Cong. church.....	4 58
Rockville, 2nd Cong. church.....	32 82
Salisbury, Cong. church.....	17 00
Sharon, Mrs. Ann E. Cowles.....	2 00
Somerville, S. S. Cong. ch., for lib'y..	20 00
South Britain, C. Leroy Mitchell.....	5 00
Stamford, Mrs. M. A. Skiddy.....	10 00
Stonington, 2nd Cong. church.....	43 46
Wallingford, Rev. E. J. Doolittle.....	1 00
Westford, Cong. church.....	8 00
Wolcott Cong. church.....	5 00
Woodbury, A Friend.....	12 50
C. J. Minor.....	5 00

## NEW YORK.

Binghamton, Rev. P. Lockwood.....	5 00
Buffalo, Frank Lee, for library.....	20 00
Canandaigua, Rev. Geo. C. Curtis, D. D., for library.....	20 00
Champlain, Pres. church.....	3 90
East Hampton Y. M. S. S. class, Pres. church, for Sailors' Home.....	6 50
Geneseo, Mrs. B. Ayrault.....	2 00
Lockport, S. S. Miss'y Society, 1st Pres. church, for library.....	20 00
Morrisville, A. B. De Forest.....	1 00
New Hamburg, Friends.....	60 00
New Hurley, Rev. R. H. Beattie.....	1 40
New York City, R. L. & A. Stuart, to- ward paying debt on Sailors' Home.....	1000 00
F. Sturges, for Sailors' Home.....	500 00
Horace Gray, " ".....	500 00
R. P. Buck, " ".....	500 00
John Dwight, " ".....	200 00
H. A. Huribut " ".....	200 00
Mrs Jonathan Sturges " ".....	100 00
William Astor.....	100 00
Jonas Marsh Libbey, for libraries..	60 00
M. K. Jessup.....	50 00
Mrs. E. P. Woolsey.....	50 00
Hitchcock, Darling & Co.....	25 00
New York Epis. Sea. Mission, Rev. R. J. Walker, for ship's library....	20 00
E. W. Bliss, for "B" Library.....	20 00
"Lyon," for library.....	20 00
For the M. L. Warren Library.....	20 00
J. F. S.....	20 00
Henry L. Clapp.....	18 00
Walter Edwards.....	15 00
W. H. Maxwell, M. D.....	10 00
E. M. Archibald, Esq.....	10 00
Ezra White.....	10 00
G. S. Fraser.....	10 00
G. G. Williams.....	10 00
Mr. John Fawcett.....	5 00
James Cruikshank.....	5 00
M. Cristy.....	5 00
S. V. Hoffman.....	5 00
H. R.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Capt. J. F. Skewes, ship <i>G. Strick-</i> <i>land</i> .....	5 00
S. M. B.....	2 00
Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Wm. C. Sterling, for Graham Lee Sterling Library.	20 00

Mrs. T. S. Wickes.....	10 00
A. Wright.....	5 00
Mrs. Isaac Brayton.....	1 00
Rhinebeck, Thomas H. Suckley, of wh. \$100, for sailors' Home, and \$100 to const. Robt. B. Suckley, L. D.....	200 00
Rochester, Mr. G. N. Mitchell.....	5 00
Rye, Capt. R. B. Chapman.....	5 00
Saugerties, Mrs. Maria A. Kiersted, for library.....	20 00
Tarrytown, Mrs. E. K. Mott.....	1 00
Troy, Rev. W. Marvin.....	5 00
Utica, Mrs. Edward Hurlburt.....	1 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Elizabeth, Simon Shinder.....	20 00
Westminster Pres. church.....	4 00
Englewood, Pres. church, of wh. Mrs. James O. Morse, for lib'y, \$20; C. F. Park, (for Beasie de la Vergne Library) \$20.....	405 97
Rev H. M. Booth, D. D.....	1 00
Hackensack, T. M. Niven.....	1 00
Holmdell, Dr. Wm. Redley.....	5 00
Montclair, Anon, for library.....	20 00
Newark, 1st. Pres church.....	25 00
Rev. J. P. Wilson, D. D.....	1 00
Mrs. S. H. Baldwin.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
New Brunswick, Mrs. M. E. Warren. Mrs. R. S. Cox.....	2 00
Newfield, Rev. Chas. Willey.....	1 00
Perth Amboy, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Barnes, for libraries.....	40 00
Princeton, Mrs. S. O. Allen, for lib'y in memoriam Huntington Lyman Allen.....	20 00
Amiral Geo. F. Emmons, U. S. N. Ridgewood, Paramus Ref. church, for library.....	1 00
	20 00

## PENNSYLVANIA.

Easton, M. E. F. Randolph.....	1 00
Harrisburg, Mrs. M. E. De Witt.....	10 00
Mercersburg, Seth Dickey.....	1 00
Sewickly, Miss E. H. Tite.....	1 00
York, Samuel Small.....	5 00

## DELAWARE.

Wilmington, Mrs. S. F. Dupont.....	1 00
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## MARYLAND.

Baltimore, (Auburn) H. C. Trumbull.	5 00
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## VIRGINIA.

Clifton Station, Rev. Wm. Bradley...	2 00
Norfolk, Marshall Parkes.....	1 00
Northampton City J. E. Johnson and crew U. S. L. S. S. No. 2, Dist. 5..	3 00

## TEXAS.

Houston, Capt. L. J. Latham.....	20 00
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## OHIO.

Cleveland, S. S. 2nd Pres. ch., for lib'y	20 00
T. P. Handy, Young Ladies' Bible class, for library.....	20 00
H. S. Whittlesey, for library.....	20 00
Cleves, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw.....	1 00

## ILLINOIS.

Geneseo, Mrs. L. B. Perry.....	1 00
Geneva, Mrs. L. Morrow.....	1 00

## MICHIGAN.

Rogers City, Geo. Feaben, U. S. L. S. S. No. 8, Dist. 10.....	1 00
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\$7,787 77

## BED CLOTHING, &amp;c.

From Ladies' Seamen's Society, Concord, N. H.	
From Newburyport Ladies' Bethel Society.	




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### How a Sea Captain met Danger, and Testified for Christ.

Capt. T. L. FLEMING whose interesting record of "Trusting God and Coming into Boston Harbor" was printed in the **LIFE BOAT** issued with the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** for January, has since been shipwrecked, and his vessel, the *Black Swan*, has been lost. Our friends who read the account of his conversion, and of the faith in God who led him so remarkably into port, will be interested to know how this converted sea captain was sustained in the disaster that has come upon him. He reported, at a prayer meeting in Rev. Mr. Cudworth's church in Boston, recently, saying that "having done all that he could, to save her, and found that the gale increased, and that destruction was inevitable, he resigned himself to God, and gave his men all the encouragement he could, to hold on to the last. As the brig dragged her anchors, and neared the shore, the roar of the breakers rose higher than the storm, and the whole beach was covered with foam far as the eye could reach. At last she struck, and her rudder was torn from the stern. Another plunge and she trembled fore-and-aft; her seams opened and she filled with water.

"She was then thrown broadside on

the beach, heeled over and was engulfed in the roaring breakers. The weather was intensely cold, and seemed to chill the men to the heart. All shelter on deck was gone, and nothing was left but to seek safety in the fore-top. In this small place eight of them were huddled together, not knowing but the next roller would overwhelm them all in death. Few words were spoken—each felt as if his hour was come. But amid it all, said Capt. Fleming, he felt that it was all right. He knew that God knew all about their condition, and if it were His will that they should be saved they would be, but whether they were doomed to perish or be saved, in that dread moment with death staring them in the face, he felt in his inmost soul that it would be all right. For his mortal life he had neither hope nor fear. As already reported in the papers, they were all saved. But, added Capt. Fleming, never before had he experienced the priceless value of religion. It was strength to his arm, it was courage to his heart. He did not profess to know much about the theology of the churches, but he did know a good deal about faith in God.

"In one part of his life he had been successful in making money, and might have retired from the sea years ago with a moderate share of this world's goods, but who ever has enough? He had lost it all. Several years ago the teachings of his youth were revived in his heart, and he began to think of God and Christ, and to overhaul his past life. He found

that he was not what he ought to be, and he turned over a new leaf. The Lord met him more than half way, and now he could say that he regarded all his material losses as spiritual gain. He had indeed found Jesus, and now, blow high or blow low, in storm or in sunshine, he would trust him in every event of his life."

### Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to January 1st, 1880, was 6,729; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,602. The number of volumes in these libraries was 373,988, and they were accessible to 260,379 men.—Nine hundred and eight libraries, with 32,688 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 103,604 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During January, 1880, seventy-eight loan libraries,—twenty-seven new, and fifty-one refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,797 to 6,799, inclusive, with Nos. 6,900 to 6,906, inclusive, and Nos. 6,908 to 6,911, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,183, 5,410 to 5,417, inclusive, with Nos. 5,419 to 5,422, inclusive, at Boston.

#### *The fifty-one libraries re-shipped were :—*

No. 996,	No. 3,803,	No. 4,655,	No. 4,935,	No. 5,201,	No. 5,806,	No. 6,047,	No. 6,383,	No. 6,528,
" 1,587,	" 3,981,	" 4,682,	" 4,966,	" 5,350,	" 5,836,	" 6,072,	" 6,425,	" 6,534,
" 2,173,	" 4,015,	" 4,702,	" 5,097,	" 5,557,	" 5,846,	" 6,123,	" 6,453,	" 6,712,
" 2,226,	" 4,088,	" 4,710,	" 5,155,	" 5,627,	" 5,970,	" 6,240,	" 6,463,	
" 3,063,	" 4,232,	" 4,804,	" 5,181,	" 5,643,	" 6,010,	" 6,268,	" 6,498,	
" 3,589,	" 4,491,	" 4,880,	" 5,187,	" 5,719,	" 6,044,	" 6,346,	" 6,501,	

### *Matters of Interest in Library Work.*

#### GRATEFUL.

Capt. T. C. COFFIN of the brig *Dirigo* has had Library No. 5,384, contributed by Mr. David Dodd, of Orange, N. J., on his vessel, for more than a year, and says of it, over date of February 9th, 1880:—"It has been sought after and read by officers and crew with good effect. I think the good reading in all the loan libraries that I have seen, should make the work interesting for all whose lot is cast upon the sea."

#### CAPT. KITCHEN'S TESTIMONY.

Capt. JAMES R. KITCHEN of the bark *Minnie* of Pictou, N. S., in returning Library No. 5,809, contributed by "A Lady," Schenectady, N. Y., (Dec. 29th, 1879,) to Chaplain CRANE, at Norfolk, Va., writes that "the books were thoroughly read by the crew, and with great interest. The spare time of the crew was thus profitably employed, especially on Sunday, when the captain allows no unnecessary work to be done. A very

beneficial influence was observable, there being less roughness and profanity among the men than previously, even though there may not have been any very marked religious impression. The captain thinks this department of the Society's work in a high degree ameliorating and elevating to the condition of seamen, and hopes to be able always to go to sea with a library aboard his ship."

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GOOD DONE—LIBRARY EXCHANGED.

Capt. H. J. HEMINGWAY of the bark *Antioch* of Boston, writes to us, from Sourabaya, Java, Oct. 29th, 1879. "The library you put on board in February, 1878, No. 6,371, has made a voyage to Java, back to New York, and out to Java again. I have been much interested in the books, and no doubt the seed sown will produce good in some who have had their use. I have taken the liberty to exchange with Capt. Hooper of the bark *Walter Armington, Jr.*, who is now bound from Java to New York, for Library No. 5,978, (contributed by S. S. Cong. church, West Hartford, Conn.) There were some books missing in the one I received, I hope Capt. H. will be able to give good report of No. 6,371."

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FROM THE U. S. NAVY.

In September, 1879, we placed libraries Nos. 6,717 and 6,718 on the U. S. Flagship *Shenandoah*, as the contribution of Jonas M. Libbey, Esq., of New York City;—and now our missionary at the Brooklyn, N. Y. Navy Yard has a letter, dated November 29th, 1879, from which the following is an extract:—

"In behalf of the majority of our ship's company, I have seated myself to pen you a few words of thanks for your kind attention in placing for our use the libraries, which, I must say, have been quite useful as well as an ornament to the ship. And for the same, accept the hearty thanks of the whole ship's company."

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QUICK AND HEARTY RETURNS—AN EXPERIENCE OF DANGER, AND RESCUE.

The Sabbath-School of the Congregational Church at Cheshire, Conn., sent

us \$20 for a library, last fall, and we placed the books, in December, 1879, on the new pilot-boat *Columbia* of New York, Capt. Henry Seguire. This Christian seaman has already sent us two letters acknowledging the gift, and thanking the donors. In his first, he said:—"It has begun its good work. The excellent selection of books was placed within the reach of men cut off from almost every good influence, and exposed to danger and death, with no friendly voice to warn and counsel, and no kindly hand to point to "the way, the truth, and the life." It is, indeed, a spring of refreshing water in a desert. The library has been placed in plain view where the crew can have easy access to it. They make their own selections, and account to me for the books used. Our crew consists of eleven, all told, only one professor of religion in the number. May God give sufficient grace to that one, to leaven the whole lump! To-day we had service in the cabin, all hands but the man at the helm attended. I read one of Mr. Moody's sermons, ("Sowing and Reaping,") which was listened to very attentively, and the singing from Gospel Hymns No. 2 was much enjoyed."

In his second letter, he writes to the children:—"Let me tell you how wonderfully God helped us only a few days ago. We were putting a pilot on board a steamship during a storm, when the little boat was upset by a great wave, and the men thrown into the sea. We launched another boat, and two brave men went to their rescue, but they had barely reached the one of the drowning men, when another great wave tossed their frail boat over, and over, and sent them struggling in the water along with their companions. We were powerless to help them, and death stared them in the face. But God, who is ever gracious and merciful, heard their cry for help, and gave them strength and courage, and when all seemed hopeless, providentially drove the great steamship by

His wind, and His seas, down to the poor drowning fellows, and ropes being thrown to them, they were pulled on board, more dead than alive. And are we not thankful? Yes! and to-night, in the cabin of our boat, we all met and gave thanks to our merciful Father, and praised the Lord who mercifully delivered us from the jaws of death. *And we did not forget to ask God to bless the children who love and pray for the sailors.*"



### A Mother to her Son—The Battle of Life.

Go forth in the Battle of Life, my boy,

Go while it is called to-day;

For the years go out, and the years come in,  
Regardless of those who may lose or win,  
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,  
To the army gone before;  
You may hear the sound of their falling feet,  
Going down to the river where two worlds meet;

They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, my boy,  
And duty, too, assigned;  
Step into the front with a cheerful grace,  
Be quick, or another may take your place,  
And you may be left behind.

There is work to do by the way, my boy,  
That you never can tread again;  
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—  
Work for the plough, adze, spindle, and pen;  
Work for the hands and the brain.

The Serpent will follow your steps, my boy,  
To lay for your feet a snare;  
And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,  
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers  
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,  
Temptations without and within;  
And spirits of evil, in robes as fair  
As the holiest angels in heaven wear,  
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy,  
In the beautiful days of youth;  
Put on the helmet, breast-plate, and shield,  
And the sword that the feeblest arm may wield,  
In the cause of Right and Truth.

And go to the Battle of Life, my boy,  
With the peace of the Gospel shod;  
And before high heaven, do the best you can  
For the great reward, for the good of man,  
For the Kingdom and Crown of God.

*Little Sower.*

### The Ears of Corn.

There was once (says an Eastern legend) a beautiful damsel, upon whom a good Genius wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her: "Daughter, in the field before thee the ears of corn have talismanic virtues. Thou shalt pass through the field once, only once; and pluck one—only one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward; thou shalt not stop in thy path, nor shalt thou retrace a single step. Select an ear full and fair; for according to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee."

The maiden thanked the good Genius, and set forward. She saw many ears of corn, large, ripe, and beautiful; but she left these behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. But she did not; and at length, as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were short and thin, and the ears all shrivelled. She now regretted those she had left behind, but went on—still hoping. Alas! the stalks became more and more puny and blighted; and as night fell, she found herself at the end of the field, without having plucked an ear of any kind.

No need that the Genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly, when too late.

So in the evening of life, we call sadly and regretfully to mind a thousand golden opportunities, forever lost because not plucked in their season.

### "Make Ma's Temper Better."

A very little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after paternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offense was passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better; never to be angry again; and then, with child-like simplicity, he added: "Lord, make Ma's temper better too."

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD *Financial Agent.*

*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.



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APRIL, 1880.

No. 4.

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## RELIGION OFF SOUNDINGS.

BY CAPT. ROBERT C. ADAMS.

The Psalmist says:—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." If sailors see the works of the Lord, they may be credited with sufficient intelligence to recognize their origin, and also to render the natural acknowledgment which all minds make to superior forces. This sentiment is the foundation of Religion, and if the sailor is in a peculiar measure brought into contact with wonders in the deep, there would appear to be a special reason why his calling should develop the religious instinct in a marked degree. This has been recognized by the ancient heathen, as well as by the Psalmist, for the old Latin motto says, "*Qui disceret orare,—discat navigare,*" which may be freely rendered—Who would learn to pray let him go to sea! Nowhere else is the power of the Supreme Being and the helplessness of man more impressively brought into contrast. And yet men scoff at the idea of religion on shipboard, and think it appropriate that such sentiments should cease to be entertained when the deep-sea lead fails to find soundings! A retired sea captain, noticing that a listener wearied at his oaths, courteously exclaimed, "Excuse my profanity, but I am an old sailor." That is as if he had said,—“I have spent a large part of my life where I have been brought into contact with the greatest exhibitions of God's power, and have continually experienced his goodness in preservation from dangers, in the midst of which I was utterly

helpless. I have realized his protecting care in the uttermost parts of the sea, and in going out and coming in safely during many voyages. I have seen the glories of his creating hand in the ocean sunrise and sunset, in the swiftly flying trade-wind clouds, in the glancing, cresting waves, in the beauty of tropic lands and coral isles, and, therefore, it is especially appropriate that I should continually blaspheme the great Creator of all things, and the preserver of men, and persistently take his name in vain."

In addition to its exhibition of God through his works, sea life is adapted to promote religious impressions, by the opportunity it affords for reflection, and the absence both of the diversions and temptations of life on shore. On the long, lonely voyage, when the companionship of the crew has become irksome, and no event occurs to interest the mind, as the sailor walks the deck, or stands on the lookout in the night watch, his nature, crying for sympathy and comfort, instinctively lifts its yearning heart into communion with the ever present and all loving God. Recalling the errors of the past, while free from the allurements which occasioned them, they are thought of with regret. A penitential mood is a noted characteristic of the sailor when afloat. Like John Newton, who "on board a struggling and half foundered vessel in the midst of the raging Atlantic," changed from a profligate scoffer into an earnest Christian; many a man in the solitudes of the sea, away from all human influences and so called "means of grace," has been led to "abhor that which is evil," and "cleave to that which is good."

"The sea is His and He made it;" therefore it is fitting that God's name should be honored upon the waters. Believing that religion has the same claims and brings the same benefits, whether off soundings or on shore, I have been accustomed, at the commencement of every voyage, to say to the officers and crew, that we would ask God to go with us and his Word should be our guide. The first approach to this intimation was usually made the day we left port. When the watches were chosen at night, the rules of the ship were stated to the assembled crew, either by myself or the mate. The usual laws were laid down, such as, prompt relief at the change of watches; the crew then to muster aft, to be counted; no one to sit down on the lookout; a respectful answer to be given to every order; and the harangue closed with the admonition, "There is no profane language allowed on board." This gave the desired hint to the sailors, and as they tumbled into the fore-castle, one would say, "Well lads, we've got on board of a religious ship."

The effect of this prohibition and subsequent exhortation was often

very marked. Upon landing at an East India port, the first person whom I met thought it appropriate to use profane language when addressing a sea captain. I interrupted and silenced him with the remark, "Excuse me, Sir, but it may interest you to know that you have uttered the first oath I have heard for a hundred days."

A sailor who had been a very profane man, once nailed up a card on the locker in which the pots and pans were kept, on which was printed those lines of Cowper's,—

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme  
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.  
Maintain your rank; vulgarity despise:  
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.  
You would not swear upon the bed of death!  
Reflect! your Maker now may stop your breath."

These lines were committed to memory by nearly all the crew, and the card served frequently as a reminder.

Saturday afternoon was given to the men to wash and mend their clothes, so that they might present a neat appearance on the Lord's day, and have no excuse for such work then. The first Sunday morning after leaving port, the crew were notified that

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES

would be held in the cabin at nine o'clock. At first I made attendance compulsory, and if any one was missing, the mate was sent to bring him in; but upon reflection, I deemed that it was better to make the matter optional, though the men were exhorted to come, by expressing the hope that no one would have so little gratitude for God's preservation through the week, as to refuse to give up the brief time designed for his service.

When two bells struck, all hands came aft and sat on the seats around the cabin table, and on boards placed upon buckets, ranged around the sides of the cabin, the whole crew usually being present, except the man at the wheel and the officer of the deck, who had instructions to give a signal if the men were needed for duty. A hymn was sung, not always successfully, and after prayer, a passage of Scripture was read and remarks were made upon it. Singing, prayer, and the benediction concluded the service. The men were then asked if they had Bibles. Generally the greater part of them needed to be supplied with them. In the afternoon, each was presented with a copy, having his own and the ship's name written in it.

#### THE BEST HOURS FOR SERVICE

were found to be nine in the morning, half past one, or four in the afternoon. The first two were preferred, the morning hour being deemed the best, but when work or weather prevented the morning



service, it was held if possible in the afternoon. The service usually occupied from one-half to three-quarters of an hour, and this left about two hours for the watch below to catch a nap in. It was not often deemed a hardship to attend at these times.

#### THE SINGING

was a difficult matter to conduct, as the crew were usually more at home in "Black Ball Packet" melodies, than in psalm tunes. I used to distribute hymn books to the men, and encourage any good singers to get their shipmates to practice with them in the evenings on deck. One sailor who had a good voice, I hoped both to interest and make serviceable, by getting him to start the singing. I gave him the hymns beforehand, that he might be ready with tunes, but to my disappointment, when he entered the cabin, he told me he couldn't "find any tunes as the hymns were so new." They were "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, lover of my soul." He was not continued as chorister. Now that the "Moody and Sankey" hymns and tunes have become so popular, there will be less difficulty in carrying on this part of the service. A captain who is diffident, can conduct worship without embarrassment, by reading the

#### PRAYERS

of the Episcopal service. He should carry a good supply of prayer books to sea with him, and encourage the crew to join in the responses. But I believe the effect upon the crew is better, where the captain engages in extemporaneous prayer. It is an avowal of personal interest and sincerity, which wins the respect and attention of the crew, even though the words be halting and the thoughts less exalted than those of the book. The greatest difficulty with most captains is

#### THE SERMON.

Discourses may be read from such books as Spurgeon's Sermons, Burder's Village Sermons, Dr. Adams' "At Eventide," or tracts and articles from religious newspapers may be read with good effect. Better than all, however, is a simple exposition of Scripture by the captain or officer leading the service. There are often foreigners in the crew, and not only they but the majority of English speaking sailors are not familiar with book language, and their attention to the reading of sermons is not easily secured. It is far better to say with Paul:—"I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." Doubtless many will say, "It would be utterly impossible for me to preach to my sailors." To begin with, let us drop the formidable word *preach* and inquire whether one may not easily train himself to give short and effective *talks* to his crew. I will state my own methods, in the hope that they may prove suggestive

and helpful. The books directly relied upon were four;—the Bible, Cruden's Concordance, Locke's Commonplace Book and a book of Illustrations and Anecdotes; but a captain should also secure, if possible, a Bible Dictionary and a good Commentary. From the Bible some passage was selected which suggested a thought, likely to be useful or interesting to the crew. The references in the margin were then turned up and read carefully; if some one word was prominent, that word was found in the Concordance, and the places in the Bible where it occurred were examined. Then the main subject was sought out in the Commonplace Book, and the Scriptures relating to it were read. Finally, anecdotes were looked for in the Cyclopædia of Illustrations, or memory and observation were kept on the alert to discover fitting analogies. This was continued through the week, occupying perhaps only a few minutes daily, and notes were made of results obtained. On Saturday evening I usually walked the deck for half an hour and endeavored to arrange the ideas and facts that had been gained, sometimes talking in an undertone to myself as I rehearsed my speech. An occasional growth of enthusiasm might raise my tone and the man at the wheel would say, "What, sir?" But getting no reply he would doubtless wonder "who the old man was talking to." If the address got into shape in my mind, I then went below, and after a season of prayer and again reading the Bible selection, I wrote, on a small piece of paper that would slip into my Bible, an outline of the intended remarks, making the heads and divisions clear, in order that I might easily refer to them while speaking if diffidence or lack of memory embarrassed me. If the address seemed to be effective, I often wrote it out more fully in the afternoon, adding to or altering it as the influences of its utterances directed. I would take the liberty of suggesting to professional preachers that the best time to write sermons is after they are delivered. Then all the enthusiasm and inspiration which have attended the public effort can be availed of and secured for a repetition, which again might be improved upon.

A sea captain changes his congregation oftener than his brother preachers on shore are accustomed to do, and after one voyage he will have a stock of sermons, which in future will make him independent of emergencies as are the traditional ministers, who put their sermons in a barrel and when it is full "end" it over and push it through again, changing parishes often enough to make that barrel last a lifetime. But a captain, who is interested in this effort and has a wakeful mind, will be at no loss for new themes and illustrations. Let him keep a note book and jot down the thoughts he gets from his daily Bible readings; let him put down also notes of interesting facts obtained from

other books, and be ready to apply the passing events and familiar objects of sea life, such as signaling a vessel, supplying a ship with provisions, a gale, a man overboard, making the land, taking a pilot, studying the chart, watching the compass, the lookout, the man at the wheel, the anchor, &c. If he will be content to talk plainly, make no strained effort after eloquence or rhetorical effect, but be willing simply to repeat the Bible stories and truths and unfold the record of a Savior's love, as one man would ordinarily talk to another in whom he was interested, I will promise my diffident and modest brother captain that he will rapidly develop into a preacher "that needeth not to be ashamed," and God will abundantly honor and bless his testimony.

At the first meeting of the voyage I sometimes spoke from the words:—"Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."—*Gen. 28: 16*. An outline of my remarks reads as follows:—

Many think there is no place for religion on board of a ship. What is religion? Love God and keep his commandments. Where God is, there He is to be worshipped. Is He at sea? We are answered by the voice of nature in the wind and wave. By revelation;—the sea is His; He sitteth upon the flood; the sea is in the hollow of His hand. Either God can be served at sea or no one ought to go there. At beginning of this voyage let us look to Him for guidance and protection. 1. Because He has entire control of our temporal concerns. 2. The safety of our souls depends upon taking His word for our guide. As chart and compass to the mariner, the Bible is to the soul. Jesus, the pilot to the heavenly haven.

These heads filled out with many quotations from Scripture, and familiar illustrations and anecdotes, secured the attention and interest of the crew. Sometimes my first text would be, *Psalm 139: 9, 10*. "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." A similar train of thought to that just given would be followed;—the duty and privilege of serving God at sea.

Early in the voyage an address would be given upon profane swearing, taking the third commandment for a text. I find these notes:—

This is God's command. The threat attached. No advantage in swearing. Disadvantages. For every idle word give account. Anecdote from Addison. Swear not at all. Nature of an oath. Anecdotes of swearers taken at their word and suffering judgment from God. How to leave off. 1. Have an earnest desire and resolution. Anecdote of a reformed sailor. 2. Look above for help. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

The men were told that though profanity was forbidden on board,—not wishing to be too severe, one exception would be made. If there was a man who would not be happy unless he blasphemed his Maker, he might go out on the end of the flying jib boom, when the wind was aft, so that the words would be blown away from the ship, and there he could curse God to his heart's content.

The narratives of the Gospels and the parables of Christ furnished a large range of subjects. On one voyage I took the gospel of Luke in course, and remarked familiarly upon its words. The following texts and subjects are examples of other themes that were found effective.—*2 Tim. 3: 16.* The Bible the word of God.—*Joshua 24: 15.* “Choose you this day whom ye will serve.”—*Luke 10: 27, 28, and Acts 16: 31.* The Law and the Gospel.—*Heb. 10: 26-31.* Moses and Christ.—*Rev. 3: 20.* “Behold I stand at the door and knock.”—*Rev. 22: 10.* “For the time is at hand.”—*Acts 9.* The conversion of Paul.—*1 Cor. 15.* The Resurrection.—*Deut. 1: 29, 30.* “Dread not, the Lord goeth before you.”—*Dan. 6: 10, and Matt. 10: 32, 33.* Confessing Christ.—*2 Cor. 4: 16.* Seen and unseen.—*2 Peter 3.* The Lord's Coming.—*Amos 4: 12.* “Prepare to meet thy God.”—*2 Kings 5: and Romans 10.* Naaman.—*1 Sam. 18: 14.* “The Lord was with him.”—*1 Sam. 24: 17.* Good for evil.—*1 Cor. 1: 23, 24.* Christ crucified.—*Job 23: 10.* “He knoweth the way that I take.”—*Phil. 3: 7, 8.* Gain counted loss.—*Psalms 23.* “The Lord is my Shepherd.”—*Romans 12.* Holiness.

It is sometimes very difficult to bring one's mind to preaching to the sailors, when, during the week, there have been disagreements and “growls,” such as inevitably occur in the best regulated ships. But there is no better remedy than this course for allaying the friction that has been excited. When captain and crew have sung and prayed and read God's word together, and the captain has said a few words directing the thoughts of all towards God and heaven, the feelings are softened and harmonized, and in the light of a common hope and a christian brotherhood, differences are forgotten. The knowledge that one is to preach often restrains him from harshness, and tends to the maintenance of a consistent life.

#### PRAYER MEETINGS

were held on Sunday evening at seven o'clock, when there was enough religious interest among the crew to warrant it. After devotional exercises and remarks by the captain, the crew were encouraged to speak or pray. An officer perhaps would lead off. Then the steward with folded arms and rhetorical manner would deliver a speech, evidently prepared with great effort. A sailor would rise and say; “I never was inside of a school in my life, and when I came in this ship I didn't know B from a bull's foot; but now I am learning to read, and mean to think more about Christ.” Another sailor would say; “I have been a bad man, but I have made up my mind to serve the Lord, and I want you to pray for me.” The mate would lead in prayer and the captain would make a closing address.

On another occasion,

## A BELIEVERS' MEETING

would be held and all who professed to be Christians were gathered around the cabin table and encouraged to tell their experiences. Thrilling stories were narrated of the means by which they had been awakened to a sense of their sinfulness and need of a Savior. One was aroused while standing at the wheel, without any apparent cause, and as soon as he went forward, he told his shipmates that if the ship should sink that night "it would fare hard with them all forever." They laughed at him, for he had been as profane and reckless as any one; but his seriousness continued till he arrived in port and the faithful words of that devoted missionary, Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT of Boston, Mass., brought him to the light. Another had been converted through the influence and prayers of two ladies in a meeting at the "North End." Others told of their awakening during the present voyage.

## A BIBLE CLASS

was held on Wednesday evenings at seven o'clock. A passage of Scripture, making a certain topic prominent, was read in turn, two verses each, after which, references to the same subject were found, one at a time; all present turning to the place and one of the sailors reading it aloud. Patience was shown towards the poor readers, and each one in turn was encouraged to make the attempt to read a text. When the crew were better educated, more passages could be given out at once, and more ground could be gone over. It was difficult sometimes to repress a smile, as, for instance, when a young Cape Cod fisherman read *John 5: 54*, "Whoso eateth my flesh &c.," saying; "Whoso eateth many fishes, hath eternal life."

## DAILY PRAYERS,

during seasons of fine weather, were sometimes held, usually at a quarter before eight in the evening, when the Bible was read and prayer was offered. One captain used to summon all hands aft around the main deck capstan at eight o'clock in the morning, and engage in prayer. When the weather was bad he would say: "Men, it is not too rough to stand at the main braces, and I think we can stand here to pray to God."

## RELIGIOUS OFFICERS

may be active in doing good at sea even when their captains are not disposed to exert any influence in that direction. When mate of a ship I was accustomed, with the captain's consent, to hold a Bible class or preaching service on deck Sunday afternoons. Often an effective word can be dropped to the man at the wheel, in a calm night watch, or to the sailor, who is assisting in a job on the rigging or in sailmaking.

## IN PORT,

where ships lie at anchor, services may be held with benefit, and are often the means of great encouragement to others to initiate the practice at sea. I had notices printed in blank:

*Religious Services will be held on board*

Ship "\_\_\_\_\_"

*All are cordially invited to attend.*

Filling these up with the hour, and any other particulars, they were distributed through the fleet on Saturday afternoon by the ship's boat, or a hired one if the crew were busy. Sunday morning the Bethel flag was hoisted at the mizzen, and seats covered with flags were arranged upon the main deck under an awning. Often a large attendance was secured, and sometimes other captains or ministers were invited to conduct the services.

Once I tried the experiment when lying at a wharf, in order to attract the loungers. Notices were scattered through the grog shops and marine stores on Saturday, and were nailed to the posts on the wharves. A good audience attended. The sailors were always urged to attend the churches on shore, and when twenty of my crew marched in file into the Bethel in a large seaport, it was remarked upon as an unusual, but interesting event.

## LIBRARIES

are supplied by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and by some British societies, which are an incalculable means of usefulness on shipboard. A captain should no more neglect to secure one of these than to omit to provide his needed ship stores. The American libraries contain about forty volumes, many of them of a religious character, others of an instructive and entertaining nature, but all good and pure in their influences. It is well to place the library in the carpenter's or cook's room and under their special charge, or even in the forecabin, if a good man will assume responsibility for it. If kept in the cabin, the sailors will not come so readily for the books. No one can tell the good these libraries have done and are doing, but "the day shall disclose it."

A young lady in New York collected a sum of money by a fair, and, after considering ways of usefulness, decided to prepare a library of two hundred volumes of narrative, fiction and information, to send to sea. I was so fortunate as to be made its custodian. Shelves were fitted for its reception in a state room of the forward cabin and the

steward kept charge of it, distributing books to the crew when called for. I commend this example most heartily as an admirable means of conferring benefit and pleasure upon seamen. Having two Society libraries that voyage, in addition, our ship was pervaded with a literary atmosphere. Men that seldom looked at a book became intense readers, and their time and thoughts were so occupied that they had but little leisure for growls and plotting mischief, greatly for the ship's peace.

#### TRACTS

can be used to great advantage. Many men who will not undertake so formidable a task as the reading of a book, will glance over a tract, or spell out the words of a leaflet. I usually selected a parcel of tracts each Sunday morning, with much care and prayerful thought, and sent them forward after services had been held. Many cases of conversion upon the sea have come to my knowledge, where such instruments were the only visible means. I recall two cases in connection with the tracts "My Mother's Last Words," and "Only Believe," where a decision was reached through their influence.

The profits made by selling tobacco to the crew were invested in Bibles, books and tracts for the next voyage.

#### THE LORD'S SUPPER.

On a long voyage, when we had several professed Christians on board, the question of the Lord's Supper pressed upon my mind. I began to feel that we ought to manifest our unity by having fellowship in the breaking of bread, remembering our Lord's death, according to his command. Diligent study of God's Word convinced me that under the circumstances of our long exile from organized gatherings of Christians, it was our duty and privilege to observe this ordinance. After much prayerful consideration, and with some timidity at the thought of so great an innovation in sea life, I invited all who had confessed Christ to meet with me to partake of the Lord's Supper.

A tumbler of wine and a plate of bread were placed upon the cabin table, around which we all took our seats, and bared our heads while God's blessing upon our worship was implored. In a familiar way I then made some extended remarks about the ordinance, referring to all the passages in the Bible relating directly to the subject, all of which were read aloud. The bread and wine were passed, each handing them to the other, after which the second mate made a brief prayer. Several such seasons have been observed, since, on other voyages and always with the consciousness of the Lord's presence and blessing.

#### A RELIGIOUS SAILOR

can accomplish a great amount of good on shipboard. Whole crews .

are sometimes awakened and converted by the fervent words of a pious shipmate whose consistent example gives them power. A sailor who knelt in the fore-castle amid showers of boots, and whose words of prayer were drowned in curses, saw nearly all his opposers joining with him in prayers and praises before the voyage ended. Such a man is a great help to a religious captain and assists to a wonderful extent in promoting his efforts in behalf of the spiritual welfare of the men.

#### TEMPERANCE

is one of the most marked fruits of Religion, and a temperance lecture, just before reaching port, was always considered an important part of the plan for doing good to sailors at sea. The time usually selected was the last Saturday afternoon of the voyage, at four o'clock. If the weather permitted it was given on deck. The remarks were familiar and practical, and well interspersed with anecdotes. Several signatures were usually obtained to the Pledge. I never have given grog to my crews, but in cold weather have always allowed them coffee at five o'clock in the morning; and when all hands were called in the night to shorten sail off Cape Horn, or other cold regions, the cook was summoned to have coffee ready when they went below. Hard drinkers have told me the coffee did them more good than rum.

A captain who has the religious interests of his crew at heart will be stimulated to attend also to their

#### EDUCATION.

All captains and officers can engage in this work, and it should receive attention in every ship that sails on fair weather voyages. A navigation class can be held occasionally in the afternoon for the watch below. If there is a spare room in the forward house it could be fitted up as a school room; books and slates might be kept there, with which the men could practice, and any one qualified to instruct could drop in and assist the learner. Passengers can be very useful in this way, and also beguile the tediousness of a long voyage. I have known ladies to accomplish great results by such instructions, and the future lives of men have, to my own knowledge, been influenced to a wonderful degree by the stimulus and insight into the field of knowledge, which these efforts supplied. No reasonable captain should object to a passenger holding such classes in the forward cabin, if they were properly conducted. Some men are now walking the quarter decks of fine ships, whose minds and ambitions were first awakened by the lessons they were given on shipboard.

Another good effort, in which all captains might engage, is

#### LECTURING

upon the physical geography of the sea, astronomy and other sciences,



naval architecture and a multitude of subjects. The ordinary school books will give him facts, which with very little trouble he can weave into a half hour's talk on a Saturday evening. I remember few efforts with more interest than these. They are stimulating to the captain's mind and interesting to the crew. On a long voyage such events as the weekly lecture have an admirable effect in promoting the harmony and good spirits of all on board, besides increasing their knowledge.

#### DISCIPLINE.

If any question the effect upon discipline of the means here inculcated, I would refer them to what I have written upon that subject in my book "On Board the Rocket." The chief difficulty in maintaining discipline on shipboard lies in the fact that no allowance is made for the imperfections of human nature. The captain expects every man on board to be perfect, except the captain, and the officers make the same demand on those below them, but except themselves. Religion promotes faithfulness to duty and control over one's self, but inculcates forbearance towards others.

These suggestions are offered with the hope and prayer that they may prove helpful in assisting some to honor the Lord, and do good to seamen, by promoting

#### RELIGION OFF SOUNDINGS.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

#### THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

#### XIV.—THE SOUTHERN PORTS OF ASIA MINOR.

Along the Asiatic coasts of the Mediterranean lie a series of insular and continental towns, which have for ages been the seats of commercial life, many of which still continue to be centers of trade for that part of Asia which lies nearest to Europe, and is more or less connected with it by political and business interests. Many of these ports were colonized in remote ages, and their history is almost lost amid dim and uncertain traditions. Their settlement was the result of commercial activities, flowing from the growth and increasing wealth of Phenicia, and

other nationalities bordering upon the vast waters of the Mediterranean. They arose in the necessities of commercial and political life, and were shaped largely by the nations that siezed upon them, as the tributaries and auxiliaries to their own greatness. Some of these places find a mention in the history of the Old Testament, and have already been noticed in the course of these sketches; others are noteworthy simply from being more or less prominent in the spread of the Gospel, chiefly from the labors of the Apostle Paul.

First among these, as we ap-

proach the shores of Asia from the west, is the island of *Crete* or the modern *Candia*, which lies midway between Asia, Europe, and Africa, and is the southern boundary of the *Ægean* Sea, closing in the Grecian Archipelago, and extending 140 miles between its extreme eastern and western points. Though bold and mountainous, it is exceedingly fertile, and enjoys a delightful and healthy climate. Its coasts are indented with numerous bays, and its productions are fruits, wines, and various grains, which are its chief exports. It was conspicuous in ancient mythology and in the early history of Greece. It is mentioned in the *Æneid* of Virgil, as the first point reached by his hero on leaving his native shores, after the destruction of Troy, by whom it is called the cradle of our nation,—*gentis cunabula nostræ*. It could be easily reached in three days. In the Old Testament, two allusions are supposed to be made to it under the name of the Cherithims, *Ezekiel* 25: 16, and the Cherithites, *Zeph.* 2: 5, which words are rendered Cretans by the Septuagint. In the New Testament it is first noticed through its inhabitants, who are enumerated among the multitudes gathered at Jerusalem at the Pentecost. *Acts* 2: 11. "Cretes and Arabians we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." This incidental mention of them, shows that the Jews were already largely settled on this island, and that intimate commercial relations existed between their coasts and Crete. It is possible that these Jewish visitants to the Holy City at the time when Christ was crucified, remained there until the Holy Spirit was poured open, and carried back with them to their island home, the seeds of

the Christian church. That Paul preached the Gospel there, is evident from his address to Titus,—*Titus* 1: 5,—“For this cause left I thee in Crete, that thou shouldest set in order the things that are wanting and ordain elders in every city.” His subsequent visit to the island was under entirely different auspices. When he again passed by this way, it was in an Alexandrian ship on his way to Italy as a prisoner, in charge of a Roman Centurion. In the account, we have mention made of *Salmon*, the easternmost cape of the island, which they passed on their way from *Myra*, *Fair Havens*, and the city of *Lasea* and *Phenice*. The first named of these ports seeming an undesirable harbor in which to winter, they sailed thence for Phenice, and in that voyage were driven out of their course and wrecked. The Fair Havens still retains its old name, and the city of Lasea has been discovered and recognized in the modern explorations of certain English travelers, who found the coast lined with masonry, and met with the remains of fortifications, temples, and other edifices. Little mention is made of Crete after the history of the Acts, until the seventh century when it was invaded by the Saracens, who retained possession of it until A. D. 961, when it was retaken by the Greeks. Afterwards it became the object of strife between the Genoese and Venetians, who saw its value as a commercial center. The Venetians retained the mastery by many desperate struggles. After a long and bloody war it fell into the hands of the Turks in 1669. Canea, one of its principal cities, was taken only after sixty-nine assaults, and the explosion of 2,000 mines, and the loss of 30,000 Christians and 100,000 Turks who perished under

its walls. This war closed up the history of Crete as an independent nation. Under the rule of the Moslems, its best harbors have become filled with sand, and its trade has seriously diminished. Its population, numbering about 200,000, is made up largely of Greeks, and is in a rude state both as to their education and morals. They still seem to retain the characteristics which Paul alludes to in his letter to Titus, being remarkable for their vindictive and venal qualities. The Cretan writer to whom the Apostle refers is Epimenides, who calls them "always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies," and Paul adds to this, that they were vain talkers and deceivers, teaching things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake.

Passing eastward from this island, we come to far famed *Rhodes*, which though having but a brief mention in the voyage of St. Paul, awakens our interest as one of the most illustrious islands of the Mediterranean. It is noticed in *Acts 21: 1*, as passed by the Apostle in his return from his third missionary journey, on his way from Coos to Tyre. Whether he landed there or not we are not informed; yet we know that his eyes must have rested upon those beautiful hills, which were covered then as now with rich vegetation, at once the ornament and wealth of the island. Olives, vines, oranges, citrons, pomegranates, figs and dates, grew in rich profusion. Fertile plains covered with fine fruit trees stretched backward from the sea to the foot of the hills. It must have been to the eye of Paul, what De Lamartine has described "as a lovely dream where one would wish to dwell and abide forever." The ship of Paul must have passed between it and the shores of Asia, and thus

he witnessed a succession of lovely and varied landscapes, which still open to the eye of the traveler. The island was possibly first settled by the Phœnicians. Xerxes brought it under Persian rule, and supplied from it his ships for the war against Greece. Then it fell into the hands of Alexander; and at length after various struggles for independence, became a Roman province, retaining still its ancient maritime and commercial importance. Christianity was introduced to the island at an early period, and the Bishop of Rhodes was often a prominent figure in the early councils of the church. In the wars between the Greek Emperors and the Saracens, the island had a frequent change of masters, and in 1309 was seized and held for more than two centuries by the Knights of St. John, a military order of monks who were conspicuous during the times of the Crusades. In 1522 it was taken by the Turks, and has since felt the usual oppressive and crushing power of that nation, under whose rule it has almost been depopulated. The city and harbor of Rhodes was on the eastern point of the island. Here once stood, for half a century the famous Colossus, spanning the entrance to the harbor, and permitting ships to pass between its legs. Little now remains of the city and all its ancient splendor, and its commerce is diminished to the visits of a few small vessels, which carry from it wood, dried fruits, and sponges.

When the Apostle on his homeward voyage from Corinth and Miletus, passed the island of Rhodes, a few hours sail must have brought him within sight of a long range of snowy summits marking the Lycian coast. At the southern terminus of these mountains lay the

city of Xanthus, having for its sea port *Patara*, which was to it, what the Piræus was to Athens. Here the ship which had brought Paul through the *Ægean Sea* was left, and another found which was just ready to sail for the Phœnician ports. The stay of the Apostle here must have been brief, and no notice is given of any missionary labors bestowed upon this people. The bay into which he sailed is now a desert of moving sand; but a few ruins of archways, baths, and theatres have been found, which indicate its ancient importance, and which stand up amidst its present desolations as the sad contrasts to the scenes of commercial life and activity, which have forever passed away. *Patara* was the birth place of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the modern Greek sailors, and of Russia. He was buried at *Myra*, a seaport not far to the eastward, which was the harbor in which the *Adramyttian* ship in which Paul had been brought from *Cæsarea*, was exchanged for the *Alexandrian* corn ship in which he was wrecked. This Lycian harbor is described as lying near a long gorge, which leads from the sea to the interior of the mountainous regions of *Lycia*. From the magnitude of its ruins, it is evident that it once held a large population. The city was situated about three miles from the sea, upon the river *Lymirus* or *Andriaki*, and was called the port of the *Myrians*. Lying directly north of *Alexandria*, which was then one of the granaries of the Roman empire; her ships frequently entered this harbor as being on their way coastwise towards Rome. Hence it was, that the centurion readily found here a much larger ship than that which had brought his prisoners from *Cæsarea*. The

port is now a scene of desolation, with the ruins of magnificent sepulchres, temples, fortifications, and theatres, to attest its former existence and importance. Beyond this port eastward, the coast bends suddenly towards the north, forming a deep indentation known as the *Pamphylian Sea*, into whose waters flow a number of rivers, two of which, the *Cestrus* and *Eurymedon* are navigable several miles from their mouths. On the first of these lies the city of *Perga*, twice visited by Paul in his missionary tours through *Asia Minor*. His visit to it was by a vessel from *Cyprus*, in which he passed up the river. As he sailed over these waters, he must have recalled many scenes of deep historic interest which had here transpired, and whose results were still felt among the nations. Here the united fleets of Rome and Rhodes, met the ships of *Antiochus* of Syria, to whom Hannibal had fled for refuge, and who was now in command of the fleet. Here too before this, the Greeks had given a final and fatal blow to the retreating forces of Persia. The Apostle sailed up the river seven miles to *Perga*, which was then an important centre of inland commerce, from which he commenced his missionary work in *Pamphylia*. The town although once filled with noble specimens of Greek architecture, among which was a temple of *Diana*, lost its importance by the building of *Attalia*, directly upon the bay, opening a more convenient harbor and port for the ships which traded with *Pamphylia*. Here too, Paul came and preached the Gospel, and laid the foundations of a Christian church. From both of these ports however, commerce has drifted away into other channels, and the ruins of old temples and walls are all that

remain ever to mark the places where they stood. The lawless character of the people inhabiting the mountainous districts, lying back from the Pamphylian coast, which is alluded to by Paul when he speaks of 'perils by robbers,' may also have had much to do with the decline of these ports. Commerce needs the security of well administered laws, and will turn away from regions where it cannot safely carry on its peaceful avocations, to communities where its servants and agents can find protection to property and life.

As we pass eastward from these regions, the next important seaport is *Tarsus*, which has a double interest as the ancient seat of important commercial activities, and as the birthplace of the Apostle Paul. It lies in the midst of the plain of Cilicia, of which province it was the capitol. The broad and rapid rivers that water this region, have their sources amid the snows of Mt. Taurus. One of these, the Cydnus, now called the Kara-Su, flowed directly through Tarsus, which stood about six miles from its mouth. To this point the river was navigable; and here was carried on a large and remunerative commerce. It claimed a high antiquity, though its origin is wrapped in obscurity. It was famed for its ship building, and for its schools, some of which took rank with those of Athens and Alexandria, sending out tutors for the noble youth of Rome, and philosophers and sages whose names were celebrated throughout the world. It fell into the hands of the Persians under Cyrus, and then was taken by Alexander in his march over Asia Minor; and it was here that he nearly lost his life by bathing in the cold waters of the Cydnus. Then it became a Roman

province, and was the scene of the memorable interview between Antony and Cleopatra, when she had been summoned to appear before the Roman general, on suspicion of a secret league with Cassius. Leaving her ships at the mouth of the river, she embarked in a vessel whose sails were silk, and her oars silver, and over whose deck was a canopy of a rich cloth of gold. Beneath this sat the voluptuous queen as she ascended the river, surrounded by children and beautiful women, habited as Cupids and Graces, while she was dressed as Venus rising from the sea. Thus she approached her enemy, and by her arts drew him into her snares, and laid the train for his ultimate destruction. In this city the Apostle Paul was born, and here his youthful days were spent. Within its walls Jews, and Greeks, and Romans met together. Its houses were ranged in a half circle on either side of the river, along whose banks were seen luxuriant gardens and shaded lawns, where philosophers and scholars walked and discussed the great questions of the day; and joyous youth from the schools spent their holidays, and practised their athletic games. Roman soldiers passed up and down the busy thoroughfares, and Roman ships sailed on the river; merchants, and artisans, and sailors, jostled against each other in the great thoroughfares; and caravans from distant regions paused under the broad palms to be refreshed, or to unload their burthens at the great store houses of this commercial center. Nor can we doubt that the youthful Saul drank in a love of nature, amid these scenes in which his childhood was spent. How often did his eyes turn towards those majestic hills, from whose snowy sum-

mits descended the river by whose banks he loved to wander. How often did he follow the stream near which he was born, up to the cascades just above the city, listening to the music of their waters, and communing with nature. Here before leaving home for the school of Gamaliel, in Jerusalem, he learned the trade of a tent-maker, which often was his support even when preaching the Gospel to the citizens of Corinth and of Ephesus. And here when he had become an Apostle of Christ, he doubtless made known to his brethren after the flesh the story of the Cross and of salvation through him who died thereon.

Since the times of Paul the city has suffered many changes, though it still has a population of about 8,000, and a considerable trade. It contains an ancient Christian church with a number of mosques and caravanseries. The land around it is remarkably fertile, and wheat, barley and cotton are among its important exports. But the river no longer runs through the city, and its channel which once floated the ships of Rome is shrunk into a narrow stream with wide and unhealthy lagoons. Its importance as a great seat of commerce and as a free Roman city has passed away, and the chief glory which surrounds it, and the interest which its history excites, is that here was born the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The name of Paul is remembered where philosophers and merchants and statesmen are forgotten. Nor was it his genius and learning alone which has seemed to keep alive his memory. There were men in his time who were perhaps his equals as scholars, orators and philosophers, but they gave to the world and its pursuits and schemes their noblest energies, while he gloried

only in the Cross of Christ, and held up as the hope of lost sinners the name which is above every name, so identifying himself with the interests of the kingdom of the Prince and Lord of glory, and he shall be had in everlasting remembrance.

These thoughts suggest to us the name of one more important seat of commerce which lies just across the Gulf of Issicus from Tarsus, and which after Jerusalem became the great centre of missionary operations to the Christian Church. This is *Antioch* with its port of *Seleucia*. It was connected with the sea by the river Orontes whose waters are fed from the snows of Lebanon. The stream, though narrow and tortuous, was navigable for vessels of considerable size which conveyed passengers and freight from the city to the sea, and though now impeded by bars it might with little difficulty be again opened, at least for vessels of light draught. The windings of the river make the distance from Antioch to the sea forty-one miles. The road to Seleucia, its sea port, is about sixteen miles. This town was laid out by Seleucus who gave to it his name, and who made it both a fortress and a seaport. Among the remains of this ancient place is an immense excavation leading from the hills above to the sea, and two piers in the harbor which still bear the names of Paul and Barnabas. The masonry is in good order and some of the stones are 20 feet long by 5 feet wide and 6 deep.

To this port the Apostle and his companions repaired when starting on their missionary tours, and here they came on their return to Antioch. It was to the Syrian capital, the point where its commerce met the sea, there the vast caravans

from the East which poured their wealth into the lap of the city met the ships from the West and yielded to them the treasures which they had patiently borne over many a league of travel. Thus Antioch became the great mart of oriental luxury and wealth, and commanded a vast trade with all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean. Merchants from the Tigris and the Euphrates met with traders from Greece and Egypt and Italy and Arabia. Jew and Gentile alike shared in the great enterprises which naturally sprang up in this gateway of oriental commerce. Here as elsewhere the Gospel found an entrance and the city soon became the new center of missionary work to the Christian Church. Here the disciples were first called Christians. Here the Apostle and his brethren who were called to labor among the Gentiles were largely relieved from those restraints which were felt in Jerusalem from the Judaizing tendencies which were working out mischief and unhappy contentions for the Church. Here Paul and Barnabas were set apart for their work among the heathen, and from the port of Seleucia they sailed on their first great missionary voyage. The seed which was here sown grew into a plentiful harvest. Out of a population of 200,000, in the time of Chrysostom, 100,000 professed the Christian faith. It had its martyrs and its missionaries, and was the meeting place of three of the general Councils of the Church. Under the influence of Julian the Apostate, it fell back, however, into a corrupt religion, and gradually sank from its lofty eminence as a center of Christian work, and became the theater of contest for precedence among ambitious and proud ecclesiastics. Then came

the desolations of wars between Persian and Saracen, between Turk and Crusader, until it became an insignificant city of about 6,000 souls. The queen of the Orient has sunk into the dust and her glory has departed. Islamism and the puerile superstitions of the Greek Church have taken the place of the glorious faith that once shone out from this city over all the nations of the old world.

Frequent earthquakes have shattered its walls, and a miserable town with mud houses and miry streets standing in the midst of the ruins of ancient glory, is all that remains of this once magnificent city. It has fourteen insignificant mosques but not a Christian church. Its once fertile plain is uncultivated, though its hills are covered with olives, figs and vines. And this contrast of beauty and ruin is but an emblem of the East as it appears under Moslem rule. When this terrible and oppressive influence shall be removed and the life-giving power of a true and spiritual religion and an enlightened civilization shall once more be felt, Antioch and the East may again revive and rejoice in a new life and see the dawn of a bright future.

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### A Prayer.

Father, take not away,  
The burden of the day,  
But help me that I bear it,  
As Christ His burden bore,  
When Cross and thorn He wore,  
And none with Him would share it.  
For His sake, help, I pray!

I ask alone for grace  
To see His patient face,  
And my impatient one;  
Ask that mine grow like His,  
Sign of an inward peace,  
From trust in Thee alone:—  
Unchanged by time or place.

*Religious Herald.*

*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Feb. 6th, 1880.*

## A SEAMEN'S LIBRARY.

THE GOOD WORK DONE FROM NO. 80 WALL STREET—HOW BOOKS ARE SUPPLIED TO ALL

OUR VESSELS—THEIR CHARACTER AND HOW THEY ARE APPRECIATED.

Between the Battery and the Spuyten Duyvil Creek there are at least twenty-four libraries of a public character, not including the Sunday-school libraries, or the circulating libraries of the booksellers, or the several reading and library rooms for sailors which are scattered along the edge of this city island.

The southernmost of the libraries mentioned in the list of the New York City Directory, is at No. 80 Wall Street, near the wharves, and where men who own ships are fewer than the men who tie up all their personal property in a large handkerchief and inhabit the ships. Eighty Wall street is more strictly a library depot. The three hundred and seventy-four thousand volumes that have been lent from this depot, embody more romance in their loan history than all the other libraries in New York. They have been in every quarter of the globe, exchanged from ship to ship in distant ports, wrecked and saved on occasions when the cargo was all lost and nothing else was saved but lives and clothing, and have been returned as precious treasure, the food, consolation and amusement of the lonely toilers of the sea; returned with touching expressions of gratitude.

More than twenty years ago the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which has always been unsectarian, began as its special work, the task of supplying reading matter to all seamen on the lakes and inland canals, and at every life-saving station. The *Abby Bradford*, a whaler, was nine months blocked up in the ice off Marble Island. There were fifty-five men on board, and the catalogue of loans issued during that cold and lonely blockade, gave an average of forty-five books to

each man. One little book, entitled "The Pastor of the Desert," was issued ninety-seven times. Nearer home than this is a life-saving station on Lake Huron, a cabin seventeen miles from any other dwelling, on a dangerous coast, with an impenetrable wood in the rear, where seven or eight men live during the stormy seasons. Here one of the contributions from No. 80 Wall street is as great a solace as it would be near the Arctic Circle.

The system of lending the books consists of little "loan libraries," in which are often the freshest and best books which an experienced purchaser can find in the market. Each ship has a "library" lent to it for the voyage, entrusted to one of the officers, as a loan to the ship's company. A library consists ordinarily of thirty-six volumes, in a neat, strong wooden case. Each library contains two or three books in German, Danish, French, Spanish or Italian, and the rest in English. A donation of twenty dollars furnishes one of these little encased libraries, and the society informs the donor of the history of the books shipped from this port and from that, and returned after a long absence, and perhaps with remarks from the sea captain to whom they were entrusted.

When the brig *Lucy* foundered at sea, she went down so suddenly that the crew saved only their little hand bundle of clothing; but the library came back to New York with only six books missing. A captain in another similar case wrote to apologize that owing to the suddenness of the wreck, "in getting into the lifeboat several of the books were left in the fore-castle!" In the bark *Mary M. Bird*, at Rio de Janeiro, a lighted lamp



was overturned, and the whole cabin was soon in flames. At the peril of their lives the sailors got out about two-thirds of the books, "the rest they could not, nor the case which was fastened to the cabin's side," wrote the captain. These books with charred edges were duly returned.

Donors often send their photographs, which are pasted in the inside of the library door, and the face, when it is that of a lady, or a pretty child, or the strong, pleasant features of some man who felt that he was doing a good deed, becomes like a friend and acquaintance to the men at sea. Often the sailors and officers contribute voluntarily to the society for library purposes. There is a heavy percentage of loss from wear and tear. A wave shipped in a storm may wet the library, and the favorite books from frequent handling come at the end of a long voyage, as one sailor expressed it, to "smell pretty much of tar." Sometimes a pet volume is carried away; but wanton destruction or injury of books is unknown.

New libraries are generally put into the vessels that are going on the longest voyages. A new library is usually away before its first return to No. 80 Wall street, a year and a half; but they have also been out for four, six and even thirteen years before their first return. Each library is known by its number. Library 2,898, for instance, changed her readers many times without leaving the vessel, the ship *Rival*,—which sailed first to San Francisco, then to Honolulu, then to Savannah, Georgia, then to Liverpool, then to Rio de Janeiro, then to Rangoon in Asia, and then back to England. A current of information from seamen who use these libraries, constantly and steadily flows back to No. 80 Wall street. No library is put on shipboard except by the approbation of the captain. Each case contains a printed form, with various questions to be answered in writing, by the person on board ship who has

charge of the books; and with the many spontaneous letters and verbal communications, knowledge of the library is furnished. A library may be afloat for years before it is heard from, but something is heard, sooner or later, as to what becomes of nearly every one.

The class of books thus supplied to the seamen of all grades, is above that of the average Sunday-school library. There are always volumes of travels; always a book of the late civil war, which is still a fresh topic, interesting to most sailors; always one or more volumes decidedly oceanic, such as "Great Shipwrecks," "The Sea and Sailors," or "The Bottom of the Sea;" and always the indispensable geography and atlas, perhaps the most used of the whole library. Former voyages are explained by its aid; the ship's course for the time is rudely pricked down upon its maps; or it is called in to settle an argument as to the latitude of some seaport. A dispute, perhaps backed by a bet, is the staple excitement of the fore-castle upon almost any topic—the meaning of the name of a passing vessel, the spot where Captain Cook was killed, whether the fleet or the army took Savannah, whether Napoleon Bonaparte was personally a brave man; and recourse is had to the dictionary, which also is always included in the library, or the atlas, or the history, as the umpire in the case.

When shipmates tire of each other and become irritable by mere attrition, when the only amusements are a greasy pack of cards, an oft-repeated yarn, and that unfailing resource with sailor as well as passenger—grumbling at trifles; when a remark from the captain, a new dish at dinner, the appearance of the sick passenger on deck, or the sight of a distant sail, is an event; then the opening of the captain's book box, is like the breeze which came at last to break the enchanted calm with its hideous scenery in "The Ancient Mariner," and works nearly as wondrous results.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## The Two Brothers, or Archie's Conversion.

BY REV. C. J. JONES, CHAPLAIN SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

While I was pastor of the Mariner's Church, in New York, a Scotch sailor, who had long been spending his substance in riotous living, and in a far off land, was providentially induced to attend Divine Service in the church, and was there convinced of his sin, and pointed to Christ as his only refuge. A few weeks saw him a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he who had long been possessed of the evil one, was found clothed and in his right mind sitting at the feet of Jesus. Subsequently, having given evidence of the work of grace in his heart, he was received into the church and sat down with us at the table of the Lord. One of the first duties that pressed upon his heart and conscience [was—like the leper, that had been cleansed—to publish his case abroad. He wrote to his aged parents in Scotland, telling them of this change. The news was as though the report came from the grave. They said, "The dead is alive again, the lost is found!" They had another son at sea, equally given up to sin. "Oh, that he would also come to Christ. When Archie reached home, he was told the cheering story of his brother's change in a far off land of America. He was in no wise interested, however. At least he gave no evidence of interest in the matter, yet, as he subsequently confessed, he at that time formed a secret purpose to come to America also, and to seek out the man through whom his brother had been saved. In the early part of last winter, a sailor with a strong Scotch accent, stopped the pastor at the church door, after the morning services, and asked if there were any letters in his care for Archibald P. He was invited to the residence of the pastor, and, though no

letter awaited him there, there was certainly a message from God unto him. There that message was communicated to him in tones of affection, and he having already revealed the relation in which he stood to the sailor before mentioned, was informed, that the Savior would as readily snatch him as a brand from the burning, as he had already snatched his brother. He listened with interest, confessed that he was a sinner, a great sinner. The interview which lasted some two hours, was closed with prayer for the Holy Spirit, to seal the instruction. During the prayer the sailor Archie wept. On rising, he pressed the pastor's hand warmly, convulsively, and said: "Oh, do pray for me!" He was supplied with good reading matter, adapted to his state of mind, and a loan library of thirty volumes for the use of his shipmates. He left for sea the next week, and in April he returned from the West Indies and wrote to the pastor the following letter, which will close this article, as it fully explains itself and sets forth the precious result, which beautifully illustrates the word of Wisdom: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., APRIL 18th, 1862.

"*Dear Sir* :—I have returned from South America. We came in yesterday, but I write these few lines to let you know what the Lord has done for me this last voyage. Perhaps you may remember about inviting me to your house the first Sabbath of this year, after the forenoon service. If you don't, I shall remember it as long as I am on this earth, and through eternity too. I believe, when I went into your house, there was not a more hardened sinner in New York, than I was. But I came out with a troubled conscience, a thing that I was a stranger to for the last twenty years, I never could rest after that until I found the Lord. I went to your church that day for the first time, but not to hear a sermon, (I took no interest in sermons), but to inquire for a brother of mine, who is a member of your

church, and had been converted under your ministry, a thing that astonished me when I heard of it, because he was such a hardened sinner; but the Lord has been merciful to us, and Glory be to His Holy Name for it. After I left your house I was for several days in great distress and misery about my past sins. You told me the way you had been converted yourself, and I followed your example. The night I sailed from this port, the way I felt, I can only compare to a man on a half-tide rock, with a high sea on, and the tide flowing, and expecting every sea to wash him off. I was in spiritual darkness. I was crying to the Lord to have mercy on me. All at once, when I was about giving myself up as lost for ever, a light shined upon my soul. I found peace, my sinful heart was cleansed out by the blood of the

Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world. I have been happy ever since that night, but I find I must watch and pray. One would think that I thought a good deal of myself, now that I am a new man with a strong hope of heaven, through the Redeemer, but it is quite the reverse. I think myself unworthy of the least of God's mercies, and an unprofitable servant. I used to think that religion was a very gloomy and melancholy thing, but I was deceived. I have tried all kinds of worldly pleasures, but I never knew what happiness was, until I found the Lord. May the Lord preserve you long to be useful among the men of the sea!"

I remain your unworthy brother in Christ,

A. P.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Denmark.

##### COPENHAGEN.

Chaplain WOLLESON, in his last communication, speaks of the great religious interest which had characterized the week of prayer, and of religious labor put forth through the city, by a house to house visitation, in which he had been privileged to take part. Services at the Seamen's Mission continued to be largely attended. The winter had been a very trying one for sailors in the port, adding to his work for them in the provision of charity. He has procured free passages for some seamen to England, and encloses a letter of thanks for his kindness, and for the spiritual blessings received at the Bethel, which had just come to his hand from four of them.

##### ODENSE.

The harbor was closed by ice at the last writing by Mr. F. L. RYMER, but with the captains who remained there in charge of their vessels, he had good opportunities of spiritual labor and had improved them.

#### France.

##### MARSEILLES.

We notice a statement of Rev. D. S. GOVETT, chaplain, in his circular for raising funds for the new Sailors' Home, as follows,—“There are 29 Sailors' Homes in Britain, 10 in her colonies and dependencies, 8 in the United States, 2 in Holland, but not one for their sailors in France.” We have no way of determining the accuracy of these figures as to other countries, but know that those as to the United States are understated. We print, monthly, on the cover of the MAGAZINE, the locations of seven (7) in the United States, and there may be others.

#### Italy.

##### GENOA.

Later and more ample advices from Chaplain MILLER than those cited in the last MAGAZINE, say:—“An unusually severe winter has, to some extent, interfered with the labors of both our mission-

ary and colporteur, but looking at the work done, the measure of success has been equal to, if not greater than that of previous years. Mr. JONES' meetings have never had larger numbers of men present. Our little floating "Bethel" could not have accommodated some of the great gatherings which crowded the saloon cabins of large steamers. And the tokens of blessing vouchsafed to the preaching of the Gospel have been of an extremely interesting and encouraging kind. Every year the number of sailors arriving in port, who have been at the meetings during previous visits, is increasing, and these men always have a warm welcome for the Missionary and encourage their shipmates to attend his services. And that they do not attend in vain is attested by many entries in Mr. Jones' Journal, where reference is made, perhaps more frequently than in any previous year, to direct personal dealing with awakened and anxious ones.

In short, the Lord is graciously owning and blessing the work among our sailors, and thereby stimulating us to work and pray more earnestly on their behalf. We have had a goodly number of captains, especially in American vessels, who have taken part in the services, and I feel bound to record here my thanks to the captains and officers of the U. S. Ships of war that have recently visited this port. Mr. Jones has been received with kindness and courtesy on board all these ships, and every facility has been given to hold meetings and visit the crews. In several instances the men attended divine service in large numbers.

Our Italian colporteur has made excellent sales of the Scriptures and religious books, notwithstanding the bitter cold which has more than once paralyzed his efforts to an extent difficult for people of northern climes to realize. He still has a great sphere of usefulness among the thousands of emigrants who continue to sail hence to South America,

though it is quite evident that a systematic and well organized opposition is being carried on by the priests. It is a very rare thing for an emigrant ship to sail without two or more priests, and it is greatly to be feared that during the voyage they are only too successful in persuading the passengers to give up their Bibles and in convincing them that the "heretic" who visited them was an emissary of Satan seeking their soul's destruction. But in many cases which have afterwards come to our knowledge their efforts to undo our work have been manfully resisted, and the "good seed" has found good soil and brought forth fruit. This clerical opposition is becoming more and more apparent among the sailors of small coasting vessels, many of whom will no longer receive the colporteur or accept his books.

But this is not the result of clerical opposition alone. Infidelity is making rapid progress among the lower classes of Italians, and the sailors seem to be leading the van. The mere sight of the colporteur is often enough to make them vomit out language too dreadful and filthy to be heard without feeling one's blood run cold. But God has His chosen ones even among the "blasphemers and injurious," and in His own good time and way can arrest them and make them trophies of His Almighty grace.

What we want is faith to persevere amid difficulties, that dauntless faith that "laughs at impossibilities and says it shall be done;" and humility when we see the divine omnipotence associating itself with our weak instrumentality,—that God-honoring humility which says:—"Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise." And let me say to the readers of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* that we also want more of their sympathy and intercession. We are not working for ourselves or for any party interests, but for their Lord and ours, for the hastening of the time when the abundance of the sea shall be

converted to Him, and when His kingdom shall extend "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

### Greece.

AT THE PIRÆUS, ATHENS.

The first effort to give the gospel to sailors at the Piræus, has been made for more than a year past, by Rev. T. R. SAMPSON, an American minister, who sustains a "Rest" for seamen, with Reading-Room and Chapel. Recently on two Sabbaths he preached to 120 and 180 sailors, in the latter.

### New York City.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., U. S. NAVY YARD.

It is pleasant to chronicle that on the 17th February, Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, chaplain, received from the crew of the U. S. ship *Colorado*, and their friends, a beautiful watch as a token of the appreciation felt for his years of faithful and successful religious labor at the yard. The presentation address was made by Capt. B. Gherardi, U. S. N., of the *Colorado*.—A company has been incorporated to establish a sailors' coffee-house and reading-room at some point near the Yard, and books for subscription to the capital stock have been opened by William G. Low, of No. 102 Broadway, and George L. Pease, of No. 28 Reade street, in this city,—as well as by Ferdinand Van Sicklen, of No. 232 Washington avenue, Mr. Thomas D. Williams, of No. 141 St. Felix street, Edward H. Litchfield, of No. 46 Grace court, and Henry E. Pierpont, jr., of No. 216 Columbia heights, Brooklyn, as Commissioners. The corporation is to be called the Sailors' Coffee-House Company, Limited, and the capital has been fixed at \$20,000, divided into 800 shares at \$25 each. The project of establishing a coffee-house was started last month at a meeting held at the Navy Yard, when the following officers were elected: President, Commodore J. W. A. Nicholson; Vice-President, Seth Low; Treasurer, Daniel Parish, jr.; Secretary, G. L. Pease; Directors, the Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, J. N. Stearns, Charles T. Goodwin, William Matthews.

The need for such a coffee-house is, these gentlemen say, very great, for although thousands of seamen land annually along the Brooklyn water front there is no temperance restaurant where a sailor or a working-man can get a good meal or lodging, while many of the places, where sailors are obliged to go, are of the vilest description. The incorporators intend that the coffee-house shall be managed on business principles, and ask for subscriptions to the stock on the following conditions:—that so long as the business is conducted by unpaid officers, the directors shall be at liberty to use the profits to extend the coffee-house system; that when it becomes necessary to have paid officers, the directors shall declare a dividend, if they deem it advisable; that no dividends shall be paid in excess of the legal rate of interest, and that money given prior to the completion of the capital, shall be invested in the stock of the company and held in trust for the benefit of the company, to be used for the promotion of the objects of the association. Several subscriptions have already been made, and among the subscribers are Messrs. William E. Dodge and S. D. Babcock.

### Stapleton, S. I.

SEAMEN'S RETREAT HOSPITAL.

The tenth annual Report of Dr. C. HENRY KING, Physician-in-Chief, made Dec. 31st, 1879, is at hand. The number of admissions in 1879 was larger than in any year since 1874; being 1,063. Of these and 122 other sailors in the Hospital at the opening of the year, 822 were discharged as recovered, 56 were "relieved," 203 were sent away by request and 52 died. The Report condemns the system of "advance wages" for seamen and touches on the bad character of the many Sailors' Boarding Houses in this city. In an official inspection of more than one hundred of these, made two years since, Dr. KING says he found many of them without a license.—Chaplain KIR reports the regular sustenance of Sunday Evening Services during the year, and the distribution of 323 Bibles, furnished by the N. Y. Bible Society.—Various material

improvements have been made at the Hospital, the State having returned another portion of money due the institution. To the usual statistics of the Report, are added a list of Trustees, Medical Officers and Chaplains who have been connected with the institution at various times since the year 1831, the first meeting of its Board of Trustees having been held at the Mayor's Office in this city, May 9th, in that year.

### Our Antwerp Chaplaincy.

Under a special arrangement which we have to that end, with the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, this chaplaincy is filled by alternate appointment, every two years.

When the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE went out as our chaplain a year ago, it was expected that he would remain for the usual term of service there, and he laid out his work accordingly.

It is to be regretted on many accounts that he feels constrained (by a sense of filial duty) to resign that charge, and as soon as his place can be supplied, to retire from active service, where he has shown marked administrative ability, and achieved gratifying success.

His labors in the pulpit, and elsewhere, have been altogether acceptable, and seamen of all grades who have in the Bethel and on ship-board enjoyed his ministry, will part with him reluctantly.

We are under a debt of gratitude, for what he has done to place the matters of the Antwerp Mariner's Institute on a somewhat permanent basis, and we would record our obligation for all he has been enabled to do, there and elsewhere, in behalf of the seamen's cause. We consider it a mark of the Divine favor, that a successor has been promptly secured, in the Rev. CHARLES R. TREAT, for several years at Greenwich, Ct., and previously at Marlboro, Mass., who proceeds at once to Antwerp, and assumes the duties of that important position.

Mr. Treat seems admirably qualified for his new service, and has a wide circle of friends in this country, who will follow him with their best wishes and prayers. Many who do not know him personally, will give him their sympathy for his father's sake, the late Rev. Dr. SELAH B. TREAT, so long connected with the American Board. His appointment was made with gratifying unanimity, and both the church and the council, upon consenting to his going from them, did so with the confidence that he will prove the right man for the place. Rev. Mr. Treat sailed, from this city, for Liverpool, with his family, in the steamship *Wyoming*, of the Guilford Line, March 28rd.

### Rev. S. C. Damon, D. D.

The March MAGAZINE contained the thirty-eighth annual report of this excellent brother as our chaplain at Honolulu, S. I., the last chapter in an interesting record of long and effective service.

Availing himself of a vacation granted him for the purpose, Dr. Damon has come to this country, on his way to visit a son who is connected with the Hawaiian Legation at Berlin, and is a student in the University, and hopes to be in London about the time of the approaching May Anniversaries, where doubtless his voice will be heard in behalf of the evangelization of seamen all over the world.

No man has been more devoted to that special work or can speak in regard to it, from an equal experience therein, or so great personal success. We believe his visit abroad just at this time will do incalculable good.

### The Coming Anniversaries.

The arrangements for the Spring Anniversaries are so far completed that the committee in charge feel encouraged to promise a most interesting season.

The Seamen's Cause will occupy its usual prominence, and speakers have been secured, who will give the occasion unusual attractiveness. In view of the success of the work among seamen during the past year there is much occasion for congratulation and encouragement.

### "Religion Off Soundings."

Capt. ADAMS' article under this heading, printed in this number of the MAGAZINE, will amply repay perusal, as the work of a practical man for a practical purpose. In part it covers the ground contemplated to be gone over by the Essay, for the Brassey Prize in England.

It may not be amiss to state that Capt. Adams is a son of the late Rev. Dr. NEMIAH ADAMS of Boston, Mass., and was for years the commander of the merchant ship *Golden Fleece*, upon which remarkable works of divine grace in the saving of seamen's souls, frequently occurred. A reading of his article will suggest the instrumentalities which God blessed to this result. It is intended to print "Religion off Soundings" in pamphlet form for wide use at sea.

### The Rev. Charles J. Jones.

Our friend, the chaplain at the Sailor's Snug Harbor, S. I., is the subject of very "honorable mention" in connection with his long and successful service for the men of the sea, in recent numbers of the London, Eng., *Chart and Compass*. He furnishes to the March issue a sketch of his chequered life, which is of very great interest.

### Well Read.

Concerning Library No. 6,498, returned from a trip to the West Indies, on the bark *Nicola*, at Boston,—we hear:—"Every book was read, fore and aft, and was a great blessing." It has been refitted and sent out again.

BISHOP McNAMARA of the Independent Catholic Church, at his first meeting in Boston, gave a sketch of his life. He said that he was the child of devout Roman Catholics, who designed him for the priesthood. He was educated in the "hedge schools," so that nothing repugnant to Catholicism should ever be taught to him. Leaving Ireland, he came to Boston, studied there awhile, then entered the Seminary in St. Louis. In the Seminary he read the Bible, which was kept as a reference book, and out of that got his first notion of the defects in Catholicism. He was ordained priest in Brooklyn, where he founded and built a church. Visiting once the chapel of the SAILORS' HOME, in Cherry street, N. Y., he was so much impressed by the pious exhortations of the missionary and others that he threw himself on his knees among the ignorant sailors and was converted. He had already been censured by his ecclesiastical superiors for his liberal views, and now began his career as an Independent Catholic.

### Position of the Principal Planets for April, 1880.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 8th, at 3h. 20m., being 5° south; is twice in conjunction with Jupiter during the month, once on the morning of the 8th, at 5 o'clock, being 1° 35' north, and then again on the morning of the 18th, at 4 o'clock, being now 48' south; is stationary among the stars in Pisces on the evening of the 11th, at 6 o'clock; is in conjunction with Venus on the morning of the 15th, at 1 o'clock, being 19' north; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 26th, at 5 o'clock, being 27° 8' west of the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 29th, when it rises at 4h. 12m., and north of east 8° 7', at this time it is favorably situated for observation.

**VENUS** is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 4h. 51m., and south of east  $9^{\circ} 25'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon at 48m. before noon on the 7th, being  $6^{\circ} 50'$  south; is in conjunction with Jupiter at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 15th, being  $30'$  south.

**MARS** is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 30m. past midnight and north of west  $34^{\circ} 1'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 15th, at 10h. 30m., being  $1^{\circ} 5'$  north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude  $40^{\circ}$  and  $65^{\circ}$  south.

**JUPITER** is a morning star rising on the 1st, at 5h. 23m., and south of east  $1^{\circ} 24'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 8th, at 3h. 22m., being  $6^{\circ} 36'$  south.

**SATURN** is an evening star until midnight of the 7th, when it is in conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 9th, at 1h. 29m., being  $7^{\circ} 43'$  south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters in February, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 52, of which 26 were wrecked, 13 abandoned, 1 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 7 are missing. The list comprises 3 steamers, 9 ships, 11 barks, 7 brigs, and 22 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,240,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *s c* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Para, *f*. from Boston for W. Hartlepool.  
Belle Brown, *b*. (At Eastport, Me.)  
Hindoo, *a*. from New York for Hull.

### SHIPS.

Colonial Empire, *a*. from Liverpool for Pensacola.  
Fremtid, *m*. from New York for Hamburg.  
Irwell, *a*. from Bremen for United States.  
Trimountain, *a*. from New York for Bremen.  
Mistress of the Seas, *a*. from Philadelphia for Bremen.  
Alex Marshall, *a*. from New York for London.  
Humboldt, *m*. from New York for Bremen.  
Lloyds, *a*. from Pensacola for Liverpool.  
Stavanger, *a*. from New York for Liverpool.

### BARKS.

Chris. Columbus, *a*. from Deboy for Marseilles.

Alaska, *m*. from New York for Sligo.  
Catarina, *m*. from Baltimore for Queenstown.  
Lydia, *m*. from Wilmington, N. C., for Glasgow.  
Maria Wilhelmine, *w*. from Liverpool for Baltimore.  
Goletta, *w*. from Philadelphia for Bremen.  
Florida, *f*. from Middlesborough for New York.  
Modesta, *a*. from New York for Dunkirk.  
Archer, *f*. from New York for Havre.  
Maid of Orleans, *a*. from Philadelphia for Havre.  
Homewood, *m*. from Hong Kong for San Francisco.

### BRIGS.

Augustina, *w*. from Havana for New York.  
Pronto, *w*. from Portland, Me., for Yarmouth, N. S.  
Adelaide, *w*. from Leghorn for Baltimore.  
Gazelle, *a*. from New York for Exeter.  
Mariposa, *a*. from Pascagoula for Cienfuegos.  
Wild Wave, *a*. from New York for Rivadassella.  
Tubal Cain, *w*. from Marseilles for St. Thomas.

### SCHOONERS.

Z. A. Paine, *w*. from New York for Eastport.  
Samuel Warren, *w*. from Millville, N. J., for New York.  
Winifred J. King, *w*. (Fisherman) from Gloucester, Mass.  
E. C. Babcock, *w*. from Virginia for New York.  
Lighthouse, *w*. from Norfolk for New York.  
Geo. Taulane, *w*. from Philadelphia for New York.  
Wm. Wilson, *w*. (On Brandywine Shoal.)  
Kate Newman, *s c*. from Baltimore for Danvers.  
Juno, *w*. (At Provincetown.)  
Riverside, *w*. from St. John, N. B., for Perth Amboy.  
Geo. S. Wood, *w*. (At Barren Island, N. Y.)  
Maggie A. Fisk, *w*. from Baltimore for Bath.  
Sarah, *m*. from San Francisco for Coos Bay.  
Adeline, *w*. (At Rock Creek, Md.)  
Sarah A. Burr, *w*. from New York for Virginia.  
L. A. Knowles, *w*. from Kennebec for Baltimore.  
Nor'wester, *w*. from San Francisco for Seattle.  
Bella, *w*. (At Unimak Island.)  
Volante, *w*. from New Bedford for New York.  
Wm. S. Curtis, *w*. from Virginia for Baltimore.  
Kate Rommel, *w*. from Alvarado for New York.  
Rescue, *f*. from New York for Halifax.

The number of vessels owned wholly in the United States included in the above list is 28, with a total estimated value of \$385,000.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

JANUARY, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*:—51 English, 17 American, 10 French, 8 German, 6 Danish, 6 Norwegian, 5 Italian, 3 Greek, 3 Dutch, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 2 Portuguese, 1 Rep. Nicaragua, 1 Russian, 1 Siamese, 1 Swedish, 9 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 128. In this number are included 8 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—5 English, 1 French, total: 6. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for February, 1880.

### MAINE.

Lewiston, Rev. G. W. Bean.....\$ 2 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Epping, Cong. church..... 13 95  
Exeter, Charles Conner..... 1 00  
Rye, U. S. L. S. No. 7. Dis. 1, E. C. James and R. W. Philbrick, each 50 cts..... 1 00  
Stratham, Cong. church, for library 30 35  
West Concord, Cong. church..... 10 00



Windham Centre, Clarissa Hills.....	6 00	Mrs. Cuyler, \$20 (books), Arthur	
<b>VERMONT.</b>		Laforce Fish, Mrs. P. M. Bart-	
Bennington Centre, Dr. Geo. Lyman	1 00	lett \$20, for Eddie Bartlett Li-	
Granby, Rev. Charles Durou.....	1 00	brary, and P. A. Keller \$20 for	
<b>MASSACHUSETTS.</b>		Robert L. Keller Library.....	400 85
Andover, Old South Church.....	50 00	"M" for Labrador .....	20 00
Charlestown, Winthrop church.....	34 77	Clifton Park, Rev. F. S. Parke.....	1 00
Clinton, Cong. church.....	17 64	Cortu, A. Friend .....	25
Cotuit Port, Union church.....	7 00	Gravesend, L. I., Ref. ch., of wh. John	
Dorchester, Village Union Meeting...	5 23	I. Lake \$25.....	68 64
Enfield, Cong. church .....	13 60	Kingston, J. O. Merritt.....	1 60
Fitchburg, Rev. J. M. R. Eaton.....	5 00	Lockport, 1st Pres. ch., Mrs. Hiram	
Oliver Brown.....	1 00	Gardner special for ship's library	20 00
Calvin Wallace.....	1 00	New Paltz, Reformed Dutch church...	13 45
Foxboro, Susan Payson.....	2 00	New Rochelle, Mr. Simeon Lester, for	
Groveland, Cong. church.....	2 45	library.....	20 00
Hinsdale, Cong. church.....	39 00	New York City, John D. Jones, for	
Ipswich, 1st Church and Soc'y.....	5 00	Sailors' Home .....	500 00
Lowell, High St. ch., of wh. J. Cook		Mrs. Virginia R. Osborne, for Sail-	
and family \$20 for library .....	54 71	ors' Home .....	100 00
Kirk St. ch., of wh. J. Rogers \$20 00		E. A. Brinckerhoff, for Sailors'	
for library.....	36 68	Home.....	100 00
1st Cong. ch., Miss Harlow's Young		Wm. H. Macy, for Sailors' Home.....	100 00
Ladies Class, for library.....	20 00	R. W. Ropes, " " .....	100 00
Merrick, Mr. E. Stebbins.....	1 00	Geo. G. Williams, " " .....	50 00
Millbury, F. K. Hodgman.....	1 00	W. C. Sturges, " " .....	25 00
Newburyport, Joseph Danforth .....	1 00	H. T. Morgan, " " .....	25 00
Miss Phoebe Newman.....	1 00	Anson Phelps Stokes " " .....	25 00
Pepperell, Cong. church.....	3 10	Broadway Tabernacle of wh. S. S.	
Petersham, Cong. church.....	1 64	Mis'y Ass'n, for libraries, \$40.....	277 15
Royalston, Miss C. Bullock.....	20 00	A. A. Low & Bros.....	190 00
South Royalston, Cong. church.....	3 00	John A. C. Gray.....	25 00
Wellesley, L. B. Horton.....	20 00	The children of Mrs. J. P. Morgan,	
West Brookfield, Mrs. Miller's Infant		for library.....	20 00
Class .....	5 30	Mrs. Julia F. Noyes.....	20 00
West Millbury, Samuel A. Small.....	1 00	Mrs. F. P. Schoals.....	20 00
Whitinsville, Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for		C. W. Griswold.....	20 00
library.....	336 41	C. H. Iaham.....	20 00
<b>RHODE ISLAND.</b>		Mrs. H. Holden.....	10 00
Providence, Union Cong. church S. S.		James L. Banks, M. D.....	10 00
for library.....	25 00	S. H. Wales.....	10 00
<b>CONNECTICUT.</b>		J. W. Hamersley.....	10 00
Colchester, 1st Cong. church and S. S.	15 50	R. J. Dodge.....	10 00
Mrs. G. Destin.....	1 00	F. S. Tallmadge.....	10 00
Enfield 1st Cong. church.....	15 49	W. C. Bennett.....	10 00
Fairfield, Bequest of Mrs. Sam'l Fris-		Elliot C. Cowdin.....	10 00
bee, lib'y in memoriam Capt.		Mrs. A. Storer.....	5 00
Rufus Knapp.....	20 00	D. H.....	5 00
Mrs. Eliza J. Brown.....	1 00	L. M. T.....	5 00
Greenville, S. S. Cong. ch. for lib'y..	20 00	C. Trumbull White.....	5 00
Greenwich, 2nd Cong. ch., of wh. L.		S. W. Green.....	5 00
P. Hubbard and Thomas Ritch		Capt. J. B. Newcomb, bark J. B. N.	4 00
each \$20 for library.....	82 37	Bark Elgin.....	2 00
Griswold, Friends .....	75	Poughkeepsie, Mrs. Jno. F. Winslow,	
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	5 00	Mag.....	1 00
Hartford, Asylum Hill Cong. ch., add'l	5 00	Southampton, (L. I.), a friend, for	
Kensington, Miss F. A. Robbins.....	2 00	library.....	21 00
Mrs. G. W. Ford.....	2 00	South Oyster Bay, a friend.....	5 00
Lebanon, from Ladies' South Soc'y,		Syracuse, Park Central Pres. church	24 00
for library.....	20 00	<b>NEW JERSEY.</b>	
A Friend.....	1 00	Bernardsville, J. L. Roberts.....	15 00
Norwich, Park Cong. church.....	77 04	Blairstown, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Vail,	
South Norwalk, Mrs. Wm. E. Marvin,		for library.....	20 00
for library.....	20 00	Cedar Creek, Keeper and crew L. S.	
West Hartford, Edward N. Selden....	1 00	Station.....	2 00
Wethersfield, Miss Francis Wright...	3 00	Englewood, Mrs. Emily A. Brincker-	
Windsor, Mrs. Clara H. Barber .....	1 00	hoff, for Sailors' Home.....	100 00
Wolcottville, Cong. ch., of wh. \$10		Flemington Wm. P. Emery.....	5 00
ea. from Young Ladies' Sewing		Franklin Park, Simon H. Nevins.....	1 00
Society, and Young Mens' S. S.		Jersey City, a friend for library.....	20 00
classes, for ship's library.....	43 07	Madison, 1st Pres. church.....	38 62
Woodbury, estate of Fanny Minor,		Morristown, South St. Pres. ch., of	
per C. J. Minor, Ex'r.....	62 50	wh. Wm. L. King \$100; and for	
<b>NEW YORK.</b>		somebody's son \$20.....	200 43
Brooklyn, Lafayette Avenue Pres.		Newark Mr. Wm. P. Vail.....	4 00
ch., of wh. \$50 from A. H. Porter,		Parappany, Troy S. S., for library...	20 00
for Sailors' Home and \$20 ea. for		Princeton, Mrs. Grandpiene.....	4 00
libraries from Nathan Stephens,		<b>PENNSYLVANIA.</b>	
Mrs. Eversiv. D. W. McWilliams,		Philadelphia, Infant S. S., Olivet Pres.	
E. A. Graves, Mrs. Alexander and		church, for Library .....	20 00

\$4,009 50



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### Sea-Cucumbers.

Toward the end of October every year there is a harvest of cucumbers in mid-ocean. These cucumbers, however, are not at all like those we see on our tables. In the first place, they are not vegetables, but animals, and, in the second place they grow upon the bottom of the sea. There are many species, but they all possess elongated worm-like bodies, with thick leathery skins, and a crown of feelers, or tentacles, about the forward extremity. All species, likewise, exercise the same astonishing method of resenting any liberties taken with their persons, by suddenly and unexpectedly ejecting their teeth, their stomach, their digestive apparatus—in fact all their insides, so to speak—in the face of the intruder, reducing themselves to a state of collapse, and making of themselves mere empty bags, until such time as their wonderful recuperative powers enable them to replace the organs so summarily disposed of; for, wonderful as it may seem, teeth, stomach, digestive organs, and all soon grow again. Moreover, these stomachs have digestive powers that are not to be despised, far surpassing even those popularly ascribed to the ostrich, for the sea-cucumber actually seems to feed upon coral, and even granite has been found in its stomach.

Sea-cucumbers, as they are popularly called, are also known by the name of trepang and sea-slug. Scientific people call them *Holothuroides*, but why, no one has ever been able to find out, since the name has no meaning. Sea-cucumbers are considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. Thousands of Chinese vessels, called junks, are fitted out every year for these fisheries. Trepangs are caught in different ways. Sometimes the patient fishermen lie along the fore-part of vessels, and with long slender bamboos, terminating in sharp hooks, gather in sea-cucumbers from the bottom of the sea, so practiced in hand and eye that the catch is never missed, and is discerned sometimes at thirty yards' distance. When the water is not more than four or five fathoms deep, divers are sent down to gather these culinary monsters, the boat and junk remaining near to receive the harvest.

As soon as the trepangs are collected they are carried to the shore, when they are scalded by throwing them alive into large iron pots set over little ovens built of stones. Here they are stirred about by means of a long pole resting upon a forked stick. In these vessels they remain a couple of minutes, when they are taken out, disemboweled with a sharp

knife, if they haven't already thrown up their stomachs, and then taken to great bamboo sheds containing still larger boilers. In these latter is water seasoned with mimosa bark. A busy scene now ensues; all is bustle, noise and activity. The bubbling of the great caldrons, the incessant chatter of those engaged in the work, the dumping of fresh loads of sea-cucumbers into the vessels, and the removal of others to hang in clusters on the ropes above, or be deposited on hurdles to dry in the sun, make "confusion worse confounded," and give the spectator a new and realizing sense of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel.

The sea-cucumbers having been smoked in the large caldrons (for the mimosa bark is consumed in the process), and then dried, are ready for the market, and, packed in bundles, are stowed away in the holds of the junks and proas off shore.

They are said to taste like lobsters; but if they look, as one traveler says they do, "like dried sausages rolled in mud and thrown up the chimney," few of us could be induced to try whether we liked them or not.—*Harper's Young People*.

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### "Let Me Pray First."

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing her, one of the boys by accident threw a stone towards her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if

she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?"

"I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered.

And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under these trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour; and He will hear every child that calls upon his name. Even pain can be endured when we ask Jesus to help us bear it.—*London Christian*.

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### To Be Like Christ.

Dean Stanley of England preached a Christmas sermon in Westminster Abbey, to children, last year, in which he said:—

"Children have generally seen it (goodness) in their good parents, or their good uncles and aunts, or their good brothers and sisters; and besides these, as they grow older, they will find that there have always been good people; and they will also hear that there was once one little Child, one Man, so good to all about Him, so good to little children, that He has shown us better than anyone else what is the true likeness and meaning of that unseen goodness which we call God.

This is what we should teach and learn about Jesus Christ. Children should be made to understand that only if we are like Jesus Christ, or like to what Jesus Christ loved when he was in the world, can we be his friends or followers. They should be taught what were the kind of things that He did and said when He 'went about doing good.' He was good, and He went through all sorts of trouble and pain for nothing else whatever but to make us good; and this is why He is called the Son of God but the Savior of man."

## Homeward Bound.

BY JAMES BOWKER.

"Heave ho, my lads! My lads, heave ho!"  
And sharp and shrill the boatswain's call  
Falls on my ears asleep below,  
And on the willing ears of all.

Tho anchor's weighed. The merry sound,  
"Heave ho, my lads!" breaks o'er the bay;  
The cheery words, "We're homeward bound!"  
Run 'tween decks as we sail away.

The mist-bank fades before the gale;  
The men aloft up gaily run;  
And soon each bulging inch of sail  
Gleams brightly in the rising sun.

We fear no storm, our hearts are light;  
We gaze upon the heavens above  
All through the day, and through the night  
We dream of home and folks we love.

We're far from our old English shore,  
But swift our thoughts sweep o'er the sea,  
And bear us to our nests once more,  
Straight as a sea-bird strong and free.

Last night in sleep, relieved from watch,  
I saw the farm so dear to me—  
The old oak door left on the latch  
For one wild lad away at sea.

My heart leaped up at sight of home,  
The shady lanes, the ripening corn;  
For o'er the deep, howe'er we roam,  
We sailors love where we were born.

But tears, lads, filled my longing eyes  
When up behind the wooded hill  
The church peeped clear against the skies,  
For there my mother lieth still.

The grass was green; the old thin spire,  
With vane atop, gleamed in the light,  
Red as a glowing furnace fire,  
The sun cast o'er the coming night.

Her grave is where the yew-tree weeps,  
Where all the day the shadows fall,  
And to the sea the streamlet creeps,  
Beneath the moss-grown, ivied wall.

And I still roam about the world,  
Far from that little graveyard mound;  
But soon life's canvas will be furled,  
For every one is "homeward bound."

"We're homeward bound," and though below  
No more upon my childish head  
The loved old hands, as soft as snow,  
Will clasp in prayer, I know the dead

Who die in Christ will one day meet,  
All sorrow o'er, free from all pain,  
And gather round the Master's feet—  
Each wanderer at home again.

- The Weekly Welcome.

## A Mother's Love.

One of the strongest illustrations in the Hebrew Scriptures of the love of God for his children is found in the declaration that even a mother may forget her child, but that he will never forget his people. No human affection can equal a mother's love.

The St. Paul *Pioneer* tells a pathetic story of a young Indian girl at the mission school at Red Lake, who was attacked with fever. A messenger was sent to her mother, who was making sugar forty miles away. The mother started on foot in the evening on her lonesome journey, making a straight line through unbroken forests inhabited only by wild beasts, over deep, rushing rivers, through bogs and swamps, and arrived at the agency shortly after daybreak to find her daughter dead.

A Toronto paper recalls a similar story of a half-breed woman at Qu' Appelle, whose daughters were at the fort at Winnipeg. Word was brought to her that they were falling into bad company, and were on the high road to destruction. The distance was three hundred and fifty miles. Being too poor to hire a horse, she started to walk, and reached Winnipeg after a frightful journey in the depths of winter. The girls were overcome with shame and remorse at the sight of her, and with tears promised to go back. The people of Winnipeg became interested in her, and provided means for their return, and gave them food and other necessities; and the brave little squaw set off happy and triumphant, accompanied by her two children.

Boys and girls seldom stop to think of the keen torture or joy which their careless actions give to their mothers, simply because they know nothing of the great power of love which a woman has for her children—a love which made these poor Indian squaws, whom we used to look upon as callous and stoical, defy death and danger for the mere chance of serving their children.

When we are young, our eagerness for independence makes us feel the mother's restraining hand an intolerable yoke on our necks. But when we are old, and the hand is gone, we would give the best gifts of life to feel it there once more. Full of meaning to simple faith is the Scripture that speaks to us of the fatherhood of God in the illustration of a mother's love.

"In the sickness of my childhood,

The perils of my prime,

The sorrows of my riper years,

The cares of every time,

When doubts and danger weighed me down,

Then, pleading all for me,

It was the fervent prayer to heaven,

That bent my mother's knee.

My mother dear,

My mother dear,

My gentle, gentle mother."

*Youth's Companion.*

### "It Is Written."

The late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his side-board was loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it 'Bishop. 'Wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, Bishop. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time, the Bishop becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins,—“You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you!”

"No, Bishop, I can't do that. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

### "Just Comfortable."

'Where's mamma?' cried blue-eyed Bessie, running breathlessly into the room the other morning. 'Never mind, you'll do, aunty; I only want to know something. Is my pa rich?'

'Not very. Why?'

'O, 'cause Bennie Bend and May Monk and Kate Kinsley are out here, telling about their pas, and I didn't know about mine.'

'Well, Bessie, I'll tell you. Your pa is not too rich, and not too poor; he is just comfortable.'

The child stood for a moment, looking thoughtfully, then repeated over and over to herself, 'Not weddy rich, not weddy poor, jest comferable,' and went out.

Presently her mother came in, Bessie following her.

'Well, Bessie,' said she, 'have you been a good girl to-day?'

'No, mamma.'

'Why, Bessie, I hope you have not been a bad girl.'

'No, mamma,' said the little thing.

'Not weddy bad, not weddy good, jest comferable.'

### Crying for the Moon.

It is very pretty because it is high;

All things are pretty when out of reach,  
And the prettiest things are kept in the sky.

Why? Can I ever tell you why?

God, I think, knows better than I.

I shall have to learn what I cannot teach.

But it is yellow sometimes, do you say.

And sometimes red?—and you want it, too?

I wonder how long it would please your play.

Sometimes it does not shine by day,

And at night you'd have to put it away,—

You could not take it to bed with you.

Yes, but you cannot have it, I fear—

For a reason as good as we find in books;

For people as wise as you and as queer,

Will cry for the moon, year after year,

And go to their graves without it, my dear;

Because—it is larger than it looks!

*Mrs. S. M. B. Platt.*

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANNA, Cong'l House, Boston.

## AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S REPORT OF NEW LOAN LIBRARIES

**Shipped in December, 1879, January and February, 1880.**

*The whole number of new Lean Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to January 1st, 1880, was 6,729; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,608. The number of volumes in these libraries was 373,988, and they were accessible to 260,379 men. Nine hundred and eight libraries, with 32,688 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 103,604 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

**DECEMBER, 1879.**

During December, 1879, thirty-three new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,772 to 6,792, inclusive, and Nos. 6,794, 6,795, with 6,796, at New York; with Nos. 5,401 to 5,409, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5401.	Stephen Moore, Newton, Mass.	Schr. Timothy Field.	West Indies.	7
5402.	Mary H. Bullock Sturbridge, Mass.	Bark Shetland.	Aspinwall.	12
5403.	Mrs. L. J. Spaulding, Franklinville, N. J.	Boynton	Liverpool.	19
5404.	S. S. 2nd church, Attleboro, Mass.	Schr. W. H. Inorden	Coasting.	9
5405.	Cong. church, West Medway, Mass.	Bark Oeylon	Honolulu, S. I.	15
5406.	S. S. Cong. church, Springfield, Vt.	Brig Abbie Clifford.	West Indies.	11
5407.	S. S. North church, Concord N. H.	Bark La Plata.	Africa.	11
5408.	Emily Rogers, Lowell, Mass.	Lyman	Australia.	14
5409.	Bellville church, Newburyport, Mass.	Ellsworth		16
5473.	Mrs. W. L. Warren, New York City.	Ship Abner I. Burgow.	San Francisco.	30
5474.	William Libbey, Jr., New York City.	U. S. Torpedo Intrepid.	Coastwise.	35
5475.	"	U. S. S. Powhatan.	European Squadn.	200
5476.	"	"	"	200
5477.	S. S. Cong. church, Cheshire, Conn.	Pilot Boat Columbia.	Cruising.	12
5477.	S. S. Cong. church, Greenville, Conn.	Ship Minnie H. Gerow.	Liverpool.	21
5478.	Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Vail, Blairstown, N. J.	Bark Minnie, at Norfolk, Va.	Liverpool.	14
5479.	Rev. G. C. Curtiss, D. D., Canandaigua, N. Y.	Bark Hannah W. Dudley	Melbourne.	20
5480.	Young Ladies' Class, 1st Cong. ch. Lowell, Mass., Miss A. S. Harlow, teacher.	Ship Sultan	Antwerp.	20
5481.	Arthur LaForce Fish, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Bark Kwasind.	"	16
5482.	The Misses Lusk, Enfield, Conn., in memoriam Miss Caroline Lusk.	Ship Spartan.	San Francisco.	25
5483.	J. H. Bartholomew, Ansonia, Conn.	" Alice Buck.	Higo.	23
5484.	Thomas Ritch, Esq., Greenwich, Conn.	Bark John A. Harvie.	Antwerp.	20
5485.	Mrs. Z. Hatch, East Bridgewater, Mass.	Ship Susan Gilmore.	Yokohama.	24
5486.	Mrs. Mary Johnson, Fitchburg, Mass.	Bark St. Mary.	Valparaiso.	15
5487.	S. S. 2nd Pres. church, Cleveland, O.	Ship Young America.	San Francisco.	30
5488.	S. S. Cong. church, Somerville, Conn.	" Mariposa.	"	24
5489.	"Anonymous," Southampton, L. I.	Brig R. M. Healen.	West Indies.	9
5490.	J. M. Libbey, New York City.	U. S. S. Gedney.	Coast Survey.	24
5491.	"	U. S. S. Tennessee.	{ Flag Ship No. At- lantic Squadron	250
5492.	"	"	"	"
5493.	Rev. G. B. Cheever, D. D., Englewood, N. J.	Ship Louisiana.	San Francisco.	30
5495.	Cong. church, Whitinsville, Mass.	Bark T. F. Whiton	Honolulu.	15
5496.	Beesle de la Vergne Park, Englewood, N. J.	Ship Chandos.	Portland Oregon.	25

Assignments were made, during December, 1879, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

6681..S. S. Cong. church, Rocky Hill, Conn..	Bark Freeman Dennis...	Belfast.....	16
6724..Mrs. G. E. Grinnell, New York City....	Ship James W. Smith...	San Francisco....	28
6725.. " " " " " "	Bark Wetterhorn.....	Rangoon.....	18
6727.. " " " " " "	Ship Patricia.....	Java.....	29
6748.. " " " " " "	" J. B. Walker.....	Liverpool.....	31
6749.. " " " " " "	" Bullen.....	Yokohama.....	31
6758..Mrs. M. K. Platt, Plattsburg, N. Y.....	" Seminole.....	San Francisco....	28

LOAN LIBRARY REPORT OF THE

**JANUARY, 1880.**

During January, 1880, twenty-seven new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,797, 6,798, and 6,799, with Nos. 6,900 to 6,906, inclusive, and Nos. 6,908 to 6,911, inclusive, at New York ; and No. 5,183, and Nos. 5,410 to 5,417, inclusive, and Nos. 5,419 to 5,422, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed,	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5183.	S. S. Cong. ch., Newton Center, Mass.	U. S. Ship Kearsarge....	Norfolk, Va.....	210
5410.	S. S. Cong. Church, Warren, Mass....	Ship Independence.....	Valparaiso.....	18
5411.	Lieut. H. C. Keene, Chelsea, Mass.	U. S. Ship Swatara.....	Asiatic Squadron..	180
5412.	S. S. Cong. church, Hartford, Vt.	"	"	180
5413.	S. S., Boston, Mass., Highlands, Walnut Avenue.....	Schr. Sam. MacMannery	West Indies.....	8
5414.	S. S., Boston, Mass., Highlands, Walnut Avenue.....	Bark Western Sea.....	West Indies.....	10
5415.	Cong. church, West Brookfield, Mass....	Ship Chicorus.....	Australia.....	30
5416.	Miss Ada M. D. Alexander, Northfield, Mass.	Three Mast Schr. Jennie Lippitt.....	West Indies.....	9
5417.	Miss E. Kellogg's S. S. class, Granby, Mass.	Ship Mendora.....	Marietta.....	8
5419.	Miss C. De Wolf, Bristol, R. I.....	Bark Sarah E. Kings....	West Indies.....	10
5420.	1st Cong church, Lynn, Mass.....	Schr. Norman.....	"	8
5421.	Prof. and Mrs. C. M. Mead, Andover, Mass.	Ship Memnon.....	Australia.....	18
5422.	W. Q. Wales, and Miss Wales, Dorchester, Mass.	" McLaurin.....	San Francisco.....	23
6797.	" A Friend", Southampton, L. I.....	" Harvester.....	"	24
6798.	Mrs. W. E. Marvin, South Norwalk, Conn.	" Genevieve Strickland.....	Liverpool.....	20
6799.	N. Y. Epls. Seamen's Mission, New York City.	Schr. Moselle.....	St. John.....	8
6900.	Rev. G. B. Cheever, D. D., Englewood, N. J.	Bark Corypheus.....	Anjler, E. I.....	16
6901.	S. S. Missionary Society, Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.	Ship Sovereign of the Seas.....	San Francisco.....	30
6902.	S. S. Ref. D. church, Harlem, New York City.	Bark B. F. Watson.....	Buenos Ayres.....	16
6903.	E. A. Graves, Brooklyn, N. Y.	" Richard Pearce.....	Seville and Cadiz..	18
6904.	Homer Merralm, Eq., Springfield, Mass.	Ship Alfred D. Snow.....	San Francisco.....	23
6905.	Young Ladies' Sewing Society, and Young Men's S. S. class, Wolcottville, Conn.	" Lamar.....	Melbourne.....	28
6906.	Four "Morgan" Children, New York City.	" Hope.....	Hong Kong.....	18
6908.	S. S. Missy Soc'y, Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.	" Wildwood.....	Portland, Oregon..	18
6909.	Mrs. Jane Eversley, Brooklyn, N. Y....	Bark Will W. Case.....	New Orleans and Europe.....	19
6910.	Mrs. Eliz. W. Barnes, Perth Amboy, N. J.	Ship St. Nicholas.....	San Francisco.....	26
6911.	"	Bark Carrie L. Tyler....	Santander.....	12
Assignments were made, during January, 1880, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—				
6695.	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Danbury, Conn.	Ship Adolphus.....	London.....	20
6722.	S. S. Missy Soc'y, 1st Pres. church, Lockport, N. Y.	Bark Alfred.....	Port Natal.....	10
6723.	" B.", New York City.	" Casco.....	Miranham & Para	12
6726.	S. S. Bap. church, Throopsville, N. Y.	" Kelwin.....	Rouen, France.....	18
6729.	Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, Hadley, Mass., in memoriam Cotton G. and Lucy Stone Dickinson.	" America.....	Barbadoes.....	12
6730.	Mrs. A. Ludlow Case, Newport, R. I....	Ship Ida Lilley.....	London.....	15
6731.	S. S. Cong. church, Hamilton, N. Y.	" Marion.....	Queenstown.....	18
6732.	Mrs. T. P. Handy's Young Ladies' class, 2nd Pres. church, Cleveland, O.	" Tam O'Shanter.....	San Francisco.....	22
6733.	S. S. S. 2nd Pres church, Cleveland, O.	Bark Annie Read.....	Zanzibar.....	14
6731.	Mrs. M. A. Kiersted, Saugerties, N. Y..	Pilot Boat Abraham Lawrence.....	Cruising.....	13
6737.	S. S. Cong. church, Bristol, Conn.	Bark Havana.....	Havana.....	12
6739.	Mrs. Frank Lee, Buffalo, N. Y.....	Ship William Law.....	Antwerp.....	30
6740.	" Anonymous", Montclair, N. J.	Bark Claudeboye.....	Europe.....	18
6741.	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., West Springfield, Mass.	" Elinor Vernon.....	Dunedin and Auckland, Australia..	12
6742.	Graham Lee Sterling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	" A. C. Bean.....	Valparaiso.....	12

Assignments were made, during January, 1880, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

6895..	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Danbury, Conn.	Ship Adolphus.....	London.....	20
6722..	S. S. Missy Soc'y, 1st Pres. church, Lockport, N. Y.....	Bark Alfred.....	Port Natal.....	10
6723..	" " New York City.....	" Casco.....	Miranzham & Para Rouen, France....	12 18
6726..	S. S. Bap. church, Throopsville, N. Y....	" Kelwin.....		
6729..	Mrs. Geo. Dickinson, Hadley, Mass., in <i>memorial</i> Otton G. and Lucy Stone Dickinson.....	" America.....	Barbadoes.....	12
6780..	Mrs. A. Lidlow, Ch. Newport, R. I.....	Ship Ida Lilley.....	London.....	15
6731..	S. Cong. church, Hamilton, N. Y.....	" Marion.....	Queenstown.....	18
6732..	Mrs. T. P. Handy's Young Ladies' class, 2nd Pres. church, Cleveland, O.....	" Tam O'Shanter....	San Francisco....	22
6733..	S. S. 2nd Pres church, Cleveland, O.....	Bark Annie Read....	Zanzibar.....	14
6731..	Mrs. M. A. Kierstedt, Saugerties, N. Y..	Pilot Boat Abraham Lawrence.....	Cruising.....	12
6737..	S. S. Cong. church, Bristol, Conn.....	Bark Havana.....	Havana.....	12
6739..	Mrs. Frank Lee, Buffalo, N. Y.....	Ship William Law....	Antwerp.....	20
6740..	" Anonymous," Montclair, N. J.....	Bark Claudeboye....	Europe.....	30
6741..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., West Springfield, Mass.....	" Elinor Vernon.....	Dunedin and Auckland, Australia.....	12
6742..	Graham Lee Sterling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	" A. C. Bean.....	Valparaiso.....	12

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
6746..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., West Springfield, Mass.	Pilot Boat Ezra Nye.....	Coasting.....	10
6753..	Paramus Ref. church, Ridgewood, N. J.	Bark Templar.....	Europe.....	10
6753..	Mrs. S. O. Allen, Princeton, N. J.	" Nicholas Thayer..	Java.....	14
6761..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., Northampton, Mass.	Ship Manuel Llaguno...	Japan.....	33
6767..	Mrs. James O. Morse, Englewood, N. J.	" Thrasher.....	San Francisco.....	24
6771..	S. S. 1st Cong. ch., North Manchester, Conn.	" Granite State.....	Melbourne.....	30

## FEBRUARY, 1880.

During February, 1880, eighteen new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Borton. The new libraries were Nos. 6,793, 6,907 and 6,912 to 6,921, inclusive. at New York ; and Nos. 5,423 to 5,428, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows :—

5423..	M. B. B., and E. H. P., in memoriam John Kingsbury.....	Brig Mary Dana.....	West Indies.....	8
5424..	S. S. Cong. church, Oxford, Mass.....	Barkentine Nineveh.....	" ".....	9
5425..	Dea. Joshua Clark, Lowell, Mass.....	Three Mast Schr. A. L. Butler.....	" ".....	8
5426..	Jacob Rogers, Lowell, Mass.....	Ship Cashmere.....	Australia.....	20
5427..	Cong. church, Stratham, N. H.....	U. S. Rev. Cutter Hamlin	" ".....	11
5428..	Union Cong. S S., Providence, R. I.....	Steamship Lancaster....	Philadelphia.....	18
6793..	" Jesus' Little Lambs," Infant School Olivet Pres. church, Philadelphia, Pa.,	Bark Freeman.....	Portland, Oregon..	18
6907..	Mrs. S. M. Garlick, Fairfield, Conn. in memoriam Capt. Rufus Knapp, by bequest of Mrs. Samuel Trubee.....	Ship Daniel Barnes.....	Java.....	25
6912..	Mrs. P. M. Bartlett, Brooklyn, N. Y....	Bark J. S. Winslow.....	Cuba.....	12
6913..	Robert A. Keller, " ".....	" Clara E. McGilvery	Trinidad.....	12
6914..	" Anonymous," Hartford, Conn.....	" Obed Baxter.....	China.....	15
6915..	Cong. ch. and Soc'y, Plainville, Conn....	Ship Canada.....	Portland, Oregon..	30
6916..	Mrs. Alexander, Brooklyn, N. Y., in memoriam Capt. Allen Alexander.....	" Black Hawk.....	San Francisco.....	23

Assignments were made during February, 1880, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows :—

6751..	Simeon Lester, New Rochelle, N. Y....	Ship J. W. Marr.....	Bombay.....	22
6754..	Troy S. S. Parsippany, N. J.....	Bark Harvard.....	Yokohama.....	18
6757..	" A Friend," Jersey City, N. J.....	" Scud.....	Barbadoes.....	16
6761	Four Ladies, South Soc'y, Lebanon, Conn.....	Ship Milton.....	Havre.....	20
6765..	D. W. McWilliams, Brooklyn, N. Y., in memoriam Dan. M. McWilliams.....	" Lizzie Ross.....	Antwerp.....	21
6766..	Mrs. Hiram Gardner, Lockport, N. Y..	Bark Unanima.....	Europe.....	16
6768..	Nathan Stephens, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Paul Revere.....	Yokohama.....	20

During February, 1880, thirty-eight loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows :—

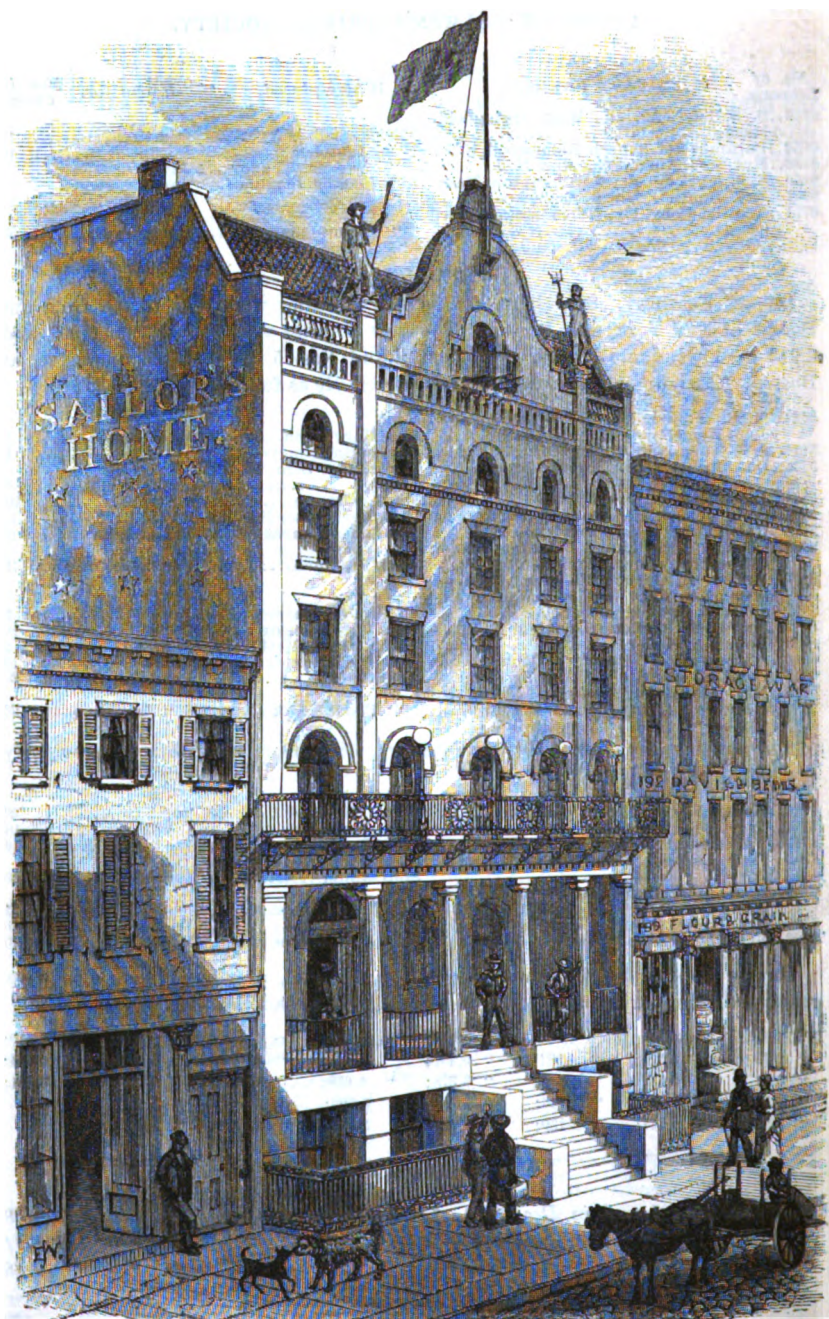
No. 1,973;	No. 3,929;	No. 4,532;	No. 5,246;	No. 5,557;	No. 5,809;	No. 6,116;	No. 6,519;
" 2,791;	" 3,971;	" 4,581;	" 5,287;	" 5,641;	" 5,663;	" 6,188;	" 6,544;
" 3,117;	" 4,076;	" 4,793;	" 5,378;	" 5,658;	" 5,901;	" 6,341;	" 6,561;
" 3,551;	" 4,380;	" 5,016;	" 5,381;	" 5,706;	" 6,043;	" 6,412;	
" 3,721;	" 4,444;	" 5,150;	" 5,429;	" 5,756;	" 6,114;	" 6,455;	

## SUMMARY.

New Libraries Issued in Dec. 1879—33	Libraries Reshipped in Dec. 1879—38
" " Jan. 1880—27	" " Jan. 1880—51
" " Feb. " —18	" " Feb. " —38

Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York.





**THE SAILORS' HOME, 100 CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK.**



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MAY, 1880.

No. 5.

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### FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY will be held in the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, junction of Sixth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, New York, Monday, May 10th, 1880, at 7-30 p. m. Addresses may be expected from the Rev. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., and Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, of this city.

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### THE SEA.

BY THE LATE REV. W. H. GOODRICH, D. D.

The words of God,—“The Sea is His and He made it,”—express the very thought which will fill any of our hearts if we go down to the borders of the ocean and for days look out upon it, or sail across its broad spaces. “The Sea is His and He made it.” Nothing in creation bears more of the impress of His almighty being. Nothing brings God so near, or makes His power so visible as the sea.

It is, of all the works of God that are within our reach, the most vast.

The heavens, in all their breadth and grandeur, are far off. We peer into them and measure a few of the distances which separate the stars, but our scrutiny soon comes to its limit and our faltering thought returns baffled to nearer realities. Of all the things we can survey, traverse, sound, and study

with our senses, the sea is the greatest. It occupies three-fifths of our globe. Nor is this excess an accident, the result of some blind fate which happened to this forming planet. It is the divine proportion of a habitation fitted for mankind. Though millions of our race have never looked upon the ocean, it exists in all its breadth and enwraps these continents as a necessity to them. Beings with our nature and our needs could not dwell in an earth which had less sea. It is thus vast and all pervading because God made it in His wisdom.

For the same reason it is, among created things, the most full of mystery.

The very uses of the sea have compelled men to study it intently and try to ascertain its laws and variations. But all that has been discovered is but a fragment compared with that which remains unsearchable. The very constitution of the ocean, its universal and scarcely variable saltness, is to this day unaccounted for except by general conjecture. The value of the density thus produced is evident. The contribution which this peculiar combination makes to the tonic of the air and the health of nations is easily appreciated, but the actual causes of it and of its unchanging regularity are hidden with Him whose the sea is. The fact that numerous great currents sweep through the ocean, like a living circulation of vital forces, is familiar to all. That some of these movements are superficial, others submarine, that they even cross one another, and that they produce marked influences on climates and atmospheres, are all matters of common record. But what are their causes, whether they lie in this globe, or in the attraction

of forces beyond and above the earth, remains unsolved and scarcely searched. The very products of the sea known to us, many and various as they seem, are probably but a fraction of the multitudinous life which swarms within its depths. It is a common thing, on all shores, for fishermen to bring to the light forms of sea life unknown before. One naturalist, in his researches in the Amazons, whose broad waters are almost a branch of the Atlantic, added hundreds of species to the known fishes of the world.

This great and wide sea, so full of all manner of creeping things, is also, of all the works of God about us, the most uncontrolled.

There are some powers of nature, which man has so mastered, that they are almost his servants. The earth itself, in its diversity of surface and of contents, is made to contribute at will whatever he needs or chooses to wrest from its bosom. Its natural obstacles are overcome, its mountains pierced, its treasures found, in whatever hiding place. It would seem, at last, as if nothing in this solid globe could resist the mastery of science and the forces which it creates. But when we reach the sea, man becomes insignificant. He makes use of it, and from age to age attains a greater security on its restless surface; but he has not subdued the sea, he has only brought to its navigation a higher skill and a greater outlay. Time and science have given man no power to alter in the least degree the strange liberty of the ocean. It serves him in an awful freedom, sometimes with a terrible caprice. Nothing has ever made the deep a safe pathway. Nothing ever will. It is quiet when it listeth, and when it will it makes sport of all the mightiest engineering of man.

Every year, every month, every day, it takes its tribute of human life and human treasure. Those who know it best trust it least. The partings which take place at its brink are always touched with awe, though it be unspoken. You look from the dock whence a great steamship is moving, upon that little company who are borne out on the great deep, with a feeling which attends no other separation. Behind all the probabilities of safety and success lies the dark uncertainty of the sea, from which no man yet has received pledges. The sea is His; and in that unconquered force which lies within it, God is showing man, forever, his own weakness in the hollow of an almighty hand. The waves obey Him alone. The stormy wind fulfills His word. You need but look one moment from the deck of the staunchest vessel laboring in a storm, to know that there is no help for man against the sea but God. You need but stand on some safe rock, at whose base breaks the swell of an ocean, and up whose front the mad surf springs as if to tear you from your foothold, to know how powerless all human skill is when once the sea has risen in its might to claim its victims. You need but once behold the seamist rise, sudden as an apparition, blotting out every waymark and beacon of the coast, though a hundred feet above the deck the sun shines clear, and leaving to the sailor no guidance but the sad tolling of the fog bell, to know that even within the sound of home there are possibilities of peril under which he often sinks unseen in instant shock and ruin. We read sometimes of storm and wreck in the quiet of our dwellings, and our blood curdles at horrors which we after all but faintly conceive. But

it is good to go down and look face to face at the great deep, and watch its moods; to see it when it sleeps and when it wakes; when the sun gilds its broad expanse; when mists veil it in an instant, or when the hoarse voices of the storm begin to sound across it, and sails fly before the tempest into harbor, as birds to their nests. In all its circumstances, whether at rest or in fury, there is a solemn sense of power and majesty which man can not resist, the very power and majesty of God.

The revelation of God in the sea is not, however, only awful. There lie within its realms of beauty, there come forth from it benefits and uses to mankind which testify His love and care. To the naturalist, there are scarcely anywhere discoverable such exquisite and curious forms of life as in the sea. It is in water, and especially in sea water, that those strange gradations of being occur, in which animal and vegetable life seem to blend and become indistinguishable. The flowers of the sea are living creatures feeding on other lives; while the insects of the sea construct a branching forest of fragile stems whose fragments are our admiration. They seem to copy with a wierd design the forms of vegetable growth upon the land. On almost any shore where the ebbing tide has left its shallow pools in the hollows of the rocks, you will find in every one a teeming life which will hold you in long wonder. Here are countless forms of every hue and shape, some most intricate and involved in structure, some active as the light, some sluggish or even anchored to the rock, but all bearing marks of infinite care in their creation, all showing the need of an incessant providence. And where our eyes

fail to see, the microscope reveals, in these same waters, the presence of a life still more crowded and incalculable, yet an individual life, in which each being, visible or invisible, has its separate origin, its instincts, its period and its use. You rise from the study of such a handful of the great deep, with new experience of the infinite goodness of God, and say with new meaning, "the sea is His and He made it."

But there are broader exhibitions of God's love in these oceans which span and encircle the earth. They were appointed as part of the discipline of our race. By them nations and peoples have been set apart within fixed barriers, there to develop their own life and history. The division of mankind has been ordained principally through boundaries of intercourse such as these. Shut in by lines impassable, undisturbed for ages, the specific differences of races have been brought out, and the capabilities of our common nature multiplied. Later in history these same seas have been the stimulant of adventure, the school of courage, the path of discovery. Nothing would have fired the enterprise of those old navigators of Spain, who first made this continent known, but the dim and fabulous attraction of some far off realm of splendor beyond the sea. Nothing would have reserved these northern shores for those Pilgrims, to whom we trace so much of the honor of our land, nothing would have drawn them to it as a dwelling place, but the broad interval and defense of the Atlantic.

And the sea has always exerted a powerful influence on the character of those communities which border upon it. It stirs the imagination, and developes high poetic

thought; it quickens individual energy; it challenges the skill and courage of men; it broadens their horizon of desire and hope; it educates to hardy vigor and a noble manhood. Its opportunities may be perverted. Some who feel its impulse and call may abuse them to low ends. But it has always proved, that, to true men, the sea has brought a higher nobility. There are few souls of quality more noble than are the master spirits among those who sail the seas. The completest specimens of a Christian manhood, simple, reverent, strong, generous, and of high sacrifice, will often be found in men whose lives have been chiefly spent in the silence and responsibility of the sea.

We may pass with brief mention the more material uses of the ocean in commerce, for they are familiar to all. You cannot sit down to any daily meal without finding that you owe a multitude of common comforts to the sea, which brought them from afar. It is the ocean, only, which can make the best things of the world cheap, the world over. All thoroughfares of the solid earth are costly compared with the highway of the ocean, where every wind wafts bounties and blessings which are worldwide and for all. This, too, is a thought of God. In this the sea bears His impress, and for this He made it.

After all, its highest use is to lead our hearts up in solemn and wondering gratitude to Him. Ebbing and flowing round our shores; balanced in its great tides, by almighty power; tempering harsh climates; changing hot desert winds, by its swift evaporation, into cool sea breezes, lifting great columns of pure moisture from its surface, which shall roll landward in the higher air, and hover in rain

clouds round the mountain tops, to feed the sources of innumerable streams; softening with broad diffusive currents from the tropics the chill of northern islands, and making habitable, lands that else were frost-bound forever; yielding its bosom to the course of traffic, and the passage of restless millions, eager to gather treasure or to found new homes; in calm, in storm, in glittering beauty, or in awful grandeur, the sea is but the mightiest revelation of God in nature. Its meaning and sublimest use is to make God known. Fitly says the quaint old Quarles:—

"I love the sea, she is my fellow creature,  
My careful purveyor; she provides me store.  
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater  
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.  
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee  
What is the ocean or her wealth to me?"

Without Thy presence, earth gives no reflection;  
Without Thy presence, sea affords no treasure.  
Without Thy presence, air's a rank infection.  
Without Thy presence, heaven's no pleasure.  
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,  
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?"

It is worth a closing thought, that of all the elements which make our present earth, the sea is the only one which we know is to pass utterly away with time.

In the new earth which John saw, "there was no more sea."—This one and striking certainty, in that final economy which succeeds out earth, it is permitted us to know. The ocean is somehow coeval only with our period of probation. Other great features of the globe may remain or be reproduced in aspects more glorious. But there shall be no more sea. Other revelations of God's infinite power and goodness will continue to unfold through the eternal ages, but this illustration of the Creator's majesty and love will be seen no more. This page in the book of nature will be turned and reopened never. We look our last upon an ocean in this old, wasting,

sinful world. When our eyes close here on that realm of wonder and awe and beauty which God made, it will survive only in memory. We are to gather all knowledge of God in it, in this life. This revelation, that there shall be no more sea, adds to it even now a deeper shade of mystery, and seals it with a fresh signet of God. The sea is His and He made it: and when He chooses He can speak it out of being forever. What a suggestion of infinite power is there! What a passing vision of Him, who taketh up the isles as a very little thing! What a vastness of being in Him who blots out and does not miss the sea! What distance between man, who trembles at the ocean's surge, or floats a helpless atom on its surface, and such a God! What blessedness, in the presence of powers and mysteries so great and yet so subject to His will, to know Him as our Father, to trust in Him, who spoke the stormy billows into stillness, as our Savior and our Friend!

### On the Shore.

The punctual tide draws up the bay,  
With ripple of wave and hiss of spray.  
And the great red flower of the light-house tower  
Blossoms on the headland far away.  
Petal by petal its fiery rose  
Out of the darkness buds and grows;  
A dazzling shape on the dim, far cape,  
A beckoning shape as it comes and goes.  
A moment of bloom, and then it dies  
On the windy cape twixt the sea and skies.  
The fog laughs low to see it go,  
And the white waves watch it with cruel eyes.  
Then suddenly out of the mist-cloud dun,  
As touched and wooed by unseen sun,  
Again into sight bursts the rose of light  
And opens its petals one by one.  
Ah, the storm may be wild and the sea be strong,  
And man is weak and the darkness long,  
But while blossoms the flower on the light-house tower  
There still is place for a smile and a song.  
Susan Coolidge.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE FOUR BOAT-STEERERS.

BY REV. JOHN G. HALL.

Forty years or so ago, the fine large whale-ship *Hobomok*, ready for sea, lay at anchor in the little rock-bound bay, at Vineyard Sound, Massachusetts, which had passed, from time immemorial, as Wood's Hole, though now changed to the less euphonious name of Wood's Noll. The ship was to be off the next morning, on a long cruise after those huge monsters of the deep, denied the dignity of a fish, whose rich supply of oil then lighted the world, while it also poured boundless wealth into the coffers of their captors. All hands were aboard, and everything in readiness for an early anchoring. But just at the edge of the evening, a slight errand calling the Captain ashore, he manned his boat with four muscular young men, newly articleed as "boat-steerers;" by which title, as possibly some reader may need to be told, those members of a whale-ship's crew are designated, who command the boats on the immediate chase of the monster, and who have the responsibility, and the honor, of launching the deadly harpoon into his vitals.

These four young men, while the Captain was transacting his business, made fast their craft and resorted to the hotel or tavern, that crowned a neighboring hill, kept by a Mr. Webster, and still known, on the same spot, as "The Webster House." In answer to the question at the Bar, too familiar then, as now, "What will you take?" one bespoke one thing, and the second another, and the third another, all of them *hot*: while the youngest of the group, a slender lad of 19, whose name was Tristam,

promptly answered, "I will take cold water!"—at which the leader of the quartette cried out, somewhat derisively, "*Milk and Water!*" But Mr. Webster, himself behind the bar, knowing in his heart the superiority of the last answer, and as though pleased with the choice of the stripling, notwithstanding it was out of the direct line of his interest, immediately endorsed it with his approval, and intimated to the others that they would have to "look out for the milk and water boy." And, in a few minutes farther, they scrambled down the hill, and manned again their oars.

After long leagues at sea, beating about hither and thither, and with the usual besmearing and washing-down of the decks in that peculiar business, when the ship made the first port, and the captain wished some one to steer his boat ashore, he passed directly by the "leader," who was upon deck, and also the other two, and sang out for Tristam, the "milk and water" boy, who was then aloft. At this the "leader" was greatly surprised, and freely, though privately, expressed his wonder and indignation that he was not called. And the same thing was repeated in other ports: for the captains, however wayward themselves, have a way of saying, that they like to select oarsmen whom they can "trust," when they go ashore; who will not have to be "looked up," when they are ready to go to the ship. And this captain, though at first a stranger to them all, seemed to fancy, from some reasons, that he could safely trust the boy that called for the "cold



water," although at that time entirely ignorant of what had occurred at the Webster House, on the rocks of Falmouth.

And this power of the cold water, to out-distance the hot rum, was not very long in making its appearance in other ways. Neither the "leader," nor either of his two comrades, ever reached higher, in their seamanship, than a mate's berth, and ultimately fell lower; while the stripling Tristram, drinking in no poison for eye and nerve, with his "milk and water," became, at the age of twenty-eight, the commander of a noble ship, and proved to be one of the most successful captains that sailed out of any of the Eastern ports.

At one time, for example, two great whale ships, in mid-ocean, crossed each others' track so closely that they spoke, and the mate of one of them was the "leader," who took the rum, at that introductory treat, at Wood's Hole; while Capt. Ripley, of the other, was the slender youth who had boldly asked for the cold water. And, still further, as cold water is more likely than rum to lead to piety, so Capt. R. is the only one of the four, so far as is known, that became a Christian. And resolving to take his religion to sea with him, he immediately took the stand that he would not catch whales on the Sabbath. He used to expressly stipulate this with the ship-owners before he would consent to take command. And he lost nothing by this course, although it would sometimes cause him some annoyance from the restiveness of the crew under the regulation. Sometimes it would happen that they would go a long while without the sight of a whale; and then, all at once, some fine fellows would be seen in the dis-

tance, blowing their salutes, on a fine Sabbath morning. And then the loud explosions of admiration, or the ill-suppressed discontent at their enforced inactivity, on the part of the men, would float down the cabin gangway to the ears of the captain. But he was immovable. The cold water kept his nerves steady, and he was willing to trust the other six days for his oily wealth. And they did not disappoint him, for he never went back empty into the home harbor.

Putting in once at a port of the island of Madagascar, some of the native converts, who had noticed his ship in the offing, said to him, as though with surprise, "Why, you don't whale on the Sabbath!" To which he was glad to be able to answer them, with emphasis, "No, I *don't* whale on the Sabbath!" It was a marvel to them to see a captain from Christian America who would so conscientiously keep the Sabbath.—And could they see him now, in his native village, where he expects to abide until he casts anchor at last in the grave, they would see him keeping the Sabbath still;—"turning away his foot from doing his pleasure on God's holy day;" calling the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honorable; and delighting himself in the Lord,"—and God, on his part, "causing him to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feeding him with the heritage of Jacob, his father."

Mr. Webster, the taverner, was indeed, not inspired, when he told the other three to "look out for the milk and water boy." But he could scarcely have foretold more accurately, if he had been. Tristram paid him nothing for his water, but he laid away in his heart his kind approval of his temper-



ance principles, and was doubtless much strengthened in them by it. At least he never forgot it, nor will he, till his dying day. Nor has he ever regretted the bravery

of his decision, although he sometimes wonders at it, when, alone of the four, and the youngest of them all, he said,—“*And I'll take cold water.*”

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### XV.—ALEXANDRIA.

The name of this great Egyptian seaport, which in the time of Christ and his Apostles was one of the most important of the maritime cities of the world, occurs but three times in the Bible. It appears first in the mention of its inhabitants, *Acts vi: 9*,—“The synagogue of the Libertines, Cyrenians and Alexandrians.” Again it is noticed as the birth place of a certain “Jew named Apollos,” *Acts xviii: 24*; and once more in the history of the voyage of St. Paul to Rome, *Acts xxvii: 6*, we read “The centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy.” These texts recognize three important facts which history fully confirms. The one is the existence at Alexandria of a distinct form of Jewish faith and life arising out of the long residence of Jews in that city, and their necessary association with intelligent and educated Greeks and Romans. Another fact was the existence, in that city, of educational facilities which made it a center and source of intellectual culture to other communities, through its citizens who went from its schools and associations. The last fact is the importance of Alexandria as a seaport whose ships were every where found engaged in the service of commerce, and were the carriers of the world's wealth.

The city was founded by Alexander, B. C. 332, who designed it as the metropolis of the Western Empire. With the reduction of Tyre, which to this time had been the great mart of the nations, it was a favorable opportunity to establish a new center of commercial operations upon the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea. The far-reaching and almost prophetic genius of Alexander saw near the western or Canobic outlet of the Nile the spot which was best adapted to this purpose, and with his own hands he laid out the new city which was to bear his name. Before it in the broad waters of the great sea lay a cluster of islands, the largest of which was Pharos, acting as a break-water to the waves of the Mediterranean. South of the site he had selected lay the lake Mareotis which could readily be utilized as one of the harbors of the metropolis, and which was to be connected by a canal with the outer port. The architect whom Alexander chose to carry out his plans was the famous Dinocrates who had built the celebrated temple of Diana at Ephesus. The city was intersected by two streets 2,000 feet broad, which crossed each other at right angles, thus forming a magnificent square nearly a mile and a half in circuit. Parallel with these were other streets which

filled a space of nearly fifteen miles in circumference, including the suburbs of the city. Along these splendid avenues arose a series of palaces, temples, museums, libraries, theatres, arches and columns, which made the city the rival of Rome and of Athens. With the death of Alexander the work of construction was carried on by the Ptolemies who were his successors in the government of Egypt, and who fully entered into his design of making Alexandria the metropolis of the East.

Under their direction and rule the city grew to be the center not only of a vast commerce but of learning, of art and civilization. Upon the island of Pharos a celebrated lighthouse was built which was long regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Its architect was Sostratus whom Ptolemy Soter employed to carry out his plans. It could be seen (so say the ancient historians) a hundred miles distant. It was built of marble and had fires constantly burning upon its top, and is said to have cost over \$800,000. Upon it was this inscription, "King Ptolemy to the Gods, the Savior for the benefit of Sailors." Part of this was cunningly carved in mortar, and years after when this crust had decayed and fallen off, the name of Ptolemy disappeared and in its place were the words "Sostratus the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes," followed by the rest of the inscription. Thus the cunning architect preserved his own name, and that of his father who had preceded him, in the work, and by whom Pharos had been united with the main land by a splendid causeway, with draw-bridges for the passage of ships.

More than a quarter of the city was occupied by the Palace, to which each of the Ptolemies, in

succession, contributed some magnificent addition. Within its vast enclosure stood the Museum, the Asylum for learned men, the gorgeous home of royalty, and a Temple, with its groves, in which lay the body of Alexander in a golden coffin. This splendid monument was subsequently violated by Seleucus Cibyofactus, who substituted a glass case for that in which the great general and monarch was first buried.

The rapid growth of Alexandria, and its commerce was a complete fulfillment of the conceptions of its distinguished founder. Hither came the commodities of India and the East, and from thence they were dispersed over all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Into the lap of this great seaport the Nile poured its rich tributes of corn and other productions of the valley which it made fertile, and vast caravans from Arabia and Africa brought hither across the old beaten paths of ancient inland trade, the wealth of the forest and the mine, the products of the loom, and the skilful work of the cunning artificer. Thus the harbors of Alexandria were crowded with vessels of all maritime nations, and the corn ships of that port were familiar and welcome sights at Corinth, Ephesus and Athens, at Cyprus, Crete and Puteoli, and the water gates of Rome itself. The population of the city rapidly increased until no less than 300,000 freemen were enrolled upon its registers, besides their families and slaves which swelled its numbers to that of one of the largest cities of the old world.

With this influx of commerce and wealth came also intellectual, political and religious influences which made Alexandria the seat of learning and the center of vast so-

cial and moral power. Hither was brought the Grecian civilization with all its art and literature. Vast numbers of Jews came here for purposes of trade, and with them came also the Synagogue, the Scriptures and the Jewish faith. Thus there met together in this new city the wisdom and science of the Egyptian, the culture and refinement of the Greek, the ancient religion of Moses and the Patriarchs, and the wealth and power of a vast commerce which had the world for its activities and agencies. Here schools were established which drew towards them the greatest philosophers of the age.

Here a vast library was founded which grew to enormous proportions and numbered at last 700,000 volumes gathered from all the literature of the world. Here Jewish Synagogues were built, and the faith which they represented was the old religion of their fathers, modified and moulded as to some of its features by Greek culture and philosophy, and thus recognized as Hellenistic in the New Testament. Here, under the patronage of Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 280 years before Christ, the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into the Greek language, and this version, called the *Septuagint*, at length made its way into the use of the common people, and was often quoted by Christ and his Apostles in their discourses and instructions. Occurring as it did at a time when the Hebrew language was rapidly passing into disuse and the Greek was becoming the popular language, this great and important work prepared the way for the introduction of the Gospel among the Gentiles as well as the Jews. While it is probable that the original copy of the Septuagint per-

ished with the Library of Alexandria, yet long before this event, copies had been so multiplied that there was no possibility of the extinction of this version of the Word of God. Three ancient copies of this book are still extant. One is in the Vatican Library at Rome, one in the British Museum, (called the Alexandrian Manuscript) and the third, the Sinaitic, (the most recently discovered) is in the Library at St. Petersburg.

Thus it was that not only as a center of commerce, but as the seat of religious learning and influence, Alexandria grew into power in the interval between the last of the prophets and the coming of Christ. When the sceptre fell from the hand of the Ptolemies, at the death of the famous Cleopatra, (the sister and wife of the last of the monarchs who bore that name,) Egypt passed into the hands of Rome, thirty years B. C., and was a Roman Province when Christ was born. But, notwithstanding its change of masters, Alexandria still retained its prestige though subject to the sad calamities of war and revolution. It had its representatives in Jerusalem when Christ was crucified, and among them were some who witnessed the wonderful outpouring of the Spirit at Pentecost, and who carried back to their native or adopted city the news of the great events which were to result in the decay of the Jewish power and the introduction of the Christian religion to the world, that seemed to have paused in its work of war and bloodshed to welcome the coming of the Prince of Peace. The New Testament is silent as to the question who was the founder of the Alexandrian Church. Tradition alludes to Mark as being the agent through whom the institutions of

the Christian religion were first established in this city. He is also said to have been the founder of the Catechetical Schools, which became afterwards so famous and influential in largely moulding the early theology of the Church. But, however this may be, it is certain that Alexandria early received the Gospel and largely aided in the growth and successes of the Church, and soon became one of the important centers of missionary power and influences. Thus, early in the history of the propagation of Christianity, commerce began to aid in its extension. It was in her ships that the Apostle Paul was borne from port to port. The corn vessels of the city were met, as said before, in every harbor of the Mediterranean, and were of constant service in carrying the messengers of the Gospel over the waters that rolled between Palestine and Italy. So began the fulfillment of the prophecies which ages before had been uttered, and which in their allusions to the ultimate spread of the Gospel identified its triumphs with the advance of commerce,—saying, “the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring my sons from far, their silver and their gold with them.”

Nor was this the only method in which Alexandria aided in the spread of the Gospel. Out of her schools of philosophy went forth learned and eloquent men who rendered a most important service to the church, in the power of their arguments and in the force of their appeals in behalf of the Christian religion. Here Apollos was born and educated, and his services are fully recognized in the history of the Acts of the Apostles, and in the reference which Paul makes to them in his epistles.

Thus it was that this great commercial center of wealth, and genius, and naval power contributed her full proportion to this increase and extent of the Church of Christ. Her ships bore its ministers and apostles; her schools gave to it some of her noblest scholars. Here Clemens Alexandrinus was educated and ordained a Presbyter of the church, and propagated the Christian faith both as an eloquent minister and as a teacher in the schools of that city. Here Athanasius was born and educated, and devoted his genius and learning to the spread of the truth, and opposed the growing errors of the church with a power that was everywhere felt and recognized, though his faithful adherence to the great doctrines of the Gospel brought upon him long and bitter persecutions from its enemies.

Alexandria was one of the four great centers of the church of which Rome, Antioch, and Constantinople were the others, whose Bishops were advanced to the dignity of Patriarchs, who divided the supremacy of the Christian world among themselves. Here some of the most pernicious doctrines which afterwards corrupted the church grew into life and strength, and from this great city went forth influences which have ever since been felt in shaping the opinions of many concerning the doctrines of the Christian religion.

With the growth of Constantinople, Alexandria, though still retaining a fair proportion of its commerce, gradually waned in its wealth and power. In the year 640 it fell into the hands of the Saracens, and in 969 Cairo was made the capitol of Egypt. Thus the political sceptre passed from the hands of the city which for twelve centuries had been the

great mart of the East. In the year 1497 a new route to India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, and thus the annihilation of the commerce of this old seaport was completed. The new city of Alexandria was built chiefly out of the ruins of the old, upon the causeway which was originally built to connect the island of Pharos with the main land. Only a few ruins are left to call to mind the glory of the old Egyptian capitol. When Amron wrote to the Caliph, under whose rule the city fell into the hands of the Saracens, he said, "I have taken the city of the West. It is of immense extent. I cannot describe to you how many houses it contains. There are 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 12,000 dealers in fresh oil, 40,000 Jews who pay tribute, and 400 theaters, or places of amusement."

But, as the prosperity of the city waned with the opening of a new route to the East by the ocean, so it again revived under new commercial enterprises, and Alexandria has now assumed the appearance of a large and busy port. Mr. William H. Seward writes thus of it:—"Alexandria, founded by the great conqueror whose name it bears, after his death supplanting Memphis under the sway of the Ptolemies, after its conquest by

Julius Cæsar emulating Rome itself, and later becoming the school of Christianity in the East, then eclipsed by Constantinople, and still later subjugated by the Mussulman Caliphs, broken down by their successors, and restored by Mahomet Ali, still remains a great commercial city. It is the *entrepot* of European commerce for Egypt and India." Whatever may be the future history of the place in the political and commercial changes which are gradually effecting important revolutions both in the old world and in the new, the spot will ever be one of interest to the traveler and the scholar. Its broken columns, its heaps of rubbish, its piles of stones, and capitals, and bricks, its lonely pillar whose name at least recall the memorable and noble Roman who was slain upon the shores of Egypt by one of his former centurions, and the vast subterranean vaults which were built as reservoirs for the supply of the city with the water of the Nile,—all speak of the ancient greatness and glory of the city which, for 1,500 years was the seat of commerce, and art, and learning, and amid whose institutions were numbered Christian schools and churches whose influence was far reaching, and whose teachers were famed for their wisdom, learning, and piety."

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### BOB, THE CABIN-BOY AND HIS CAPTAIN.

A few months since, a vessel sailed from England, with a captain, whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness, and tyranny, so disgusted the crew, that some of the most fatal consequences might have taken place, but for the sudden and alarming illness of their cruel and depraved commander.

The mate took charge of the ship, and the captain, greatly afflicted in his cabin, was left, by the unanimous voice of a hardened crew, to perish. He had continued nearly a week in this neglected state, no one venturing to visit him, when the heart of a poor boy on board was touched with his suffer-

ings, and he determined to enter the cabin and speak to him. He descended the companion-ladder, and opening the state-room door, called out, "Captain, how are you?" A surly voice replied, "What's that to you?—be off." Next morning, however, he went down again—"Captain, hope you are better." "Oh, Bob, I'm very bad—been very ill all night." "Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much." The captain nodded assent. Having performed this kind office, the boy said, "Please, Master, let me shave you." He was permitted to do this also; and having adjusted the bed-clothes, he grew bolder, and proposed some tea. The captain knew he had no mercy to expect from his crew, and had determined not to solicit any. "I'll perish," said his obstinate, perverse soul, "rather than ask one favor of them." But the kindness of this poor boy found its way to his heart; and, in spite of all his daring, independent spirit, his bowels melted, and his iron face displayed the starting tear.

He now declined apace: his weakness was daily increasing, and he became gradually convinced that he should not live many weeks at farthest. His mind was filled with increasing terror as the prospect of death and eternity drew nearer to his confused and agitated view. He was as ignorant as he was wicked. Brought up among the worst seamen in early life, he had imbibed all their principles, followed their practices, and despised remonstrances or reproof. A man-of-war had finished his education; and a long course of successful voyages, as master of a vessel, had contributed to harden his heart, and led him not only to say,

"there is no God," but to act under that persuasion. Alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation, with a conscience now thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he cried one morning, just as Bob opened the state-room door, and affectionately inquired, "Well, Master, how is it with you this morning?"—"Ah, Bob, I'm very bad; my body is getting worse and worse; but I should not mind that so much, were it not for my soul. Oh, Bob, what shall I do? I'm a great sinner. I'm afraid I shall go to hell—I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man." "Oh, no, Master," said the boy, "Jesus Christ can save you." "No, Bob, no, I cannot see the least prospect of being saved. What a sinner I have been! what will become of me?" His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy, who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning the boy just appeared, when the captain cried out, "Oh, Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible. I know there is not one in the cabin; go forward and see if you can find one in the men's chests." The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy. "Ah! Bob, that will do—that will do; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it is to be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that book." "Where shall I read, Master?" "I do not know, Bob. I never read it myself; but try and pick out some places that speak about *sinner*s and *salvation*." "Well, Master, then I'll take the New Testament; you and I will understand it better; for, as my poor mother used to say, there are

not so many hard words there." The boy read for two hours, while the captain, stretching his neck over the bed-place, listened with the eagerness of a man on the verge of eternity. Every word conveyed light to his mind, and his astonished soul soon beheld sin as he had never seen it before. The justice of God in his eternal ruin struck him with amazing force; and, though he heard of a Savior, still the great difficulty of knowing how *he* could be saved, appeared a mystery unfathomable. He had been ruminating a great part of the night on some passages Bob had read, but they only served to depress his spirits, and terrify his soul.

The next morning, when the boy entered the state-room, he exclaimed, "Oh, Bob, I shall never live to reach the land. I am dying very fast; you'll soon have to cast me overboard; but all this is nothing—my soul, my poor soul! Ah, Bob, my dear lad, what will become of my soul? Oh, I shall be lost for ever. Can't you pray?" "No, Master, I never prayed in my life, any more than the Lord's Prayer my mother taught me." "Oh, Bob, pray for me; go down on your knees and cry for mercy; do, Bob, God will bless you for it. Oh, kneel down and pray for your poor wicked captain." The boy hesitated—the master urged—the lad wept—the master groaned, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Both cried greatly. "Oh, Bob, for God's sake, kneel down and pray for me." Overcome by importunity and compassion, the boy fell on his knees, and with heavy sobs, cried out "O Lord, have mercy on my poor dying captain! O Lord, I am a poor, ignorant, wicked sailor-boy. Lord, I don't know what to say. Lord, the cap-

tain says I must pray for him, but I don't know how. Lord, have mercy on him. He says he shall be lost—Lord, save him! He says he shall go to hell—Lord, take him to heaven! He says he shall be with devils—oh, that he may be with angels! Don't let him perish, O Lord! Thou knowest I love him, and am sorry he is so ill. The men won't come near him, but I'll do the best I can for him as long as he lives, but I can't save him. O Lord, pity my poor captain; see how thin and how weak he is! Oh, comfort his troubled mind! Oh, help me, Lord, to pray for my master." The captain was too much affected to speak. In the evening he again read the Bible to the captain, whose soul appeared to receive every word with indescribable eagerness. The next morning, on entering the state-room, the boy was struck with the extraordinary change visible in his master's features. The circumstances of the past night had settled the whole arrangement of his features into a holy, pleasant, calm, and resigned state, that would seem to say, An heir of grace can "find glory begun below."

"Oh, Bob, my dear lad," said the captain, "I have had such a night! After you left me I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in the corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ, hanging bleeding on the cross. Struck with the idea, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' At length I thought he looked on me.

Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and oh, Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart—my pulse beat high—my soul thrilled with agitation, and waiting for him to speak, with fear not unmixed with hope, I saw him smile. Oh, my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on me—on me, Bob. Oh, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment! My heart was too full to speak; but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side—oh, Bob, what sounds were these!—shall I ever hear his beloved voice again?—I heard him say, in sounds that angels cannot reach, *'Son, be of good cheer; thy sins, which be many, are all forgiven thee!'*

Then the Captain declared his gratitude to Bob, for his kindness, and thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock, and by the next morning, the captain's spirit had gone, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

*Dublin Tract, Condensed.*

### Ladies Saving Life.

A few days since, says a recent English Magazine, a very interesting presentation was made at Padstow, on the coast of Cornwall, to five young ladies, the Misses Prideaux, Brune, and Miss Nora O'Shaughnessy, in the shape of five silver medals, and thanks inscribed on vellum, which had been awarded to them by the Royal National Life-boat Institution in acknowledgment of their intrepid and determined services in pro-

ceeding in their boat through a rough sea, and saving, at considerable risk, the life of an exhausted sailor from a boat which had been capsized during equally weather off Padstow on 9th ult., two of his comrades having perished before their arrival. Samuel Bate, late assistant coxswain of the Padstow life-boat, was towing the ladies' boat astern of the fishing smack, when, seeing the accident to the boat, they nobly requested to be cast off, and on that being done, he states, they rowed 'like tigers' to the rescue, implying that they rowed with the full conviction of the danger in the heavy sea before them, and he has no doubt that the man saved would have perished like his companions but for their prompt help.

This is copying the famous example of Grace Darling, who has immortalized her name by her one great act of bravery. She was living with her father in a lighthouse situate on the Longstone rock, outside of the Faroe Islands, only some four feet above high water mark, and swept by every gale. "On a dark night in September, 1838, the *Forfarshire*, a Hull steamer, struck on a hidden reef called the Hascars, in the vicinity of the lighthouse. She had on board 63 persons, including passengers and crew. Their signals of distress were observed from the lighthouse. It was impossible for Darling, the keeper, to pull off in his boat alone; no single arm could have impelled it through the raging sea that then prevailed. Grace resolved to go. She sprang into the skiff, and over the bounding billows father and daughter gallantly made their way. Their lives hung upon a thread; but the brave girl never bated a jot of hope or heart, and rowed with all the vigor



which a noble enthusiasm is apt to inspire. They reached the ship, and took off nine persons with whom they contrived to gain the lighthouse. Nine more escaped in one of the steamer's boats, but all the rest perished.

### Story of a Recent Wreck.

From Washington, D. C. on the 11th February, in a report to the general superintendent of the U. S. Life Saving Service, Mr. W. C. De Hart, assistant inspector, gave the following graphic description of the wreck of the schooner *George Taulane*, Captain John D. Adams, Master, on the coast of New Jersey, between the U. S. Life Saving Stations Nos. 11 and 12, in the great storm of February 3rd.

"The vessel had a crew of seven men all told, two of whom had perished before the vessel was beached. The captain says that he left Hampton Roads, Va., on the night of January 30th, bound to New York with a cargo of pine wood. On Saturday, the 1st of February, he experienced a heavy gale from the westward, but sustained no material damage. The wind afterward moderated and shifted to the eastward, and the vessel had arrived off the Highlands on the evening of the 2nd instant, when the weather shut in so thick as to make it too hazardous to run for Sandy Hook. The captain accordingly stood off shore, and finding the wind increasing put his vessel under short sail and lay as close to the wind as possible. While shortening sail, and not making sufficient allowance for leeway—which was great on account of the high deck-load—the run of the vessel was lost; and, to the surprise of the captain, the beach was sighted one mile distant next morning between 7 and 8 o'clock. To add to their difficulties, the deck-load had got adrift, and was soon afterward discovered to be on fire. With much trouble the fire was extinguished.

"As soon as the beach was sighted, the captain finding the vessel was drifting on shore, let go both anchors, hoping by so doing he might save his vessel. This made their subsequent rescue by the life-saving crew so difficult. The vessel at first came head to the wind,

but the strong current setting to the southward caused her to drag immediately, and placed the vessel in the trough of the tremendous sea, as well as opposing her broadside to the gale. She rolled heavily, and the sea making clean breaches over her hull, the crew were unable to slip the cable, and were forced to take to the rigging for safety.

"When the anchors were let go, at 8 a. m., the vessel was about one mile to the south of Station No. 11, and was fully five miles farther down the beach when she stranded at 1 p. m.

"The crew of No. 11 seeing the vessel so near the bar, had congregated on the beach in order to render assistance as soon as possible. The captain says the very fact of seeing these men gave new life to his now almost despairing crew. The crew of No. 12 with the mortar-cart were soon met, and by the united efforts of both crews the cart was kept opposite the fast drifting vessel. The tide was unusually full, being four feet higher on the beach than ordinary high tides, so that it was necessary to haul the cart along the sand hills; and even there the water was at times up to the men's waists. Horses in these circumstances would have been useless, and it was only by the united efforts of the two crews that the cart was kept opposite the vessel. Several attempts had now been made to get a line to the vessel by means of the gun, but by reason of her constantly changing position, and the fact that the crew could not leave the rigging, they had proved unsuccessful until the sixth shot was fired, when the line was caught by one of the crew. The whip line was soon hauled off, and communication established for sending off the breeches buoy, as soon as the vessel should bring up. While she was drifting, and before communication was established, two of the crew fell from the rigging, either weakened by exposure or fright, and were swept away. At 1 p. m., owing to the change of the tide, the vessel grounded, and thirty minutes later, all of the survivors of the crew, (five in number) were safely landed by means of the breeches buoy.

"The whole proceeding, from the first sighting of the distressed vessel to the ultimate rescue of her imperilled crew, showed the most indomitable courage and the coolest judgment on the part of the crews of Stations 11 and 12. The captain of the vessel speaks in the highest terms of their actions. W. L. Chadwick, of Squan, who was present, and

who has probably assisted at more wrecks than any other man on the Jersey beach, says he never saw a time when the chances of rescue seemed so improbable. Beside the above-mentioned crews, Keeper Miller and four men from Station 13 arrived soon after the vessel struck, and aided materially in the rescue. The vessel will prove a total wreck; and the cargo is strewn on the meadows inside the sand hills for miles along the beach, which shows how unusually high the tide must have been."

### Miss Weston's "Monthly Letters," and her Work in General.

The *Christian Intelligencer* of this city, says of Miss WESTON of England, whose "Sailor's Rest" at Devonport in that country, and whose "Letters" are referred to in Rev. Dr. DAMON's Report, printed in the March number of the *MAGAZINE*:

"She has endeared herself to thousands of British sailors by her Christian and sympathetic work among them, continued through many years. Among other attempts to lead them to Christ, she has for some time prepared and published a Monthly Letter, full of Christian counsel and encouragement. Recently she has written to English religious journals:—

"'Never, in my long experience in the Royal Navy, have I known such a demand for these Monthly Letters. Double the number is needed to supply those seamen and marines who beg to have them. I have a list now before me of ninety-nine of our large ships who plead to be supplied with three 'Blue Backs' to each mess—not an extravagant demand. To comply with this request we should be obliged to add 6,700 copies a month to our number, to say nothing of proportionate postage: while even this increase would not suffice for the 203 ships which constitute the Royal Navy of this country. These 'Blue Backs,' as the sailors fondly call them, are very dear to the men. Testimony, simple but glorious, comes from all parts of the world as to the spiritual blessing which these Letters have been. A stoker writes from China: 'I was sorely tempted to backslide last week; the Devil was whispering to me to do so, when I saw a 'Blue Back' lying on the mess table. I took

it up, and the text on the cover went straight to my soul. I went forward to a quiet corner alone with Jesus, and I felt that I was saved from a great sin.' I have lately had a certain number issued in covers suitable for the merchant service, and every month they are reprinted in tract form for general distribution, while, besides, our ships of war, hospitals, lighthouses, coast-guard stations, and marine barracks, receive their quota."

We find in *Chart and Compass*, Eng., for March, an account of Miss Weston's general work at Devonport, which was given by Miss W. herself, at a recent temperance meeting in England. She is reported as saying:—"For the Sailors' Rest at Devonport, they had to thank God first and the sailors themselves next. She well remembered when she first went to work at Plymouth. Among the numbers of seamen and officers who came to her, one of them said, 'What a splendid thing it would be if we could get a temperance house here; it would save thousands of us from going wrong!' And somebody said, 'Why, here is Miss Weston come to work amongst us; she might get one up.' They knelt down and asked God's blessing on the work, and she well remembered those prayers—so simple, just like the sailors—which went up from the blue-jackets. Five years had passed away, and God had given the very house that was asked for. It was right amongst public-houses, five of which were opposite it, but since shut up. (Applause.) They went on working little by little. The house was fitted up; when the men began to use it they had some prophets who said, 'They will never make the place answer—to open a place for Jack without giving him his beer was just like a woman.' Well, as they had not the great charmer they tried to make the place bright and cheerful and comfortable instead. As old George Whitfield used to say, he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes, so they thought all the best colors, the glasses, the chandeliers, and other charming things should not belong to the public-houses. The fair speaker then went on to draw a picture of the attractive building, with its musical boxes playing lively airs, and other amusements, and even Jack dancing a hornpipe in the "bar." When they first opened the

place the men came crowding in, literally taking it by storm. Even the night previous they had a couple of blue-jackets who asked if they might sleep there. They were told the house would not be ready till the following day. Much disappointed they further enquired if the "regulations" could not be altered, and they be allowed to stay? They had received permission from their captain to come ashore, so that they 'might be the first birds come to roost.' (Laughter.) 'Oh! ma'm, please throw overboard the red tape and let us stay,' they pleaded. At last they were taken in, and they became two of the most exemplary of men, and were now petty officers. But they had also men of a different stamp; they must not think they had all the religious men. After mentioning the discouraging forebodings she had heard, Miss Weston said that in the first year they had 15,000 sailors at the "Rest;" in the second, 30,000; in the third, 40,000; and in the fourth the number extended long past that. Last month alone they had 2,500 sailors. That showed how it became popular amongst the men. They had many instances where men had come in thinking it was a public-house. Not very long ago a man came in who went up to the bar and looked all around him, and then asked for some rum. He was told they had plenty of other things, but not that. 'What have you got, then? I suppose its one of the new-fangled places since I've been away,' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'it is; will you have a cup of coffee?' Well, he had it, and after drinking it thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a handful of money, and told the server to help herself. 'Oh! no, thank you, it's only a penny,' she rejoined. 'I have plenty of money,' said Jack, 'and I am bound to spend it.' They offered to take care of his money, and he took out £70 or £80. 'Will you have a receipt?' he was asked, but to this he rejoined characteristically, 'What does a blue-jacket want with a receipt?' Finally he went to his own home, to which he asked the money should be remitted, and as he had there a wife the money was sent. Subsequently with this sum he was enabled to apprentice his boys. If they could only separate the sailor from his money he would be harmless—his money was his greatest evil. At the "Sailor's Rest" they took care of the money for the men. They had banks there. At Devonport she drew nearly £10,000 a

year for the men. (Applause.) The ship *Achilles*, at Plymouth, had about 1,000 men, and all young men. These they had great difficulty in getting at, but by skittles and other amusements they had succeeded in getting hold of them. After describing some of the scenes to be met with at Plymouth, Miss Weston gave an interesting description of the "cabins" fitted up at the "Rest"—about eighty in number, which were furnished with pictures, lockers for clothes, &c., and where the sailor could come for a quiet read. These all had different names but there was one—the *Volage*—called after a vessel of that name, the captain of which had given £10 to the institute—which was a remarkable one. The men of the *Volage* wrote to say that the vessel was coming home, and if there was one there were at least 300 who wanted to sleep in that cabin. (Laughter.) Well, many in time and in their turn had their wish gratified. Miss Weston went on to detail many amusing and instructive things in connection with this "Rest," and also mentioned the *Bacchante*, in which the young Princes were cruising, as a model ship, and also adverted to Portsmouth, where she had just taken a small music-hall to begin work. For over an hour she kept her auditory most deeply interested in her narrative, which was delivered with remarkable ease and fluency, and was greeted with loud applause on resuming her seat."

### How Sailors are Exposed, and Suffer in Canada.—Labor on their Behalf.

Miss ANNIE MACPHERSON writes from the Orphan Home at Galt, Ontario, to *Chart and Compass*, in London:—"My heart bleeds for those sailors who are daily being ruined in Ratcliff Highway. Poor dear fellows! The nets and gins laid to trap their feet are from the bottomless pit. And how poor are all our efforts to save them. So soon as they arrive, the sailor rushes to his ruin—soul and body. But after visiting for the past two years those sad streets around the docks, I am more and more convinced that sailors are the easiest class of men to work amongst. There is no need of any fear, as many of us can prove. We have ever been shielded by the loving Father, from broils and insult.

## Nearing the Land.

*Read at a Gathering of College  
Classmates.*

Hoy, ship ahoy! hail, comrades, hail!  
We greet you well with heart and hand,  
And cheery hope for prosperous sail  
Beyond, until we reach the land.

What news aboard? what fare? what cheer?  
What halcyon days? what adverse wind  
Since last we hailed with skies all clear?  
What leagues before? what leagues behind?

What noble ships with us abreast  
When we were launched, with flags a-breeze,  
Have shot ahead and are at rest,  
Or wrecked, have foundered in the seas!

Bright stars have cheered our course by night,  
And islands, looming with the day,  
Alive with song and clothed with light,  
Have cheered and lured us on our way.

The golden islands sank below  
When we approached, and left no trace;  
And stars went out when winds did blow  
The stormy billows in their face.

And on our path from wreck and raft  
Came cries for succor, which we gave;  
Though some who wept and some who laughed  
Were swept beyond our reach to save.

And evermore and every where,  
On winds and waves, that cannot rest,  
We hear them moaning in the air  
And crying out from crest to crest.

Still on we sail, or calm or gale:  
We hold our course by night, by day,  
As when at first we hoisted sail  
For land unknown and far away.

We may not fear the storms, and fly,  
With tack of ship, to lands far back—  
But on must press to where the sky  
Is resting on our forward track.

Onward we sail with swifter bound—  
The winds and waves sweep us before—  
Nor course can change nor rest be found  
Until we reach the distant shore.

But far above, the unseen Hand  
Doth guide our ships the tempests through;  
O, sure there is a golden land  
We yet shall reach, though hid from view!

A land that will not sink away  
And vanish ere we reach the shore,  
But in the arms of summer-day  
At rest, abides forevermore.

The land ahead with golden gates,  
And full of song and odors sweet,  
And joy untold, for us awaits  
Beyond where sky and ocean meet.

And on we sail—the land unseen,  
Our eager gaze of no avail—  
The horizon bounds our vision keen  
From all beyond, and still we sail.

We cannot lift the mists, nor guess  
The glories of the land they screen;  
Though near and nearer still we press,  
The land is silent and unseen.

But breath of flowers is on the breeze  
That gently wafts our ships along,  
And e'en the storms that sweep the seas  
Bear us some notes of distant song.

And through the mists such gleamings bright  
Flash, like the wheels of coming day,  
As show the land is full of light  
And cannot now be far away.

Ho, comrades cheer! the land is sweet,  
And but few leagues remain to sail,  
And then, where sky and ocean meet,  
Our ships shall cleave the misty veil.

EDWD. HOPPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 14TH, 1879.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## A Foul Wind.

*"Our iniquities like the wind have  
taken us away." Isa. 64, 6.*

Iniquity like the wind blows constantly. Ever since the angels fell, and Adam was absent from the meeting place, this wind has blown. This wind blows violently. "Why do the heathen rage? Driven with the wind and tossed." This wind comes suddenly sometimes, as it came to David, when his eye wandered, and to Peter who was in unfriendly company. This wind causes terrible destruction. The wicked are driven away, like chaff from the threshing floor. Fear cometh as desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind.

I. *Whence?* Iniquities always take away from the presence of God, as it took Adam from the tent of Isaac, as it took Jacob from the land of rightful and honorable possession, as it took the children of Israel from the path of duty, as it took Jonah from the home of security and love, as it took the Prodigal. Oh, what has it not taken away? beauty from the cheek, purity from the heart, peace from the conscience, happiness from the home; it takes away the compass out of the binnacle, and makes man an ignorant, helpless bondsman of the devil.

II. *Whither?* To the landing place of sin, the iron-bound shore! On the pay-table is heaped up the hideous wages of sin. The landing will be final; once strike, and you will stick and never float again. "When once the master of the house has risen up," etc. Luke 13, 25.

Some arrive early, others later, and more heavily laden.

Doubtless, there are difficulties in being saved, but are there not difficulties in the way of those who are making a fair wind of this foul wind, of which we speak? Before men can arrive on this dark shore, they must pass many a warning signal friendly beacon, blazing light. They must get past Christ and his teaching, the cross and its untold sufferings, the grave, which is empty, and the mount of Bethany, whence He ascended to heaven, to be men's advocate and friend! They must get past the Bible.

"This lamp from off the everlasting throne,  
Mercy took down and in the night of time  
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow,  
And ever more beseeching men with tears,  
And earnest sighs, to hear, believe and live."

H. T. M.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### From "Father Coan"—Fresh Congratulations and Reminiscences —A Sandwich Island S. S. sends out a Loan Library.

HILO, HAWAII, Feb. 3rd, 1880.

*To the Corresponding Secretary of the  
American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

It is a joy to respond to your "New Year Greeting," on the opening of the year 1880, and the beginning of the Fifty-second volume of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. Three days ago I celebrated my seventy-ninth birthday, and I am now gliding down my eightieth year.

Well do I remember when there was no AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, no SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and when no united efforts were made to save the sons of the deep from sinking lower than the deepest soundings of the ocean. By many the sailor was looked upon as a

"wandering star," plunging into darkness and into ever deepening shades of night.

But, thanks be to God, that night of unconscious slumber has past, the morning has come; the day-star has risen, and the Sun of Righteousness has ascended to the zenith, flooding the continents, the islands, the oceans, and all the waters of the earth with golden beams of light. Beacon fires now blaze along every rock-bound shore, over every dangerous reef and shoal, and float aloft from every masthead that towers above the billowy ocean. And friendly voices call out from the skies, from the shores, and from the bosom of all waters, hailing the mariner as his proud bark plows the foaming deep, "Ship Ahoy! Your name? Where from? Whither bound? What's your reckoning?"—warning against currents and calms, against hidden rocks and reefs, and against cyclones and realms of storm and tempest.

I see Life Boats hanging from the cranes and davits of all ships, with quiet sailors reclining in or near them on the Lord's Day, examining Charts and Directions for sailing, or watching the compass to see that the good ship keeps on her course, or taking observations to learn the Latitude and Longitude, and to determine the speed of the ship while the great luminary above throws a clear light upon all points of inquiry.

At night the mild moon sends down a silver sheen over the rippling and quivering wavelets, and tells "the story of her birth" to the watch on deck.

"While all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

All these silent orbs of night speak to the sailor's soul, proclaiming the power, the wisdom, and the love of that Divine mind that created them, fixed their laws, and reveals the Almighty hand that rolls them from age to age, and from cycle to cycle, in their orbits.

But let me drop figures of speech and speak in simple prose.

I rejoice greatly in the extent and success of your *Loan Libraries*. Six thousand and five hundred and two of these libraries sent out as Life Boats, or "Leaves of Healing," up to April 1st, 1879, and these libraries containing 849,328 well selected volumes! When I read these figures I wanted to call out to all the pious, *Let us pray*; and then propose a shout of "Glory to God in the highest," with the Doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Surely this is literally "casting your bread upon the waters," and you do, as surely, "find it after many days," just as many as it takes your rice to ripen, or your ships to return from their voyages.

I am not sure whether I have two or but one loan library afloat, but I have not forgotten the sailor or his true friends. For some time past I have purposed to propose to our Sabbath School of Hawaiian children, to send twenty dollars for this object. Last Sabbath, which, as aforesaid, was my natal day, we brought up the subject, and it was unanimously voted to send you the money for the purchase of another library, to be labelled thus:—

CHILDREN'S SABBATH SCHOOL,

*Hilo, Hawaii.*

And please write me a pleasant letter which I can translate and read to our boys and girls. From our banker I will obtain exchange for twenty dollars, and order it enclosed in this letter; and this trifle will go with our hearty prayers and earnest desires for Heaven's choicest blessing to rest on you, on your associates in this good work, upon the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and upon all who go down to the sea in ships.

The Lord open the eyes of all sailors to

"see the Heavenly Land,  
The port of endless rest,"

and so to observe the high, celestial lights, so to study the chart, (Bible), so to watch the compass, and so to "trim the sails," that when the voyage of this mortal life shall end they may enter that port where cold, heat, weariness and want, and storms and tempests shall no more distress them!

Yours in the love and service of the Lord Jesus.

TITUS COAN.

P. S.—I admire the SAILORS' MAGAZINE in its appropriate overcoat, and more so for the spirit and treasure within.

### Ship's Library Work.

"It was an excellent idea of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, which has completed fifty years of good work among the seamen of this port," says the *New York Illustrated Weekly*, "to make up small but well-chosen ship's libraries, and lend them to vessels sailing from New York.

"The object of these libraries is to give the sailors healthy reading while at sea, and especially to replace the want of that religious influence afforded by church and lecture-room on land.

"These libraries are generally absent from the Society's room a year and a half, but not unfrequently the period is much longer. Four years, and even six, are not uncommon, and in two cases a term of thirteen years elapsed before the library was restored. The sailors feel a pride in them, and there are cases where, even amid the hurry, confusion and peril of shipwreck, the tars contrived to save what had been a source of so much consolation and good to them.

"The interest in these libraries is not confined to America. In 1874 the Countess of Aberdeen sent £300 in gold to furnish and keep in repair one hundred loan libraries in memory of her son George, Earl of Aberdeen, who was for

more than three years a sailor on American vessels, and who was lost at sea, six days after sailing from Boston.

"Up to the commencement of the present year the Society had sent out 6,729 new loan libraries, comprising 373,988 volumes. Each library usually has gone out at least three times. The books have thus been available to more than a quarter of a million of seamen. Nearly a thousand of these libraries have been placed in the vessels or navy-yards of the United States Navy.

"When on a long voyage the books have been pretty well read, the ship will exchange its library with some other ship that it encounters which has been similarly supplied and desires exchange. To meet this, no two libraries are alike. They are put up in neat, strong, stained cases, thirteen inches by twenty-five. The selection embraces biography, travel, adventure, science, history, narrative, etc.

former Governor, once said to the writer, "I do not know how much William Graham weighs, but I do know that he is worth his weight in gold to this Institution." The present Governor, Capt. THOMAS MELVILLE, after an experience of his usefulness for the last twelve years, testifies that he was "conscientious in the discharge of every duty and worthy of all commendation and confidence."

To say he had no enemies would be to say that he was more than human, nay, more than angelic, for no angel from Heaven can ever please a corrupt and sinning humanity. But, as a rule, he was kind and gentlemanly, and for the last few years was seriously considering and preparing for the Eternity into which he was suddenly ushered. Those who knew him best, loved him most. May he rest in peace until the Great Captain of our salvation pipes all hands! And let us who live, so live as to leave behind us an influence for good!

C. J. J.

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*For the Sailor's Magazine*

### Obituary.

WILLIAM GRAHAM.

Died, suddenly, at the Sailors' Snug Harbor, March 21st, 1880, WILLIAM GRAHAM, a native of Scotland, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Mr. Graham entered the Institution in June, 1844, at the age of 35. His eligibility to the benefits of this trust was the result of chronic rheumatism. A few months after his entrance he so far recovered as to take the place of Gatekeeper, a position which he retained for years, discharging its duties with fidelity. Having given satisfaction to the authorities he was selected for the more responsible situation of Assistant Steward, and fully met all the requirements of this office up to the hour of his death, a period of over twenty years, proving himself in all things an efficient, faithful, and incorruptible officer. Capt. AUGUSTUS DE PRYSTER, our

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### The Brassey Prize.

THOMAS BRASSEY, Esq., M. P., of England, has recently offered a prize of \$125 (£25) for the best Essay on "Lay Work In the English Merchant Navy, to treat in part, of arrangements for holding Divine Service, and for the devout observance of the Lord's Day on board various classes of ships (a) in home ports, (b) at sea, and (c) in foreign and colonial ports. 2. How to promote the attendance of the officers and crews at Divine Worship on shore, (a) in home ports, and (b) in foreign and colonial ports. 3. Arrangements for Week-day Services, Bible Classes, and Adult Schools, &c., on board, under a similar variety of conditions. 4. How to encourage individual Prayer and reading of the Holy Scriptures in the fore-castle. 5. The visitation of the sick on board and in hospitals abroad. 6. How best to keep up a supply of books, and to

manage a lending library on board; and to provide the crew with Bibles, Prayer Books, and Hymn Books. 7. The enrolling of members for the Church of England Temperance Society, and for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society." Essays are to be sent before June 1st of this year, to 11 Buckingham St., Strand, London.

### A Fresh Arctic Expedition.

A bill providing for the equipment of the "Howgate Arctic Expedition," under the supervision of Captain H. W. HOWGATE, of the Signal Service Bureau, at Washington, and for the acceptance of a vessel from Captain Howgate for the purpose, passed the U. S. House of Representatives on April 15th. It is now before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. The vessel referred to in the bill is said to be the British steamer *Gulnare*, which is now at Alexandria, Va., being fitted out evidently for some expedition. She is 247 tons in measurement; 137 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length; 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet beam; 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  feet depth of hold; half brig rigged; furnished with a pair of compound engines; and was built in Glasgow, April 1878. The hull is of oak planking over an iron frame. "Captain Howgate," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, "has instructed G. M. Brown, of No. 31 South street, in this city, to ship a crew for him, but the bill provides that officers of the Navy may be detailed for all of the official positions on the vessel, except that

of commander, which will be filled by Captain Howgate. H. C. Chester, one of the mates of the *Polaris* Expedition, which met its fate in 1873 at Littleton Island, is superintending the strengthening and refitting of the vessel. The intention of the expedition, which will consist of about twenty-five persons, including a corps of scientific observers, is to sail from here about the middle of May, and, after touching at various points on the coast of Labrador and Greenland, to proceed to the west coast of Smith's Sound at latitude 80° 40', where the first permanent depot for supplies will be made. Landing the men and supplies, the vessel will return in the Fall. Captain Howgate's plan of reaching the Pole is by a system of slow but continuous advances, made in several successive seasons, pushing his camps farther and farther northward as rapidly as may be found practicable, establishing a sure basis of supplies, and replacing men who may become disabled or disheartened with fresh recruits each year. The expedition will not be forced to return as far south as Newfoundland for coal supplies, but will probably avail itself of the "Eureka" coal mine, discovered and worked by one of the engineer officers and a detail of men from the United States Steamer *Junia*, when attached to the *Polaris* Search Expedition in 1873. This mine is on the Island of Disco, about ninety miles distant from Godhaven, in the Waigat Straits. It was readily worked, and proved to be an excellent quality of bituminous coal."

We have placed Loan Library No. 6,948 on the vessel, for the use of her crew, by request of Captain Howgate.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Denmark.

##### COPENHAGEN.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON, reporting for January, February and March, acknowledges the Christian help of several ladies of the Lutheran churches. They have held a seamen's service, weekly, and provided entertainment also of tea and

cake for those present. Sixty to eighty sailors have usually been present at each of the ordinary mission meetings, and on Easter Sunday more than one hundred and fifty were in attendance. Mr. W. says:—"It is impossible for me to give a full statement of the good done here to seamen, but this I can say that the Lord has been with us of late and



has blessed many sailors with the Pearl of great price. A young Norwegian sailor came in on February 8th, and begged of me to give him *The Pilgrim's Progress*. I told him I could not give that away as it was the only one I had, but I promised him some other good books. I could see that this was a great sorrow to him. He began to weep. I begged him to come in with me into the Inquiry Room for a private conversation. Then he told me he had heard the services on the previous evenings and was now awakened of his sin, but had hoped to find peace through reading that book. I told him that if he would believe in Jesus he could find the rest and peace his soul desired just there and then. We both knelt in prayer. In presence of the Lord the poor dear soul was in great agony, but after pleading for some moments, the change was wrought in his heart. Then he wondered why he had not believed before. After taking him into the reading room he immediately began in touching language and with tears of joy to proclaim to some of his shipmates the story of the Cross.

A Swedish sailor who had attended our services several times before he went on his last voyage, came to the Mission as soon as he landed here, and gave me two books which he had stolen from the Mission. He said that those stolen books had been the means of his conversion. Another sailor who was converted here in March, writes from Memel, March 21st, to one of his countrymen who was converted here, at the same time as the writer. He speaks of the wonderful difference from the time in which he went the way of transgressors. Now everything is "so good and peaceable." He also speaks of the blessings he has from trusting in Jesus, and exhorts his friend to be faithful.

"I have in the past three months visited 250 families and 540 ships in the harbor, and on every Wednesday the sick sailors in hospitals have been presented with tracts and useful books. I have spoken and prayed where opportunity have been given. Boarding-houses have been visited three times weekly. I may say with gratitude that I feel the Lord has been with me in all my efforts. So I believe that our Mission is to be very beneficial to Northern European sailors though the world."

ODENSE.

Mr. F. L. RYMKER, in the quarter ending March 31st, made 1,516 visits, of

which 205 were to ships and to seamen's lodging houses. An unusual number of seamen have been brought to attend public services. In asking for books for distribution he makes especial request for copies of "*The Pilgrim's Progress*."

## Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. C. R. TREAT, the new chaplain at this port, had safe passage across the Atlantic, and at latest dates was expecting to reach Antwerp, April 7th. A public meeting of farewell for the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, his predecessor, and of welcome for the Rev. Mr. T., was set down for April 9th. Dr. Vermilye says in a recent letter:—"There is a fine field for usefulness here," and congratulates his successor on the promise of a good harvest to come from spiritual labor.

## New York City.

During the first quarter of this year, Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER, missionary, visited 2,553 vessels of all classes, made 763 visits to Sailors' Boarding Houses, and 26 to Hospitals and Asylums. He speaks of remarkable conversions which have lately taken place at the SAILORS' HOME in Cherry Street, to which we have already referred in the MAGAZINE, and says that his own personal labor in other parts of the city has been much blessed of God. We give a single extract from his report. "At the door of one of the many saloons that abound in some streets near the boarding houses, I found a young sailor standing, and strongly tempted to enter. Quickly speaking to him, on the moment, a few earnest words of warning, and asking him to come away with me to the meeting, he turned. As he walked with me to the prayer meeting, he said: 'I have a christian shipmate. Last night he prayed with and counseled me to avoid these sinful places. O, how near I was gone.' With these words spoken in a low, expressive tone of voice, I not only realized how great a victory the Savior had gotten over the 'strong man armed,' but felt as never before to cry to God

for help against the 'mighty enemy of souls.' At the prayer meeting he came forward and kneeled in prayer for conversion. After the meeting I gave him a Testament. He said, with much earnestness, he had decided to serve God and live a christian life."

#### BROOKLYN, N. Y., NAVY YARD.

We have in hand the Annual Report of Mr. T. D. WILLIAMS, chaplain and missionary, which opens with citations from seamen's letters received from abroad during the twelve months. These show the liveliest memory of and gratitude for the Christian labor which was the means of their blessing while they were at the Yard. Some speak of the religious services they have been able to sustain on vessels where they have been sent, and of spiritual fruit gathered therefrom. Mr. W. says:—"Christian work in the Sailors' Hall on the Cob Dock, is yielding decided encouragement." Efforts in the cause of temperance have also been much prospered. Mr. W.'s statistics for 1879, are as follows:

Number of visits to merchant and government vessels and to the United States naval hospital, 2,923; number of religious services held in Sailors' Hall, and U. S. Naval Hospital, 260; total of visits and services, 3,188; number of Bibles and Testaments in various languages, 1,800; number of tracts and religious papers, 10,000; number of prayer books, 400; number of men among whom this distribution was made, 11,982; number of signatures to temperance pledge, 523; number of those who professed conversion to Christ, 19; number of backsliders reclaimed, 8.

### Our Loan Libraries.

The following extracts show how the books furnished to the sailors from whom the testimony comes, are appreciated by their readers.

#### HE SPEAKS FROM EXPERIENCE.

"I have had your library, 4,780, (contributed by Prof. W. H. Crosby, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.,) on the brig *John Kendall*, for two years and more," writes Capt. JAMES, of Porthleven, Wales, Eng., "during which time they have been most faithfully read by three crews and myself with great satisfaction. \* \*

Your Society is doing a praiseworthy work, but the amount of good you accomplish, will never be known on earth. You are scattering the seeds of kindness and goodness, and they must bring forth fruit."

#### GOOD WORK BY A MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

Loan Library No. 4,775 was a "memorial," sent out in 1873, by JOEL STONE, Esq., Livonia, N. Y. It was returned to our Rooms in March '80, for the first time. It had been to San Francisco, and thence two voyages out and back to Australia,—thence back to New York. "The books," says the captain, "have been read by all hands, and have been much appreciated. We return our thanks to the donor." The photograph placed on the inside of the library case was clean and perfect. The mate said:—"I have been greatly interested in the books, spending many pleasant hours with them."

#### PRACTICAL GRATITUDE.

"As I was a seamen on board the *M. P. Grace*," writes W. W. P., "now lying at Pier 19, E. R., and had charge of the library sent to us, I took up a collection for you, amounting to \$8.00. I will send it by registered letter, and may God speed you in your good work! Your brother in Christ."

The subscribers were:—

Capt. Robert P. Wilbur.....	\$2 00
William Nelson.....	1 00
James Hilts.....	2 00
Robert McDonald.....	1 00
K. Swensed.....	1 00
W. W. Packer.....	1 00
	<b>\$8 00</b>

### Bereaved.

An irreparable loss has fallen upon chaplain JONES of the Sailor's Snug Harbor, in the sudden death, April 10th, of his beloved wife. We extend to this dear brother, and his family, our tenderest sympathies, and hope for them that

out of this dark providence some gracious light may arise.

Mrs. Jones was her husband's helper in all Christian work among seamen, and many a sailor will ever cherish the memory of her personal kindness and counsel.

During the very interesting services at her funeral, held in the chapel at the Snug Harbor, and conducted by Rev. Drs. PAXTON and WELLS, with Messrs. McCULLOUGH and GREEN, the touching fact was brought out that several years before, Mrs. Jones had herself made preparation for her burial.

A package was found after her death labelled as follows, viz:—"This parcel contains my grave-clothes.

"My flesh shall rest in hope."

"It is appointed unto man once to die and after that the judgment."

On the reverse side was written:

February 26th, 1868.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "Lord I believe! help thou my unbelief."

"I would not live away, no! welcome the tomb, Since Jesus haslain there, I dread not its gloom, Then sweet be my rest till he bid me arise, To meet him in triumph descending the skies."

"This corruptible must put on incorruption. Amen!

"And this mortal must put on immortality.

"Dear, devoted husband, darling children, meet me in heaven. There all tears will be wiped away, and there we part no more. Adieu."

The whole service was exceedingly impressive and instructive, the old sailors being evidently moved thereby.

## Position of the Principal Planets for May, 1880.

MERCURY is a morning star during this month, rising on the 1st at 4h. 10m., and north of east 4° 15'; is in conjunc-

tion with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 4h. 11m., being 8° 17' south; is in conjunction with Venus on the evening of the 19th at 11 o'clock, being 25' south.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 19m., and north of east 9° 17'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 7th at 8h. 18m., being 6° 31' south.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 11h. 43m., and north of west 33° 12'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 14th at 8h. 50m., being 2° 39' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 8h. 41m., and north of east 2° 9'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 5th at 9h. 23m., being 4° 46' south.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 22m., and north of east 8° 25'; is in conjunction with Venus on the forenoon of the 1st at 11 o'clock, being 47' south; is in conjunction with Mercury on the forenoon of the 6th at 9 o'clock, being 41' north; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 2h. 16m., being 7° 41' south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in March, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 38, of which 30 were wrecked, 10 abandoned, 1 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 3 foundered, and 3 are missing. The list comprises 5 ships, 14 barks, 3 brigs, and 16 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$42,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *s c* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

### SHIPS.

St. Charles, *b*. from New York for Hogo.  
Rock Light, *m*. from Philadelphia for Bristol, E.  
Louise, *a*. from Philadelphia for Antwerp.  
Isabella, *a*. from Pensacola for Dublin.  
Belmont, *a*. from Pensacola for Greenock.

### BARKS.

John Abbott, *a*. from Darien for London.  
Mystery, *f*. from New York for Anjler.  
A. F. Nordman, *a*. from Galveston for Bremen.  
Orion, *a*. from New York for Gijon.  
Paragon, *a*. from Darien for Bristol.  
Ragna, *m*. from Stettin for New York.  
Sansego, *s c*. from Marseilles for Boston.  
Diharree, *w*. from Portland, O., for U. Kingdom.  
Alpha, *a*. from Philadelphia for Aarhus.  
Mystic Tie, *w*. from Wilmington, Del. for Rio Grande.  
Sarah Ellen, *w*. from New York for Baltimore.  
Mary A. Myhrall, *a*. from Middleborough for New York.  
Reform, *w*. from Galveston for Queenstown.  
Star of the West, *a*. from New York for Dublin.

## BRIGS.

Carlos, *m.* from Beaufort, S. C., for Valencia.  
Tropic, *w.* from Miragoane for New York.  
Salista, *w.* from New York for Beyrout.

## SCHOONERS.

Stephen Harding, *w.* from Cedar Keys for New York.  
Black Prince, *w.* (At Pass Cavallo.)  
Anna Myrick, *w.* from Plymouth, Mass. for Rockland.  
Sam'l Wackrill, *w.* from N. York for Gonaves.  
M. J. Granger, *w.* from Norfolk for New York.  
Five Sisters, *w.* from Porto Rico for N. York.  
Elay J. Cline, *w.* from San Diego.  
Challenge, *f.* from St. Andrews, N. B. for Boston.  
Neptune's Bride, *w.* from New York for Providence.  
Marshall Ney, *w.* from Eastport for Boston.  
Frank, *w.* from Machias for New York.  
Lucy Lee, *w.* from Weehawken for Boston.  
West Wind, *w.* from Bath, Me. for Baltimore.  
Aldana Rokes, *f.* from Philadelphia for Bath, Me.  
Harp, *w.* (Fisherman,) of Gloucester, Me.  
Nettle Moore, *w.* (Fisherman,) of Harwich, Mass.  
Of the above, 1 ship, 2 brigs, (1 sailing under the Haytian flag) and 18 schooners were owned in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$107,000.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

FEBRUARY, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*:—54 English, 17 French, 10 American, 10 Norwegian, 8 German, 8 Italian, 5 Portuguese, 3 Greek, 3 Swedish, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 1 Dutch, 4 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 127. In this number are included 16 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—9 English, 2 German, 2 French, 1 Spanish, 1 Dutch, 1 Norwegian; total: 16. In this number are included 2 steamers reported missing.

## Receipts for March, 1880.

## MAINE.

Blue Hill, Cong. church.....\$ 6 25

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church..... 2 60  
Chester, Cong. church..... 5 00  
Franklin, Cong. church..... 10 00  
Manchester, A daughter, in memory of her mother, for library..... 15 00  
Tilton, Rev. F. T. Perkins..... 1 00

## VERMONT.

St. Johnsbury, S. S. North Cong. ch., for libraries..... 40 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Bark Chas. Stewart, Capt. Powers..... 2 00  
Schr. R. S. Hunt, Capt. Wiles..... 1 00  
Chilcopee, 2nd Cong. church..... 24 39  
Dana..... 1 00  
Gilbertville, Cong. church..... 12 72  
Haverhill, Central ch. S. S., lib'y..... 20 00  
Lenox, Cong. church..... 22 50  
Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Pond, Mrs. Hack-et, and Miss Tanner, wh. with prev. donation by Dr. Vose, for lib'y..... 18 00  
Marshfield, Mrs. Bowers' S. S. class..... 10 00  
Monson, Cong. ch., weekly offering, \$14, and H. E. Bigelow's S. S. class, \$4..... 18 00

Newton Centre, Rev. R. C. Mills..... 5 00  
Northampton, 1st Cong. church..... 86 19  
Palmer, Cong. church..... 10 00  
Reading, Bethesda Cong. church..... 54 64  
Shrewsbury, Cong. ch., \$20, for lib'y.. 25 00  
Somerset, Cong. ch., per Rev. Mr. Hal-lidy..... 5 00  
Springfield, Homer Merriam, for lib'y 20 00  
Whitinsville, executors estate E. W. Fletcher, by Chas. P. Whitin..... 50 00

## RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Cong. ch. and Soc'y, \$20 for lib'y, by H. Conant..... 45 00  
Providence, Central ch., for lib's, viz: Mrs. H. Z. Carpenter, in name of Mrs. Nancy Marsh; W. S. Heog, in name of his wife Mrs. Sarah C. Heog, and Mrs. Frederic Fuller, ea. \$20..... 60 00  
Beneficent Cong. church..... 50 00  
Union Service, Dr. Behrends and Dr. Vose..... 40 00  
Mrs. Rebecca Wild..... 1 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Greenwich, J. Sidney Reynolds..... 5 00  
Hartford, Anon., for library..... 20 00  
South Cong. church..... 60 00  
Milford, S. C. Durand..... 5 00  
Naugatuck, Cong. church..... 10 10  
New London, 2nd Cong. ch., of wh. from Trust estate late H. P. Haven, \$200..... 313 31  
1st Cong. church..... 20 37  
Plainville, Cong. ch., for library..... 21 00  
Putnam, 2nd Cong. church..... 10 88  
Somerville, Cong. church..... 23 04  
Waterbury, 1st Cong. church..... 83 61  
Watertown, Cong. church..... 19 00  
West Winsted 2nd Cong. church..... 8 37  
Windham, Cong. church and Society.. 10 20  
Woodbury, North Cong. church..... 16 00

## NEW YORK.

Amagansett, U. S. L. S. S., Sta. No. 10, Dist. 3, Joshua B. Edwards, Keeper Brooklyn, Clinton Ave. Cong. ch., of wh. J. W. Elwell, for Sailors' Home, \$250; A. S. Barnes, \$100..... 452 42  
Buffalo, Mrs. D. S. Stanley..... 6 00  
Harlem, S. S. Ref. D. ch., for lib'y..... 20 00  
Madison Cong. church..... 3 00  
Montgomery, Mrs. Rev. J. C. Forsyth. New York City, Joseph L. Spinney, for Sailors' Home..... 200 00  
Samuel Willets, for Sailors' Home... 100 00  
John T. Terry, " "..... 1 00  
E. D. Morgan, " "..... 50 00  
Naylor & Co., " "..... 25 00  
F. W. Moss, " "..... 25 00  
Anon, for libraries..... 80 00  
Miss Mary Bronson, for Genoa..... 50 00  
Miss S. Rhinelander..... 50 00  
L. P. Stone..... 50 00  
Rev. B. N., and D. S. Martin..... 25 00  
Miss Mary Strong..... 25 00  
Benjamin F. Butler..... 25 00  
Wm. P. Douglas..... 25 00  
Geo. D. Phelps..... 25 00  
Cash..... 25 00  
Mrs. A. C. Kipp..... 20 00  
Cash..... 20 00  
Geo. F. Betts..... 15 00  
H. W. Loud & Co..... 10 00  
Thomas Scott..... 10 00  
H. G. Marquand..... 10 00  
Cash..... 10 00  
Davis & Benson..... 5 00  
Mrs. L. P. Siebert..... 5 00  
Cephas Brainerd..... 5 00  
W. H. Tallor..... 5 00  
John Saxton..... 5 00

W. B. Kendall.....	5 00	Williams, Blanchard & Co... ..	25 00
Capt. J. C. Smith, brig <i>L. F. Munson</i>	1 00	Pope & Talbot.....	25 00
Oswego, Mrs. William F. Allen, for lib'y	25 00	Oregon S. S. Co.....	25 00
Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Ann Graves, for		Marcus C. Hawley & Co.....	20 00
George W. Graves Library.....	20 00	J. C. Wilmerding.....	20 00
Rome, 1st Pres. church.....	12 41	A. K. P. Harmon.....	20 00
<b>NEW JERSEY.</b>		Tubbs & Co.....	20 00
Beverly Rev. R. Taylor, D. D.....	4 19	Selby Smelting and Lead Works....	20 00
Englewood, Pres. church, Rev. Geo. B.		Taber, Harker & Co.....	10 00
Cheever, D. D., for libraries.....	40 00	Thomas Magee.....	10 00
Newark, 2nd Pres. church, add'l.....	8 25	Levi, Markley & Co.....	10 00
Somerville, Anon.....	1 00	Baker & Hamilton.....	10 00
<b>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.</b>		Macoudray & Co.....	10 00
Washington, Mrs. Jane O. Mahon, for		Irving M. Scott.....	10 00
lib'y, in <i>memoriam</i> Rev. Harmon		W. W. Montague & Co.....	10 00
Loomis, D. D.....	20 00	J. Bermingham.....	10 00
<b>ILLINOIS.</b>		W. F. Whittier.....	10 00
Dundee, Cong. church.....	4 87	Huntington, Hopkins & Co.....	10 00
<b>CANADA.</b>		White Brothers.....	10 00
Montreal, Capt. Robert C. Adams for		H. B. Tichenor.....	10 00
lib'y, in memory of Sarah Adams.	20 00	Robert Sherwood.....	10 00
<b>SANDWICH ISLANDS.</b>		George K. Fitch.....	10 00
Hilo, per Rev. Titus Coan, D. D., S. S.		Mrs. A. G. Stiles.....	10 00
Cong. church, for library.....	20 00	Golden Gate and Miner's Foundry...	10 00
<b>JAPAN.</b>		Parrott & Co.....	10 00
Yokohama, Rev. S. R. Brown, D. D...	1 00	Charles Holbrook.....	10 00
	\$2,901 21	John F. Merrill.....	10 00
<b>CALIFORNIA.</b>		Thos. H. Selby & Co.....	10 00
Oakland, 1st Cong. church.....	64 20	Horace Davis & Co.....	10 00
Petaluma, Cong. church.....	23 50	B. F. Dunham.....	5 00
San Francisco, 1st Cong. church.....	107 48	Henry Dutton, Jr.....	5 00
Balfour, Guthrie & Co.....	100 00	J. M. Buffington.....	5 00
Alaska Commercial Co.....	50 00	Sam'l F. Buffon.....	5 00
Union Insurance Co.....	50 00	J. C. Johnson.....	5 00
Goodall, Perkins & Co.....	50 00	R. H. McDonald.....	5 00
O. W. Merriam.....	50 00	Bacon & Co.....	5 00
Cash Subscriptions.....	37 50	Wm. Pickering.....	5 00
Risdon Iron Works.....	25 00	Gor. W. Gibbs.....	5 00
J. W. Grace & Co.....	25 00	Mrs. L. S. Macoudray.....	5 00
Charles Goodall.....	25 00	John Archibald.....	5 00
California Insurance Co.....	25 00	John Everding.....	5 00
C. A. Low & Co.....	25 00	Mrs. H. L. Stolz.....	5 00
Louis McLane.....	25 00	J. H. Titcomb.....	2 50
		Thomas Day.....	2 00
		Giles H. Gray.....	1 00
			\$1,188 18
			\$4,039 39

## Errata.

In RECEIPTS for February, 1880, in last No. of MAGAZINE, in acknowledgments from Fairfield, Conn., read,—

Bequest Mrs. Samuel Trubee, per Mrs. S. M. Garlick, for library in *memoriam* Capt. Rufus Knapp.....\$20 00

Also in our Quarterly Report of new Loan Libraries shipped from Dec. 1879, to March, 1880, published with the last MAGAZINE, read as follows:—

SENT OUT IN JANUARY, 1880.

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5416..	Mrs. Ada M. D. Alexander, Northfield, Mass.	Three mast Schr.		
		Jennie Lippitt.....	W. Indies .....	9

SENT OUT IN FEBRUARY, 1880.

6607..	Mrs. S. M. Garlick, Fairfield, Conn., in <i>memoriam</i> Capt. Rufus Knapp, by bequest of Mrs. Samuel Trubee.....	Ship Daniel Barnes.....	Java.....	25
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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

*From the Christian at Work.*

## A Cruise in a Pilot-Boat.

BY W. M. STONE.

How many of you have not seen the swift pilot-boats, with their numbers in large, black figures on the mainsail, shooting around New York harbor? I think most of you have, and I think you admired them, too. I know I always do. They are graceful looking vessels, and resemble yachts. Last Summer my chum, Arthur Lane, and I had an offer of a cruise to sea in a pilot-boat. We immediately went to get permission of our parents. Mine readily consented, and Arthur's did too, after a little persuasion. We thanked the gentleman and said we would accept his offer. We were so full of our intended voyage that we did not sleep much that night or study much next day. I went over and slept with Arthur that night, and we did little more than talk about our intended trip the whole night. It was rather late in September, just when the Winter storms begin to come. Our fathers got us each some warm flannels, and a rubber suit apiece; so we were pretty well fitted out. The boat on which we were to go was No. 1, of Jersey City, and was at that time out on a cruise, but was expected home soon. She was to

come in at Stonington, and remain until she had received her pilots, and was then to go out. About four days after my father spoke about the trip—it was Thursday, I believe—he came home about three o'clock in the afternoon and said the pilot-boat was in, and was going out in the morning. So, as we lived in Brooklyn, we had to fly around and get ready to go over to New York to take the six o'clock boat for Stonington. We arrived at the pier about ten minutes before the boat was to start. It had seemed more like a month than three days between the time father told us of the offer and the time of starting. But we were off at last, and as happy as any two boys on the globe.

We reached Stonington at three o'clock in the morning. We wandered up and down the docks, until at last we saw the boat lying at anchor just off one of the piers. She looked more like a phantom than a real vessel as she lay there in the pale moonlight, riding up and down on the long swells as they rolled under her. At about half-past four the pilots came down to the dock and hailed the boat, but they could not make any one hear;

so they borrowed a schooner's yawl which was lying by the dock, and we went out to the pilot-boat, and then sent one of the sailors in to return the boat. After getting on board, Tom Williams, one of the pilots, took us down below and showed us our berths, and as we were rather sleepy, we lay down and slept until about half-past six, when we were awakened by a loud noise overhead. We tumbled out and went on deck to find out what caused it. They were getting under way. They were just putting up the jib as we came on deck. The great noise we heard was the raising of the anchor. We had just started, with a good breeze blowing, and we went along finely.

Now, as it is daylight, and I can see the boat plainly, I will give a short description of her. She is a medium-sized, topmast schooner, of about 75 tons. She is a perfect yacht in build, only more staunch. In Summer she carries two topmasts, but in Winter she takes in one of them, as the Winter gales are a little too much for her. There was a fine library on board, which they threw open to us, and which opportunity we improved before we finished our voyage.

About half-past seven we had breakfast. After that, Arthur went on deck, and I remained below for a couple of hours to examine the library. Then, as the cabin was rather close, I went on deck to get some air. The first thing I saw on reaching the deck was Arthur hanging over the leeward gunwale, trying to get rid of his breakfast. I burst into a shout of laughter, which did not please him very much. But I could not help it; he looked so droll. But he laughed at me before the day was over, for I was in the same predicament. We both had our dinner and supper in our bunks; the cook, who was a large, fat colored man, making us each some toast and tea, and after a good night's rest we recovered from our sea-sickness for the rest of the voyage.

We were out of sight of land before

dark on the day we started, with nothing around us but the sky and water. It was Thursday on which we started, and on Friday morning early a ship hove in sight, and, when she came near enough to us, she signalled us for a pilot; but as she was only a barque, the pilots would not take her, so she passed on. They are paid according to the tonnage of the vessel which they pilot. So they are anxious to get large vessels if they can. The pilots are not obliged to take a vessel which signals them, but if a vessel signals for a pilot and then does not take him, she is obliged to pay him full price.

The next day we gave our first pilot to the steamship *Denmark*. The sea was comparatively smooth, so they had no difficulty in going to the boat; and when the pilot arrived at the ship, they let down a nice pair of stairs for him. When he gets on board he exchanges papers with them, sending back to the pilot-boat the papers with the foreign news in them. When the pilot comes on board the vessel he has entire command of her, and the captain obeys his orders. At nearly dark that day we put off another pilot. This one we put on the ship *Liverpool*, a noble-looking, three-masted vessel. On pilot-boats they always keep a watchman on the maintop on the lookout for vessels, and when he finds one they give him a dollar; so the crew are very anxious for that position. On this boat in which Arthur and I went they had a crew of four men and a boat-keeper, who has charge of the boat after all the pilots have left. At this time one of the sailors was on the sick list, so we really had but three men as a crew. Vessels are not obliged to take a pilot until they are within a certain distance of the shore, but when inside that distance are obliged to take the first pilot that they meet. The pilot-boats run outside of this line, for, in rough weather especially, ships are glad to get a pilot as soon as possible.

The next day, which was Sunday, we

did not see any boats except two schooners, but they were too small for the pilots; they wanted something larger. Things went on just as usual to-day; just the same as if it were any week-day.

Early Monday morning the man on top discovered a steamship bearing toward us, and it proved to be the *City of Berlin*, the largest passenger steamship afloat. On her we put our third pilot, and he got the handsomest price of any of them. The *City of Berlin* looked very much like a great block of large buildings afloat. It takes a pretty heavy sea to disturb her much, if she rides across them. The morning had been rather cloudy and dark when we got up, and about ten o'clock the storm broke upon us in all its fury, and we had to slacken sail in a hurry to keep from capsizing. The sailors took in the mainsail and foresail, and set a stormsail in the place of the mainsail, and reefed the jib close. The stormsail, as they call it, is a triangular sail, having about half as much canvass in it as the mainsail. Then with this very small spread of canvass we lay over so far that the leeward gunwale was completely under water. The waves rolled pretty nearly as high as the tops of the masts. The furniture in the cabin went shooting wildly around. Chairs would go as if they were shot from a gun. At dinner that day, Cooper, one of the pilots, had to hold the pudding-dish in his hands most of the time, to keep it from spilling. The storm continued to rage the whole day, and did not abate until after midnight. During the storm we put off another pilot, this time on the ship *Plymouth Rock*. We had to wait for a lull between the long waves when we launched the yawl, containing the pilot and two sailors. They slid the boat right off the deck, and she struck very fair, only shipping about a quart of water. When the yawl came back they slung it up to the deck on the davits, and the sailors got out. They said they had not had such

a hard pull for a year. And the other pilot who remained said he had not seen such a storm for ten years, and hoped he never would see another like it. When we went home we found the papers full of the storm, and they reported a large number of vessels lost.

The next day brought just the opposite kind of weather, for we had a dead calm most of the day. One of the sailors tried some fishing, but he caught only one fish, which he threw overboard. The fish was about a foot long, and one which we boys would have been proud to have caught in any of our rivers at home. The sailor used a very long line and a large hook, baited with three or four clams. Toward evening a light breeze sprung up, and, as we had all sail set, we made pretty fair headway. We were headed for New York, and expected to put off our last pilot and then go in and wait for them to collect. We did not see any vessel that day. The next day we were lying just off Sandy Hook, and the man on the top saw a ship signaling for a pilot. So we went to her, putting on our last pilot, leaving the boat in care of the boatkeeper. The pilot only took her inside the Hook, and then came back to our boat, having been gone about an hour; but he received just as much payment as if he had been gone two days. The ship on which he went was called the *Trenora*, a large, three-masted vessel. Then, after receiving our pilot back again, we sailed into the harbor, and landed on Staten Island, thus ending our trip.

We thanked the pilot and crew, not forgetting the cook, who did a good deal for us, for their kindnesses and attentions. We then took the ferry for Brooklyn, and came home with a glowing account of our trip, which we talked about for the next month.

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IF, INSTEAD of the fathers, are to come up the children, then fathers must educate and train the children for the Lord.



## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,472, and they were accessible to 266,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,058 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During March, 1880, sixty-five loan libraries,—twenty-four new, and forty-one refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,922 to 6,940, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,429 to 5,483, inclusive, at Boston.

*The forty-one libraries re-shipped were:—*

No. 1,835,	No. 3,910,	No. 4,601,	No. 5,012,	No. 5,148,	No. 5,824,	No. 6,190,	No. 6,456,	No. 6,663.
" 2,674,	" 3,973,	" 4,661,	" 5,051,	" 5,194,	" 6,051,	" 6,206,	" 6,493,	
" 2,837,	" 4,181,	" 4,775,	" 5,035,	" 5,331,	" 6,152,	" 6,265,	" 6,530,	
" 2,888,	" 4,213,	" 4,898,	" 5,068,	" 5,390,	" 6,156,	" 6,369,	" 6,532,	
" 3,087,	" 4,306,	" 5,004,	" 5,121,	" 5,785,	" 6,170,	" 6,396,	" 6,619,	

*For The Life Boat.*

## A Word To Jack.

BY J. VAN TASSELL.

"Will you give me your ear for a while, Jack,  
Before you turn in for the night?  
Take my arm as we walk on the deck, Jack:—  
The stars look down smiling and bright.

"The moon is still silvering the waves, Jack,  
As they rise and fall in their sport:—  
The sails are all filled with the breeze, Jack,  
And our ship speeds right on to her port.

"All things have been made snug and taut,  
Jack,  
The watch has been station'd on deck,—  
All needful precaution is ours, Jack,  
To guard 'gainst disaster and wreck.

"Give no heed to the laughter and jest, Jack,  
That reaches our ears from below,  
Where your shipmates are shuffling the cards,  
Jack:—  
Just hear me, I pray, e'er you go.

"Hard and rough is your life on the sea, Jack,  
Amid dangers and hardships you're thrown;  
Temptation, bad morals and vice, Jack,  
Make your heart, oft, as hard as a stone.

"But you're sailing the great sea of life, Jack,  
That's what I am anxious to tell;—  
And answer me: whither you're bound, Jack;  
To the fair port of heav'n, or hell?

"Who's the Master you sail under now, Jack?  
Whose commands do you hear and obey?  
Is it Christ or the Devil you serve, Jack?  
Whose service will bring the best pay?

"Long years you have sailed this same course,  
Jack;  
Heave to! Get a cast of the lead:—  
Fill away on the other tack now, Jack,  
Hark! the breakers' wild roar just ahead.

"Set signal at once for a Pilot,  
And Jesus will soon step on board;—  
The compass and chart you most need, Jack,  
Are found in His own precious word.

"He will stand with His hand on the wheel,  
Jack,  
Steer you clear of each reef and each bar;—  
In the darkness and storm He'll give light, Jack,  
For He is the true Polar Star.

"It is time that I bid you good night, Jack,  
Give your full thoughts to what I have said;  
And make the dear Savior your friend, Jack,  
Before you lie down on your bed.

"Forsake the bad habits you have formed,  
Jack,  
Intemperance, profanity, cards;—  
Then you're safe when asleep in your bunk,  
Jack,  
Or when you lay out on the yards.

"And if heaven I reach before you, Jack,  
From the highlands of glory I'll view:—  
And sweep with my eye the whole offing,  
While keeping my lookout for you.

"When your topmasts shall break on my sight  
Jack,  
The flag of the Cross at the fore:—  
I'll wait with all heaven to hail you,  
Safe home to the bright shining shore."

## American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec. & Treas.

L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.

80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.



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Vol. 52.

JUNE, 1880.

No. 6.

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OUR FIFTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

The Fifty-Second Anniversary of the Society was held, as announced, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, at 7-30 p. m., May 10th, RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., President, in the chair, and a goodly number of the Board of Trustees, and of the clergy, on the platform. The audience was a good one in point of numbers, containing many stanch friends of the sailor's cause. Acceptable music was furnished by the choir of the Tabernacle, and by Mrs. CHRISTOPHER, the Tabernacle organist. The President, opening the exercises, said:—"My friends, in the goodness of God we are spared to another anniversary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Its objects, you all know. It is hardly necessary for me to say a word in relation to that.

"I remember, seven or eight years ago we were very much interested in an address by Judge BENEDICT, and also in one by the pastor of this church, made upon the same evening, when the honored Judge said to us that "*the sailor is the ward of the Admiralty Court,*" and Rev. Dr. TAYLOR added,—"*the ward of the church.*" Now, if the sailor be a ward, it pre-supposes a guardian. Who then are the sailor's guardians? It will not do for us to cast the matter off, and say that the nation is the guardian of the sailor, or that the law-makers are the guardians of the sailor, or that the church as a body is the guardian of the sailor. In this matter, individual responsibility comes down to you, and to me, and to every one of us, as members of the

church of Christ, to feel that we should have his interest at heart;—the interests of the sailor, who does so much for us; without whom we should be debarred many of the luxuries we enjoy, without whom our commerce could not be carried on across the seas.

“Now, although he has many faults, the sailor has also many virtues; and one great virtue is that when himself converted he carries the Gospel with him wherever he goes. It is for you and I then, to do whatever we can for the benefit of the men who “go down to the sea in ships.” We want to have men at the helm, and at the yard-arm, who are faithful, who are sober, who are ever steady at their post,—men into whose keeping we daily put our property and our lives.

“The work that our Society is doing, is a noble work—what gratifies me more than anything else in connection with it this year, is, that we have been able to renovate the SAILORS' HOME, making it almost new, so that now it accommodates about two hundred men, giving them, what the sailor needs when on shore, a comfortable room and bed, a savory cup of coffee, and a good beefsteak.” (Applause.)

The Rev. Dr. J. G. JOHNSON of Rutland, Vt., read a portion of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and offered prayer,—after which an anthem was sung by the choir.

Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, then read an abstract of the Annual Report, as follows:—

#### (ABSTRACT.)

It is a pleasure and a compensation to find in the review of another year of philanthropic and Christian work, manifold indications of the Divine approval.

Though it may not appear that all we ventured to hope for has been accomplished, yet since any gain whatever, like the privilege of serving Him at all, is the “gift of God,” we accept the success vouchsafed us with devout thankfulness, and this record of our gratitude, while we feel prompted thereby to new consecration, and the patient and joyful endurance of future toil.

When Dr. DAMON went out to the Sandwich Islands in 1842, under commission from this Society—taking the place made vacant by the death of chaplain DIELL—his chief object was to preach the Gospel to seamen on the track of the mighty commerce of the Pacific, between the Eastern and Western Continents. But as in the little Sabbath-School connected with his Honolulu Bethel four generations of native Kings have successively received their early religious training, it may be justly claimed for him, that he has also had somewhat and perhaps much to do in molding the now recognized Christian State.

And so it is everywhere abroad throughout the world. Work for seamen who go everywhere—sailing all oceans and touching all lands—distributes itself like the light. What is done for the humblest cabin-boy may reach the monarch on his throne, proving what is claimed for it, not only that the civilization which follows in the course of Christian missions is the legitimate product of the Gospel, but showing, also, that in Christianizing seamen every interest of both individuals and of nations, receives an ennobling and permanent advantage.

There is, too, a kinship, or rather perhaps a community of interest between all truly evangelical agencies, that also has a noticeable illustration in the experience of chaplain Damon. When he first went to Hawaii there were no organized missions on our Western coast. Subsequently, certain earnest men, moved to carry the Gospel to those who dwelt in the ranches and fastnesses of California, wanted Bibles and tracts to help in their work; and strange as it may seem, almost unnatural in the common order of things, the seamen's chaplaincy at Honolulu—hundreds of leagues still farther to the west—was appealed to as the then nearest place of supply.

Thus Christian work, in the several departments arranged for it, is ever hand in hand, and everywhere progressing. Each one, in doing along its own line, is likewise helping in another and in every other, all being members together of that same body, which, with one heart of love, has Christ for its living and glorious head.

**MISSIONARY WORK.**—Comparatively few changes have occurred during the past year in the working-force of the Society, either at home or abroad,—only such indeed as have been called for in the effort to secure the largest possible results.

The CHAPLAINS, MISSIONARIES, BIBLE AND TRACT DISTRIBUTORS, COLPORTEURS, helpers and others who have been aided (wholly or in part) from its Treasury, have wrought at St. John, N. B., and on the Labrador Coast;—in the Scandinavian countries;—at Hamburg in Germany;—at Antwerp in Belgium;—in France, at Havre and Marseilles;—at Genoa and Naples in Italy;—at Yokohama in Japan;—in the Sandwich Islands;—at South American ports;—and in the United States at Portland, Or., and on the waters of Puget Sound,—at San Francisco,—Galveston,—New Orleans,—Pensacola,—Savannah,—Charleston,—Wilmington, N. C.—Norfolk,—Portland, Me.—Chelsea,—Boston,—Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo,—on the Erie canal and its connections,—and in the cities and vicinities of New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn including the Navy Yard, where a most commendable work has been inaugurated for the benefit especially of persons in Government employ. The labors of these devoted men, to whom we can only refer at this time, have been blessed to the rescue, comfort and conversion of very many seamen. They have preached the Gospel in Bethels and on ship-board, have visited sailors in the fore-castle, hospitals, and elsewhere, conversing with them, giving them the Scriptures, and in every possible way befriending them, with reference to their temporal and spiritual good.

Rev. S. SWENSON, who has faithfully served us at Christiania, in Norway, was, at the beginning of the year transferred to Gottenberg, and his place supplied by the appointment of HENRY HANS JOHNSON, well known to seamen visiting this port, from his long connection with the Bethel-Ship on the North River. Mr. Johnson is a Norwegian, an experienced worker, and is already successfully established in his new position.

For the last year the seamen's interest at Copenhagen has been singularly prospered. The industry and zeal of our missionary there, Rev. A. WOLLESON, so attracted the attention of the State Church authorities and resident Christians, that they have rallied to his help. An organization for the benefit of seamen has been effected, having the practical assistance of ministers and people, that will greatly relieve us and give increased efficiency to what was already one of our most successful missions.

Rev. Pastor PRIOR (a leading Lutheran minister in Copenhagen,) in a monthly paper, named *The Harbor*, (Harnen) says in language of acknowledgment and gratitude,—“As we go to work in the Seamen's Mission, we receive it as a holy inheritance from fellow workers for God from far off lands (the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY). Their work in our city has been a blessing to many seamen and to the whole church.”

At Antwerp, Dr. VERMILYE, to whom we are under great obligation, has succeeded, by his eminently wise administration, in adjusting the difficulties he encountered on arriving there. Upon retiring, as he has done, he leaves the field for his successor, Rev. CHARLES R. TREAT, for many years pastor in Greenwich, Ct., in a most promising way.

Without specifying them, it is only just to say that the applications that come to us to follow our commerce abroad, at its most important ports, with missionary influences, indicate what is the judgment of its observers in regard to the character of our work. We cannot answer to the calls that are made upon us in this matter. We pray for increased facilities that we may be everywhere increasingly useful to that class of our brethren whose welfare we are appointed to serve.

**LIBRARY WORK.**—The number of libraries sent out during the year ending April 1st, 1880, is EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SIX, (of which TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN were new, and FIVE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-NINE refitted) on vessels carrying 12,171 men; making the total number of new libraries sent out since the work was inaugurated, (1858-9), twenty-two years ago, SIX THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE; containing by count 376,473 volumes, and accessible through frequent reshipments to 266,466 men. The libraries shipped in the U. S. Navy have reached the number of NINE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN, and these have been accessible on different vessels, to 104,058 men.

But these statistics, collated though they are from carefully kept registers, very faintly exhibit the Society's library work. The returns that come to us in letters, alike from Captains and from crews, sometimes accompanied by significant gifts of money, in acknowledgment of libraries furnished them, thanking individual donors, contributing Sabbath-schools and churches, and those who in this way have set up a memorial to some beloved or departed friend, telling of good accomplished on shipboard, and of changes wrought in character and life by this instrumentality, confirm the conviction long entertained that it is an INESTIMABLE benefit to seamen. It may be said in regard to it and as its highest honor, that thousands of souls have been hopefully converted thereby; a fact that encourages the continued and liberal prosecution of the work up to the very largest measure of our opportunity and means.

The libraries which we have been enabled to send to the Stations of the U. S. Life Saving Service by a special gift to that end, have been most gladly received. The men who heroically devote themselves to that self-sacrificing humanity are not only cheered and comforted by what in this way is generously done for them, but they regard the library as a medal of honor, and work in the sight of it with new daring and fortitude.

The seventh annual presentation of books to the graduating class at the Annapolis Naval Academy was made Sabbath, May 18th, 1879, in the beautiful chapel of the Institution, and was an occasion of unusual interest. It was accompanied by an admirable discourse to the young men from Rev. Dr. A. A. Willets of Philadelphia. The officers of the Institution were present, and everything was done

by them in their power to give impressiveness to the service. In the evening a meeting was held on the practice-ship *Santee* under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Academy, at which the visiting representatives of the Society were again listened to, on appropriate themes, with fixed attention.

**SAILORS' HOME.**—The chief event, and engrossing labor of the year, has been the re-construction and re-occupancy of the well-known SAILORS' HOME. At the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Society, held in this place May 6th, 1878, "in recognition of the Divine goodness through all its history, and in practical commemoration of its SEMI-CENTENARY, the Trustees were instructed to arrange for the re-modeling and enlargement of their Sailors' Home," and soon after undertook the work. At our last Anniversary, that building, located at 190 Cherry Street, and originally erected in 1842, had passed into the hands of contractors, to be adapted to new circumstances, and the present exigencies of seamen entering the port of New York. This work was in hand until the 21st of January last, when the finished building was formally dedicated, with appropriate services, to its philanthropic and Christian uses, and under its acceptable Superintendent, was regularly opened for guests. It has been pronounced, by competent judges, as it now stands, re-modeled, enlarged and virtually re-built, complete in adaptation and appointments, and newly furnished throughout, at a total outlay of \$38,552.00,—one of the best Sailors' Homes in the world.

E. M. Archibald, Esq., H. B. M. Consul in this port, in the course of a brief address at the re-opening, said,—“In regard to this Institution itself, I am delighted to see how admirably the alterations have been carried out. I have visited many homes for seamen in other countries, but have never seen any one to equal in comfort and convenience, that in which we now are.” The friends and patrons of the Society are certainly to be congratulated on its success. We are grateful to a kind Providence whose hand has led us along, and would make record of that goodness which has crowned our endeavor with most gracious blessing!

During the interim of repairs, and while the Superintendent of the Home occupied temporary accommodations at 111 Monroe Street, 1,090 men were received as boarders; since that time, and for the remaining two months of the year to be reported, 376 have boarded there, making a total of 1,466, and of the \$8,000 temporarily deposited with the Superintendent by them, \$3,500 were sent to relatives and friends, \$500 placed in Savings Banks, and the balance returned to depositors.

The whole number of boarders since the HOME was established, in 1842, is 96,590.

Relief has frequently been furnished to shipwrecked and destitute seamen. Some discharged from the hospitals as incurable, and some permanently disabled from accident or other causes, have here been provided with transportation to their friends, or assisted in their applications for admittance to the Sailor's Snug Harbor. Many also have found at the HOME, not only physical comfort, but the forgiveness of sin, and spiritual life and peace.

Daily family worship, (with a Wednesday and Saturday evening prayer-meeting, and other occasional services,) has been resumed in the chapel of the institution, and the resident missionary has been permitted to report more or less religious interest at the Home, with frequent conversions, forty and more, since its re-opening.

**PUBLICATIONS.**—The Society has published during the past year, over 84,000 copies of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE, and for gratuitous distribution among seamen, in

all, 20,000 copies of the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, and over 144,000 copies of the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath Schools throughout the land. These various monthly publications are evidently regarded as valuable and useful. The fourth, fifth and sixth editions, of a thousand copies each, of Mr. PIERSON'S admirable tractate entitled "*SHIP'S LIBRARIES*," with the fifth and sixth editions of a thousand copies each of the "*DUTY OF THE CHURCH TO THE MEN OF THE SEA*," by Rev. C. J. JONES, chaplain at the Sailor's Snug Harbor, have been widely distributed. The recent issue of a first edition of one thousand copies of "*RELIGION OFF SOUNDINGS*," prepared by Capt. ROBERT C. ADAMS, provides a treasury of suggestion by which religious worship at sea, may be inspired and facilitated. The *SAILOR'S TEXT BOOK* and the *SEAMEN'S HYMNS* have been freely supplied upon application.

**SPECIAL GRANTS.**—It has been a frequent privilege to relieve, through our visiting missionaries and otherwise, the painful destitution of many a shipwrecked and worn out sailor, and of many a sailor's family.

We have also responded to earnest applications for help from Auxiliary Societies and independent seamen's missions. Such kindness we have reason to believe will not be forgotten, but have its promised "recompense of reward."

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—Generous grants have been made us by the American Bible Tract, and other societies, and various publishing houses in this and other cities have furnished us suitable books for our libraries at reduced rates. The Trustees of the Lindley Murray Fund have shown us similar favor.

Prof. BULL, of the New York University, has for another year, made the astronomical calculations, which have added so much to the value of the *MAGAZINE*: and while we are under obligation to many others who have enriched by their pens the pages of our monthly, thanks are due to chaplain JONES for frequent contributions, and to Rev. Dr. ROCKWELL, for a series of articles of interest and value on "*THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE*."

The leading private, as well as public hospitals of the city have received and gratuitously ministered to such sick seamen, as we have sent to them; and the Colored Home and Hospital in 65th Street has shown us like favors.

Several Railroad, Steamboat and Ocean Steamship Companies have also kindly responded when asked to assist in the transportation of disabled seamen to their homes, all which is most gratefully acknowledged.

**FINANCES.**—A statement of receipts and expenditures is made by the Treasurer at each monthly meeting of the Trustees, and upon approval is referred to an auditing Committee. These monthly statements for the year just closed, have been examined, compared with their vouchers, and pronounced correct.

In the year ending April 1st, 1880, the receipts of the Society into its Treasury from all sources (with a small previous balance, \$793.16, and including the avails of bonds sold toward rebuilding the Home) have been \$78,887.42: expenditures, (including the \$38,552 00 for re-constructing and re-furnishing the Home, previously mentioned) \$90,992 18. The local auxiliary Societies have reported of this, the sum of \$6,917 32.

Twenty-one persons during the past year have been constituted Life Members, and one by a donation of \$100 to that end, has been constituted a Life Director of the Society.

**OBITUARY.**—The Rev. HARMON LOOMIS, D. D., who began his service for seamen in connection with the *AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY* as their chaplain at

the port of New Orleans, La., in January, 1837, who was its Associate Corresponding Secretary from 1844-5 to 1870, and subsequently remained one of its Trustees, expired at his house in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday evening, January 19th, 1880, after a very brief attack of pneumonia, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of bereaved and sympathizing friends in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, where touching addresses were made by Rev. Drs. CUYLER and SPAULDING. At the next meeting of the Board of Trustees, resolutions were adopted expressive of the high estimate in which he was held by those who had known him for years. It has been well said of him, "He was a *sturdy Puritan Christian*. He had a clear and distinct faith in every line of God's Word. His was a staunch allegiance to the doctrines and faith of the Fathers. He was never contaminated, never seduced by any vanity of this world, but all through the years, he steadily gave himself more and more to the service of Christ."

The President, in introducing Rev. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass., said that we were indebted to many of the older towns of New England for the American sailor, and to none perhaps, are we more indebted, during the last century, for the enterprising men that have gone out, than to the town of New Bedford, Mass. He was happy, to-night, to say that we had with us the son of a sailor from that town, who was almost a sailor himself.

Dr. McKenzie said:—

*Mr. President* :—it seems to me that we are singularly unfortunate in having fallen upon this pleasant day to consider the claims of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. We ought to have come in a driving north-east storm; we should have met the cutting wintry blast, and had the slippery stones beneath us, in order that we might appreciate in some measure the hardships of those men whose interests we have come here to consider. In this warm atmosphere there are few of us that would not be willing to change places with the members of the Landsmen's Friend Society who are enjoying the invigorating breezes of the Ocean or the Sound. Let us for a moment call upon the imagination, and think that these strange noises which fall upon our ears are the rolling of the breakers under our lee bow, and the roaring of the winds through our strained and broken sails, and we shall then, possibly, be in a better frame to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

I honor the Society that holds its Anniversary to-night; but well as it deserves its name, I think that those for whom I am here to speak deserve, far better, the title of the LANDSMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, when we consider the benefits they bring to every man's door. We have to thank them for the many luxuries that are spread upon our table day by day; for our rich garments and the costly objects that adorn our homes; for many of the books that we read; and even for some of the eloquent and earnest men who minister in this and other sanctuaries. Nay, looking farther, to this Landsmen's Friend Society do not this and other commercial cities owe their proud position, and our Republic its high place among the nations? But for it our churches themselves would be narrower, our work vastly contracted, our foreign



missions soon but a name. But for it of what avail would it be that the exclusive spirit which has so long shut in Japan and China has been broken through? Of what avail that the dark and mysterious plains and forests of Africa have been opened to the introduction of our commerce and of religion? Of what avail that the Islands of the Pacific are waiting to receive the glorious tidings of the Gospel? Let China maintain her wall of exclusiveness—it is just as well. Let Japan close every port against the dreaded foreigner—it is just as well. Let Africa remain undiscovered—it is just as well. Let the Islands of the Pacific be never heard from—it is just as well. It is the Landsmen's Friend Society that opens to us all these opportunities for good,—carrying us to these wide fields for commercial enterprise, and bringing these millions of people within the reach and influence of Christian civilization!

Let us remember, also, that this Landsmen's Friend Society, is not pursuing its work without cost. What has it cost anybody, here, to do what we have done? Have we parted with a single luxury to give libraries to the sailors? How different is it with the members of the Landsmen's Friend Society! Think of the dangers they encounter, the hardships they endure. That society does its work at an immense cost. It is hard work for every member of it. It is self-sacrificing work, which is more than you and I can say, brethren, in the Seamen's Friend Society. It is perilous work among perils upon the deep, perils of the rocks and reefs, perils of thick fog and the dangerous shore, perils of tempest and fire, and dire perils upon the land.

Then think of the deprivations it demands. What price would any of you take to be absent from your family, as my father was, in my boyhood, two and three years at a time, because he was an active member of the Landsmen's Friend Society? And this absence from family and friends is no small part of the cost. Then too, separation from the sanctuary, and too often from Sabbath privileges, and from almost everything good but God. How great are these privations! How great these hardships! How valuable are these privileges, which are so yielded up! The ancient city of Corinth—sitting between two seas—is represented, in art, by a woman sitting upon a rock, and on either hand another figure holding a rudder. That is Corinth; that is New York; that is Boston; that is the city among the hills! No better allegorical picture can represent this city than a proud woman between two rudders, and where the rudders go, there goes the cost. Still with us are fulfilled the words of the old oracle, that threatened so much and promised so much, when the Grecians were encouraged against the Persians with the mystic saying:—"The women of Colias shall roast their corn with oars."

My friends, I know not how to value services which are connected with so many risks. I am reminded of the anecdote of the old French General, the Duke of Dantzic, who, after many campaigns, retired upon a rich estate, and being visited by a comrade, was congratulated upon the magnificence of his surroundings. "Well my friend," said the old General, "you may have it all at a price, stand off twenty paces and let me fire at you one hundred times with a rifle, and you may have it all." The man objected to this risk. "Well," replied the

soldier, "to obtain this place and these grounds, I have faced a thousand rifles, at not more than ten paces." Ah! some sailor has suffered for what you and I have enjoyed to-day. Sailors are ever suffering, ever toiling, ever bearing and daring, that we may do our work, and that we may be blessed with the treasure and abundance of the seas.

Now we should pay this debt, every one of us. Truly has your President but just now said, "that it is not for the nation or for the church, but it is for us as individuals to do this work." There is no Society in the land that should lie closer to the heart of every minister and every Christian in our churches than the Landsmen's Friend Society, in view of what it does for us, in view of what it enables us to do for others. And *what* are we to do for it? Shall we found schools to educate the sailor? We are doing that. Shall we make their homes on board ship more comfortable, and their surroundings better? Much is being done in that direction. Government can do much by making charts of the sea and the river, by putting down each rock, and placing light-houses along every coast. It can do much by its Life Saving Service, that magnificent Christian enterprise. I have been looking over its Report, to-day, and find that the Government has 173 Life Saving Stations—stations established and manned expressly to save life and property in cases of shipwreck. And I find from the same report that these 173 Stations have been instrumental in saving 2,049 lives in a single year, and within the few years that this service has been in operation, more than 8,000 lives have been saved. The last year \$1,445,000 worth of property has been saved, against an equal amount lost, and in the few years since this service was opened, more than nine millions and a half of property has been saved by this means. That is something for the country to be proud of.

Then there comes again the distinctive work of the church,—the religious work. Let us remember who these men are,—men like ourselves,—not many, now, American born; they are largely from Northern Europe, brave men, stout-hearted men, intelligent men, men rendering a grand service, and men open to all religious influences. I think no ministers in the world are permitted to obtain more quick and striking results from their labors than those who minister to sailors. There are few clergymen in New England who can show more prompt and blessed results of Christian work than my friend, the Rev. Mr. HAYES, of Boston, whose church has just been closed, and where labor for sailors is thus interrupted. Sailors are readily influenced, and having once received the Gospel themselves, are ready to impart it to others.

We want a man to meet the sailor in every port, and to stand to him in much the same relation, spiritually, that the Government Consul does in his civil relations. The sailor needs somebody besides the Consul to minister to his spiritual wants. Then this *Christian* Consul, this Christian friend must be raised up and sustained, to meet the sailor in every port. This is but a small part of what we owe to these men, who are doing so much for us. We want men in these positions who understand the nature of the needs of the sailor. There are two agencies which have wrought mightily together for the good of men; for their instruction and advance. They are, *the Man and the Book*.

They have long been joined in God's work. The prophets appealed to the written law and testimony. When the Son of Man went up and down the Land, blessing the acres with his holy feet, *he went with the book*, working his miracles and teaching his divine truths, and holding up Moses and the prophets, the old Scriptures, saying to the people:—"You hear me; search the Book and see if these things be true." And when the Apostles went out, was it not quite the same? St. Paul preached, and the men of Berea searched the Book. In after-times when to that Book were added the life and teachings of the Lord, the Acts of his Apostles, and their letters to the churches, men went out,—the intelligent Christian workers of the world,—with *the Book*, and the Book with the men. We cannot always keep the two together in every place. Can we give a chaplain to every sailor? Are we able to furnish three million chaplains for three million sailors? Are we able to furnish a chaplain for each of the 65,000 vessels which sail on the deep sea? clearly not. We can place chaplains at the great seaports. It is the book which must go out in the ship. First of all, **THE BOOK**. Must we not believe that the divine author of the New Testament had seamen in his mind when He chose his Apostles, and when He commissioned them to write? How many of them He drew from the sea to make them fishers of men! He illustrated before them, and by them before the world, his power and mercy by stilling the wind, and calming the waves, and saving the sailors and their boats. Illustrations of divine will are drawn from the sea through all the Bible. The sailor is permitted to show that men of his class have been the teachers of the world and are to sit upon its thrones. It is worth noting that the greatest of the Apostles, once proved himself a good sailor. It seems to me that the sailor, whenever he reads the story of St. Paul's shipwreck must understand and treasure it as you and I never do. You know what a sailor said when he saw Bishop SELWYN bring his vessel into the harbor:—"It is enough to make a man a Christian to see the Bishop handle a vessel." I can well understand that. It is something to think that the man who has left the impress of his mind, more than any other, upon the ages,—who as a Christian minister is a model of all time, in the emergency of the storm proved himself a better sailor than men who had all their lives followed the sea! I am glad to think that such a man distinguished himself by handling a vessel, in a storm, and bringing every soul and every sailor safe to land. No wonder that the people of Melita showed him kindness. No wonder that the viper fell from his hand. It would kill a viper to taste the blood of such a man as that. I say that the words of this grand Apostle, whose voice never sounded farther or deeper than it does to-day, must come with special power to those men whose home is upon the deep and who are familiar with the mighty waves that often are ready to engulf their frail and helpless bark, when driven by Euroclydon.

But, besides **THE BOOK** we are able to give to the sailor, as we try for ourselves, books which shall instruct, and cheer, and bless him. We can send out three millions of books to three millions of men. There should be no difficulty in doing it. There is no hardship in it. Of course in some aspects the man is infinitely better than the book.

There is the magnetism of his presence, the touch of sympathy in his voice, and, if wise, he can meet the peculiar moods of him to whom he speaks. But there are also the blunders, the mis-judgments and the ignorance of human nature, which characterize many men; so that in some aspects the book has advantages peculiarly its own. We can select wise books; we can multiply them almost without cost. We have the advantage of the very best thoughts of men. What you or I say to-day upon the street may be ill-considered words, but when we sit down and write deliberately, we put our best thoughts on paper.

Again the book is always patient, always ready of access. The man may be mis-conceived or half-understood, and he cannot find you again, or if he finds you he is not willing to go over and over the same thing many times. But the book is always there. It awaits your leisure. If you are busy to-day, it makes no complaint. It waits quietly until the time when you can listen to it, listen to every word and thought of the man who wrote it. Then, too, the books issued by this SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY are picked works, not cheap and dry. I have examined some of these libraries, and they are just such books as I would like to have upon my own table,—well selected, the biographies and the writings of good thinkers and wise workers, of men who have seen much and share their knowledge.

Dr. McKenzie dwelt upon the importance of this branch of the Society's work,—the sending libraries with every vessel. It is a work born of a woman's faith and sight. It is a work in which every one can engage and which had been largely blessed. He spoke of what had been done by Miss WESTON, in England, in this direction, and of the interest with which her monthly letter was read by thousands of sailors. Also of her thoughtfulness in preparing for them a home on shore, where they were secure from the temptations of drink. "Just like a woman," said some, when they first heard of her plan, "to have a sailor's home without beer." Yes, just like a woman! So it was. It was just like a woman to try, and just like a woman to do it. And so attractive was this home made with its cosy "cabins," as they were called, that the men from the *Volage*, writing home, said:—"There are three hundred of us who want to sleep in one cabin." Yes, just like a woman,—no beer, but a great deal of love and many kind words.

It was another woman, the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, whose son was lost at sea, who gave the Landsmen's Friend Society one hundred libraries, through this SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, every one of them marked in memory of her son. Just like a woman to do such a thing as that. It is said of THOMAS a'BECKET that his mother, on his birthday, laid him in one scale and then put goods enough in the other side to balance him, and those goods went out to the poor. I think she did more than that,—that a mother's love made the boy heavy as she placed her own faithful heart upon his.

And so, my friends, against the bread that the sailor brings us, let us give books. Against the articles of luxury and of art that he brings, let us give books. Against the fields of usefulness that he opens, let us give books. How many books? 6,799 libraries at sea! Why our debt would not be paid with 67,099 libraries. Where are the 61,000 libraries of arrearage? Are we cheating at the scales? Shall we not

pay back, at least in equal weight, the blessings which from off the sea come rolling into our marts, into our sanctuaries, into our homes?

There are three points to be noticed. *First*.—We give to the sailors Christian teaching, because they are men like other men. *Second*.—We give to them because they need. And that is sufficient. Every man who wants, has by virtue of that very want a claim upon every man who is in a position to supply his need. Then, *third*, these men come to us as creditors. We have consented to take the toil of their hands. We owe them a debt in return. I think we might well draw comparison between what the Church is doing, and what the Government is doing for the sailor. Take for illustration the matter of light-houses. The Government puts one wherever it is needed, and more than that, the Government puts a light-house wherever it may possibly be needed. There may be no necessity to-day, but sometime there may be, and the Government makes provision before the necessity for it arises. Now suppose we carry this principle out with the same painstaking generosity. I think the Government, with all its shortcomings—this Government we like, and this Government that we love to abuse—puts the churches, and puts Christians to shame, to-day, for it does its work generously to save a corruptible crown, and we are doling out our pittance to save an incorruptible crown, the immortal spirit. I had occasion to read the rules of the British light-houses, and I cannot speak with too much praise of the care which they show for the lives of men. They require those whose duty it is, to keep the lights burning. While on duty they must be always on the alert. They are not allowed to lie down on a couch. There is more careful inquiry into their habits of life than you are apt to give to the teachers of your children. To prevent anxiety that might interfere with the performance of their duty, their lives are insured; and then comes this rule to every light-house keeper in the service of the British Government, the words of which I would have written upon your memory:—“*You are to light the lamps every evening at sun setting, and keep them constantly burning bright and clear, till sun rising.*” There may not be a single vessel, as much as a fishing boat, in sight; the sea may be studded with ships:—“*You are to light the lamps every evening.*” It may be that the moon is riding in all her splendor in the heavens, lighting the sea as if by day; it may be covered by a thick and murky fog: “*You are to light the lamps every evening.*” Every other light along the coast may be burning bright; every other light along the coast may be in darkness: “*You are to light the lamps every evening at sun setting, and keep them constantly burning bright and clear till sun rising.*”

“Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night,  
Burns on for evidence that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light.”

So are we to let our light shine before men; before him that is near and him that is afar. It is to shine over the land and over the sea. Far as we can send the beams they are steadily to shine out, till over every ship the day shall dawn, in every sailor's heart the day-star shall arise.

At the conclusion of Dr. MCKENZIE'S address, the choir sang the following hymn, written by Rev. Dr. EDWARD HOPPER, pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land, in New York City:—

“JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.”

Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous sea:  
Unknown waves before me roll,  
Hiding treacherous rock and shoal;  
Chart and compass came from Thee,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When beneath the tempest's frown,  
Hopeless, I am sinking down,  
And the night is wild and dark,  
Thou who did'st the foundering bark  
Save, on stormy Galilee,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child  
Thou can'st hush the ocean wild;  
Winds and waves obey Thy will  
When Thou biddest them, “Be still!”  
Mighty Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
Ere I reach the port of rest,—  
Then, while clinging to Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
“Fear not, I will pilot thee!”

President BUCK then introduced to the audience, the Rev. ROLLIN A. SAWYER, D. D., lately of Irvington, N. Y., now of New Haven, Conn., who simply said, it being past the hour of 9 p. m.:—

I have been asking myself the question, as I have been listening to my eloquent brother who has spoken, why it was necessary to have two speakers on an anniversary occasion, and I suppose I shall have to make the same answer that was made by my little son, when asked why there are two wheels to a bicycle:—“It is that there might be something to steady the rider.” Well, it will never do to have the second wheel so large as to upset the rider, and I shall be very brief, lest, in case of an upset, the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY should be landed in the lap of the Landmen's Friend Society, utterly helpless.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? It should be three things, for us and for this Society.

In the first place, *the sailor wants the Savior*. He wants him, whether he expresses that want or not, for a companion in the hour of his loneliness, and he wants him as a comforter in the hour of his peril. That need not be enlarged upon: you understand me.

In the second place we have decided, all of us, that *the sailor waits for Jesus*. It is a peculiar truth that the sailor is ready for the Savior. He is ready for him on the ship, and he is ready for him on the shore. There is no better evangelical ground in all the wide earth than among the seamen. If it has taken fifty years to find this out, it is worth it all. Our ministers of the Gospel and every missionary of Christ is ready to acknowledge this, now.

These are two things.

Now the third is this, that *the sailor works for Jesus*.

Every sailor that is converted is a missionary to every port throughout the world. Every sailor converted by Jesus is a missionary of the everlasting Gospel to men of every nation. That is the best point of all. We have learned that within the last twenty-five years. It has dawned upon the consciousness of the church, that sailors are the best missionaries of the Gospel that we can have; that a converted seaman carries it everywhere. Wherever this potent book, of which we have heard such an eloquent description, goes, there goes the converted sailor, to speak where you and I cannot.

Now, put these three things together:—

That the sailor *needs the Savior*;

That the sailor *waits for the Savior*;

That the sailor *works for the Savior*;—

and you have the conclusion at which we have arrived in fifty years, and the great tripod upon which this Society is to stand. The argument is irrefragable. This Society works for the sailor; that is my premiss, and it works with a success which is simply unexampled. I affirm from my knowledge, that for the amount expended, there is no Society within the whole scope of our horizon that reaps such rich, immediate and great results in the work done for souls.

And, *second*, this Society waits for God to bless its work; and it waits for God, not in vain. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for Him," anywhere. But I have thought, sometimes, that He who slept on the pillow in the little vessel tossed on the waves of Genessaret, who pulled Peter out of the deep, and said, "Wherefore dost thou doubt!" that he waits specially for opportunities to give his hand to this Society, in its work for His friends, His comrades,—the seamen. It waits for God, and he sends his best blessings, as could be vouched for by these dear friends, the chaplains of this Society, whom I should have been pleased to make way for to-night, to give their testimony.

And this Society, last of all, wants you and me. And every consecrated man, woman, and child can do no higher service to God and to his fellow-men, than to enroll himself from this time forward as an active member of the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The congregation sang, led by the choir, the Doxology,—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

and was dismissed with the benediction.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE SEAPORTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## XVI.—MELITA, SYRACUSE AND PUTEOLI.

The names of these places will be recognized as entering into the narrative of the voyage of St. Paul from Caesarea to Rome, and as specially connected with his shipwreck and the events which followed it. After the appeal of Paul to Cæsar he was put in charge of a Roman Centurion, who, with other prisoners in his care, took passage in a vessel which was bound on a coasting voyage to Myra. Here they were transferred to a large Alexandrian corn ship bound for Italy and which reached the Island of Crete where it was proposed to winter. In consequence of the inconvenience of the harbor of Fair Haven they took advantage of a pleasant day to attempt to reach the harbor of Phenice, some thirty or forty miles westward, but were soon caught by a tempest under whose power they drifted for fourteen days, until they were wrecked upon the island of *Melita*, now known as *Malta*, and about 480 miles distant from Crete. The spot where the disaster doubtless occurred and now known as St. Paul's Bay, is upon the northern side of the island and has been fully described in the work of Mr. JAMES SMITH on the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul.

Melita is an irregular oval shaped island, sixty miles in circumference, lying south of Sicily of which it was then a dependency as a Roman province. Its early settlers were Phœnicians who had recognized in it an important point as a naval depot, and whose ships found a safe anchorage in its harbors.

As the island became more and more valuable to commerce, its scanty soil and its rocky surface was improved by the bringing to it earth from Sicily, and so gradually its barren aspect was changed to one which indicated fertility and cultivation. In the growing power of Carthage as a great commercial city the island fell into its hands, and then at the close of the Second Punic war became a Roman possession, and was thus subject to the authority of Rome at the time when Paul was cast upon its shores. It was midnight of the fourteenth day that the sound of the breakers gave fearful indication to the seamen that they were near to land, and the rapid shoaling of the water as shown by the casting of the lead, induced them to come to anchor.

Here they were held till morning, and then after lightening the ship they were soon driven ashore and two hundred and seventy-six persons were thrown upon the rocky and storm beaten island. They were most hospitably entertained by the people who, though unfamiliar with the Greek language, and hence called barbarous, showed to them a kindness and courtesy which was truly welcome to the hapless voyagers across those wintry seas. The historian of the Apostolic Acts has given in very graphic words the account of the shipwreck and its subsequent events, the gathering of pieces of wood for a fire, the fastening of the viper upon Paul's hand, the varying emotions of the spectators, the sick-



ness of the aged father of Publius and his cure, and the three months residence upon the island. We can be in no doubt that the Apostle improved this time in making known to that people the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ. The preacher to the sailors upon the Alexandrian corn ship was now the earnest missionary to the community among which he had thus been providentially introduced. Tradition says that Publius himself was converted to Christianity and became the first pastor of the church formed there by the Apostle and his brethren.

On the fall of the Roman Empire the island came into the possession of the Vandals, who held it until the time of Belisarius, A. D. 533, when it came under the rule of the Byzantine Emperors. Near the end of the ninth century it was conquered by the Arabs, who were in their turn expelled by Count Roger, the Norman conqueror of Sicily, who annexed it to his possessions. In the year 1530 Charles V. of Germany and Spain having obtained the island as the heir of Arragon, gave it to the Knights of St. John, whose order had been long famed for their military valor during the times of the Crusades, and who had a few years before been driven out by the Turks from Rhodes which they had held as a military fortress for more than two centuries. Under their rule Malta became a strong fortress from which they carried on a long and successful contest with the Turks, then the dread of the christian world. Here they remained in possession, against repeated attacks from their enemies, for more than 250 years.

In the year 1758 Bonaparte while on his way to Egypt seized

the island, and in 1800 it came under the rule of England, by whom it is still held. Although its surface is naturally rocky and its verdure scanty, it has been made by cultivation greatly fertile in crops of cotton and grain, and the island is famed for its manufactures of cotton goods, cabinet work and elegant jewelry. Its inhabitants are chiefly Catholic, but there are also Protestant churches and schools which are sustained under the present government. The scene of St. Paul's shipwreck is still an object of interest to tourists, and may be visited in a few hours from Valletta whose harbor must have been familiar to the Greek sailors of the times of the Apostle. The accurate survey, of which an account is given in Smith's voyage, and the record of St. Paul have so identified the spot as to leave no doubt that here was the scene of the Apostle's shipwreck, and enable the tourist to recognize the creek with a sandy shore and the place between two seas where the ship was finally stranded and broken up.

After a three months residence upon the island another ship was found in which Paul and his companions set sail for Italy. This was the *Castor and Pollux*, named after the patron saints of the sailors of those days. After a sail of 100 miles northward they entered the magnificent harbor of *Syracuse* lying upon the eastern coast of Sicily, where they remained three days. The city upon which the Apostle now looked had been founded nearly eight hundred years before he saw it by a Corinthian colony and had risen into great wealth and power under the influence of commerce, of which it had become an important center as lying between Africa and Italy. As

the Alexandrian ship entered the harbor through the narrows lying between Ostygia and Plemmyrium it came to anchor in a spacious and land-locked sheet of water nearly three miles in circuit. Here the Apostle saw a city now sadly decayed though having some importance as a seat of commerce, but whose history, with which he must have been familiar, was one of great interest. Once it had been regarded as the peer even of Athens, both for the splendor of its public buildings and the number of its inhabitants, and the wealth and intelligence of its people. Here Hiero and Dionysius had reigned, and Archimedes had studied, and such poets and dramatists as Æschylus and Theocritus, Sophron and Epichormos had lived and published their works. Here the Athenians had come with their armies and navies and met with overwhelming defeat.

Against this city Carthage had made repeated assaults, only to prove how impregnable were its walls. Her first attempt upon Sicily, made at the suggestion of Xerxes, was met by Gelon, who went out to the succor of the brave defenders of Hymera with 50,000 infantry and 8,000 cavalry, and who, though attacking a force four times his superior, killed 150,000 men, took 60,000 prisoners, and destroyed a fleet of 1,400 ships. This great victory decided the question whether the civilization of Europe should assume the Phœnician and African form, or that of Greece and Rome. After an interval of peace and growing prosperity war was again declared by the Carthagenians who longed for this splendid prize as a means of adding to their own greatness and power. Again and again their fleets visited Sicily and their arm-

ies swept over its plains and desolated its cities. But Syracuse stood as a bulwark that hurled back its forces and resisted successfully its ambitious designs. On the conclusion of peace with Carthage, under Hiero, the city was eminently prosperous. Commerce flourished, wealth returned, emigration was encouraged, and Syracuse was adorned with temples, palaces and monuments. And its harbor was filled with the ships of every maritime power. Then came the long conflict between Rome and Carthage in which neutrality was impossible. Sicily became the battle ground of the two great powers, and Hiero made a treaty with Rome which was afterwards broken by his successors who entered into a treaty with Carthage. Then its fate was sealed. Under Marcellus, who came to the siege with 360 vessels and 120,000 soldiers, the city which for awhile, under the direction of Archimedes, successfully resisted the assaulting force, at length fell before the resistless power of Rome, and sunk rapidly into an ordinary provincial town, with its ships scattered, its commerce gone, its wealth plundered, and its glory departed. Under the fostering care of its new masters, it, however, rose again from its decline, having been strengthened by a Roman colony which had been sent thither by Augustus Cæsar. When Paul came thither he saw, therefore, a city which though largely shorn of its ancient power and glory was still an important and beautiful town with temples, theaters, and other public buildings of great beauty. Here he remained three days, and tradition says he went ashore and meeting many Jews made known to them and to others the Gospel of Christ for which he

was then a prisoner in bonds, and so laid the foundation of the Sicilian Church.

After the age of Paul the city passed through a series of misfortunes which left it only the sad wreck of its ancient glory. At the fall of the Western Empire it fell into the hands of the Goths, and then became a fief of the Emperors of the East. Afterwards it was taken, plundered and burnt by the Saracens. Charles V. partially rebuilt and fortified it, but it has never recovered its former importance. It stands amid its ruins a mocking emblem of the mutability of all things earthly, and the nothingness of all human greatness and glory. The traveler who pauses here on his way, may, with a guide, find all that is worth looking at in a few hours. He will see the ruins of the amphitheater of the Romans, the theater of the Greeks, the famous cavern called the Ear of Dionysius, the cathedral built upon the foundations of the temple of Minerva, and the fountain of the nymph Arethusa, while the splendid harbor in which once rode the ships of all nations is seldom visited, except by a few steamers and vessels that carry on a trade in wine, oil and fruits. The city that was once the rival in wealth and population of the great centers of civilization and power, now contains but 16,000 inhabitants, and its ancient magnificence can be judged of only by the sad ruins that still survive the ravages of time and of war.

The Alexandrian corn ship that sailed out of this harbor with Paul and his fellow-passengers, passing northward through the Straits of Messina and pausing for a fair wind at Phegium, the southernmost port of Italy, after a voyage of two days sighted the island of Capri and

entered the magnificent Bay of Puteolanus, now called the Bay of Naples. Looking eastward the Apostle saw the grassy slopes of Vesuvius, with the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum peacefully resting at its feet, without a thought of their coming overthrow. Nearer to him Neapolis rose in peerless beauty, looking forth as a queen upon her glorious amphitheater of hills and washed by the waters over which the fabled Venus was said to preside. The scenes which were now opening to the Apostle were full of classic and historic interest.

Over these same waters Virgil had conducted his hero Æneas from Carthage to the very port for which the Apostle was now bound, and his wonderful poem if not familiar to him in his early classic studies must have been made so now by frequent allusions thereto from the cultured and well-educated Romans with whom he had been in constant contact. As the ship neared the harbor of Puteoli new scenes of beauty and interest opened themselves up to the eyes of the Apostle. Unlike ordinary vessels which were obliged to furl their top-sails (*suppara*) on entering port, the *Castor and Pollux*, being an Alexandrian corn ship, came up under full sail, and rapidly approached the vast pier where throngs of merchants, sailors and idlers were awaiting its arrival. On the western shore was the famous and popular Roman watering place of Baïæ where the wealthy and renowned citizens of Italy spent their leisure months, and which was filled with beautiful and costly villas whose grounds stretched along the pebbly beach, or crowned the hills beyond. Here Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Marius, Virgil, Mæcenas and Hor-

ace had lived, and vast fortunes had been spent by the nobles of Rome in luxurious ease, or in works of art and taste.

The Roman Navy had its great depot in these waters, and the Apostle must have seen many of its ships lying at anchor or entering and leaving port, while hundreds of yachts and pleasure boats, filled with gay and happy youth, were dancing over the bright waters of the bay. At length the ship reaches the great seaport of Rome, and the Apostle stands amid the busy scenes of this gateway of the Empire. Around him was a city filled with temples, theaters, and magnificent public and private edifices. Symbols of Roman power and authority met him on every hand. The broad and well paved road which led northward to Rome was filled with trains of wagons loaded with corn from Egypt or the products of art and manufacture which other nations were pouring in as their tribute to the great capitol of the world. People of all countries jostled against each other in the public thoroughfares, and ships of all nations were discharging their freights upon the piers. The city had been built by the Greeks when they held possession of this region, and had been growing in importance as a Roman port ever since the Second Punic war. Here the ambassadors from Carthage had landed when on their way to Rome to settle conditions of peace. Here Scipio had come when on his way to Spain. Here Caligula, in his insane folly, had built a bridge of ships, which he had wantonly seized, that he might pass over to Misenum and display his power as the monarch of the Roman Empire. Here commerce had attracted merchants of all nations whose

wealth covered the coast with a splendid city and adorned it with many a noble work of art. Here many Jews had come for purposes of trade, and here, too, Paul found Christian friends who gave him a cordial welcome, and who comforted him with their loving and grateful sympathy.

With the decline of the Empire, Puteoli also began to wane. Alaric, the Goth, when he had taken Rome, led his fierce hosts southward and permitted them to load themselves with the spoils of the cities which they sacked and plundered, and so this gateway of Rome to the sea fell before him. Then came Genseric, the Vandal, and struck a final blow at the prosperity of Puteoli, and afterwards eruptions of the Solfaterra, and of Monte Nuovo completed the work of ruin.

The traveler who visits Naples can hardly have a more enjoyable day than that which is devoted to Pozzuoli and which is reached by a ride of 8 or 10 miles. Especially to him who is familiar with the classics is this visit one of exceeding interest. Every field and hill and fountain has a voice and a story. The tomb of Virgil is passed on the way thither, reminding one of the modest inscription which he wrote for it just before his death:—

"Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere, tenet  
(nunc)  
Parthenope; cecini pascua, rura, duces,"

"I sang of flocks, tillage, heroes; Mantua gave  
Me life, Brundisium death, Naples a grave."

As we hasten onwards from this point there is hardly a spot which has not been made familiar by some historic or classic allusion. From this scenery the poet drew his pictures of the Elysian fields and the gloomy Lake Avernus, and the home of the Cumæan Sybil. Here are laid the scenes in

the stories of Æneas and Ulysses, and Milton is said to have drawn some of his most splendid imagery from "the burning marl" and "liquid fire" of Solfaterra.

The ruins of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, which were disinterred more than a century ago, are of uncommon interest. Three of the columns of red Egyptian marble are still standing, and the Mosaic pavement may be seen just below the surface of the water. On the hill, in the rear of the city, stood an amphitheater older than the Coliseum and nearly as large, and many of its arches are still perfect. Near by was the villa of Cicero, while on every hand are the decaying monuments of wealth and luxury and splendor which have forever passed away. And in what wondrous contrast do they appear to the success of that Kingdom which Paul sought to extend when

he went forth to preach to the nations the everlasting Gospel, and for which he once passed through these scenes a prisoner in bonds. The names of the great and mighty men who then swayed the destinies of the world have passed away to be forgotten. The monuments they erected and the works which they planned; and built, have sunk before the devastating power of time and war, the idols whom they worshipped have been given to the moles and the bats. Around the ruins of their luxurious abodes the serpent creeps, and the satyr dances, and over their noblest walls the ivy hangs its fantastic wreaths. But the Gospel which Paul preached is still living and potent as then, and the church for which he labored has grown from its small beginning to be a power that fills the earth, and a kingdom that shall never be destroyed.

## THE FORTUNA'S LAST FREIGHT.

BY HELEN C. BARNARD.

Three schooners were anchored in a New England seaport one Sabbath morning. They were laden for Boston, but had been detained by foul weather.

"If it clears a bit, I'll be out o' this!" said Job Kittery, captain of the *Fortuna*.

Luke, his deformed son, whose isolated and painful life had brought him very near to the Savior, seemed greatly disturbed at his father's words.

"I hoped you wouldn't start to-day," he said in a rich, pathetic voice. I have been listening to the church bells and wishing we could go."

"A man can't wait for the Sabbath when he has bread to earn," replied Job, testily. "You and

your mother wouldn't get no clothes to wear to meetin', or meat to give ye strength to get there, if 'twa'n't for your wicked old father!" adding, "I don't see no harm in startin' to-day."

"No good ever comes o' disobeying God," said the boy earnestly. "Whenever you've ventured out on the Sabbath, mother and I have prayed that you might be kept from harm. I know God heard us, for you came back safe. But something will happen if you keep on breakin' the Lord's day."

Job sneered, but his hand shook as he lit his pipe. Luke's upright life and fearless utterances often woke the old man's sleeping conscience.

"Sailors obey only wind and

tide," he said gruffly. "I never bothered about Sunday, and look at my success! I own the fastest sailing craft on the coast, a cottage on shore, and buy ye piles o' books. Now what's aboard that head o' yourn?" more kindly, as the boy's lips trembled.

"I was wishing I could take my turn at the ropes; it nearly breaks my heart to think I'll never do a man's work"—his magnetic voice so pressed with tears that the impulsive old man was forced to wipe his own eyes. "But He who created me knew best. When my days are finished here, if I love Him He'll give me a home where I shall never be lame and never be sick. Oh, I shall be so happy, for my back'll be stright there, I know, and I shall see the King in His beauty."

"Don't!" murmured Job with upheaving chest, "we want ye here, your mother and I."

It was not often the rough man was thus softened. Luke was emboldened to say, "Dear father, I'll want you there too. If you were only a Christian, how happy mother and I would be."

Job mastered some strong inner feeling before he could say, "I'm willin' you should take comfort, lad; but I'd lose many a trip if I was pious. I can't afford to stay in port when Sunday brings a fair wind; some other fellow'd get the start o' me. I'd been before the mast now, 'stead o' bein' cap'n my own ship if I'd been squeamish 'bout Sunday. Now, I start Sunday or not Sunday, get my freight unloaded and am off with another cargo before other chaps are awake. That's the way to make this ere coastin' pay!" Job chuckled, and started up to look for signs of fair weather. Luke's appeal forgotten in his eagerness to be on the way

again. The boy's only hope now was that the weather would detain them. But towards noon the fog lifted somewhat.

"The wind's shifted a leetle," said Job. "I guess I'll venture."

"Don't start to-day, father," interposed Luke. Job muttered angrily, but the lad still entreated; "I believe evil will come of it if you do."

"It's time you were cured of such notions," said Job, more incensed because the men heard this. "I'll risk Sunday work. So cast off, my boys?"

It seemed to Luke that he could not have it so; he touched his father's arm, but was shaken off and told to be silent.

"Gettin' under way, cap'n?" asked one from the next schooner.

"Wal, yes," returned Job. "At any rate, I'll drop down the harbor and see if its clear 'outside.'"

"Looks thick outside to me," and the other shook his head. "I think it's comin' on to blow. There hain't a schooner'll venture out to-day!"

"So I think, sir," said the *Fortuna's* mate, in an undertone.

"Haul up the anchor, boys!" cried Job. "The *Fortuna*'ll be in Boston to-morrow morning." His heart was bound up in this swift-winged craft. As she glided down the harbor, obeying every turn of the wheel, he told again of the races she had won, the gales she had weathered, the burdens she had carried. He said nothing about turning back when they found it "rough" outside. The mate, who had sailed over many waters, thought it unwise to go on, and the men grumbled sorely.

"We sha'n't make much head-way with this wind, sir," again murmured the mate. "We shall have to tack constantly; the men'll

be used up before morning, if we try to run for Boston."

But the captain was deaf to all remonstrances. The *Fortuna* kept on into the gathering darkness; the wind howled, the waves ran mountains high, the spray dashed over her decks and upon the deformed boy who clung with both hands to his seat, as the ship rose and fell. For awhile Job seemed in good spirits, boasting that he "had carried her through worse seas." Perhaps he thought he could now, but the Lord of the Sabbath was against him, and he was to find himself powerless. At last a gloom fell upon his spirits, also. He ordered Luke below, where the boy crept into his berth, and lay with clasped hands and softly moving lips. In the fearful odds against them he trusted in God alone.

At eight o'clock the storm came in wind and sleet. Job often had to leave the wheel now to help the tired men execute his rapid orders. Luke ventured to peep out.

"Stay below, lad!" Job shouted, his face set and fierce as if in mortal combat. "You couldn't live in this!"

Job tried to "make for Cape Ann," but the gale drove them out to sea, choked the pumps, and tore away rudder and mainmast. Just as that faithful Sabbath waned, the captain abandoned the *Fortuna* to her fate, and tottered to the cabin, exhausted and half-crazed, followed by the mate and sailors.

"She's carried her last freight, my boy," said Job, piteously. "We threw it overboard long ago. I can't do anything to save her, or us, from going to the bottom."

"God took your weapons, father," said Luke, solemnly. "Didn't you hear His voice in the storm?"

"Don't!" cried Job hoarsely.

"I knew it was wrong to start as I did; but I dared your God, Luke. He's dealin' with me now; and you must suffer for my sin," gathering the lad in his brawny arms and weeping over him. "Boys," said he brokenly, "my folly has brought you here. I can't hope for forgiveness from God, or you. If I'd hearkened to my poor lad here, we'd been safe in port now. If so be that you can square your last account with God Almighty, do it quickly, for only a miracle can save us now."

Despair was on every face before him; evil faces they were, too, for Job Kittery hired his men from wharves without any questions.

"I've done nothing but swear against the Almighty," said one, breaking the awful silence; "my account can't be squared, nohow."

"P'raps the cap'n's got something to make a body forget trouble," said the other recklessly. "I never got ready for this. If I'm to go to the bottom to-night, I'd rather go without knowing it."

Before Job could speak, Luke cried, "Don't talk of drink now! Perhaps God will save us yet. I know mother's on her knees in the cottage praying for us. God always heard her," added the child, his face shining in the gloom. "And she'd read what the Bible says about those 'that go down to the sea in ships'—we always do stormy Sabbaths." Job groaned. "I can say it by heart," and he repeated a portion of the 107th Psalm.

"Curus that ere should read so," said the mate, breathlessly.

"They cried unto the Lord, and He brought them out of all their distresses," said Luke. "Let us pray!"

The boy's lips were used to pray-

er. When his wondrous petition had ended, the men were on their knees, too. Even Job Kittery cried to God for mercy. Surely the young Christian and the repentant men in that storm-tossed barque made the "two or three" who have the Master's promise to be in "the midst," for the tempest was calmed, and at daylight the sinking *Fortuna* was seen by a steamship, and all on board were saved. They left the schooner to her fate. Job Kittery's pride had stretched her swift wings on the waters for

the last time; she had indeed "carried her last freight," and despite his successful ventures on the Lord's day, her captain had the prospect of spending his old age "before the mast."

But Job's bitter lesson was blessed to his conversion; he became a happy Christian. Often to eager listeners the old sailor tells the story of the Cross, and how he found peace in believing by means of God's frown on the *Fortuna's* "last freight."—*Zion's Herald*.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Germany.

##### HAMBURG.

The new Sailors' Institute is to be formally inaugurated on the 21st June. Representatives from both the British and Foreign Sailors' Society and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY are invited to be present, and it is hoped that Rev. Dr. DAMON, now in Europe, will be able to act as our delegate on this interesting and important occasion.

#### Belgium.

##### ANTWERP.

Our new chaplain, the Rev. C. R. TREAT, is now settled at No. 19 Rue de Leys, and in a communication dated April 15th, gives us some of his "first impressions."

On the evening of April 9th, at the Bethel, at a meeting of the Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, "good-bye" services were held in connection with the departure of the Rev. Dr. VERMILYE, and at the same meeting the new chaplain was welcomed to his work. The Secretary's Report made a most gratify-

ing exhibit as to the results of the past year's labor. Eleven hundred francs had been contributed in the Sunday School collections alone. The utmost gratitude was expressed to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and to the retiring chaplain, for their agency in what had been accomplished, and a beautiful album with photographs of his fellow workers, and of many buildings in Antwerp, was presented to the latter. On Sunday the 11th, Rev. Mr. Treat took full charge of the services at the Bethel, preaching in the a. m. from John xv. 5, and in the evening from Esther iv. 14. At the close of the evening service, Rev. Dr. Vermilye administered the Holy Communion. The attendance at both these services was good, and an excellent spirit seemed to animate all who were present.

#### Italy.

##### NAPLES.

"It was made evident," says the Rev. JAMES GORDON GRAY, "at our late annual meeting, that the Lord is blessing His work, and giving from time to time



the seal of His approval upon it." The Mission has recently added a colporteur to its staff. Mr. BURROWS, the Harbor Missionary, reports as follows for January and February:—

Fewer sailing vessels visited our port this winter than heretofore, and consequently the number of meetings and the attendance were somewhat diminished. Among the crews of the sailing vessels were several wild characters who helped to demoralize the men in the neighboring vessels, but after a few weeks, by constant visitation, things looked brighter. Kind personal dealing with the ringleaders changed the aspect of affairs: some of them became penitent and took the temperance pledge. Two young apprentices in a steamer were found drunk on a Sabbath evening, the mate, a godly man, got a bottle with strong drink in their cabin, and some unclean photos. These lads were visited next day and after a solemn exhortation and prayer they seemed sorry for their conduct, and especially one resolved to become an abstinence, and to lead a different life in future. We were cheered by the return of several captains and sailors, on sailing vessels, who had been in Naples the previous winter. Their behavior and attendance at the means of grace showed that the work of last season, through God's blessing, was made beneficial to them. This realization of God's promise "Cast your bread upon the waters and you shall find it after many days," cheered us in our anxiety to see present fruit.

The American barks *Alaska* and *Regina Polk* and others were visited frequently, and meetings were held on board. The crew of the *R. P.* were thankful and expressed their appreciation by subscribing 80 francs towards the mission funds. The U. S. men-of-war *Enterprise* and *Wyoming* were visited often, and divine service was conducted on Sunday morning in the *W.* Captain WATSON was very kind, and by his discipline, based on Christian principles, opened the way to get larger audiences than usual. We wish God-speed to this Christian commander, and hope that God may raise up many more of like spirit. Then, soon, will the abundance of the sea be given to Christ. On the 12th March the Norwegian bark *Themis* of Grimstad was visited and a delightful meeting held on board. The mate read and prayed in the Norse language, and all sang several hymns in the same tongue.

They listened with earnest reverence to the address in English. The captain and crew were Christians and religious exercises are conducted daily on board. It is not often this spectacle is seen, of a converted crew where peace, harmony, and contentment reign. Four services were held in H. B. M. S. *Thunderer*. The Sunday evening service was very impressive. During the address all hands were piped on deck to get boats hoisted, but they returned to the place of meeting with increased numbers. On the 28th March I held service in the morning on board of the steamship *Blue Cross*, the captain being a warm hearted Christian. He keeps a steady discipline in his ship, and most of the crew will always attend a religious service. At this meeting God's presence was felt. In the evening we noticed the same faces in the Bethel meeting.

During this month two sailors in the International Hospital seemed to be benefited by the little meetings held in their room. A lady of Naples who helps efficiently by making scrap books for the ships, started a flower mission for the sailors in the Hospital. Every Tuesday we are happy to be the medium in conveying a pretty bouquet of flowers, and a number of beautifully executed cards with a text of Scripture done by the hand. These gifts are gratefully received.

During the three months 50 services were held, 432 visits to ships made, and 2,260 tracts and papers given away.

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### New York City.

God continues His work of divine grace at the SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry Street, several seamen having become Christians, there, since the issue of our last MAGAZINE.

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### BROOKLYN, (N. Y.) NAVY YARD.

Three sailors from the Yard united with the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, (Rev. Dr. CUYLER's) in March, and another, Mr. J. L. DE MOTT, converted to Christ, some time ago, at the Yard, has just become a preacher in the M. E. church, in Massachusetts.

## Portland, Oregon.

"Our work presses more and more," says chaplain STUBBS, "and God's blessings are graciously vouchsafed upon our poor services. We have been permitted, of late, to send forth a Banner Temperance Ship, from the port." Mr. McNEILL, the chaplain's helper, went down to Astoria, in April, to fish for souls, among the fishers for salmon. The chaplain, whose work has been singularly blest of God, has procured subscriptions amounting to \$6,000 for land and for a Bethel Building. \$2,000 more are needed.

March 28th, the second Bethel anniversary of the Portland Seamen's Friend Society was held at the Congregational Church in Portland. The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. H. W. Corbett, *President*; Dr. G. H. Chance, *Vice-President*; E. Quackenbush, Esq., *Secretary and Treasurer*; Rev. R. S. Stubbs, *Chaplain and Superintendent*.

Resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed at this meeting, as below:

*Whereas*, The work of the Portland Bethel has been generously fostered by the parent society of New York, and its efficiency as an auxiliary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, has been assured by the monthly remittance, forwarded to us by the parent society; and

*Whereas*, In our struggles to build a sailors' home in this city, the parent society has given intimations that it will probably assist to the extent of paying the last \$1,000 necessary to complete the Home, on the simple condition that the patronizing churches shall take up an annual collection for the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, therefore

*Resolved*, That we unanimously pass a vote of thanks to the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and renew our original pledge to take up an annual collection in our churches for the prosecution of the work of this society on this coast.

*Resolved*, That we solicit a continuance of the help at present afforded us by the parent society.

*Resolved*, That the services of chaplain Stubbs and his efficient wife, Mrs. M. E. Stubbs, have commanded universal approbation in this city. We thank the parent society for its aid, whereby they will be continued to labor among us as the appointees, jointly, of these two societies.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by our Secretary to Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, Secretary of the parent society, New York, to be inserted in the SAILORS' MAGAZINE.

The latest advices from chaplain Stubbs state that Mr. McNeill, whose meetings for seamen at the Y. M. C. A. Hall in Astoria had been greatly blessed, while helping the fishers on the Columbia River, was mercifully delivered from death in a storm on the 3rd and 4th May, in which twenty-five of the fishermen lost their lives.

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London, England.

We have full letters from Rev. Dr. DAMON to 7th May. He had been most cordially welcomed at Liverpool, and elsewhere, and had borne his full share in the meetings for seamen in London, preaching the annual sermon before the British and Foreign Sailor's Society, on the 5th, at the Congregational Church, Palmerston Road, Buckhurst Hill. The other seamen's meetings, for the week, were as follows:—Sunday, 2nd May, addresses by sailor missionaries to Sunday schools and churches; Monday, May 3rd, the Annual Meeting of the British Society, presided over by the EARL OF ARERDEEN; Tuesday, May 4th, Missionaries' Conference, with a public "tea," Lord GARVAGH in the chair; Thursday, 6th May, a special sermon to sailors, by Rev. CHARLES H. SPURGEON, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Wellington.

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Chaplain J. D. Jones.

This earnest and faithful worker for sailors in the port of Cleveland, O., has recently been cast on a business and

pleasure trip, and we have had the satisfaction of hearing from him as to his successful labors. The photographs of the exterior and interior of his Bethel and Reading Room, with its accommodations for 150 watermen, show that the "Forest City" has one of the best and best appointed institutions of the sort to be found in the United States.

### Election of Trustees.

At a meeting of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, held at the close of the Anniversary, May 10th, the following gentlemen were elected Trustees for three years, or until May, 1838:—

REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.,  
ENOS N. TAFT, Esq.,  
JAMES W. ELWELL, Esq.,  
MARSTON NILES, Esq.,  
ELBERT A. BRINCKERHOFF, Esq.,  
JOSEPH S. SPINNEY, Esq.,  
CAPT. B. GHERARDI, U. S. N.,  
CORNELIUS N. BLISS, Esq.

### Ten Years Out.

Loan Library No. 3,834, contributed by S. S. Ref. Church, Flatlands, L. I., in April, 1870, and sent out at that time on the ship *Annie A. Lane* for Cadiz, was returned to our Rooms for the first time, and reshipped thence, April 27th, 1880, on the schooner *Addie Snow*, for Key West.

### Sufferings of a Ship's Crew.

The London *Times* says that the German brigantine *Moorburg*, Captain H. Boldt, from China for Melbourne, with a cargo of tea, put into Brisbane, Queensland, in October 1879, in distress, four of her crew having died on the voyage. She left Foochow on the 11th of July, 1879, the crew consisting of Captain Boldt, the mate, four sailors, and a Chinese cook; the captain's wife and a little child were also on board. South of the Solomon group a ship came in sight, but was too far off to signal, and this was the only vessel seen during

the whole voyage. On the 1st of August an island of the Caroline group was sighted, and on the 26th Nunas island, of the Solomon group. At this time the whole of the crew were sick, and only the captain was able to move, so that landing was out of the question, as the natives are reported to be cannibals. On September 18th one man of the crew died; on the 20th another, and on the 1st and 9th of October a third and fourth, so that only the mate and the captain were left to manage the vessel. The heat was intolerable, and the captain determined to steer for Brisbane. On the 8rd of October it blew a heavy E. S. E. gale, the mate could scarcely crawl, and the Chinese cook was unable to go aloft, and, being no sailor, was of little use even on deck. The captain then tried to save the sails, while his wife, a small and by no means robust woman, took the helm. Besides this, the vessel had been leaking since the 1st of October, but on the 5th the leak had been found, and the captain, although suffering from swollen legs, let himself down overboard into the water and stopped the leak. The water already on board could not, however, be got rid of, as there was nobody to pump. At length, on the 18th of October, Cape Moriton light was sighted, and on the 14th the pilot came on board and the vessel was brought to anchor. On the vessel's arrival the only person in tolerably good health was the captain's wife. She had rendered extraordinary service, for she not only tended the crew while they were sick, but also regularly took her watch at the helm, thus rendering it possible for the ship to be navigated. The mate was reduced almost to a skeleton. The captain's legs were swollen, and his hands covered with sores. The survivors were recovering. The arrival of the *Moorburg* at Melbourne has since been announced at Lloyd's by telegraph.

### Position of the Principal Planets for June, 1880.

MERCURY is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the forenoon of the 2nd at 7 o'clock; during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 8th, at 9h. 27m., being 33' north.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 3m., and north of east 24° 29';

is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 6th, at 7h. 48m., being 3° 12' south.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 10h. 47m., and north of west 28° 56'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 11th, at 9h. 35m., being 4° 12' north.

JUPITER is a morning star rising on the 1st at 1h. 54m., and north of east 5° 18'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the afternoon of the 2nd at 1h. 30m., being 6° 55' south, and then again on the morning of the 30th at 8h. 38m., being now 6° 59' south.

SATURN is a morning star rising on the 1st at 2h. 28m., and north of east 10° 1'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 3rd at 1h. 47m., being 7° 44' south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in April, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, is 63, of which 19 were wrecked, 27 abandoned, 1 burned, 6 foundered, and 9 are missing. The list comprises 4 steamers, 7 ships, 37 barks, 6 brigs, and 18 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$1,500,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

### STEAMERS.

Fernville, *f*. from W. Hartlepool for Boston.  
 Syria, *a*. from New Orleans for Liverpool.  
 Visciano, *a*. from New Orleans for Antwerp.  
 Mercator, *m*. from Antwerp for New York.

### SHIPS.

Isabel Mott, *a*. from New York for Antwerp.  
 Stormoway, *a*. from New Orleans for Liverpool.  
 Northern Empire, *a*. from New Orleans for Liverpool.  
 Cultivator, *a*. from Liverpool for Baltimore.  
 Evangeline, *a*. from Liverpool for Philadelphia.  
 Gen. Shepley, *a*. from Liverpool for Boston.  
 Assyrian, *m*. from Cork for New York.

### BARKS.

Pater, *w*. from Liverpool for New York.  
 Zealand, *a*. from Antwerp for Philadelphia.  
 Richard Pearse, *w*. from New York for Natal.  
 Opair, *a*. from Philadelphia for Newry.  
 F. M. Hulbert, *a*. from Havana for New York.  
 Douglass, *w*. from Pernambuco for New York.  
 Queen of Hearts, *a*. from Mobile for Belfast, I.

Eugenio, *a*. from Baltimore for Gibraltar.  
 Wasenaer, *a*. from Pensacola for Grange-mouth.

Other, *a*. from Middleborough for New York.  
 Snaresbrook, *a*. from Darien for Hull.  
 Rosetta, *w*. from Guadaloupe for New York.  
 Germania, *m*. from Hamburg for New York.  
 Robert Wendt, *a*. from New York for Stettin.  
 Virginia, *m*. from Newcastle, E. for San Francisco.

Nicolo Tomaseco, *b*. from Philadelphia for Trieste.

Chas. F. Elwell, *m*. from New Orleans for Rouen.

Carlo R., *f*. from New York for Trieste.

James Peake, *a*. from Greenock for Philadelphia.

Nenuphar, *a*. from Baltimore for Londonderry.

Amalthea, *a*. from Gloucester, E. for N. York.

Elvira, *a*. from Savannah for Palma.

Marie, *a*. from Liverpool for New York.

Ocean, *a*. from Pensacola for Arr.

Emma V., *m*. from Portland, Me. for Queens-town.

W. W. Thomas, *w*. from Liverpool for Matanzas.

Winfred, *m*. from New Orleans for Queens-town.

### BRIGS.

Lizzie M. Merrill, *f*. from New York for New Orleans.

Annie Wharton, *a*. from London for New Haven.

Rescue, *a*. from New York for Funchal.

Victor, *a*. from Philadelphia for Queenstown.

Skjold, *w*. from Aarhus for Philadelphia.

Agnera, *m*. from New York for Havana.

### SCHOONERS.

Zicavo, *w*. from Portland for New York.

Ocean Belle, *f*. (Fisherman) at Gloucester, Ms.

Juanita Julia, *w* from Tuspan for Galveston.

Rosedale, *w*. from Mancheon'l, Ja. for Charleston.

Ralph Howes, *w*. from Wilmington, N. C. for Boston.

Annie C. Norwood, *m*. (Fisherman,) at Gloucester, Mass.

Johnnie Meerve, *w*. from Portsmouth, N. H. for Rockland.

John A. Cook, *a*. from Provincetown for Rockland.

Lucy Jane, *f*. from Rockland for Salem.

Hunter, *w*. from New York for Eastport.

Horatio Nichols, *w*. from Hoboken for Exeter, N. H.

Chas. Hawley, *w*. from New York for Boston.

Scud, *w*. from New London for New York.

Sarah B., *a*. from Jacksonville for New York.

W. H. Aspinwall, *w*. (Pilotboat) of New York.

J. M. Kissam, *f*. from New York for New Bedford.

Mary, *m*. (At Dennisport, Mass.)

W. H. Lovitt, *w*. for Camden.

Of the above, 3 ships, 2 barks, 3 brigs, and 18 schooners were owned in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$204,000.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

MARCH, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*.—42 English, 14 American, 12 Norwegian, 10 German, 7 French, 5 Dutch, 3 Danish, 3 Italian, 3 Portuguese, 2 Spanish, 1 Austrian, 1 Swedish, 1 Turkish. 8 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 107. In this number are included 14 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—9 English, 2 French; total: 11. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for April, 1880.

### MAINE.

Augusta, So. Cong. church.....	\$ 15 00
Bangor, S. S. Hammond St. Cong. ch. ....	10 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hanover, Dartmouth Religious Soc'y. ....	13 75
Nashua 1st Cong. church .....	7 80
Rye, Cong. church.....	7 00

### VERMONT.

Granby, S. S. Cong. church .....	2 00
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### MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington 1st ch. S. S., for library.....	30 00
Boston, Bark <i>Norway</i> , Capt. Hallet, for library.....	30 00
Chester, 2nd Cong. church .....	2 00
East Longmeadow, Cong. church.....	10 50
Enfield, Cong. church and Society.....	24 00
Greenfield, 2nd Cong. church .....	1 00
Hatfield, Cong. church.....	44 50
Leicester Cong. church.....	23 00
Longmeadow, S. S. Cong. ch., for lib'y, \$30 50, and Miss Haralson's class, for library, \$20 25 .....	40 75
Ladies' B. nevolent Soc'y .....	13 70
Lowell, High St. S. S., Miss Galloup's class, for library.....	30 00
North Weymouth, Cong. S. S., for lib'y ..	30 00
Orange, Rev. A. B. Foster.....	5 00
Oxford, Cong. church.....	10 15
Peabody Cong. church.....	27 18
Pittsfield, 1st church, weekly offering.....	37 59
Rehoboth, Cong. church.....	5 00
Rockland Cong. church, add'l.....	10 00
Sheffield, Cong. church.....	11 01
Shelburne, 1st Cong. church .....	11 00
Sherborn, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y .....	20 00
South Faramont, Cong. church .....	30 00
South Williamstown Greylock Institute, S. S., for library.....	30 00
Springfield, 1st Cong. church.....	30 82
Olivet church .....	23 46
So. Cong. church .....	8 68
E. E. Charles.....	1 00
Wellfleet, Cong. ch., of wh. S. S., for library, \$30 .....	22 19
West Brookfield, Infant class, add'l....	1 00
Westford, Cong. church.....	10 20
Wilbraham, Cong. church.....	12 50
Worcester, Central church .....	30 55

### CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 1st Cong. church.....	3 33
Fairfield, Bequest Mrs. Samuel Trubee, to const. Miss Isabelle F. Knapp, L. M.....	30 00
Greenwich, T. A. Mead.....	5 00
E. A. Knapp.....	5 00
M.....	5 00
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	5 00
Haddam, Cong. church.....	5 00
Mansfield, Mrs. M. B. Whitney's S. S. class.....	10 00
Old Lyme, Cong. church.....	5 00
Old Saybrook, S. S. Cong. church.....	11 08
Thomaston, Cong. church .....	18 67
Vernon, Cong. church .....	4 07
Wallingford Cong. church .....	21 21
Waterbury, 2nd Cong. church .....	150 80
West Hartford, Miss S. W. Boswell, for library.....	30 00

### NEW YORK.

East New York, Ref. church .....	5 60
Fort Plain, Ref. church .....	1 00
Marcellus, Pres. church, for library.....	30 00
New Lebanon, Pres. and Cong. ch.....	6 00
New York City, Royal Phelps, per H. G., for Sailors' Home .....	100 00
Charles F. Hardy, for Sailors' Home ..	50 00
Robert Gordon of wh. \$25, for Sailors' Home .....	50 00
Richard Irvin, for Sailors' Home. ..	25 00
S. D. Babcock, .....	25 00
Hovt Bros., of wh. \$15, for Sailors' Home.....	25 00
Mrs. Lispenard Stewart, for Sailors' Home .....	30 00
Wm. M. Halsted, for Sailors' Home.....	30 00
K. of wh. \$5, .....	10 00
D. & B., .....	5 00
D. Marley, legacy.....	70 00
Frederick A. Libbey, for libraries.....	140 00
C. V. S. Roosevelt .....	50 00
Trustees of the Murray Fund.....	35 40
Collegiate Ref. church Mission S. S., for library.....	30 00
Cash.....	28 00
Arnold, Constable & Co.....	25 00
John Monroe & Co .....	25 00
C. A. Davison .....	25 00
S. Humphreys .....	25 00
Mrs. James Brown.....	30 00
James C. Carter.....	20 00
Geo. D. Morgan.....	30 00
A. Norrie .....	30 00
Mrs. P. Bullard.....	10 00
Willard Parker, M. D.....	10 00
Alfred C. Post, M. D.....	10 00
N. Niles, for S. C. D.....	10 00
I. N. Phelps .....	10 00
T. A. Bruwer .....	10 00
W. A. Smith .....	10 00
L. M. G. ....	10 00
Miniature Bethel church.....	7 00
Norman White.....	5 00
H. P. Marshall.....	5 00
A. Hall .....	5 00
C. G. Landon.....	5 00
W. E. Case .....	5 00
W. W. N.....	5 00
C. H. R.....	2 50
Capt. Wilbur and crew, of ship <i>M. P. Grace</i> , per W. W. Parker .....	8 00
Capt. Dollar, bark <i>Northern Queen</i> .....	5 00
Capt. A. H. Merriman, bark <i>McAdam</i> .....	1 00
Capt. Coffin, brig <i>DeRigo</i> .....	1 00
Rochester, 1st Pres. church .....	20 00
Smithtown, L. I., S. S. Pres. church, to complete payments for library.....	15 00
Southampton, Pres. ch., of wh. \$30, to const. Mr. Josiah Foster, L. M. ....	33 36
Capt. Herrick's friends library for whale ship <i>Asprey</i> .....	20 00

### NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, Mrs. Zophar B. Dodd.....	5 00
East Orange, S. S. 1st Pres. ch., for library .....	20 00
J. E. Kuapp, for library.....	20 00
Newark, Geo. H. Brown.....	10 00
Trenton, 3rd Pres. church.....	16 40

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Bloomsbury, Mrs. Mary L. Neal.....	5 00
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### OHIO.

Bell Brook, Daniel Holmes .....	5 00
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### KANSAS.

Rock Creek, Mrs. F. L. Savage.....	1 00
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\$2,767 75




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Oast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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## He Paid it All.

BY MRS. S. K. BRANDEGEE.

"Jesus paid it all,  
Yes, all the debt I owe;  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
He paid it long ago."

What a singular power such Gospel hymns as this have over all—learned or unlearned—a power which seems only second to that of the Word of God itself!

A few weeks ago, in our little country Sunday-school, we were singing the hymn quoted, and as the chorus rose loud and clear, "Jesus paid it all, yes, all the debt I owe," my eyes unconsciously turned towards a young man, singing so earnestly, tears filling his eyes.

After school, joining me, he said, "I can never sing that hymn without tears; it was the means of my conversion two years ago."

A lawyer by profession, with a clear legal head, yet that simple hymn had, under the Spirit, conquered intellect, worldly tastes, and youthful follies, and led to an entire consecration to Him whose precious blood paid it all, long, long ago.

A lady, listening to the conversation, said, "Some years ago I was visiting a

gay watering place, and on Sabbath evening, after some singing, not especially well suited to the Sabbath, I took my place at the piano, with a prayer that the dear Lord would enable me, by my singing, to help some weary soul. I sang 'Jesus paid it all.' Two or three years afterwards, visiting the same place again, a colored woman came to me saying, 'Yes, you are de lady: I knows you are.'

"What lady?" I questioned.  
"De very one who sang, 'Jesus paid it all.' Last night one of the waiters comes to me and says, "'Tis de very one, I's sure I 'members her. Don't you know how sweetly she sang, 'Jesus paid it all, all de debt I owes'?" Yes, I neber forgets it, "Jesus paid it all," and I neber forgets de deah lady who sung it so sweetly."

Thus these sweet hymns, which reach the heart of learned and unlearned alike, seem to be only the beginning of that chorus, which will louder and louder grow, until the "Lamb who was slain" gathers his elect together from the four quarters of the globe to join in the grander chorus, "Now unto Him that

loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, unto him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." *Amen.*

### Christine.

It was growing dark very early that November afternoon. Martin Green's wife stood at the door of her house straining her eyes to discover some signs of the little fishing-boat in which he had started off some hours previous, with hand and head alike unsteady from drink. Several times a sigh broke from the lips of the anxious woman, but her face brightened when little Christine said :

"Don't grieve, mother; I'll run to the cove with an armful of sticks, and I'll build such a fire that father will see it miles and miles away. Hurry and get the supper ready, and I'll soon bring him home to eat it."

The child's courage helped to cheer the mother's heart, though she had small hope that Christine's fire would avail much.

Down to the shore hastened the child, untroubled by the darkness, for she knew the place so well she could have gone there with her eyes shut, and having kindled a blaze, she knelt on the sand and asked God to save her father from two things:—his present danger, and his love of strong drink.

Christine's two prayers were answered. She had hardly time to rise from her knees and put another stick on the fire, before the plash of the oars, and a glad shout, met her ears. In time, too, Martin Green was rescued from his enemy, and became a sober man. Everybody in the village knows that it was Christine who doubly helped her father. She prayed, as many good children do, but also she worked. She kindled the fire when she asked God to bring her father safely home; and to her prayer

that he might 'stop drinking she added an obedient, loving life. Thus by praying and working she helped to save him. —*Child's World.*

### Aunt Phillis's Guest.

I was young and "Harry" was strong,  
The summer was bursting from sky and plain,  
Thrilling our blood as we bounded along,  
Till a picture flashed—and I dropped the rein.

A black sea creek, that like a snake  
Slipped through a low green league of sedge,  
An ebbing tide and a setting sun.  
And a hut and a woman by the edge.

Her back was bent and her wool was gray,  
The wrinkles lay close on the withered face;  
Children were buried and sold away:  
The freedom had come to the last of a race.

She lived from a neighbor's hominy-pot;  
There was praise in the hut when "the pain"  
Passed by;—  
From its floor of dirt the smoke curled out  
Where the shingles were patched with bright  
blue sky.

"Aunt Phillis, you live here all alone?"  
I asked, and pitied the gray old head;  
Sure as a child, in quiet tone,  
"ME AND JESUS, MASSA," she said.

I started, for all the place was aglow,  
With a presence I had not seen before;  
The air was full of a music low,  
And a guest divine stood at the door!

Aye, it was true that the Lord of Life,  
Who seeth the widow give her mite,  
Had watched this slave in her weary strife,  
And shown himself to her longing sight.

The hut and the dirt, the rags and the skin,  
The groveling want and darkened mind,  
I looked on this; but the Lord, within,  
(I would what he saw was in me to find!)

A child-like soul he found, with force  
To see what the angels see in bliss;—  
She lived and the Lord lived.—so of course  
They lived together. she knew but this.

And the life that I had almost despised  
As something to pity, so poor and low,  
Had already borne fruit that the Lord so prized.  
He loved to come near and see it grow.

No sorrow for her that the life was done;  
A few days more of the hut's unrest,  
A little while longer to sit in the sun,—  
Then!—He would be host, and she would be  
guest.

And up above, if an angel of light  
Should stop on his errand of love some day,  
And ask,—"Who lives in the mansion bright?"  
"Me and Jesus," Aunt Phillis will say.

A fancy, foolish and fond, it seems?  
And things are not as Aunt Phillis dreams.  
Friend, be it so;  
But this I know,—  
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,  
Not coming above what God will show;

That his commonest thing hides a wonder vast  
To whose beauty our eyes have never past;  
That his fact in the present or in the to-be  
Outshines the best that we think we see.

Wm. C. Gannett.

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1848-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,478, and they were accessible to 266,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,058 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During April, 1880, seventy-one loan libraries,—twenty-five new, and forty-six refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,941 to 6,963, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,484, 5,435, and 5,436, at Boston.

*The forty-six libraries re-shipped were:—*

No. 61,	No. 3,085,	No. 4,367,	No. 5,112,	No. 5,775,	No. 5,907,	No. 6,287,	No. 6,421,
" 461,	" 3,187,	" 4,358,	" 5,117,	" 5,801,	" 6,011,	" 6,264,	" 6,631,
" 1,419,	" 3,384,	" 4,377,	" 5,141,	" 5,817,	" 6,047,	" 6,276,	" 6,647,
" 1,971,	" 3,463,	" 4,397,	" 5,253,	" 5,846,	" 6,111,	" 6,243,	" 6,787.
" 2,452,	" 3,637,	" 4,630,	" 5,413,	" 5,668,	" 6,199,	" 6,362,	
" 2,836,	" 3,780,	" 4,664,	" 5,435,	" 5,837,	" 6,285,	" 6,411,	

## The Sea Boy's Grave.

What strange unsatisfied longings has the boy who is fascinated by the sea! The desire grows into a purpose and the purpose into realization. How excited are all the younger children as this manly, lion-hearted elder brother starts on his first voyage. With what solicitude and care does his mother prepare his clothes, fit up his chest, and see him away on his perilous venture. How she thinks of him during the first winter, and prays for him, too. Voyages, disasters, wrecks, and short paragraphs about missing ships which never arrested her attention before, now appear as in large type. At last the ship arrives at the port of destination, and the swift cable-gram announces the fact. Peace now takes the place of painful suspense, and the mail is looked forward to with pleasure. But no letter comes, and there is a strange unrest and even apprehension. The children tell of his coming home again and how he will be grown and changed, but as no letter comes the parents begin to think there may be

something wrong. At last the agents of the ship send to say they have received a letter from the Captain who states that on December 23rd, 1879, Master Bradley fell overboard and was drowned. He was last seen with a bucket, but no one saw him fall, and the ship was not rounded to till he was missed. It was not till April 9th, 1880, this sad news came to his mother. The boy was at our Institute full of hope, and after Captain Wiggins lectured he was delighted to leave in one of his ships. We tender our deepest sympathies to Mrs. Bradley and family, and to all those mothers and families who have suffered such a loss this winter. His body may be in a sea boy's grave, but his soul is gone aloft. The infinite, far reaching mercy of Christ is ready for every emergency, and many a sailor makes a short run into the ever blessed harbor of heaven. May the broken hearted, sorrowing, weeping ones look up through the golden gates where we hope and believe young Bradley is gone! "Around the throne of God in heaven." —*Chart and Compass.*



### The Crooked Tree.

"Such a cross old woman as Mrs. Barnes is! I never would send her jelly or any thing else again," said Molly Clapp, setting her basket down hard on the table. "She never even said, 'Thank you,' but, 'Set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been a little more neighborly.' I never want to go there again, and I should n't think you would."

"Molly! Molly! come quick and see old Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry tree!" called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew out over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a good deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with strong ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that, but it was of no use.

"It's as crooked as the letter S and has been for twenty years. You're just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws," said Joe as he dropped the ropes and wiped the sweat from his face.

"Are you sure *you* haven't begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?" asked Mr. Daws.

"That's a true word, master, and it's as hard to break off with them as to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge last night, and with God's help, I mean to keep it."

"With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe," responded the master. "Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises of grace to help."

"That's my comfort, sir," said the man, humbly, "but I shall tell the boys to try and not grow crooked at the beginning."

"Mother," said Molly as she stood by the window again at her mother's side,

"I know now what is the matter with old Mrs. Barnes. She needn't try to be pleasant and kind now, for she's like the old tree:—it's twenty years too late."

"It's never too late, with God's help, to try to do better, but *my* little girl must begin *now* to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts; then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'It is twenty years too late.'"  
—*Child's World*.

### Little Blanche's Favorite Verse.

"I wish each one of you, dear children," said the teacher, "would select your favorite verse from the Bible, and repeat it when you come to the children's meeting to-morrow."

Blanche went home, took her Bible and turned its leaves over thoughtfully for a few minutes. Then she came to her mother's side with beaming face. "Mamma, don't you think this is the very best verse in the Bible?" and she read, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"It is indeed a precious verse," replied her mother, "and if one knew nothing of the Bible but that, and would follow its teachings, he would be saved."

Blanche not only learned the verse so that she could repeat it perfectly, but the love of God touched her young heart and won her to give herself to Him.

A few months after God called her home. She must have showed and added grace in her every-day life, for during her short illness her little sister Lillie said one day, "Mamma, if Blanche dies, won't she make the sweetest angel in heaven?"

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### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President*.  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary* :—  
Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.



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*From Macmillan's Magazine.*

## IN A FIJIAN CYCLONE.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

SAVU SAVU BAY, FIJI ISLES, }  
December 15th, 1879. }

*My dear Father and Mother :—*

I arrived here only yesterday morning from Levuka, and very glad I am to get safe home at last, for we were shipwrecked on the way, and had to swim for our lives; it was a terrible time. I suffered all the awful horrors of a death by drowning, but my life has been preserved, I may truly say, in a wonderful manner.

I left Levuka last Tuesday morning, the 9th, at daylight, in a cutter of nine tons, the owner and captain in charge, his name H—, a man of few words, a quiet, honest, trustworthy fellow, for whom I have a great liking, thoroughly up to his work. As crew we had a half-caste and two strong Fijians, only one other passenger besides myself. This man, A—,

was formerly captain in some merchant service, a very rough diamond, but at bottom a very good fellow; he came to Fiji about ten years ago, and is now a gray-haired old fellow, with a wife and large family of children. H— is in partnership with C— in Savu Savu Bay, brother to the one you know. They bought this cutter a few months ago, and have been running her regularly ever since.

We left Levuka, as I have said, at daylight last Tuesday, with a very light breeze. We made very little way that day, and anchored for the night close to an island. Next morning at daylight we started again; what little breeze there was was in our favor, but by evening it had died away and left us out

in the open sea. All that night we kept bobbing on. As soon, however, as day dawned, we saw at once we were in for something hot—at all events a very heavy squall was coming on—so we took in all our extra sails, and reefed close down, not a bit too soon. A terrific storm of wind and rain struck us, sending the cutter almost over on to her beam ends; we feared our two small sails would be blown clean away, but being new and strong, they held, to our great relief. At first we thought we were only in for a very heavy squall, which would not last more than two or three hours, but instead of that it increased in fury, and so rapidly that within half an hour it was blowing a perfect hurricane, and as we have since found out a regular cyclone. I have seldom seen such a sight; I never wish to experience it again in such a small craft. Our cutter of nine tons in ordinary sailing weather always boasted of five sails—a mainsail, a squaresail, gaff-topsail, staysail and jib. We took in everything but the mainsail and jib, both of which we shortened as much as possible, and yet we lay over with our lee gunwale under water the whole time. At first the sea was comparatively smooth, for the wind was so strong that it literally prevented the sea from rising; it seemed at first that it was impossible for the waves to lift, for if one attempted to do so the wind caught it and sent it hissing along in spray; we were almost blinded with the heavy rain and spray; and although 7 o'clock in the morning it became quite dark, and we were enveloped in a thick fog, and could only see a few yards ahead.

The storm came from the eastward, but soon shifted round to

the northeast, right dead ahead in our teeth; we then decided to try and make for the shelter of a small rocky barren islet, for we were out in the open sea, and this was our only refuge. We steered by compass for we could not see any distance ahead. H—— steered, A—— went up to the mast-head, and Lui, the half-caste, and the two Fijians stood ready. As there were plenty of men to do what was wanted, I remained close to H—— to lend him a hand if necessary. We were, of course, drenched all the time with the heavy rain and spray, but that was nothing. To reach the island we had to pass through some dangerous reef patches, lying a mile and a half from it, the passage through the reef only a very narrow one, being but a few yards wide. Not one of us spoke a word; I knew afterward that we were all thinking of the same thing, that it was indeed very doubtful whether any of us would see land again. We were close-hauled to endeavor to get as much as possible to windward of the passage, and we were anxious to get through before the wind shifted round any more.

After a long time A—— cried out that we were close upon the reef; there it was, a white seething mass of huge waves and foam. I looked at H——, his honest brown face as white as a sheet, and with such a desperate look upon it; we all saw at once that it was impossible to make the passage, close-hauled though we were, on that tack. There was not a second to be lost; we were almost on the reef; H—— tried to put the cutter about, she missed stays; we could not get her around; and the next moment we were broadside on among the huge waves and

white foam right on the reef, which here is some fifty to sixty yards wide; an awful sea was running, and we were tossed up and down like a cockle shell. A—— at the masthead roared out his orders in a hoarse voice of agony, "Luff, luff! keep her full! luff, luff! keep her full!" and in that way we literally dodged between the huge rocks until we reached the deep water beyond. Our escape was a most miraculous one; at one time if we had been in the trough of the sea instead of on the top of a huge wave, we must have all lost our lives. When we were safe in the open sea again, A—— came down from the masthead, his face very white, and said to me,—"Sonny, I would not have given five shillings for any of our lives a minute ago." I looked at old H——, he was nearly crying with thankfulness.

The danger over, we had another difficulty before us,—how to reach the island; for the wind was gradually hauling round, and was again blowing dead ahead, and a tremendous sea was running. After tacking and tacking, with the greatest difficulty we reached holding-ground on the lee side of our barren island, and threw out both anchors and sixty-five fathoms of chain. Lui and the Fijians went ashore in the boat to cook; she returned for A——, who also went ashore. H—— and I remained on board, not anticipating any danger. This was at nine o'clock in the morning. Soon after A—— left us the wind went round to the northward, and instead of our being on the lee side of the island we were now on the windward side, exposed to the full fury of the gale; it was impossible then for the boat to return to us; the sight was a grand one, and believing

that our chains would hold, and not dreaming that there was any danger I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Where the boat had gone ashore was a narrow strip of white sand, with a background of trees, the rest of the island nothing but bluff, barren rocks, rising straight out of the water; a tremendous sea was rolling in, and dashing furiously against these rocks, striking them and rising high in the air, a mass of white foam; the trees on the island in their new spring foliage forming a beautiful contrast. H—— said to me: "What an iron-bound coast." I made some remark, I think, that it was very grand; and H—— said: "Yes, old man, but I pity the poor fellow who gets dashed up against those rocks."

Meanwhile the storm was increasing rapidly in fury, the cutter dipping bows under to every wave, the spray flying clean over us. We went down below into the little cabin and had something to eat, a biscuit and salt beef. It was impossible for the boat to come out to us; nothing could have lived in the heavy sea, so we were obliged to remain on board, the storm raging worse and worse. A little before 3 o'clock in the afternoon I went down below, for I was very cold and wet. I was down but a few minutes, when H—— called to me, "Old man, stand by to swim; one chain has parted!"

The tone of his voice was quite enough. I did not say a word; I felt the worst had come; I went on deck at once. There was H——, with nothing but his shirt on, his face very white, and with the same look on it that I had noticed when we were on the reef. I went to the bows, and of course saw at once that one chain had gone. I said to H——, "Let us lash two

oars together, and get ashore on them." He said, "Not a bit of use; you will only be drifted upon those rocks; your only chance is to swim, and try and make for that bit of sandy beach. It is your only chance, old man; if you get upon those rocks you will be dashed to pieces." Now, in order to reach that sandy beach we had to swim, in a great measure, against wind, waves and tide. I merely said, "I suppose we had better go before the other chain parts." He said, "Yes; if you wait till then you will have less chance." I did not say another word. I stripped my clothes off. As I was taking my shirt off, H—— said, "You had better keep that on; you will want something on shore." But I took it off, for I knew I could not swim in it; I, however, kept my jersey on, and there I stood, ready. We both stood together, hanging on to the shrouds, both of us silent for a minute or two, very quiet, and our faces—for mine must have been the same as H——'s,—very white! I looked at the huge breakers, at the rocks, at the distance from the strip of beach, and I felt my heart sink terribly.

I did not say a word, but I felt I could not reach the shore; there was no time for any cowardice. H—— told me afterward that I did not show the slightest fear, that he never saw any one behave in such a cool manner as I did. Just before I jumped into the sea, I turned round to H——, and said, "Old man, I can't do it." The next moment I was among the waves, swimming for the shore. I kept up my presence of mind grandly. I swam slowly and deliberately, for I knew I stood a poor chance if I flurried myself. I heard H—— plunge into

the sea behind me; he soon passed me, swimming with far greater ease than I did; he is much more powerfully built than I am; stronger in every way, and has led a very rough life since his boyhood; he stood a far better chance of reaching the shore than I did. It was terrible work among those huge breakers; they followed each other in such quick succession that when you did manage to rise to the surface after being overwhelmed with one, you had not time even to breathe before the next huge wave was upon you. I was getting very exhausted, my arms and legs so tired that I could hardly move them, and I found it more difficult to rise from under the waves.

I saw A—— (who cannot swim a stroke) on the beach, gesticulating and running about frantically. I saw H—— far ahead of me, still making good way; then I saw Lui, the half-caste, a perfect Hercules in strength, and a splendid swimmer, dash into the water followed by the two Fijians. I saw them reach H——; one Fijian remained with him to help him, and Lui and the other came on toward me. It seemed child's play to them; the breakers were rolling in toward the shore; as they met each one they dived under it, and so they came on to me. I was afraid they would not reach me in time, for I was completely exhausted. I had no strength left in me, and I gave an awful yell, and sank before they reached me. When I came to the surface, I found myself almost unconsciously between them, my left hand on Lui's shoulder, my right arm held up by the Fijian. We made for the shore; in a second a huge breaker was upon us, and separated us.

A——, who was watching from the beach, says he thought none of

us would come to the surface again, we were so long beneath the waves; however, we came to the surface again, and Lui and the Fijian grasped me again; a huge wave separated us again, again we came together, and made a vain attempt. Lui said *Sa oti* ("it is finished"), shook me off and made for the shore followed by the Fijian. I then heard a yell from H——: the Fijian who came out to help him had deserted him also. When Lui said *Sa oti*, and the two men left me, the agony of mind I suffered is indescribable; I gave up all hope of life, I was utterly exhausted, and down I sank. I heard the breakers roaring above me, I could just see my arms moving feebly about, my stomach began to swell most painfully with the amount of salt water I was swallowing, and then in the most unaccountable manner I came to the surface again, and saw them dragging H—— ashore. Down I sank again, and so on, until at last I felt dashed against the rocks. I grasped at them, but they were smooth and slippery, and back I was sucked again by the waves; the next wave threw me up again, and I felt a hand clutch hold of me and drag me higher up; I fully realized then how a drowning man grasps at every straw; the wave flattened both of us against the rock, which rose sheer above us; I clutched at it in a helpless kind of way, and most mercifully three fingers of each hand stuck in two small niches in the rock; I could only get them in as far as the first joint, no more; how I held on is a marvel to me, a marvel to every one who saw the place afterward.

The next wave lifted me clean off my feet, and towered high above us; how my fingers retained their hold I cannot tell, it was

pure desperation; as the wave receded the suction was very great; it washed the Fijian, who had saved me, back again among the breakers. I looked around for an instant, and saw him struggling in the water, but the next wave was upon me, a huge body of water, and I held on again like grim death, my strength was gone, my arms and legs numb, but I did not leave go; the wave washed the Fijian into a small hole in the rock hollowed by the action of the water; into this the waves swept with fearful force; but the Fijian was fresh and stuck there. After a while he clambered round the rocks, how I don't know, and went for help; he saw A—— and shouted to him for a rope, he (A——) chopped off the boat's painter with an axe, and sent Lui and the Fijians over the rocks to me. They came down from above and let the rope down to me in a noose; it was too short; they called and yelled to me to catch hold of it, but I could not, I had no strength left; they let it down a little lower; it was now about two feet above me; I waited for the next wave; it lifted me up, I made one desperate effort and caught hold of the rope; they dragged me up to a small ledge where there was just room for them to stand; they seized me by the wrists and legs, and there I vomited a quantity of blood and water; after a while they dragged me up higher to another ledge; as they were doing so the cutter, which had in the mean time parted the remaining chain, was dashed against the rocks, her topmast striking the rocks within a few feet of me. Well, they dragged me up from ledge to ledge until we got to a safe place.

The Fijians, seeing I was numb with the cold, lay upon me with

their their naked bodies like blankets until I had got some warmth into me; they then between them carried me down to the beach into a sort of cave. A—— came up, and never shall I forget the rough fellow's tender kindness to me. "Old man, old man, I never thought I should see you again; I told H—— long ago that you were cooked. Lui and the Fijians when they came ashore said it was impossible to save you, that you were a drowned man, that it was written on your face, that they themselves were nearly drowned, that the sharks were already at you." A—— fortunately had brought a rug ashore with him in the boat; he stripped off my wet Jersey, took off his own dry fisherman's blue Jersey, made me put it on, and wrapped me in his rug, and made the Fijians light a fire, and I lay close alongside. It was quite dark, then—just think how awful it would have been if the storm had come upon us during the night. The shake of the hand old A—— gave me when he first saw me I shall never forget. Soon H—— came limping up; we said nothing at first, but just looked at each other in quiet thankfulness. He then told me that he never had such a narrow squeak for his life before, that he also gave up all hope, and yet I saw him dragged ashore. A—— told me that they all rushed into the water and dragged him ashore, and that when he saw his face he gave up all hope of ever seeing me again, for H——'s face was like a corpse's, his lips livid.

That night, when the tide went down, A——, Lui, and the Fijians went to the cutter to get some food and water, for we were on a barren island without either; although the waves were dashing

over the cutter, they pluckily dived into her hold and brought up a box of tinned meats and a bag of flour belonging to me; they also secured a keg of water, so we were fortunately provided with provisions for a week. This was all that could be done then; the seas had broken open the hatches, and were washing the cargo out in the most merciless way. That night the wind went round to the southward, and then gradually to the eastward, proving that we had experienced a regular cyclone. The gale raged all night, and we never expected to see the cutter in the morning. We none of us slept that night, but we all lay down; an oar served us three for a pillow. A—— and H—— put me between them. No clothes had been saved from the wreck. A—— had fortunately his rug. We lay as close to each other as we possibly could, I close to H——'s back, and A—— close up to mine, with his arm around me. How bitterly cold it was! how the wind did roar! I could not sleep, my chest was paining me too much. I said, "I can't breathe." H—— said, "I am just the same; every breath I take pains me." I suppose this was the result of the quantity of salt water we had swallowed.

We were very thankful when morning at last dawned. H—— and I could not move; his legs were much cut about, but I was in a far worse state. When they hauled me over the rocks I was bleeding, I may truly say, all over: it was a great mercy no limbs were broken. I was cut all over my feet and legs terribly; when H—— and A—— looked me over next morning, they said, "By Jove, old man, you would make a splendid zebra." I was afraid at first that my left knee was seriously

damaged, for I could not move it, my feet were much swollen, and I had an ugly cut in my groin. My wounds were all full of dirt; there was no water to wash in, for we had but very little for drinking purposes, and it was necessary to husband that very carefully, for we did not know when we might be rescued. However, I bore all with the greatest cheerfulness—everything seemed so utterly trivial when I thought how mercifully my life had been spared. A—— told me that I was at least three quarters of an hour in the water, and two hours upon the rocks, so you can imagine what I endured.

When I gave up all hope in the water, I did not suffer one pang of remorse about my past life. I have always been told that when a man is drowning, all his past life comes before him, and he suffers horrors of conscience. It was not so with me. I thought of you, my dear father and mother, and of you all at home, and what a sorrow the news of my death would be to you all, and then, strange to say, I thought how people do lie. I have always been told that death by drowning is the easiest death, and yet here I am suffering agonies of pain; and I remember wishing if I am to be drowned, let it be done quickly. Then I thought, I am about to solve the problem about the future world, and I felt the same feeling of shyness and dread come over me that I have felt so often, and never could conquer, when I was outside a drawing-room door, and about to be ushered into the presence of a crowd of ladies and men. I have been asked if I never thought about the sharks which infest the place. I am thankful to say they never entered into my head; if I had remembered them I feel sure I should have gone down like a stone.

Next morning the cutter, to our great surprise, was still there; when she had drifted ashore it was high tide, and the waves wedged her in between the rocks most securely; twenty yards beyond the place where she struck, and she would have missed the island altogether, and been driven clean away; she came ashore at the very place I did, thus showing how helplessly the wind and waves had driven me; twenty yards more and I should have been lost.

During the day the wind and waves went down; the trees whose tender foliage I had admired the day before looked as if a severe fire had passed through them, and the leaves were all black and withered. I was bringing up a large stock of stores and necessaries for the plantation; remnants only saved, a quantity of silver for plantation use gone, my good heavy coats that are invaluable on these voyages all washed away, cases broken open by the waves, and some of the contents washed ashore; even tinned meats strewn about on the reef; sulus (cloth for plantation use) found in strips all over the reef; my belt was picked up three days afterward.

The third day the sea was almost calm. On Saturday a schooner came in sight; we hailed her and she lent us men. All ballast was taken out of the cutter, two strong tackles rove to the reef, the holes in her were then patched up, and at high tide she was hauled into deep water, and by constant pumping kept afloat. Then it was decided that I should go on in the schooner to Savu Bay to break the news to H——'s partner, and send down a letter to A——'s wife to tell her that her husband was allright, for we knew that everybody would be very anxious about us. So I came on in the



schooner and reached this full of thankfulness.

My wounds cannot look more healthy. How I relished my first wash! I shall give the Fijian who saved my life a handsome present; he indeed deserves one, although he did not come with the intention of saving my life; he said to A——, "I must go and see the white man

die," and ran to the top of the rocks to get a good view. He saw I had life in me yet, and pluckily clambered down the rocks. How he found a footing I don't know, but Fijians are as sure-footed as goats; at all events he got down in time to seize my hand and save my life. Your affectionate Son.

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*From The Edgartown, Mass., Gazette.*

## COMMODORE JOHN DOWNES, U. S. NAVY.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.\*

The frigate *Macedonian*, Captain JOHN DOWNES, sailed from Boston for the Pacific, September 20th, 1818.—When a week out she was dismasted in a hurricane and put into Norfolk, October 10. Having refitted, she left that port, November 6th, and arrived at Valparaiso, January 28, 1819. It was then that I first met her commander. He was at that time 32, and I was 24.—We became well acquainted, and our friendship was uninterrupted, and continued until his death, August 11th, 1854. He was quick in feeling and action, kind, gentle, but impulsive and passionate; yet the gust was soon over, and he was lion and lamb almost at the same moment. He was friendly to me and I became strongly attached to him. During the two years and more that the *Macedonian* was on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and farther North, he protected our commerce; and as various consular duties devolved on me, sometimes applications were made by the same individuals to him and me. I was agent for the ship and negotiated bills drawn

by him on our Government for disbursements which he had to make. When he called on the Governor or other officials, I accompanied him, as he did not speak Spanish. So we were much together, and had frequent consultations on various matters.

Judge PREVOST, the Confidential Agent of our Government, was disposed to prevent Captain Downes from receiving compensation for carrying specie from one port to another in the frigate; but I expressed the opinion that it was proper for him to be remunerated for the great care and responsibility connected with this important service. The risk was very great at that time, in sending treasure in merchant vessels. On his return home, in 1821, in the report of his cruise, to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Downes gave the particulars of all he had carried, and of what had been paid to him. He never heard anything from the Department on the subject, and consequently inferred that his course was approved.

One morning Captain Downes

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\* HENRY HILL, Esq., the well known Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from 1823 to 1854, and now a resident of Braintree, Mass.

said that his men had been so long in port and idle, that he intended to take a sail around Juan Fernandez, and be at sea a week, just to give them some exercise. I asked, why not go to Coquimbo, and call on Mr. STEWART, our Consul there? It would gratify him and other friends there, and I presumed an American frigate had never been in that harbor. "I will," he said, "if you will go with me." Finding that I could arrange my business for a brief absence, we set sail March 14th, 1819, and two days afterwards anchored in the harbor of Coquimbo, at the southern extremity of a spacious bay, and two or three leagues south of the town. We had taken our saddles and bridles, knowing that horses could easily be obtained, and we were soon among our friends, who gave us a cordial reception. The captain and his officers were treated with great attention, and after a charming visit of three or four days, and another pleasant sail, we reached Valparaiso, having been away twelve days.

One day, while the *Macedonian* was lying at anchor in Valparaiso, two midshipmen, who had been disputing about some trifling matter, went ashore and fought a duel, and young ABERCROMBIE was killed. His body was brought on board on a plank, and the next day was buried near the White Battery, I think, on the beach. There was, at that time, no place for the interment of Protestants; and some bodies which had been buried at low water-mark, were dug up and treated with indignity. In these later days, Protestant worship and burial are tolerated. Captain Downes was grieved at this sad affair, and placed young GORDON under arrest. In answer to my

inquiries, he said he did not know what more he could do. The Rev. Dr. ABERCROMBIE, an Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia, got a letter from Commodore BIDDLE to me, to insure the safe delivery of one which he enclosed, "from an affectionate father to a dutiful son." But the communication came too late; the son had gone to his long home. There is some consolation in the fact that the foolish and barbarous practice of duelling is much less resorted to now than formerly.

Just after the *Macedonian* returned from a cruise, a little party was about to take a ride, and it was easy to get an invitation from Lady COCHRANE for Captain Downes. He took my best horse, which was somewhat spirited; but the rider, by good seamanship or horsemanship, managed to keep from capsizing, and we had an agreeable excursion. This was his first introduction to her ladyship. She was young, genial, a bold rider, fond of pic-nics, parties, music and dancing.

After we had become pretty well acquainted, I availed myself of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity, and asked Capt. Downes if he was aware that he sometimes made use of words that — "Yes, I am," he said, "and no one despises the habit more than I. It is vulgar and ungentelemanly; but I have been so much among sailors. I never swear when I am in the company of ladies." He then expressed his wish to break himself of the habit, and said he would be greatly obliged to me if at any time I should notice an improper expression, that I would remind him of it; and I endeavored to aid him in avoiding unnecessary and undesirable expletives.

It was proposed to have a pic-nic

on the opposite side of the bay, some half a dozen miles from the harbor. The party started in one of the large boats of the *Macedonian*, the sailors being in their best rig, and a midshipman steering. Passing the frigate, the band struck up, and Lady Cochrane said, "Oh, Captain Downes, if we only had the band with us, our arrangements would be complete." The rowers carried us swiftly along, and we supposed the music would soon die away in the distance; but it seemed to follow us, and we discovered that the band was in a boat astern of us, which carried eatables, crockery and sundries. On landing, we repaired to a large house which had been engaged, and where the day was pleasantly spent. Our horses had been sent around the bay, and towards evening we had a pleasant gallop home; "fleet steeds" being needed to keep up with some of the party.

When Lord Cochrane was blockading Callao with three ships of war, it was reported at Valparaiso that he had said he was able to enforce the blockade, and would not allow the *Macedonian* nor any other ship of war or merchant-ship to enter. Captain Downes had previously announced his intention to sail for Callao on a certain day, and when these reports came to him, he with difficulty restrained himself, merely remarking that he should leave at the appointed time, and should be happy to take letters, &c. But he said to me, "I will tell *you* my plan. If Cochrane attempts to stop me, I shall pour a broadside into him, aiming all my guns to one point, hoping to sink him at once. If I succeed in this, I can easily dispose of the other two ships." He sailed on the day set; and on approaching Lord Cochrane's ship, the *Mace-*

*donian* passed her stern, the two Commanders standing on their respective quarter-decks, speaking-trumpets in hand, and Lord Cochrane shouted,—“Hope Captain Downes is well.”—“Thank you; left Lady Cochrane well, eight days ago.” The *Macedonian* then ran under the lee of the other ship, backed her topsails, and Captain Downes sent his first lieutenant to Lord Cochrane, with his compliments. He then filled away and entered the harbor. When the *Macedonian* had anchored, Lord Cochrane sent Captain FORSTER, his flag-captain, who was his brother-in-law, with his respects to Captain Downes. Captain Forster was somewhat surprised to find that the cabins had been removed, and a gun placed wherever there was room for one, and that the men were all at quarters.

After a long cruise to the North, the *Macedonian* returned to Valparaiso, and the Chilean fleet was then in port. Immediately after coming to anchor, Captain Downes sent his first lieutenant to Lord Cochrane, Admiral and Commander of the Chilean Navy, with his respects, and to say that he would be happy to salute his flag, provided an equal number of guns should be returned. I was in the cabin when Mr. MAURY came back and reported that Lord Cochrane would give gun for gun, if Captain Downes would assure him that this was always required by our ships. Captain Downes was in a towering passion, and said, “I don’t care to salute his flag, and shall give him no such assurance, and will do nothing more about it.” Waiting a little, for the storm to subside, I said, “you always do require gun for gun, do you not?” “Certainly,” said he, “we never salute on any other condition.

The English used to return two guns less; but they always give us gun for gun." "Well," I said, "Lord Cochrane can't know this."—"Yes, but he ought to know it, and I shan't take the trouble to inform him." Things now looked rather squally; and I ventured to say,—“As Lord Cochrane is ignorant of this, and wishes to have the Chilian flag properly respected, would there be any harm in informing him of what is the invariable custom in our Navy?” After a pause,—“Mr. Maury, go to Lord Cochrane and tell him that we *never* salute without receiving an equal number of guns in return.” When Mr. Maury came back, the firing began; and before it was over, I wished myself away from the noise and smoke of the great guns. We went on shore, and Lord Cochrane soon called on Captain Downes, at my office. Every thing now was friendly and pleasant.

When the *Macedonian* sailed on her last visit to the North, the Chaplain, Mr. WILSON, being much out of health, remained on shore. He became more unwell, and died. There was a beautiful cemetery at Valparaiso, and application to deposit the remains there, was made to the principal ecclesiastic. “Was he a Roman Catholic?” “No,” I said, “but he was a Christian minister, and an officer of our Navy.” All my statements and arguments were of no avail. The old Canon would be most happy to do every thing in his power, but the Church allowed burial only to Roman Catholics. I then went to the Governor, who most cheerfully offered any grounds over which the Government had control. He stated that the Arsenal was their finest public building, and the enclosure was surrounded by a high

wall, and thus was free from any danger of molestation. This place was decided on; and Captain BASIL HALL, of the British sloop of war, *Conway*, attended the funeral, with such of his officers as could be spared; and his marines fired a volley over the grave. He had previously sent half a dozen of his sailors, in their blue jackets and white trowsers, with spades, to assist in digging the grave, and in carrying the body. These kind civilities, freely tendered, were highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged; and the recollection of these friendly attentions has made the reading of his subsequent volumes increasingly pleasant. The commanders of British ships of war were uniformly friendly and obliging, rendering every assistance in their power when we had no vessel of war in port. And our officers were always ready to do what they could for our English friends.

(Concluded in our next number.)

### Pitcairn Island.

Captain F. C. B. ROBINSON, of H. M. S. *Opal*, who by command of Rear Admiral A. F. R. DE HORSEY, called at Pitcairn Island to deliver an organ, a present from Her Majesty the Queen, writes as follows of his mission, which was accomplished July 2nd, 1879.

“It was placed in the islander's boat alongside the *Opal*, and although only weighing about 500 lbs., its height (nearly six feet in the case) made it an awkward and difficult thing to secure in a light gig in so heavy a sea. Mr. McCoy, with a picked crew, took it on shore, and it was most interesting to watch the skill with which the boat was brought through the

heavy surf. Repeatedly, after starting from behind the rollers to come in, she had to back out again clear of the surf till the exact moment had arrived, when, in obedience to a signal from THURSDAY OCTOBER CHRISTIAN, perched high on a rock, directing those in the boat, she dashed in during a quieter moment between the rollers, and was quickly hauled up high and dry on the beach, without as much as even a spray reaching the present. To Thursday October Christian, the oldest man on the island, is assigned the responsible duty of piloting their boat over the surf when it is dangerous, but the right moment for coming in appeared to be known to all, for simultaneously with Christian's signal, those around him involuntarily cried out, 'now bring her in,' and I observed that they appeared to watch out to sea for the right time more than the rollers off the beach; but familiar as these nearly amphibious people are with their landing place, and notwithstanding their courage and wonderful skill, serious accidents sometimes happen.

"Owing to the heavy rain the narrow path up the cliffs to Adamstown was so slippery that we found even climbing up it difficult; the sturdy inhabitants, however, thought little of it, for they shouldered the organ and walked it up to the top and to the church-house without once pausing,—no light feat considering the state of the path, and that their village is 210 feet above the sea. The night had closed in before they had got it up, but the full moon which had just risen made the little village almost as light as day. The whole community assembled to see the organ unpacked and placed in the church-house, and when there their first

impulse and act was the spontaneous bursting forth of 'God save the Queen.' As their sweet voices sang verse after verse of our anthem, their earnestness and depth of feeling spoke more than words can convey their gratitude and loving loyalty to the Queen; this natural expression of the fulness of their simple hearts was eloquence they were unaware of, and touchingly conveyed thanks which they tried so often and so hard to put into words. They appear to have feared that in leaving Norfolk Island they might have been thought ungrateful for that gift, and that in having done so they incurred displeasure, and had forfeited their right to be considered belonging to England; a present so unexpected from the Queen removed this fear, and intensified a delight too real to be called extravagant.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### A Hymn At Sea.

- "Oh Lord be this our Vessel now  
 "A worthy Temple unto Thee!  
 "Tho' none may hear its bells but Thou,  
 "And this, our little company:  
 "Our church's roof, yon mighty dome  
 "Shall ring with Hymns we learned at home—  
 "Our floor, the boundless tossing wave,  
 "Our field, our path, perchance the grave!"
- "Where shall we aid and comfort find,  
 "With toils, and perils, all around?  
 "Command, oh mighty God, the wind  
 "To bear us whither we are bound!  
 "Oh bring us to our home once more,  
 "From weary wanderings, safe to shore!  
 "And those who follow us with prayer,—  
 "Keep them, in Thy most tender care.
- "And as the needle, while we rove,  
 "To one point still, is true and just,  
 "So let our Hope and Faith and Love  
 "Be fixed in One, in whom we trust!  
 "His Word is mighty still to save,  
 "He still can walk the mightiest wave,—  
 "And hold his followers in His hand,  
 "For His, are Heaven and Sea and Land!"

### The Dying Infidel's Sermon.

Father M——, of Mass., who recently died in faith, was once called to the dying bed of an aged infidel of his acquaintance. The good old man had long prayed for his friend, but his entreaties had ever been met by the infidel's argument and scorn. As he approached the bed he saw that his mind was in agony. The man confessed himself a sinner, and that he was not prepared to meet death.

Father M——asked him if he had prayed.

"No, I can't pray. I have continually refused mercy, until it is now refused me. I have tried to pray, but my lips won't move."

"Are you willing that I should pray for you then, and let your heart's desire go up with my words?"

"No, you cannot pray for me; others have tried, but could not. You may kneel, but it will be useless."

And so the aged saint knelt at the bedside of the agonized sinner. Those lips had daily moved in prayer for half a century. That tongue had daily brought the name of sinners before God's throne; but, strange to say, all his faculties of speech seemed paralyzed now. Mercy was a word that he could not speak; and, for the first time, prayer was impossible.

"Now," said the infidel, as Father M——, rose from his knees, "I want to preach at my own funeral; and when you have closed the other parts of the service, I want you to come down from the pulpit and place your two forefingers on my lips, and say, '*this soul is sealed for hell!*'"

"You must spare me from such

a commission. It will frighten the people."

"It is my dying request, and I feel that you must do it. Let others take warning by my death. I cannot excuse you."

So Father M——, at his funeral, after he had finished the sermon, came down from the pulpit, and approaching the coffin, laid the tips of his fingers on those marble lips, and with tears streaming from his eyes, stated the man's dying request, and pronounced the words: "*This soul is sealed for hell!*"

Oh, my reader, whether Christian or not, be admonished.

If your peace is not made with God, remember that your soul is following that infidel's, and ere long will be *sealed*.

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### What are the Evidences of Regeneration?

Little or no evidence of regeneration is to be derived from a supposed ability to specify the time, place, manner, and other circumstances of the change. The principal evidences are:—1. A heartfelt sense that the doctrines of the Bible are true and excellent: 2. A delight in religious company and conversation: 3. Enjoyment in public, private, and secret worship: 4. Pleasure in reading the Scriptures and religious books, and in meditating upon divine subjects: 5. Joy at the prosperity of Zion, and a desire that the cause of Christ should flourish and triumph: 6. Humility and meekness in deportment: 7. Benevolence to all men and love of complacency towards Christians: 8. Hatred of sin and love of holiness, and a supreme and habitual desire after it: and, 9. Obedience to the commands of God in daily life.

## PAUL'S BALANCE-SHEET.

The great apostle to the Gentiles, both from his own experience and under Divine direction, was certainly fully competent to give a correct detail of the losses and gains of the Christian, and of riches in actual reversion. We commend his balance-sheet to the careful consideration of the men of this world, as well as to the sufferers and laborers in the service of Christ, hoping that all may arrive at the same conclusion as Paul did.

DR.

## "THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

Labors more abundant.  
 Stripes above measure.  
 Prisons more frequent.  
 Deaths oft.  
 Five times received I forty stripes save one.  
 Thrice beaten with rods.  
 Once was I stoned.  
 Thrice I suffered shipwreck.  
 A night and a day have I been in the deep.  
 In journeyings often.  
 In perils of waters.  
 In perils of robbers.  
 In perils by mine own countrymen.  
 In perils by the heathen.  
 In perils in the city.  
 In perils in the wilderness.  
 In perils in the sea.  
 In perils among false brethren.  
 In weariness often.  
 In hunger and thirst.  
 In fastings often.  
 In cold and nakedness.  
 Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total:—

*Light Afflictions but  
 for a moment.*

CR.

## "THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

Total:—

*An Eternal Weight of  
 Glory.*

I RECKON NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED.

What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

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 Temperance and Tobacco.

Below is a sketch of the remarks of Rev. Mr. SCOTT of Hollis, N. H., at the late convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at Nashua, as given by the *New Hampshire Telegraph* :—

Rev. D. B. Scott, of Hollis enlarged on the topic of "Tobacco," personifying it as a beast whose

breath was laden with the mephitic odors of pestilence and death. He did not say a man could not be a Christian and use the nasty stuff, but certainly he would be a better one without it, whether called "solace," or any other soothing name. Tobacco costs this nation more than all her churches and

schools, or her army and navy. The sum spent for it would educate three hundred thousand students in colleges. Suppose the hands and acres now used to produce 300,000,000 pounds of tobacco every year were utilized in raising grain, do you think we should hear the cry "hard times!" Tobacco debilitates the mind. This is seen especially in the loss of memory. Students in the Polytechnic school at Paris are divided into two classes, smokers and non-smokers. The first are always behind in their studies. This loss of memory has induced the educational societies of this country to withhold their benefactions from those who use tobacco. A long list of physical ills produced by tobacco was given as catalogued by high authority in the case of thirty-eight boys. Surgeons say that those who use tobacco have less courage under the surgeon's knife than those who are pure so far as this noxious habit is concerned. Its tendency is to damage the stomach, and this bodily evil to derange the mind. A physician says that without tobacco even alcohol will not produce delirium tremens. Tobacco leads to a craving for rum. It creates an unnatural thirst which water will not satisfy. Of six hundred men confined in prison through crimes committed in consequence of intemperance, five hundred confessed they were led to drink by tobacco. The rum shop and the tobacco shop are connected like Siamese twins, and the back door of one leads into that of the other. The failure of the eyes and the trembling of the limbs are direct results of tobacco. Some persons are so permeated that the juice oozes from their mouth as though they were soaked clear through.

The present generation of men

with shattered nerves and enfeebled brains is a sad commentary on tobacco effect. One law should keep the nasty pipe and filthy quid out of a young man's mouth—the law of courtesy. The Puritans visited direct penalties on subjects who marred the Maker's handiwork by making chimneys of their noses. How interesting, how manly, to see a man make a squirt gun of his mouth, ejecting filthy pools of liquid for ladies to trail their dresses thro' or drive two horses hitched to a cigar steaming like a volcano.

If tobacco is such a Gilead's balm, such an indispensable adjunct to perfect digestion, why not have our mothers and sisters likewise smoke and chew? Suppose ladies should carry onions in their pockets and then insist on nibbling when you ride out with them, as essential to settle their dinners, would it not be just as rational as are male excuses for inhaling smoke and expectorating poisonous juice? Some good advice of considerable length to the Cadets closed Mr. Scott's frequently applauded address.

### The Flaw in the Boiler.

The late Mr. W——, one of the leading business men of Cincinnati, was strongly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, and in his gentle, quaint way preached many an effective temperance sermon.

He received one day a visit from Judge C—— of St. Louis, who then held the first place among the learned jurists of the West, and who was, besides, a brilliant man of the world, kind-hearted, brave, and loyal to his friendships.

Mr. W—— showed him over his manufactory, and his admiration



was especially excited by the intricate machinery, much of which was of brass, finely polished,—a work of art as of use.

That evening the friends dined together at Mr. W——'s hotel. Judge C——drank to excess. Observing his friend's grave, keen eyes upon him, he said, gayly,—

"You do not take brandy, W——?"

"No."

"Nor wine?"

"No."

"I do," frankly. "Too much, probably. But I began thirty years ago. I drank as a boy at my father's table. I drank as a young man, and I drink as an old one. It is a trifling-fault, if you choose to call it a fault, and will hurt nobody but myself. If it has not harmed me in thirty years, I have no cause for fear."

Mr. W——bowed gravely, but made no reply.

When dinner was over, he said, "We had an accident in our mills an hour after you left. Will you walk up with me?"

They reached the mills in a few minutes. One side of the wall had fallen in. The exquisite, costly machinery was a hopeless wreck. Two or three workmen had been crushed in the ruin, and laborers were digging to find the bodies.

"Horrible!" cried C—. "That machinery was so fine and massive, I thought it would last an age."

"Yes," said W——, slowly, "*but there was a flaw in it.* A very slight flaw, which the workmen thought of no importance. I have used it many years in safety. But the flaw was there, and has done its work at last."

Judge C——'s face lost its color. He was silent a moment, and then, turning, caught Mr. W——'s hand.

"I understand you, old friend," he said. "I will remember."

How long he remembered, we do not know. A habit of thirty years is not easily broken.

*Youth's Companion.*

### Good Bye to a Whaler.

A large concourse of people, including a liberal sprinkling of ladies, gathered at Osborn's wharf, in Edgartown, Mass., (Martha's Vineyard) on Tuesday April 13th, 1880, to witness the departure of the *Robert Morrison*, owned by Mr. Samuel Osborn, Jr., for a three years whaling voyage. As the bark swung away from the wharf, and her sails took the wind which was blowing stiffly from the westward, three rousing cheers were given by the crowd on the wharf, which were responded to by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the fast receding ship.

On the previous Sabbath evening the decks of the good ship were crowded by an interested audience, for religious services. Old men and children, young men and maidens were there. At the tap of the bell by Capt. MOSHER, the long meter doxology, "Praise God," was sung. The Rev. J. G. HALL then made an address somewhat as follows:—

"As it is said that man is one of the noblest works of God, so may it be said, that a ship is one of the noblest works of man; one of his greatest triumphs over the elements. For, in it, he can bid defiance to the winds and waves, and traverse in safety the pathless seas. A beautiful sight is a fine ship, even when moored, with her sails unbent; and much more so, when with her canvas bending under the breeze, she skims the

watery plain. No bird of the air, not even the eagle in his daring flight, is so beautiful a spectacle as a ship under full sail.

"We are now on the decks of a fine ship. Here she is; look at her. From stem to stern, a sight of beauty. And from keelson to top-gallant-mast, as staunch and strong as when she first slid from the ways. She is a credit to the harbor, a credit to the workmen, and a credit to the enterprise of him who brought it all about.

"And now she is about to sail, with a company of men whom the Bible describes as those who 'go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters.' A ship is nothing without the seas. Man may make a ship, but God only makes the seas. Hence, the wonders that seamen see, are those of the Lord. 'He raiseth the stormy winds, that lift up the waves thereof.' Hence, my friends, put your trust in him, in any trouble.

"It is 'business,' that you are going to do, in the great waters. This is not a pleasure trip. And your business is among the most exciting, arduous, perilous, yet manly and honorable, in the world. You pursue the grandest game known to men. Is it right, to kill these monsters? We answer, yes. God has put under man, 'all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.' This is a lawful pursuit. And as John Wesley told his people, 'to get all they could, to save all they could, and to give all they could,' so we may say to you, 'get all you can, save all you can, and bring home all you can.'

"And take good care of yourselves, and of one another. Many a young man from this island has

laid his bones on the bottom of the sea. But it need not be so with you. In the ordinary good providence of God, you will be brought back in safety. May God bless you all, and bring you again in peace to your desired haven."

After the singing of the appropriate piece, "Within the Veil," Rev. Mr. Reid led in prayer; in which he very earnestly and feelingly supplicated safety and prosperity for the ship, her captain, and other officers, and for the men; for their protection from harm, physical and moral, on sea, and in foreign ports, and for their safe return; and also for the ship's owner, that he might be blessed in the enterprise, and rewarded in such ventures, which are not simply for his own individual benefit, but also for that of others around him, and for the town.

Another singing followed; after which, with the usual benediction, the assembly dispersed.

This was a rare occasion among the people, and many an heart said "good luck to the good ship *Robert Morrison*."

### Norway at the Front.

Many will be surprised, when looking at the shipping in New York harbor, to learn that Norway sends out more vessels than any other country save Great Britain, and Italy follows closely after Norway. Seamanship is not a matter of climate in Europe. The Genoese, the Neapolitan and the Sicilian take to the salt water as readily as the dwellers by the Norway fiords. The favorite Italian build for vessels is the stubby brig, but the Norwegians prefer the bark and usually model a more graceful hull. Both nations are sharp competitors for the jobbing trade of navigation.

### "The Mother's Gift."

Some weeks ago, says a correspondent who transmits the article now printed,—the *New York Observer* published a poem, in five stanzas, under the above caption. Many years ago, a Christian mother, daughter of a Presbyterian elder in New York city, and wife of a clergyman, copied them upon the fly-leaves of a Bible, which she gave to her first-born son, who afterwards became a sailor, and carried that Bible over all seas and oceans,—until, finally, he made a good profession of faith in Christ. It was sixteen years ago the first day of May, since that mother passed into the skies.

When these verses appeared again in the *New York Observer*, they were copied by the husband and father, and sent to every one of her eight children, with a note making mention of these facts, and requesting that, for the sake of that mother, they might be placed in the Bible of each; and they were gladly received. May they have free course!

Very recently that minister of Christ was sitting by the bedside of a sea-captain who is wasting rapidly in consumption;—"but though his outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day," for he knows whom he has believed, and is persuaded that He is able to keep that which he has committed to Him against that day. He is the son of a deceased sea-captain, and went with him early to sea from Cape Cod, and was himself master of a vessel before he was of age, and has circumnavigated the world in all waters. Reaching forth his hand he put a little Bible into the hand of the minister, and called his attention to a well-preserved slip "from the *Journal*," entitled "The Mother's Gift: Lines addressed 'To my Charlie,' with a Bible." "My mother," he said, "put this Bible in the care of a friend to be kept for me, who was then a child, until I should be grown older, and it was given to me with these her verses.

My name, too, is 'Charlie.' She was a godly mother, and I shall soon meet her in heaven." How many godly mothers will meet wandering sons there to whom they have given "The Mother's Gift," with their prayers! The verses are printed, below.

#### THE MOTHER'S GIFT.

*Lines addressed "To my Charlie," with a Bible.*

So young, you cannot p'asure take  
In this,—but, for your mother's sake,

The gift you will not spurn;  
And, oh! my child, in after years,  
When forced to shed life's bitter tears,  
Then to this volume turn!

Too young thou art to prize it now,  
With merry laugh and sunny brow;

But when by earth's cares driven,  
You'll love to read of rest above,  
And prize it for a mother's love,  
With which, dear boy, 'tis given.

When tempted, love, to go astray,  
Pause! pause, my child!—oh! turn away

From Sin's alluring form;  
Go to thy chamber, and, when there,  
Seek in thy mother's gift, and prayer,  
A refuge from the storm.

Read, my dear son, "believe and live,"  
Then not in vain this book I give

To my own darling boy;  
'Twill smooth for thee life's thorny path,  
Teach thee to shun thy Maker's wrath,  
And wear his "crown of joy."

When grief shall check thy young heart's mirth,  
To weep that she who gave thee birth

Has passed into the skies;  
Then ponder o'er thy mother's gift,  
It will thy drooping spirit lift,  
And dry those weeping eyes.

And as your hands its pages turn,  
Resolve, dear boy, of Christ to learn—

Be lowly meek and mild;  
Remember, she who gave this book,  
May, though unseen, upon thee look,  
Rejoicing in her child.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### Obituary.

AARON B. BELKNAP, of New York, who was a well known and esteemed friend of seamen for more than thirty years, was a Commissioner to the recent Presbyterian General Assembly at Madison,

Wis. On his return he went to Keokuk, Iowa, to visit friends, where he was stricken down with apoplexy. This good man entered the new life on the 4th of June, 1880, in the 64th year of his age. Of a retiring and modest disposition, it falls to the lot of but few to be so universally beloved as was Mr. Belknap.

Mr. B. was a well read lawyer, long a member of the New York Bar, and his counsels were of great value to the various benevolent institutions with which he was connected. He was an Elder in the First Presbyterian Church, and frequently a member of ecclesiastical judicatories. Mr. Belknap married a niece of the late JAMES LENOX, and was

the counsel of that wealthy and generous man.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of New York on the 7th of June, his death having been announced, on motion of Rev. Dr. S. I. PRIME, seconded by Rev. Dr. HOWARD CROSBY, after appropriate remarks by Rev. Drs. ALEXANDER, VINCENT and HOPPER, and Elder WILSON, a resolution was adopted expressive of the deep sorrow of Presbytery at the departure of this excellent and faithful officer, with allusion to his devotion to the Church and his fidelity to every trust. No class will more sincerely mourn his loss than our numerous seamen.

L. P. H.

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### Labrador Mission.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

Quoting Rev. S. R. BUTLER's recent words, which were printed in the *Canadian Independent* for May 20th, we find the following:—

"Some of the meetings held of late have been of marked and solemn interest. The school has gone on well;—some necessary repairs have been made on the building, which make it more comfortable for all. The attendance is larger than last year. The children had their usual Christmas tree, which proved very attractive to both old and young, and passed off very successfully. Miss Wariner also has a large school—quite as many as there is accommodation for;—another season the building will have to be enlarged, I think."

Miss TOLLER, the Corresponding Secretary of the Labrador Mission Society, at Montreal, adds:—

"Year after year Mr. Butler has been persuaded that he must give up the work of missionary-pastor in Labrador, on account of his failing health. With the exception of one or two short trips home, he has labored on in spite of increasing weakness, since the year 1864. His in-

valuable and unselfish devotion to the Mission, has induced him for some time to remain at his post in spite of personal risk to his health, because we have been unable to find any one to take his place. But he feels that the time has now come when he must permanently leave, and he intends doing so early in the fall. We have found it impossible, hitherto, to find one, able and willing to offer himself as a successor in this self-denying work, but we trust that God Himself will raise up some one suitable in this emergency."

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### Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

During March and April, Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG traveled and preached in the country, the fishermen and villagers listening to his messages of salvation through the Gospel of Christ, with great joy. In May he labored on shipboard, at S. He met, here, with many English speaking sailors. Mr. L. speaks, also, of frequently meeting Christians among these men, and among the Norwegian seamen. "Often," he says, "they ask

me where they are to go to hear the word preached, and I have the privilege of leading them to the churches and chapels. Ole Englishman on board a steamer, asked me if we had not a Seamen's Hall and Reading Room as in other countries, but I had to answer: 'not yet.' May the Lord soon provide for us in this respect!"

#### GOTTENBERG.

Rev. S. SWENSON, writing May 18th, gives account of the labors of Mr. RADCLIFFE, the English evangelist, who held meetings in G. for a fortnight during the latter part of March. These were characterized by the union in them of different bodies of Christians, by the outpouring of the Spirit in connection with the word that was preached, and by the stirring of souls to inquire in earnest for the way to life in Christ. Sailors came to these services, and Mr. R. endeavored to interest Christians, in providing a "Stranger's Rest" for them, in G., but the time did not seem ripe for that project.

#### Denmark.

##### COPENHAGEN.

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON's last letter is dated 20th May, and is of such interest that we print it almost entire. He writes:—

"It is my happy privilege again to inform you that our work is going on with an increasing interest. There is always a large audience at our services, and not a few (since my last letter) have been converted. Two sailors, one a Swedish the other a Sleaviger, were born anew on one day (18th May). On the 3rd of May we had a very interesting social gathering under care of the Rev. Mr. Prior, who, with his excellent wife, is doing his utmost to make our mission prosperous. Between twenty and thirty young theological students and some clergymen were invited to come together. The meeting was opened with prayer and an appeal was then made to the young men to come and help us in our seamen's missionary work. The result was that

a great number offered themselves willingly, to do what little they could, and some of those volunteers have been in our mission several times, and have done us good service.

"The following letter from the widow and a daughter of a custom officer, in Trandhj., Norway, has been very grateful to us.

"TRANSDJOM, 6th April, 1880.

"To the Rev. A. Wolleson.

"Dear Sir:—My dear mother and I desire to acknowledge our heartfelt and sincere gratitude to you for all your kindness and labor of love which you have bestowed on my dear brother. According to his letter you have been the instrument in our Father's hand to rescue our darling son and brother, and next to acknowledging the love of our Lord we feel indeed indebted to you for his conversion. My mother was always sorry for that wandering boy. He was as the prodigal without hope of life eternal, and void of spiritual comfort. It was a joyful day for us when we received the glorious news that my brother had become a new man, saved from an early grave. Glory be to God who has done great things for us for which we cannot be as thankful as we ought! My brother said in his letter that you, dear sir, had been unto him as a father. We beg of you that when he returns to Copenhagen, with his ship, you will keep him as much as possible in your mission. My dear mother would have written but she is old and feeble so I have done it for her; we both send our love and gratitude and remain yours affectionately,  
H. W."

#### *What Religion is doing, at Copenhagen, for Danish Sailors.*

"A young sailor, native of Jutland, was converted in our mission two years ago. He then thought that he could be more useful if he should stop going to sea. Therefore he went to a school of education to study navigation and is now himself the principal of a navigation school in Langeland. He wrote to me (April 25th) that his school is now open two evenings every week, for sailors who are in that harbor, also that they can there read useful books, (a library having been granted from our mission) and write their letters.

"Another young sailor, a native of Copenhagen, who before was very wild and very worldly, became converted (two years

ago) at the Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St., New York. He then made a voyage to China and proved true to his profession. Coming back he joined the church of Sea and Land, Market and Henry Sts., New York, and left for Copenhagen to study navigation. His wages from his voyage to China were all saved. He has now paid for his education, and the school where he got it, has presented him with a very expensive telescope, he being the best scholar. In every respect he has proved a living monument of God's redeeming grace.

"I have since my last letter visited 325 vessels. The sailors are supplied with the word of God, and I entrust to converted sailors, a Bible-bag with books. Of late I have frequently visited the prison. There was one seaman there who formerly wrote for me. He had for twenty days, black bread and water. After he had suffered his penalty I took him to my home and procured for him a free ticket to England. Otherwise he should be sent to his native home which he begged me to save him from. I am glad to state that he was sorry for his sins and felt that his punishment was deserved. Our Sabbath morning services on shipboard had their commencement on last Sunday, 16th of May, being Pentecost. We had a very solemn and blessed season together. I had also the joy to see a large number attend the evening services at the mission, who had attended our morning services on shipboard. Our mission was ornamented by the ladies with flags and green branches from the woods. I spoke to one hundred seamen in the morning, and fifty more in the evening, which I consider to be a large number at a time when there is so much to attract to worldly enjoyments.

"I am trying now, (some Christian gentlemen together with me) if possible, to get some alteration, by way of law, as to our sailor boarding-houses. There is a gentleman in Parliament who has promised to introduce the statements on the matter, to consideration. I wish that you, together with all our friends, would pray that this alteration may be accomplished, for then a fountain of much evil to seamen will be closed."

### Germany.

#### HAMBURG.

The printed report of the Sailor's Institute for 1879, received from Rev. JA'S

EDWARDS, gives the following summary of work done by the sailors' missionary, for the year. About 6,500 visits have been paid by seamen to the Institute; 208 meetings of various kinds have been held in it, attended by about 3,100 sailors; 22 meetings have been held on board various vessels, attended by 500 seamen; 2,120 visits have been paid to British, American and foreign vessels; 2,000 Tracts and Magazines, 36 Bibles, and 40 Prayer Books have been distributed; about 100 volumes were lent from the library, and many given to vessels going on long voyages; 37 sailors signed the Temperance pledge; about 140 letters were received and 100 written at the Institute; and four tea-meetings were given to the sailors. The Report adds:—

"The New Institute, including site, has cost upward of £4,000 sterling. The donations hitherto received, including the proceeds of the Bazaar, do not amount to the half of this sum. We need more than £2,700 sterling to wipe off the debt which we have incurred. Contributions for this purpose will be received by Rev. Dr. S. H. HALL, Corr. Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, 80 Wall St., New York, N. Y."

### Belgium.

#### ANTWERP.

The first impressions of an exceptionally intelligent observer are notable, and we therefore give some extracts from chaplain TREAT's last letter, dated June 8th.

"The work," he says,—"has been going on quietly and pleasantly. I feel myself thoroughly at home, and find myself doing what I have to do, with the same ease and comfort with which I did my work in America. . . . . I think I can correctly state that the number in attendance at the Sunday and weekday services has increased, although as to this, it is difficult to be positive, since

the sea-faring portion of the congregation is so constantly changing. I am sure, however, as far as can be judged by outward indications, that the interest taken in these services by all who come, is greater than at first. . . . A large proportion of the attendants at all the services are seamen and officers of ships. I do not know that any unconverted men coming under the influence of grace, here, have been converted (since my arrival). I know enough to make me believe, however, that it is quite possible that in more than one instance this has been the case. But, chiefly, as yet, the spiritual results are in the 'strengthening of the brethren.' Christian men, among the officers and seamen, have had and have taken the opportunity of confessing Christ before their fellow men, and so, most effectively, of speaking to His glory and to the good of souls.

"A feature of the work that interests me greatly, is that which is done incidentally among the permanent residents. At a later time I may speak at some length concerning this feature. I will only dwell upon it, now, long enough to say that my first opinion that it was going out of my proper sphere to labor in behalf of shore-people has been radically changed. Of course I would not have felt justified in refusing sympathy or spiritual help to any. But I felt, at first, that what was done among the shore-people must come only when all had been done for seamen that could be. Now, I feel that for a better work among seamen it is highly important to gather a congregation and a corps of Christian co-workers from the shore-people by all legitimate means."

### Italy.

#### GENOA.

We have the seventh annual report of the Harbor Mission, from Rev. DONALD MILLER. It is now ten years since he

instituted it. During that period, 1,526 Bibles, 1,967 Testaments and 8,846 religious books have been sold; 142 Testaments, 887 portions, and 71,860 tracts, &c. distributed in ten different languages; 27,800 ships of various nationalities have been visited; the Word of God has been offered to 122,400 Italian emigrants and to hundreds of thousand of sailors, of whom it has been impossible to keep any account. Nearly 1,000 meetings for English speaking sailors have been held in the floating "Bethel," or on board ships, with an aggregate attendance of over 24,000 men. The past year has been in some respects a remarkable one in the history of the Mission. In no previous year has the Italian celpporteur visited so many as 24,680 emigrants, or boarded so many as 2,003 ships.

"The work among English speaking sailors continues to increase. During the past year the total number under the British and American flags was 14,945. And the Sunday and week-night services, especially during the winter months, have had a larger average attendance than in any previous year. Frequently meetings have been held in the saloons of large vessels when the little "Bethel" would have been overcrowded. The largest of these meetings was on board the ship *Albertine*, where no fewer than 180 sailors met to worship God and listen to the preached Word! These large gatherings, which are becoming more and more frequent, make it very desirable that a new floating chapel should be procured; and the fact that the present one is too frail and dilapidated to stand repair, makes it necessary to replace it at once.

"It was nine years ago that the old hulk, which was about to be broken up for firewood, was purchased for £28, and fitted up as a chapel and depot for books, with accommodation for a shipkeeper; the intention being to make the experiment at as small a cost as possible, and in the

event of success to build a suitable vessel of iron. The experiment has succeeded beyond all expectation, and the old hulk, which has kept together longer than was expected, is now in danger of falling asunder. The time has therefore come when a good sized iron vessel, adapted to the growing requirements of the Mission, must be built. The estimated cost is £1,200, and as Rev. Mr. Miller has resolved *not to lay the keel until the money has been raised*, he will feel obliged if friends of the Lord's cause among seamen, who feel disposed to aid him in this effort, will kindly remit donations for this purpose at their earliest convenience."

Our readers who have known this Harbor Mission, for years past, as one of the most fruitful and promising of all those we aid upon the continent of Europe, will welcome the above intelligence; and some of them may be inclined to aid in the needful project to which the report solicits attention.

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### New York City.

Our missionaries at the SAILOR'S HOME, 190 Cherry St., reporting over date of June 15.h, say:—"The Lord has signally blessed our work at the Home, since it was re-opened in January last. Sixty or more have professed to have found "Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write,—Jesus of Nazareth, who has power on earth to forgive sins." And these men have given every evidence of a change of heart and life. A number have cast in their lot with the people of God, in the church of Sea and Land, and with the other churches in the lower part of the city, but some went away to sea without this privilege. Some of those who have been brought from darkness into light have been remarkable cases;—men steeped in sin and iniquity, several Roman Catholics being among the number.

"Besides this, a large number with

whom we have labored, have resolved to live a better life, and we expect to hear from them after many days. Some have signed the Temperance pledge and have become sober men.

"Besides family worship we have had a morning meeting in the upper room at the Home, Sundays excepted. Also four evening meetings every week, which have been very well attended, and have been full of interest. Many avail themselves of the Reading Room also, where there are good books and religious reading matter and writing material, and where we have often an opportunity to speak to the men of spiritual things.

"Our work among the vessels and boarding houses still goes on. In these visits we give tracts and other religious reading, with invitations to the house of prayer. We also visit the different Seamen's Hospitals. In such calls we have a supply of reading matter, Magazines and Testaments, which are all thankfully received. Here we have met men from many different nations, who are trusting in Jesus. Truly "God is no respecter of persons, for in every nation they that fear God and work righteousness are accepted with him." Seamen's widows and families have also been visited, as usual, and aided through the kindness of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

"Many men on leaving for sea have been supplied with reading matter, with Bibles and Testaments when desired. We have also letters from seamen from distant ports, full of interest, telling us how they get along in the Christian race, how the Lord has kept them, and is keeping them by the power of God through "faith unto salvation."

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### Norfolk, Va.

In May, Bethel services were regularly held by Chaplain CRANE. The Temperance meetings had attracted good audiences, and were continued with unabated



interest. During the month the chaplain had visited 173 vessels, distributed 2,300 pages of tracts, 475 seamen's papers and magazines, and 18 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms. The *Temperance Banner* of May 8th, speaking of the good work done for Temperance, says:—

“The semi-monthly temperance meetings held from time to time at the Seamen's Bethel, on Water street, and now continued, have, we learn, been very effective in promoting the good work of temperance reformation. Many a hard drinker has been reclaimed; moderate drinkers have been led to abandon their pernicious and dangerous habit, and give their influence to the temperance cause; and the advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors have been greatly encouraged in their efforts. Not only have many sea-faring men, who are especially liable to become victims of intemperance, been rescued and made sober men, but a great many others have been reached and reformed at these Bethel meetings.”

### Pensacola, Fla.

Chaplain CARTER writes in June:—“I have been at my Bethel work, and it is a comfort to see how eagerly the papers are received and read. I am encouraged by receiving intimations that my labors have not been in vain. A man met me on the wharf, and addressed me very cordially, saying,—‘but for being laid up in the Hospital and reading some of the papers you distributed, I would doubtless have been going on in wicked ways.’ Now, I learned, he was leading a prayer-meeting where he lived. So, I trust, the sowing of the seed is sinking in many hearts, and that at last a harvest will be reaped to the glory of God.” He adds:—“In sending some of the SAILORS' MAGAZINES to Quarantine, they were so gratefully received that I feel it a duty to mention the fact in this report.”

### San Francisco, Cal.

The twentieth anniversary of the San Francisco Port Society was held in Cal-

vary Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, 9th May. The Treasurer's account for the year 1879, showed \$3,511.37 received in the twelvemonth, as against \$3,197.78 expended. The report of the chaplain, Rev. J. ROWELL, speaking of the desirability of such steady Christian labor for sailors as has been put forth during the score of years just closed, says:—“where they crowd together, there we must catch them by the net-fall. See, then, how these men, who seem the most inaccessible of all, are really more easily reached than any other class. Other men you must go after, scattered in little bands all over the continent; but our seamen can be caught and saved, when massed in this throat of all the waters.

“Now let me illustrate this truth by actual facts. Here lies the bark *Cormorant*, with a crew of, say twenty men. These came from twenty different towns and cities, in different countries. To have saved them where they were, would have required twenty churches and twenty preachers. But here they are massed within the iron walls of one small ship. Here, first one, then two or three, then more, they come into our meetings. God's Spirit meets them, and massed as they are, the fire spreads readily, and soon ELEVEN of these men are joyfully trusting in Christ for salvation. The whole ship seems to be transformed. The voice of swearing and obscenity is heard no more, and captain, mate and men are joyful in a common Savior.

“But some of you are asking doubtfully, ‘Are you sure they are saved, after all?’ Well, let us see. The vessel lies here for some time, and while here they all appear well. They unite with the church and lead sober, honest, godly lives. Then, as they sail for Europe, they send us a loving farewell, which I will let you hear:—

“*Dear Brothers and Sisters in Jesus*:—Just a few parting words. We are to sail in the morning, and I never felt leaving home so much as I do leaving here. But we have the blessed assurance that we are still present in spirit, though absent in the body. I know not how to ask God to bless you for what you have done in this ship. But God will bless you and give you another ship in our room, that you may not feel our absence. Such a poor, lost sinner as I was but a little while ago! But now Jesus is

my all in all. Oh, what an unexplainable love is this love of God's! We cannot realize it, but we are satisfied with our dim vision of it. Oh, dear brothers and sisters, pray for me that I may live in the love and fear of God, and may be made a useful servant to my Master in heaven."

"I think you will all say that this sounds like the voice of a real Christian. "Do they hold out? This is the true test, and not their state of feeling when here." And the same hand that wrote the other letter, shall answer the question. Here is a letter, from the mate of the vessel, dated in Queenstown, Ireland, just five months after the one I have just read:—

*"My Dear Brothers and Sisters in a Mighty Jesus:—*It gives me great pleasure to inform you of our safe arrival in this port, after a very long passage of one hundred and fifty-three days, and for the last fifteen days most fearful wild weather. But we are safe in the arms of Jesus, and nothing can hurt us. We have all felt the power of your prayers, for which we thank God, and pray that he will bless you and our little church. I thank God that though absent in the flesh, we have been with you in the Spirit. Holding sweet communion with saints is of all things most glorious. We have had service on board twice every Sunday, but two, and on one of these we had service in the evening. It has been a most blessed time, and, though it was such a long and stormy passage, we have arrived all safe, with nothing the matter with ship or crew. Oh, brothers and sisters, continue to pray for us, that we may be faithful soldiers of the cross, putting on the armor of God which no weapon of Satan can pierce, and be ever ready to fight the good fight of faith, for Christ's sake, Amen."

"Now, my doubting friend, has this letter the true ring, or not? Remember, it was written after five months of trying experience. And as to the bearing of these converts while in Queenstown, we have a witness. A Christian residing there attended one of their meetings on board ship, and he said:—"It is something grand to see seamen so earnestly serving God." And when these men were paid off in Liverpool, one who witnessed the scene said:—"There were no boarding-house runners or tailors running after them." Now it is not often that we can trace the lives of our converts so well as in this case; but we have the blessed record that of all who were converted on that vessel, only one waver-

ed, at all, in time of temptation. One man, getting among old friends, was induced to drink, but he was soon brought back to Christ, a penitent.

"It would be strange if all our young converts held out as well as these, and we know they do not. We, whose lot is cast in a very tide of helps and encouragements, cannot know what a fierce fight with temptation these new-born children sometimes have to wage."

### "God's Loving-Kindness Manifested in the Evangelization of Seamen."

This is the title of the annual sermon preached by Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, before the British and Foreign Sailors' Society in London, May 5th, 1880. It had for its text, Ps. cvii, 43, and must greatly have interested its hearers. Speaking of Capt. COOK, one of England's greatest navigators, he said that the results of his voyages in the Pacific show that God employed him to prepare the way for vast commercial and missionary operations. He referred to the evangelization of the Sandwich Islands, to the Christian settlement of Pitcairn's and Norfolk Islands, to the dissemination of the Gospel in Japan; and then to the career of the young Earl of Aberdeen as a sailor for years, on board American vessels, as a supplement to which he mentioned and dwelt upon the sending out by the Earl's mother, the Countess of Aberdeen, of one hundred Loan Libraries for sailors, through the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in 1874. Rev. Dr. Damon then gave to his auditors some extended account of what the friends of seamen have done and are doing, for them, in the United States, touching upon our Loan Library work, in which had been sent out since 1858-9, nearly 375,000 carefully chosen volumes,—and also of the SAILORS' HOME opened in this city in 1842, in detail, and at some length.

He bore witness to the general improvement in seamen's morals, but added that the Gospel has as yet only begun to penetrate the masses of British and American sailors. The preacher instanced Jo-

BYRNE, the converted seaman, so long a Christian laborer in our own service, as a man brought out of sin to Christ, many years ago,—for whom his (the speaker's) labor to lead him to Jesus, had been blessed. His excellent discourse was closed by a recital of facts as to the recent and current advent of multitudes of Chinese to the Pacific Coast of our own land, and their passage in great numbers, thence, to the Sandwich, and onward, to the Polynesian Islands. Our readers are familiar with the glowing anticipations cherished by Dr. Damon, in regard to this great movement. It must have been a satisfaction to him to present his facts,—and urge his convictions as to their significance, upon a great and representative English audience.

### Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon Preaching to Sailors—Rev. S. C. Damon, D.D.

*Chart and Compass* for June is filled with record of the share of the seamen's cause in the London, Eng. May meetings. The service at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, evening of May 6th, where this great preacher spoke from Ps. 95: 5,—“The sea is His and He made it,” appears to have been one of much interest. Our Rev. Dr. DAMON seems, however, to have been in special request at the various gatherings. When he was to speak at the Mansion House, May 3rd, one of the usual experiences arising out of his nearly forty years' labor for sailors at the Sandwich Islands happened to him.

A Captain Norice, who had attended his ministry in Honolulu thirty years ago, hearing he was in London, came to see him. There was also a Mr. John Whitmore (brother to the Sailors' Missionary at Ramsgate), who was also blessed at the far-off island about the same time. He was baptised by Father Damon (as the sailors call him), and now brought the Bible with the autograph and date, sacredly kept in blessed memory of that day. On the homeward-bound voyage, young Whitmore was made a great blessing to his shipmates.

The London *Christian World* says:—

“The speech of the afternoon was that of the Rev. Dr. Damon, of Honolulu, where he had spent as many as forty years, and where he had been sent by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S SOCIETY, and had also given away as many as 15,000 Bibles, which had led many to the knowledge of the truth. Their Sailors' Home had been in operation twenty-five years, and had quite revolutionised the state of seamen in that part of the world. He was also happy to bear his testimony to the improved character of British sailors, chiefly due to the influence of Miss Weston, which, he said, was really of a most extraordinary character. It was especially pleasant to him to be there that day, as it was chiefly to the Earl of Aberdeen, the statesman, the grandfather of their chairman, that Hawaiian independence was due.”

### British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

The Report submitted in May at the the London Anniversary, says that in January, 1880, in the naval and mercantile marine of the United Kingdom, there were 4,000,000 of sailing and 10,000,000 of steam tonnage. Accordingly in the foreign ports occupied by the Society the steam shipping has received special and constant attention. For thirteen years the Society's missionary has labored at *Malta*, with perseverance, and with much success. For *Naples*, the Directors last year increased their appropriation. The Report notes the arrival of Rev. CHARLES R. TREAT as joint chaplain of that Society and our own, at *Antwerp in Belgium*.—*Rotterdam* supports its missionary and mission premises, without cost to the parent Society.—*Hamburg* saw its new Sailors' Institute completed within the year.—In the United Kingdom, the Report continues, is a fleet of 50,000 fishing boats. On the west coast of Scotland, on the north-west coast of England, on the isle of Man, and at several places in Ireland, the Society's missionaries meet these men.—The *Ramsgate* (Eng.) Harbor mission has a “Smack Boy's Home.”—At *Lowestoft*, during the past year, a religious work for fishermen has been carried on second to none elsewhere, which is

spoken of with great thanksgiving to God for its spiritual fruits.—The Report dwells on good work performed in *London*, itself, with much emphasis.—Two hundred and eighty-nine “Floating Libraries” were sent out during the year;—188 in boxes, and 101 in bags;—a total of 577 which have now been shipped, having in them 17,829 bound books, 18,249 tracts and 19,363 illustrated periodicals.—Twenty-five thousand copies of the new Magazine, *Chart and Compass*, were printed during the twelvemonth. Two prizes have been offered, one of £100 and one of £50, for Essays on “The British and Foreign Mercantile Marine, how best to improve, afloat and ashore, the material, mental and moral well being of our sailors.”

### God's Work on the Shenir.

Capt. BLACK, Master of this British ship, described the work of divine grace on his vessel, to which we have before referred, in the MAGAZINE, at the Seamen's Missionaries' Conference, in London, in May. “Praise and prayer,” he said, “rose to heaven every evening, on the voyage to India.” So will it on all vessels, and on all voyages, when the rightful Lord of the Sea has “His own again.”

### The Scottish Coast Mission.

We gather from *Chart and Compass*, London, Eng., that this Society employs fourteen missionaries to seamen around the rugged coasts of “Scotia.” The income, last year, was £1,845 19s. 10d.

### English Royal National Life Boat Institution.

The fifty-sixth Annual Report states that the Life Boats of the Institution during 1879, saved 637 persons from wrecked or endangered vessels. The shipwrecks on the shores of Great Britain in one year, by the last official returns, amounted to 4,436, accompanied by the loss of 892 lives. The number of lives

saved by the boats of the R. N. L. B. I., since its establishment in 1824, is 26 906. The income of the Institution (wholly from voluntary subscriptions) in 1879, was £30,125 7s. 5d., including £5,081 15s. 7d., for eleven new Life Boats; the expenditure was £36,546 3s. 6d. The fleet of Life Boats now aggregates 270.

### Position of the Principal Planets for July, 1880.

MERCURY is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 3m., and north of west 26° 15'; during the fore part of the month is very favorably situated for observation; is at its greatest brilliancy on the evening of the 3rd; is at its greatest elongation on the morning of the 6th at 3 o'clock, being 26° 19' east of the sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 9th at 6h. 54m., being 2° 48' north; is in conjunction with Venus on the 81st at midnight, being 6° 30' south.

VENUS is a morning star until the evening of the 13th at 7 o'clock, when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun; during the remainder of the month is an evening star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 7th at 4h. 41m., being 1° 18' north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 9h. 42m., and north of west 22° 1'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 10th at 8h. 4m., being 5° 28' north.

JUPITER is considered as a morning star until the evening of the 9th at 9 o'clock, when it is in quadrature with the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 27th at 8h 19m., being 6° 58' south.

SATURN is also considered as a morning star until the evening of the 20th at 8 o'clock, when it is in quadrature with the Sun; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 1st at 14m. past midnight, being then 7° 46' south, and then again on the forenoon of the 28th at 9h. 45m., being again 7° 46' south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

### Total Marine Disasters in 1879.

We give below a recapitulation of the monthly statement of total losses of vessels belonging to, and bound to, or from ports in the United States, showing the number lost in each month during the year, with their class and estimated value. The losses for the year 1878 are also appended—

	Steamers.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Scho'rs.	Total.	Value.
1879.							
January.....	5	6	18	11	23	63	\$1,740,000
February.....	3	7	23	4	27	68	1,623,000
March.....	3	7	14	4	20	42	635,000
April.....	2	4	12	6	42	66	1,155,000
May.....	1	3	12	2	23	41	680,000
June.....	2	9	1	1	8	20	270,000
July.....	2	1	8	3	11	25	610,000
August.....	2	6	6	3	35	52	685,000
September.....	2	7	2	2	16	27	350,000
October.....	2	6	2	2	22	32	200,000
November.....	5	3	16	1	28	53	1,225,000
December.....	2	8	15	9	22	56	1,222,000

Totals..... 29 45 146 48 277 515 \$10,511,000

1878.							
January.....	3	3	16	7	45	74	\$ 330,000
February.....	2	1	14	3	28	48	835,000
March.....	5	7	8	9	19	48	1,067,000
April.....	2	3	10	1	14	30	710,000
May.....	1	2	3	3	12	21	445,000
June.....	2	3	2	5	12	24	720,000
July.....	3	2	1	14	20	39	295,000
August.....	—	12	2	10	24	48	420,000
September.....	1	1	8	7	22	39	670,000
October.....	3	3	15	7	58	81	1,162,000
November.....	3	2	9	9	39	62	1,378,000
December.....	5	4	5	5	41	60	910,000

Totals..... 27 33 104 59 314 536 \$9,462,000  
 The total losses for 1877, aggregate 496 vessels, with a value of \$10,377,000; for 1878, 449 vessels—value, \$7,590,000; for 1879, 373 vessels—value, \$7,612,000; for 1874, 351 vessels—value, \$3,786,000; for 1873, 459 vessels—value, \$11,763,000.

## Receipts for May, 1880.

### MAINE.

West Falmouth, Capt. A. Hall.....\$ 5 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, Seamen's Friend Society for library..... 20 00  
 Hebron, J. B. C..... 1 00  
 Hollis, Cong. church..... 22 00  
 Nashua, Pilgrim church..... 3 46  
 Portsmouth, S. S. Middle St. Bap. ch. for library..... 20 00  
 Rindge, Cong. church..... 1 16  
 Rochester, F. McDuffee thank offering, for library..... 20 00

### VERMONT.

Greenboro, Cong. church..... 2 00  
 Pittsford, Samuel Wood, for lib'y..... 20 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Barkentine David A. Prescott, Capt. Anderson and crew, for lib'y Schr. *Lebo*..... 1 00  
 " John Johnson, Capt. McGee..... 1 00  
 " Anna B. U. Capt. Coner..... 1 00  
 Cambridge 1st Cong. ch. of wh. for libraries E. B. Goodrich, \$20 F. Fleet, \$20..... 135 67  
 Curtisville, Cong. church..... 7 75  
 Dunstable, Cong. church..... 11 25  
 Hyde Park, Cong. church..... 6 97  
 Leominster, Mrs. G. H. De Bevoise's S. S. class, for lib'y..... 10 00  
 Milford, Cong. church..... 21 12  
 Milton, 1st Evangelical ch. S. S., for library..... 21 00  
 New Bedford, Trinitarian church..... 44 39  
 North Andover, J. H. Stone's S. S. class, for library..... 20 00  
 Pittsfield, South Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for library, \$21..... 34 04

Revere, Cong. church..... 2 10  
 South Dennis, Cong. ch..... 9 64  
 Sunderland, Cong. ch..... 10 00  
 Townsend, Cong. S. S. toward L. M..... 11 81  
 Waltham, Cong. ch..... 9 08  
 Yarmouth, Cong. ch. and Society..... 46 00

### RHODE ISLAND.

Pawtucket, Central Falls Cong. ch... 56 34

### CONNECTICUT.

Bethel, H. H. Seelye, for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Essex, 1st Cong. ch., of wh. S. S. for lib'y, \$21..... 33 36  
 Greenwich, 1st Cong. church..... 5 00  
 Mrs. Jane McDougal..... 2 00  
 Meriden, 1st Cong. ch. S. S. for lib'y..... 20 00  
 Middletown 1st Cong. ch..... 39 16  
 So. Cong. church..... 33 05  
 North Woodstock, Cong. church..... 5 00  
 Southport Cong. ch., of wh. Mrs. Chas. Perry, for library, \$20..... 182 56  
 Westbrook, Elihu Chapman..... 20 00  
 Willimantic, a friend..... 5 00

### NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Church of Pilgrims, of wh. Mrs. and Miss Buck, \$20, Mrs. Remington, \$20, G. H. Nichols, \$20, and John S. Ward, \$25, for libraries, also F. Woodruff, \$25..... 315 44  
 Edward Werry, lib'y for Nettie and Gertie Werry..... 20 00  
 New Hamburg, friends..... 100 00  
 New York City, A. V. Stout, for Sailors' Home..... 100 00  
 F. A. for Sailors' Home..... 57 00  
 William Libbey, Jr., for libraries..... 120 00  
 S. T. Gordon of wh. for lib'y, \$20..... 120 00  
 Homer Morgan..... 25 00  
 Episcopal Seamen's Mission, Rev. R. J. Walker, by H. P. Marshall, for library..... 20 00  
 Miss Laura Boorman..... 15 00  
 Miss Mary Boorman..... 15 00  
 Robins & Appleton..... 10 00  
 Brooks & Co..... 10 00  
 L. W. & Co..... 10 00  
 Mrs. Stimson Hsley..... 10 00  
 G. A. Sabine M. D..... 10 00  
 J. Wm. Beckman..... 10 00  
 Wm. Bliss..... 5 00  
 Josiah H. Abbot..... 5 00  
 J. B. Hoyt..... 5 00  
 Joseph H. Brown..... 5 00  
 S. M. Swenson..... 5 00  
 Zophar Mills..... 5 00  
 L. N. L..... 5 00  
 Cash..... 5 00  
 Cash..... 5 00  
 Cash..... 2 00  
 West Troy, So. Ref. ch., of wh. J. B. Jermain for Katie Jermain Savage Library, \$20..... 31 50

### NEW JERSEY.

Newark, Central Pres. ch..... 25 00  
 New Brunswick, Bequest of Peter Cortelyou..... 100 00  
 Somerville, Mrs. R. H. Garretson, for the R. Hageman Garretson mem'l library..... 20 00

### PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia, Mrs. C. H. Dabney, for libraries..... 50 00

### GEORGIA.

Herndon, Moses D. Wadley to const. self L. M..... 20 00

### IOWA.

Green Mountain, a friend, of wh. for library, \$20..... 40 00

### PORTO RICO.

Arroyo, Mrs. Susan M. Lind..... 10 00

\$2,370 79




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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## A Fox-Hunt.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

"I don't know what to do with myself. Wish I *could* settle down to something."

This is what Jimmy Gordon said, one evening, after having spent half an hour in such a way as to "bring the mercury in his fidget thermometer up to some of the numbers which indicate a great degree of hotness." That is the way his grandmother put it.

"Perhaps a dose of 'Cliff Climbers' would be beneficial," remarked his mother.

"Don't want to read. Wish I could go fishing," replied the afflicted boy.

"I propose a fox-hunt," said Will Gordon, laying aside the paper he had been reading, and turning toward Jimmy.

Will was a "big brother" who had just entered the Theological Seminary.

"I'd just as soon go on a fox-hunt as to go fishing," said Jimmy, "but I don't see how we can do either to-night, 'specially as we are in a big city. If you want to start for the country to-night, though, I'm ready."

"It will hardly be necessary, I imagine, for us to go out of the city to find our game," said Will, with a laugh.

"Now, Will, what *do* you mean, anyway?" asked Lu Gordon, the sister, one year older than Jimmy.

"Why, I mean I would like to spend the evening hunting foxes."

"What kind of foxes?" asked Lu.

"Little foxes that spoil the vines," replied Will.

"Pshaw! I just expected 'twas something of that kind. I don't want to hunt such foxes," said the boy with the "fidgets," as he dropped on the floor before the fire and fixed his eyes on the glowing coals in the grate.

"I think," said Will, "there are indications of a fox very near. I am sure I can see the tracks."

"Show them to *me*, Will," said Lu.

Will wrote on a piece of paper the words Jimmy had last spoken, "*I don't want to hunt such foxes*,"—underscoring the first four words.

"There," said he, "I think we have a fox that spoils a great many tender vines, and I am more in favor of trying to exterminate the tribe of *I don't want to's* than I am of exterminating the Indian."

"They're mischievous creatures, *that* tribe," remarked grandmother. "You'd

better chain this one up pretty carefully, Will."

"Tribe of foxes!" exclaimed the bundle of uneasiness lying before the grate. "Guess you're getting your game and your Indians mixed."

"You see, Jimmy," said the mother, "that your help is needed in this hunt. Why don't you look for some of these foxes?"

"I can't."

"I'm after another!" exclaimed Will, "one of the most common little ravagers in this country. I wish the dog would get after him."

"Dog!" exclaimed Lu, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said Will. "Dog 'Try' after fox 'I can't.'"

"Now, see here! I'm not going to have you finding all your foxes on my premises!" exclaimed Jimmy, as he jumped to his feet and began walking back and forth across the room. "I guess I've seen some of these beasts before to-day. Joe Lemon's mother sent him down town for a quarter of a pound of tea, and he came back in about two hours without it. When his mother asked him for the tea, he said 'Oh, I forgot! Now *that's* a fox. You see he met Tim Brady and they got to fixing up Tim's old cart, and Joe forgot all about going on for the tea. Then Bob Lawrence made fun of that lame Kirby girl, and when I asked him if he wasn't ashamed of himself, he said, 'No, I don't care.' There's another fox."

"I saw a fox to-day," said Will, "which I caught in the very act of spoiling a fine vine. I tried to drive it away, but I am not sure that I succeeded. I met Bert Meredith down town this afternoon, and as we were alone in his father's office for some time, I had an opportunity to talk with him, which I have desired for several days. Bert has been quite regular of late in his attendance at our Young People's Meeting, and I have thought has manifested in many

ways an unusual interest in religious matters; but when I asked him to-day if he were not ready *now* to begin a Christian life, he answered, 'No, not just now; but I am going to be a Christian after a while.' When I found that fox 'Going To' trying to spoil that splendid vine I tried hard to drive it away; but I am afraid Bert is not quite willing it should be driven away."

The group sat a moment in silence, and then Jimmy rose, and saying, "Good night," went to his room.

"I know another fox," he said to himself, as he reached the door of his room, "but I couldn't tell them just now. I want to be a Christian, too, and I know now why it has seemed so hard for me to be one. It's that old fox, 'No Use Trying.' He almost persuaded me to give up to-day when I got so mad at Joe Lemon for tripping me on the ice. I *was* angry, that's a fact, and I just thought 'twas no use for *me* to try to be a Christian; but I'm not going to be beaten by a fox. I'm going to ask the Lord to help me kill him."—*Denver, Col.*

## Why Mother Is Proud.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

Look in his face, look in his eyes,  
Roguish and blue and terribly wise,—  
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see  
When Mother comes in as tired as can be;  
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;  
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;  
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek  
Would help her far more than to chatter, to  
speak.

Look in his face, and guess. If you can,  
Why Mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud,—I will tell you this;  
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.  
But why? Well, of all her dears  
There is scarcely one who ever hears  
The moment she speaks and jumps to see  
What her want or her wish might be.  
Scarcely one. They all forget.  
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.  
But this she knows, if her boy is near.  
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,  
And kisses him first and kisses him last;  
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,  
And hunts for her spool which is out of its  
place.  
And proves that he loves her whenever he can.  
That is why she is proud of her little man.  
*Summit, N. J. Independent.*

## Loan Library Matters.

## AT WORK FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Very few if any other of the thousands of loan libraries which we have been privileged to supply to vessels since 1858-9, have ever served a longer term of usefulness than No. 758. Its record on our register is to the effect that it was first shipped, Sept. 24th, 1863, on the bark *Eliza*, of New York, for Barbadoes, W. I., with ten men in the crew. Aug. 28th, 1867, having been returned to our Rooms, it was shipped on the brig *Edith* for Jacksonville, Fla., 7 men, and also a third time, Jan. 7th. 1870, on the schooner *May Morn*, of Bath, for the same port. May 8th, 1880, we placed it (its fourth shipment from our New York Rooms) on the brig *Florence*, of Stonington, for Galveston, 9 men in the crew. During the nearly seventeen years in which it has been doing its work, this one library must have been read by hundreds of sailors.

## APPRECIATIVE AND GRATEFUL.

"Your library, No. 5,559, (contributed by S. S. Bap. Ch., Brockport, N. Y.,) which was placed on board my vessel in 1879, has made two voyages with me to Europe and back. Among the different officers and crews I have had since the library came on board, the books have been well distributed, and appear to have been read with interest by the majority, if not the whole, with more or less profit to their readers. And many an hour they have diverted our minds from the monotony of a sea life,—for which you will please accept the united thanks of officers and crew.

H. I. HIGGINS.

*Master Bark Belle Wooster.*  
NEW YORK, 20th May, 1880."

## FROM THE ST. MARY'S SCHOOLSHIP.

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"New York, May, 1880.

"The officers and crew of the schoolship *St. Mary* beg leave to return their

sincere thanks to your excellent Society for the use of the two Libraries—Nos. 6,013 (contributed by Jonas M. Libbey, New York), and 6,047. (contributed by Mrs. Sarah A. Rose, of New York). The books have been our pleasant companions during the last cruise and we now return them to the Society, after having been read over and over again and that, with interest and profit to all. And we also, now beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of two new libraries\* from the same source, for which we return thanks. And as there are a number of professing Christians on board, the books will undoubtedly prove of great benefit to them as well as to those who may be enquiring the way to Zion. The Lord will most assuredly bless both the donors and recipients. We sail in a few days for another cruise and if spared to return home again we will be able to report more fully. Our ship has been well cared for by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, as on every trip we have had a change of libraries. The moral and religious good resulting therefrom can never be measured in time. Eternity alone can fully disclose the full value of these silent monitors when read at sea. I am, on behalf of all,

"Very respectfully yours,

JOHN PATTERSON,

"Chief Steward."

## "ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE THEM."

To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—

"The Library No. 6,189, (contributed by Miss Mary A. Strong, New York city,) which you kindly put on board the bark *Cedar Croft* over two years ago, has been read by different crews, and we have found many volumes interesting and instructive, and we trust, of great benefit to seamen. I should always be pleased to have one on board ship, and I

\* Nos. 6,956, 6,957, contributed by William Libbey, Jr., New York City.



hope they may be the means of doing much good.

Your obedient servant,  
W. I. YOUNG, *Master.*"

#### THEY SAVED IT FROM THE WRECK.

It was only on the 9th of last April that we placed Loan Library No. 6,946, given by the Presbyterian church at Marcellus, N. Y., on the bark *Addie McAdam*, bound for Sagua La Grande, W. I. The bark was wrecked on the voyage out, but the sailors saved the library, and on the 13th May, it having been carefully returned to our Rooms, we shipped it again,—this time on the schooner *T. J. Seward* of Baltimore, for Nassau, E. I., in care Capt. Applegate, 7 men in crew.

#### A CALL FROM THE NAVY.

Responding to the request of Commander A. R. YATES, U. S. N., we placed Loan Library No. 6,976, contributed by William Libbey, Jr., of New York City, on the U. S. S. *Alliance*, at the Norfolk, Va., Navy Yard, on the 15th May last. The Commander, acknowledging its receipt, says:—"The library will be a great source of amusement as well as of instruction to the crew of one hundred men, among whom are twenty apprentices of ages from 17 to 21. Please receive our thanks for your prompt attention to our request. We will endeavor to keep the books in good condition, feeling that when so much interest and generosity are shown, the least that can be done, is to show an appreciation of them."

#### Think a Minute, First.

Apropos of the sayings of the little ones, I am reminded of an incident which touched me very much at the time, and may find a responsive chord in the hearts of some who are parents. I was sitting on my porch on a pleasant summer morning, when up runs little

Belle, intent on a visit to a little play-mate across the way. "Papa," she asks, "may I go over and play with Carrie, awhile?" and then, as if she seemed to discern a dissent in my face, she put her little rosebud lips close to mine and quickly added, "Please don't say no; think a minute, first." Was there ever a more charming protest against a hasty and inconsiderate answer? Of course, the little girl had her wish. We are perhaps all too ready, thoughtlessly to deny many of the little ones things that seem trifling to us, but are every thing to them.—And when their little appeals come, before letting the "No's" rise too quickly to our lips, let us think a minute.—*Harper's Magazine.*

"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER;  
THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG UPON THE  
LAND WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH  
THEE."—*Ex. 20: 12.*

#### Baby's Good-Night.

Go to sleep, baby,  
Shut your blue eyes,  
Bright stars are winking  
Up in the skies.  
So go to sleep, baby,  
Be sure you don't cry,  
For mother will sing you  
A sweet lullaby.

Up in their nests  
In the great, tall trees,  
Little birds rock  
In the evening breeze.  
Down in the meadow,  
Beside the old sheep,  
The baby lambs lay  
Them down to sleep.

So, little baby,  
On mother's breast,  
Forgets all her troubles  
And sinks to her rest.  
God bless her! God keep her  
Safe from all harms,  
The fast-asleep baby  
In mother's own arms!

#### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*  
Rev. S. W. HANKE, Cong'l House, Boston.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to January 1st, 1880, was 6,729; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,608. The number of volumes in these libraries was 375,988, and they were accessible to 260,379 men. Nine hundred and eight libraries, with 23,658 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 103,604 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During March, 1880, twenty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,922 to 6,940, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,429 to 5,433, inclusive, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

Assignments were made, during March, 1880, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

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## LOAN LIBRARY REPORT OF THE

**APRIL, 1880.**

During April, 1880, twenty-five new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,941 to 6,962, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,484, 5,485, and 5,486, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Mens to Crew.</i>
6434.	S. S. Cong. ch., North Weymouth, Mass.	Bark Evanel.....	Havana.....	10
6435.	Miss W. E. Galloupe, Lowell, Mass....	" Ocean Pearl.....	The Mediterranean ..	9
6436.	S. S. Cong. church, Abington, Mass....	" Abby Bradford.....	Rudson's Bay.....	25
6441.	Geo. H. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	" Charles F Ward.....	Havana.....	14
6442.	Jean B. Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Rembrandt.....	Calcutta.....	23
6443.	F. A. Libbey, New York City.....	" Gulnare.....	Howgate Arctic Expedition.....	—
6444.	S. S. Cong. church, Pittsfield, Mass....	Bark William Dietz.....	Buenos Ayres.....	19
6445.	Mrs. W. F. Allen Oswego, N. Y.....	Ship Oracle.....	San Francisco.....	30
6446.	Pres. church, Marcellus, N. Y.....	Bark Addie McAdam.....	Sagua La Grande.....	10
6447.	S. S. Pres. church, Smithtown, L. I.....	" Elleda.....	Dunkirk.....	14
6448.	Mrs. R. P. Buck and Miss Buck, Brook- lyn, N. Y.....	Ship Red Cross.....	Portland, Oregon.....	25
6449.	Mrs. R. H. Garretson, Somerville, N. J., for the R. Hugemon Garretson Memo- rial Library.....	" Hattie E. Tapley.....	Java.....	30
6450.	S. T. Gordon, New York City.....	" Ringleader.....	Portland, Oregon.....	25
6451.	S. S. Miss'n Colleg. Ref. ch., 7th Ave. and 51th St., New York City.....	" Adam M. Simpson.....	" " ..	26
6452.	S. S. Miss'n Colleg. Ref. ch., 7th Ave. and 54th St., New York City.....	Bark Mary Wiggins.....	Rouen, France.....	12
6453.	H. H. Seelye, Bethel, Conn.....	" Wellington.....	Bordeaux, France.....	16
6454.	Mrs. Charles Perry, Southport, Conn.....	Ship Pansy.....	Yokohama.....	23
6455.	Capt. Herrick's Friends, Southampton, L. I.....	" Asprey.....	Whaling voyage.....	30
6456.	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	U. S. Ship St Mary's, N. Y. Nautical School.....	Cruising.....	175
6457.	" " " " " " " " " "	Ship Sacramento.....	Bombay.....	25
6458.	S. S. 1st Cong. church, Essex, Conn.....	" Ladoga.....	Melbourne.....	22
6459.	Mrs. Ellen M. Dabney, Philadelphia, Pa.	Bark Robert A. Chapman.....	Calais.....	20
6460.	A Friend Green Mountain, Iowa.....	Ship San Stefano.....	Europe.....	18
6461.	F. McDuffee, Rochester, N. Y.....	Bark Northern Queen.....	Rotterdam.....	12
6462.	Mrs. Ellen M. Dabney, Philadelphia, Pa.			

**MAY, 1880.**

During May, 1880, twenty-five new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Borton. These were Nos. 6 963, to 6,980, inclusive, at New York ; and Nos. 5,437 to 5,441, inclusive, with Nos. 5,448, and 5,447, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows :—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5437.	S. S. Cong church, Sherburne, Mass...	Yacht Ocean Pearl.....	West Indies.....	15
5438.	S. S. Cong church, Wellfleet Mass....	Schr. Merrimac.....	Fishing.....	
5439.	Capt. W R. Hallett.	Bark Norway.....	South Africa.....	19
5440.	Sea. Friend Society, Concord N. H....	" Kathleen.....	Whaling voyage.....	31
5441.	Samuel Wood, Pittsford, Vt.....	" Gazelle.....	".....	30
5443.	James H. Stone, North Andover, Mass.	" Revnard.....	Liverpool.....	17
5447.	Shepard church, Cambridge, Mass....	Schr. S. W. Smith.....	Coasting.....	9
6984.	N. Y. Epis. ch., Seamen's Miss'n, New York City.....	Schr. Java.....	Sto Domingo.....	8
6985.	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	Steamer Columbia.....	Portland, Oregon.....	68
6986.	S. S. 1st Cong church, Meriden, Conn.	Bark Robert Porter.....	Java.....	14
6987.	Nettie and Gertie Werry, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	Ship Ellen Austin.....	London.....	26
6988.	R. S. Middle St. Bap. ch., Portsmouth, N. H.....	Bark E. L. Mayberry....	Callao, S. A.....	14
6989.	Mrs. Wm. Wendell, Albany, N. Y., for the E. H Roberts Memorial Library...	Ship Snow and Burgess..	San Francisco.....	20
6970.	McR Wallingf. rd, West Mitchell, Iowa	" Eric The Red.....	Melbourne.....	23
6971.	James B. Jermain, Albany, N. Y., for Katie J.rrmain's vige Library.....	Ship Glendon.....	San Francisco.....	30
6973.	L. P. Hubbard, Greenwich, Conn.....	Ship Enos Soule.....	San Francisco.....	25
6974.	S. S. Cong. ch., Ellington, Conn.....	Bark E. H. Duval.....	Rouen, France.....	14
6975.	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	U. S. Ship Vandalla.....	European Squa- dron.....	308
6978.	" " " " " " " " " " " "	" " Alliance.....	".....	100

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for.</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
6977..	Mrs. S. A. Lemon, Lansingburgh, N. Y. for Mrs Anna Lansing Memorial Library.....	Ship Louis Walsh.....	Bristol, Eng.....	25
6978..	Miss Grace Russell Reeves, Newark, N. J.....	Bark George Moon.....	Adelaide, Australia	14
6979..	Young Ladies' Mission Circle, Bethel, Conn.....	Ship Frank N. Thayer...	San Francisco.....	25
6980..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	U. S. Ship Vandalia.....	European Squa- dron.....	310

During May, 1880, thirty-two loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows :—

No. 758;	No. 4,469;	No. 5,159;	No. 5,316;	No. 5,559;	No. 5,894;	No. 6,023;	No. 6,566;
" 3,319;	" 4,686;	" 5,168;	" 5,384;	" 5,695;	" 5,996;	" 6,276;	" 6,600;
" 4,040;	" 4,786;	" 5,185;	" 5,385;	" 5,698;	" 6,000;	" 6,360;	" 6,662;
" 4,463;	" 4,841;	" 5,269;	" 5,400;	" 5,742;	" 6,013;	" 6,402;	" 6,946.

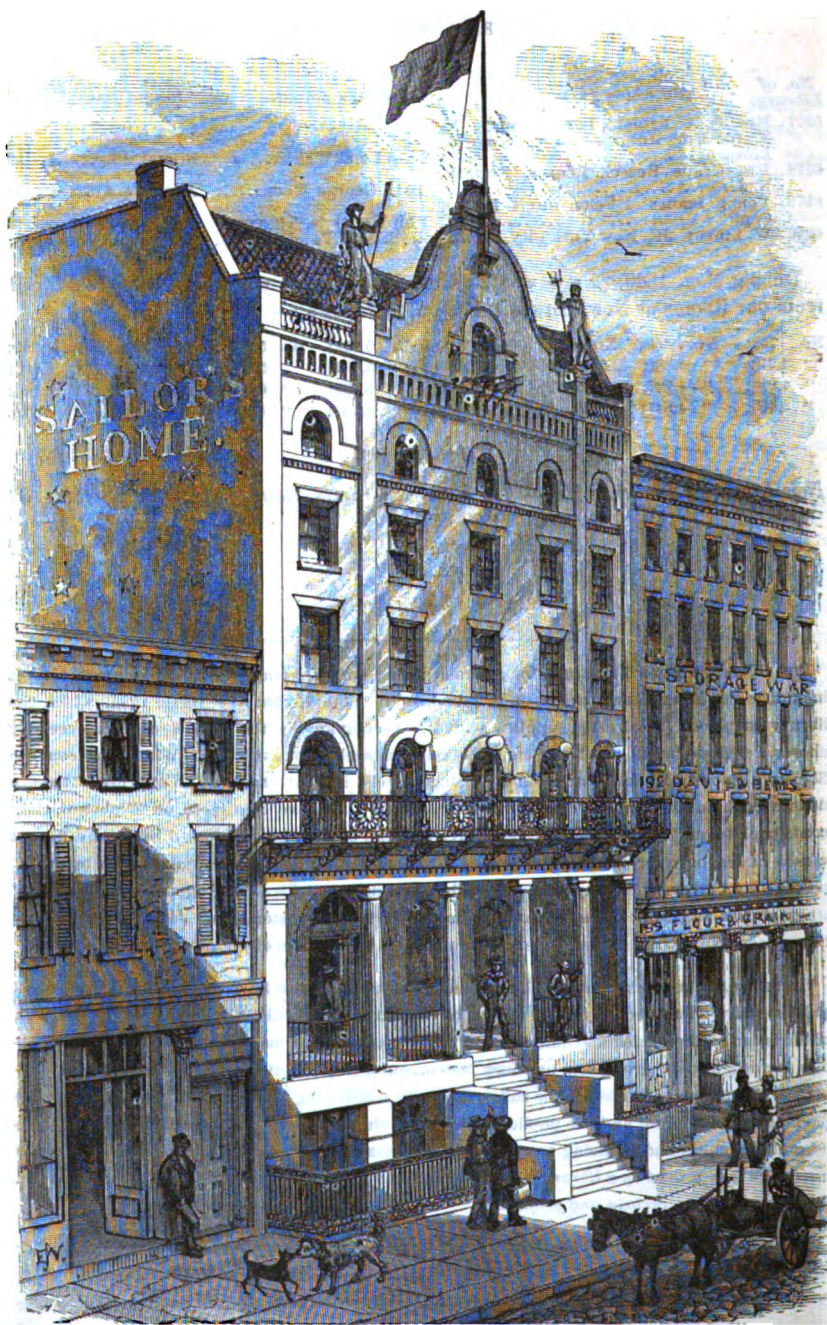
## SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in March 1880—24</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in March 1880— 41</i>
" " April " —25	" " April " —46
" " May " —25	" " May " —32
—	—
74	119

THE SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES for seamen contain on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. When sent from the Society's Rooms, they are put upon sea-going vessels, in neat cases, at an expense of twenty dollars each, in the name of the contributor. After they have been read on shipboard, they come back to our Rooms, for refitting and reshipment, or may be exchanged between different vessels at sea, or in foreign ports. We send fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. And we mail, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same.

THESE LOAN LIBRARIES have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



THE SAILORS' HOME, 180 CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK.



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Vol. 52.

AUGUST, 1880.

No. 8.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE COMMERCE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### I.—THE EARLY GROWTH OF COMMERCE.

Commerce is the interchange of productions and goods between individuals and communities. It is coëval with society and coëxtensive with its wants and its abilities. Division of labor, supply and demand, surplus and need, are its constant and essential factors. The land and the sea, rivers and oceans, are its highways. Cities are its creatures or its agents whom it enriches and strengthens and beautifies. Peace and order and law are essential to its largest growth and most enduring successes. Unlike the advance of stern armies which make their way to power over the ruins of weaker nations by carnage and death, it progresses quietly, and often unnoticed, building up instead of destroying, and leaving in its track wealth, thrift and happiness. It crosses vast plains and lofty mountains; it floats down

the broad and swelling river; it ventures out upon the sea; it creeps along from promontory to promontory, and from island to island, it uses the stars and the sun when it loses sight of the shore; it lays down its rude chart, which it improves by successive voyages and experiments; it presses science and art into its service, and making them tributary to its behests, repays them with its gathered wealth; it discovers and settles continents and islands, and binds in one common interest and brotherhood the people of every nation.

It would be strange, then, if the Holy Bible, while instructing us chiefly in the duties we owe to God, should not in its histories of our race, contain many hints of the origin and progress of commerce, and point out its connection with the rise and growth of the church,

and the service it has rendered and is yet to perform in its enlargement, glory and final successes. Even in the brief record which is given of society before the flood, several facts are stated which indicate to us the necessities out of which antediluvian commerce must have originated.

The first of these facts is the building of a city very early in the history of our race. In *Genesis iv: 17*, we read of Cain "that he builded a city and called the name of the city after his son, *Enoch*." This first center of social life and organization may have been but a collection of low cottages built of reeds or twigs, and plastered with mud like the cabins of the Irish peasants, and surrounded by a wall for a defense against wild animals, yet the very existence of a community, thus circumstanced, argues the necessity of some kind of trade by which the wants of this population should be supplied.

The builders of those houses and walls had need of food and other necessities of life which the out-lying inhabitants must have brought to them, and so the first ebb and flow of commerce began. And this division of labor which forms another essential of civilization and trade is clearly set forth in the succeeding history of the family of Cain. First came the Nomads with their tents and cattle, and then the musician with his harp and pipes, and out of the same household sprang Tubal-Cain, (perhaps the Vulcan of the Classics) working in brass and iron. Here are the germs of both the useful and the fine arts, and the natural falling of society into great and separate branches of industry which must have soon been followed by a growing commerce, keeping steady pace with the progress of

population and civilization. Nor can we in this brief history of the world before the flood, avoid the conclusion that already the waters had come to be used as one of the highways of commerce.

The command which came to Noah to build an Ark of dimensions which are extraordinary even in these modern times, and of proportions which cannot be improved upon, found the family of the Patriarch with sufficient skill and appliances to carry out the divine mandate. Nor were these early arts lost by the flood. For among the earliest movements of the population of the New World was the building of a city and a tower. And then when the ambitious designs of the men engaged in that work were defeated, we soon hear of the people scattering over the earth, building new cities and forming new settlements, thus opening the way for the ever increasing march of commerce around the world. Nor is it long before we meet with evidences of the existence of international trade even among those Nomads who dwelling in tents and moving with their cattle from place to place, would possibly be least dependent upon and associated with other communities. For we read in *Genesis xiii: 2*, that "Abraham was very rich in cattle and silver and gold," and in *Genesis xxiv: 22, 53*, we find his servant whom he had sent to Chaldea for a wife to his son, bringing out "golden earrings and bracelets, and jewels of silver and gold, and raiment and precious things." So also when the Patriarch desired to obtain a burying place at Mamre, "he weighed out four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." *Genesis xxiii: 16*.

Thus early in the history of the



world after the flood do we meet with these traces and indications of commerce, which serve to show that it already had its laws and its customs, and the agencies and appliances with which to carry on its operations.

If we turn from the history of Abraham to that of Job, who is supposed to have lived near his own time, we find some very manifest allusions to commercial life, which not only show his familiarity with it, but which give a very important hint as to the extent to which commerce had already influenced the world. In the twenty-eighth of Job we discover ample evidence of the growth of the arts, "Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for gold where they fine it. Iron is taken out of the earth, and brass is molten out of the stone." In the fifteenth verse and onward, in answer to a question as to wisdom, Job says, "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold." No one can fail to see in these words not only an allusion to ordinary traffic, but to an enlarged and extended commerce between distant nations, whose precious articles of exportation or modes of exchange are still familiar to the merchant and artisan, and are as much now as then, the objects of barter and sale, or the exponents of commercial value. We meet with still further indica-

tions of the existence of commerce in the history of Jacob and his family, who, during their sojourn in Shechem, bought a parcel of ground for a hundred pieces of money (*Genesis xxxiii: 19*), and who were invited by Hamor, the prince of Shechem, to dwell and trade in the land (*Genesis xxxiv. 10*).

In the history of Joseph the evidences of a vast international commerce meet us in almost every step of his wonderful career. Here we have the first important hint concerning some of the early tracks of trade, and of its materials and agents. At Dothan, where Joseph's brethren conspired against him, first to kill him and afterwards to sell him as a slave, there passed a company of Midianites on their way to Egypt, bearing spices, balm and myrrh, the products of their own country, which they were evidently carrying in a caravan, as exports, and for which they doubtless received in exchange the gold or the merchandise which they needed at home. The sale of Joseph as a slave also showed that thus early in the history of the world the traffic in human flesh and blood had commenced. Already commerce had marked out for itself across the hills and plains of the East great tracks of travel, familiar to all, and traversed by enterprising merchants who employed the camel as the means of this inland and international communication. Thus this ship of the desert was used before the ships of the sea as the servant and instrument of commerce. And from these brief hints of Scripture it is evident that between Chaldaea and Egypt, by the way of Syria and Palestine, were vast and well trod thoroughfares over which the surplus wealth of the world



was continually passing. Along these highways caravansaries and cities were scattered,—the one for the accommodation of the traveler, the other as natural centers of trade for collection and distribution. Over this route Abraham passed when called to leave his country and home and inherit a land in which he was a stranger. Along this path he went when going down into Egypt during a time of famine. Over this beaten and broad road Jacob walked when fleeing eastward into Mesopotamia from the wrath of his brother, and by it he again led his flocks and herds and household when returning to Canaan.

These early notices of commercial life and activity become clearer and broader as the history of Joseph in Egypt is reached and completed. Here we have presented to us a distinct and well developed trade policy and a full outline of the intercourse of Egypt with other outlying nations. The ordinary exchanges of commerce were greatly enlarged by the corn policy carried out under Joseph during the seven years' famine. In all their cities were vast storehouses which during all the years of plenty had been filled with the surplus of their crops. With the pressure of want which followed, not only in Egypt but elsewhere, all countries became purchasers in her markets, and their luxuries and wealth flowed into her treasury. A hint of this is given in *Genesis xliii*: 11, 12, in the account of the second journey of Jacob's sons for the purchase of corn. The aged Patriarch under the increasing pressure of the famine, said to his sons, "Take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little

honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds, and take double money in your hand, and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand." Here is the recognition of the simple elements of commerce, an exchange of such commodities as one land produces for those which are needed from other countries, supplemented with money as the general medium of traffic, when the commodities themselves are not sufficient for an equivalent in value.

In this same history, also, we find a hint of the arrangements which were already common for the transfer of goods from one country to another. When Joseph proposed to bring his father down into Egypt he sent him up wagons which could only have made that long journey on the condition of convenient roads along which they were to travel. These early notices of the commercial life of the eastern world, going back as they do beyond the dawn of any authentic profane history, are of great importance as illustrations of the growth and increase of the nations which have since then flourished and waned, and as showing the part which commerce performs in the upbuilding and strengthening of national power and influence. Even the ruins of Egypt which are now scattered along her wonderful river, the temples, palaces and cities which have sunk into their graves, are indications of a degree of culture, genius and art which is the result of commercial activity and of the wealth, population and refinement which naturally flow towards the great centers of business energy and life. And the same may be said of Baalbec, Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon and other cities which modern research is

exhuming from their graves, and which were in their day the seats and centers of a commerce which out of small beginnings stretched itself over the world.

The Bible while it gives only in a condensed form the history of the thousand years which followed the Flood, yet affords us hints which enable us to judge of the rapid advances made by the population which until the building of Babel was united in one nationality, but was afterward scattered over the face of the earth. From this center of social and political life which in less than three hundred years had become a populous and busy hive, the people who had hitherto been of one speech and language were sent forth by the confusion of tongues, to build up over the great continents of Asia, Europe, and Africa, separate and

rival nationalities, among which commerce was to act as the mighty agency that was to promote order and thrift, industry and prosperity, through the interchange of their various products, and in accordance with the great laws of supply and demand.

It is our purpose to take these Scriptural notices, and by the light which history and modern research throws upon them to trace the progress and appliances of commerce as it is identified with the interests of society, and above all with the advance, enlargement and glory of the Church of God. The subject is one which will amply repay investigation as a mere historical study, while it may serve to give a fresh interest to the reading of that blessed volume whereby we are made wise unto eternal life.

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*From The Edgartown, Mass., Gazette.*

## COMMODORE JOHN DOWNES, U. S. NAVY.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.\*

*Concluded from Sailors' Magazine for July, 1880, p. 208.*

In March, 1821, the *Macedonian* was to sail for the United States, and as I was ready to return home, Captain Downes gave me a cordial invitation to take passage with him. Thanking him for his kind offer, I stated that, with his leave, I would avail myself of it, commencing at Rio de Janeiro; as I wished to cross the Andes and those immense plains, the *Pampas*, between Mendoza and Buenos Ayres. "You had better get on board here," he said, "I shall be away from Rio before you can get

there." I proposed that we should have a race; he to go around, and I to go across. I had to wait a week at Mendoza, some ugly fellows having temporary possession of the road; and at Buenos Ayres a fortnight passed before a vessel sailed for Rio de Janeiro, and I began to fear that I might be too late. But the ship was there, having been in port two or three days. I arrived on the 5th of May, a bright and beautiful day. We did not then know that on that day, Napoleon, amid storm and tempest,

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\* HENRY HILL, Esq., the well known Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, from 1823 to 1854, and now a resident of Braintree, Mass.

died at St. Helena, not many hundred miles away.

A week at Rio de Janeiro gave us an opportunity to see most that was interesting in the city and vicinity, and we took our leave of that charming and capacious harbor. We often paced the deck together; and one day, stopping short, he called out angrily to a sailor, "Come here, you sir." The man approached respectfully, taking off his hat,—and the first I knew, down he came on deck, like a log. Picking himself up, he was dismissed with some threatening words. We resumed our walk, and took a few turns in silence. Then, looking at his hand, as if it pained him, he said, "I had no idea that I gave that fellow such a blow. I did it with the flat of my hand. Did you see what he did?" "No," I said.—"Why, he took that dog by the ears, and pitched him into the lee scuppers. If his head had struck that gun, it might have killed him. A man can take care of himself, but I cannot bear to see a brute abused." He had two pets, a beautiful spitz, and a pretty Portuguese parrot. And the dog and bird were great friends.

We reached Boston June 19th, 1821, after a pleasant passage of thirty-seven days. Capt. Downes was married in October of that year, at Upper Red Hook, N. Y., to Miss Maria Gertrude Hoffman. He had purchased a beautiful situation in Brighton, Mass., where he resided six years. Being ordered to the Mediterranean, he removed his family to Chestnut street, Boston. He sailed from Annapolis in February, 1828, in command of the *Delaware* 74, taking with him Charles Bonaparte and family, who were landed at Leghorn. Leaving the 74, he took

command of the frigate *Java*, and visited quite a number of ports. He was at Scio, after the Turks had made such terrible havoc there, and writes of the fightings between the Russians and Greeks, and the Ottomans. He made an excursion to Rome and Florence, and would have traveled a while in France, but for serious disturbances with French sailors in Toulon. He had a set of Scott's Bible; and he and his family, and my family, commenced at the same time, and read a chapter every day, in course. This little concert brought our thoughts together day by day, and he wrote, "Since the first day of January, I have continued to read daily one chapter, with the Notes and Practical Observations; and with God's permission, I shall continue to do so to the end of the book. No one can read the Bible without feeling that he is the better for it. You wish me to be spiritually-minded. I have the wish, and the physical power, but not the moral power to the extent that I desire. This is a subject upon which I can feel but not reason." His term of service in the Mediterranean having expired he sailed for Boston, arriving there January 15th, 1830.

In May, 1831, he was appointed, as Commodore, to the command of the frigate *Potomac*, and of our naval forces in the Pacific. He was first to proceed to England with Mr. VAN BUREN, our Minister, and his suite. With this view, the frigate came from Washington to New York, in July. But, just then, news came of the seizure of the ship *Friendship*, of Salem, and of a wanton outrage on the lives and property of certain American citizens, at Quallah Battoo, on the island of Sumatra, February 7th. Fresh instructions

were then given. The visit to England was abandoned, and the *Potomac* sailed from New York August 24th, and arrived at Quallah Battoo February 5th, 1832. Of the transactions there, the Commodore gave a very full account to the Secretary of the Navy, and he adds, "I felt the full weight of my responsibility, and even a painful anxiety to merit the approbation and meet the reasonable expectations of my country. The task was neither light, nor easy of execution. All the intercourse I had with the natives, while lying at Soosoo, confirmed me in the correctness of the course adopted; and also, that the chastisement inflicted on Quallah Battoo, though severe, was unavoidable and just; and that it will be the means of giving security to our commerce, if not permanent, at least for a long time to come." Leaving Sumatra, the *Potomac* passed the Strait of Sunda, and on the way from Batavia to Macao, Mr. OLIVER, the Commodore's private secretary, died, May 2nd. In this connection, it may be stated that in October the Commodore sent to me from Valparaiso \$238 76, the avails of books, &c., to be paid to Mr. Oliver's sister; and he wrote,—"Feeling well assured that any measure, having charity for its object, would receive your cheerful aid, I have taken the liberty to send you \$2,211, a donation from the officers and crew of the *Potomac*, for the education and, as far as may be absolutely necessary, for the support of the smaller children of Mr. Oliver. I have to request that you and Mr. CORDIS will make such disposition of it as in your judgment will most contribute to the good of the children it is intended to aid." I wrote to him March 8th, 1833, that I had

paid Miss Oliver, and added,— "You judged rightly in regard to my willingness to aid, so far as may be in my power, in carrying into effect the praiseworthy efforts of yourself and your officers and crew, for the benefit of Mr. Oliver's family, and the gratification thus afforded me is much increased, because what I may do in the matter is in accordance with your wishes, and in connection with your benevolent designs. I have conversed very fully with THOMAS CORDIS, HENRY K. OLIVER of Salem,—the uncle and guardian of the children,—with MOSES GRANT, and other judicious friends. Miss Oliver has charge of the children, and the investment and interest will allow of an annual appropriation of \$300, for eight or nine years; when the youngest child will be eleven or twelve years old. We all regard this liberal provision from the *Potomac* as a special interposition of Providence, without which we cannot see how the children could be provided for; because, although various relatives and friends are willing to do much, they would not feel able to do all that seems necessary. There is something novel and exceedingly gratifying in this generous contribution on board of a single ship. It seems as if it had been skimmed from the ocean, and it comes down upon these orphan children like a rich blessing from the skies, to save them from want, to contribute to their support, and to aid very materially in fitting them for usefulness in the world." To this the Commodore replied as follows: "Callao, November 4th, 1833. Your more than friendly letter of March 2nd, acknowledging the receipt of the money sent home from this ship for the small children of the late Mr. Oliver, and describ-

ing the disposition made of it, was in the highest degree satisfactory to the donors. When I had your communication read to the ship's company, the effect was surprising; and if I had stated to them that the poor little children required another donation of the same amount, I believe it would most cheerfully have been made." Several years later, an article appeared in the *Boston Journal*, headed, "An Orphan's Fund," written, I presume, by our old and valued friend, Captain JOHN S. SLEEPER. It was as follows:—"When the frigate *Potomac* left the United States, under the command of Commodore Downes, on a voyage of circumnavigation, in 1831, a well known and esteemed citizen of Boston, Mr. N. K. G. Oliver, was induced by ill health to embark in the frigate, filling the office of Secretary to the Commodore. His health, however, continued to decline, and he died in the East Indies. By his amiable character and pleasing manners he gained the esteem and favor of the officers and crew; and on its being stated by the Commodore that Mr. Oliver had left a young family in straitened circumstances, a subscription was got up, and the amount subscribed for their relief by the generous-hearted tars was \$2,211! This amount was remitted by Commodore Downes to a friend in this city, to be expended by him as his judgment might dictate, for the education and towards the support of the younger children of Mr. Oliver. The money was duly received, and the trust was accepted, and faithfully executed, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter which is now before us, dated November 5th, 1840, addressed to Commodore John Downes, which ex-

tract it is deemed desirable to publish, that the generous contributors to the fund may know that the money was judiciously applied to the purpose for which it was intended; the whole amount expended, both principal and interest, being \$2,718.30." The extract reads thus, "Payments have been made quarterly, during a period of nearly eight years; the last having been made this day; and it is gratifying to know that the desirable object for which the generous gift of the officers and crew of the *Potomac* was bestowed, has been fully realized. It is pleasant also to me, to find that no part of the investment has been diminished by any loss, and that every dollar which remained unexpended has been gaining interest every day. I ought to add, as I previously stated to you, that the whole amount has been appropriated in accordance with the judgment and wishes of Mr. Cordis. I have already exhibited to you the vouchers for the payment of a part of the amount; and I now submit for your inspection, the vouchers for the balance, with the book containing the accounts."

After Mr. Oliver's decease, the *Potomac* visited Macao, Lintin, and various places in the China Sea, and was at Honolulu in July and August. The Commodore writes,—"I remained at Oahu twenty-four days, and attended church every Sabbath. It was highly gratifying to see an attentive and orderly congregation of about three thousand persons, composed of those who a few years since worshipped idols. I was much pleased with the ladies and gentlemen of the mission; and the intercourse between them and the officers of my ship was most friendly." He was at Tahiti in Septem-

ber, and wrote from Valparaiso in October, that since leaving home, he had been at sea 302 days, and had sailed upwards of 37,000 miles. He was for some months afterwards on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and in August wrote thus from Callao,—“I cannot but feel that this ship and her crew have experienced the peculiar care of a kind and overruling Providence. When I look back to the dangerous seas we have traversed, the coasts lined with coral reefs and other hidden dangers, the ports we have been in,—two of them, Bantam and Batavia, among the most sickly,—that we have circumnavigated the globe, and have been in every clime from 41° North latitude to 42° South, that we have crossed the equator five times, experiencing every vicissitude of weather and wind, from cold to heat, and from calms to heavy gales,—and yet, that with all these exposures the ship has not suffered the slightest injury, and not a man has been lost or seriously injured,—and that we have had upwards of seventy cases of small-pox, and not one fatal; I say, when I reflect on all this, and that my dear son was restored from a pestilential and deadly fever, my heart overflows with gratitude to God for his great goodness and mercy.”

The *Potomac* sailed from Valparaiso in February, 1834, and arrived in Boston, May 23rd; and quite a large volume was published, giving the particulars of her cruise.

Commodore Downes had charge of the Navy Yard at Charlestown, from 1836 to 1842, and again from 1848 to 1851. He then purchased a house in Mount Vernon street, Charlestown, where he resided un-

til his decease, August 11th, 1854. A few days previous to this event, I called at his residence, and meeting Bishop EASTBURN in the parlor, we went up into the chamber together. Sitting down by the bedside, and taking the hand of our friend, the Bishop said, “Commodore, I must speak to you, just as I would to any other poor sinner; we are all poor sinners, and our only hope is in and through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.” Various other faithful and affectionate words were added; two or three verses of hymns were repeated, such as “Rock of ages,” and “There is a fountain,” and the Bishop kneeled at the bedside and offered a fervent and appropriate prayer. One could hardly fail to be drawn to the good Bishop by his friendly and fitting words; and it was a privilege to be, as it seemed, “quite on the verge of heaven.” In this parting scene, there was an alleviation in the reflection, that in the thirty-five years of a somewhat close and intimate friendship, no unpleasant word had ever passed between us, and that my solicitude for his spiritual welfare, had led to more of prayer and effort on my part for him, than for any other man. Mrs. Downes died February 22nd, 1877; a most amiable and excellent lady. More than once has the Commodore said,—“What a mercy that I have such a wife. When I flare up, if she were to speak, we might have a breeze, but she waits a moment,—and the storm is over.” Neither of their four sons is now living. Two of them were named for me; a weakness, which perhaps I ought not to expose. A daughter and several grandchildren survive.

*From a Sketch in The London, Eng., News.*

### PROFESSOR NORDENSKJOLD.

The Swedish navigator, about whom all the world is talking so pleasantly, is just forty-eight years old. His father was a well-known naturalist employed in a post of responsibility in the mines of Finland. His mother, in many respects a remarkable woman, bore the respectable name of Hartmann. He was the third of their seven children. He comes of a good stock, the founder of the family, a certain Lieutenant Nordberg, or Nordenberg, having won distinction in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His grandson changed the name to Nordenskjold, which signifies in honest Swedish, "Buckler of the North." To those who believe in the principle of heredity it may be interesting to learn that all the relatives of the Professor have been men of mark. Augustus Nordenskjold, nephew of the peace-seeker, not content with having won reputation as a scientific chemist of great merit, associated himself with the celebrated Bernard Wadström in his labors for the abolition of slavery, and died of wounds received from men of color while trying to form a colony of free negroes at Sierra Leone. The son of this good chemist, and brave though unsuccessful liberator, was Nils-Gustavus, a mineralogist of note, and father of the famous explorer of the northern seas, now before the public, Adolphus-Eric Nordenskjold, who was born on the 18th of November, 1832.

The navigator was educated as a child by his mother, who took great pains with him, and afterward at Borgo, in an establishment which joined the advantages of a school and a university. The pu-

pils were allowed, however, more than enough liberty, and he did little good there, as he himself very frankly admits in a candid autobiography which has been published. His parents seem to have been neither surprised nor vexed at the unsatisfactory reports of the college authorities of Borgo, but took the rather unusual course of giving both to him and a brother, who was his fellow-student, unrestricted liberty of action. The two lads, thus left to their own devices, paid five roubles a month for their modest board and lodging, pursuing such studies as pleased them, and the experiment was in every respect a happy one. Their self-respect was aroused, Adolphus-Eric devoted serious attention to his books, and the dons of the University had soon reason to form a better opinion of him.

He quitted the University of Borgo abruptly, for the singular reason that two of the students had been flogged—a proceeding which he seems to have thought derogatory to his dignity as one of their body; and in 1849 matriculated at Helsingfors, where he worked incessantly at natural history in its highest branches. During the vacations he accompanied his father, who was Chief of the Department of Mines in Finland, on some of his mineralogical excursions, and became himself a collector of minerals. In 1853 he completed his university career with signal credit, being placed first in all the examinations, and immediately afterward he accompanied his father on a scientific journey to the Oural, where they inspected the copper mines of the Demidoffs at Tagilish.

On returning home he continued to prosecute his studies with commendable diligence, and wrote some works on mineralogy which are still regarded as valuable. He was also appointed Director of the Faculty of Mathematics and Physics, but he did not long enjoy the emoluments of those posts, being cashiered before six months were out for some political talk at a tavern dinner. The youthful Professor declares that he was not really in fault on this occasion, but with infinite good humor observes that he and his friends had so often mixed themselves up with the shady sides of politics on previous occasions that he cannot blame the Government for receiving their explanations with considerable reserve. Indeed, the affair, which happened in 1855, wears rather a comical aspect at this distance. The Professor and his friends got merry, and took to toasts and mimicries. They were betrayed by a Finnish fiddler, who had helped to enliven their entertainment, and whose righteous soul was vexed, or perhaps frightened, at their manner of amusing themselves. The Professor remarks with great truth, that if they had only hired a Russian musician, which they might easily have done, the party would have got off scot free, for he would not have been able to understand a word of their discourse. Deprived of place and pay as he was by this stroke of ill-luck, young Nordenskjöld lost nothing of his energy and courage. He procured such money as he wanted, and set out for Berlin, passing through St. Petersburg quite unmolested, so that his recent escapade could not have been considered a grave one.

Nordenskjöld, after profiting to the utmost by his stay in Berlin,

returned to Finland in the summer of 1856, and all memory of his opposition to the Government had so completely disappeared that he was offered his choice between the chair of mineralogy and geology or an appointment to proceed on a voyage of exploration with a handsome allowance for his expenses. He chose the latter, but while he was hesitating, the philologist Almgren was nominated in his stead. A promise was, however, made to him that he should be selected for a similar expedition in a few months. The plan which he then proposed to himself was to make a geological excursion into Siberia, and especially to push on to Kamschatka; but he was obliged to abandon this project, the terms of the mission which he actually obtained not coinciding with this idea. Before starting he obtained his degree of Master of Arts and Doctor from his Alma Mater, and then again got into trouble with his old enemy the Governor-General, Count de Berg, who had lent so ready an ear to the report of his tavern speech. This time, although he had the University authorities on his side, and was really guiltless of offence, M. de Berg was for having him tried for high treason, and he was advised by a prudent friend in his Excellency's counsels to fly the country, or evil would happen to him. Indeed, the Professor was subsequently deprived of his civil rights by an order from the Government of St. Petersburg. Nevertheless, in the autumn of 1858, M. Nordenskjöld was allowed to return to Finland without molestation; and having in the interval joined the expedition of Torell to Spitzbergen, he was offered the post of State Mineralogist at Stockholm, in succession to Mosander. The persecution



against him, however, set on foot by de Berg, was still smouldering, though it had given out no active spark, and difficulties immediately arose about his passport. When he finally obtained it, also, it was accompanied by an emphatic warning from the Governor to return no more; and the Russian Minister at Stockholm received orders never to affix a visa to his passport should he contemplate doing so. The order remained in force till 1862, when de Berg was deprived of his Governor-Generalship, and from that date the Professor has been able to visit his native land as often as he has felt any desire to do so. Indeed, in 1867 he married Countess Anna Mannerheim, a Finnish lady of high rank, and then a strange thing happened, showing how sullen and persistent is official tyranny, forgetting and forgiving nothing.

Being desirous of establishing himself at Helsingfors after his marriage, the Professor became a candidate for the chair of mineralogy and geology, receiving the unanimous support of the academic council in his application for this appointment. M. Daschkof, Russian Minister at Stockholm, then sent for him and told him he should be at once nominated if he would renounce all interference in Finnish politics. Dr. Nordenskjöld refused to give any promise to that effect; and the diplomatist then appealed to his newly married wife. "Monsieur," said she in French, "Mon mari est très décidé." There ended the negotiation, and he was not named. It is hardly surprising that Professor Nordenskjöld should have subsequently obtained letters of naturalization as a Swedish subject. He sat and voted in the Chamber of Nobles during the last

two Assemblies of the Swedish States, and from 1869 to 1871 was Liberal member for Stockholm. What has happened to him since then is a part of the grand history of Arctic navigation.

Prof. Nordenskjöld sums up the results of his Arctic discoveries in their commercial aspect as follows: He is of opinion that the north-east passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific may be made (probably) every year, and that it will certainly be often repeated. At the same time, he acknowledges that trade between the two oceans can only indirectly benefit by his discoveries. He believes that he has effectually demonstrated that a properly organized trade communication between Europe and Yenesai is practicable, and that such commerce can be conducted in such a manner that underwriters will as willingly take risks on vessels engaged in it as they now insure against the perils of the China sea. Farther than this, he holds that experienced navigators need fear no serious obstacles in the way of passing yearly, from the Pacific, on one side, and the Atlantic, on the other, to the mouths of the Lena. He deems Siberia, with its vast extent of territory, its immense rivers, the richness of its soil, and its other natural resources, to be comparable to the same conditions in North America 150 years ago, and thinks that the future development of this rich tract of Asia may yet equal that attained, in the past, by the United States.

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'TIS WEARY WATCHING wave by wave,  
And yet the tide heaves onward;  
We climb like corals, grave by grave,  
But pave a path that's sunward.  
We're beaten back in many a fray,  
But newer strength we borrow,  
And where the vanguard camps to-day,  
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

## THE TWO VOYAGES.

Many travelers become impressed with the idea that they owe a duty to society to narrate their adventures and their experience in scenes which others may subsequently traverse; and I desire not to be behind such philanthropists in the performance of the task. I have twice been "down to the sea in ships;" and though before steam paddled through the waves, yet the very different terminations of my voyages may afford a few hints to future passengers in their choice of ships and captains. Unfortunately, I am not sufficiently initiated into the technicalities of navigation to describe, as a sailor would, the management of a ship; but to the best of a landsman's ability, I venture to narrate what occurred.

I was returning from the West to my home in Britain. The ship had been pronounced "seaworthy," my fellow-passengers were agreeable, and the "homeward bound" were able to smile even at sea-sickness—after it was over, of course.

It was not until that time arrived, and I was able to walk the deck with something of the nautical roll necessary to preserve the dignity of the perpendicular, that I particularly observed our captain; and what I observed did not prepossess me in his favor. His conceit and self-sufficiency exceeded anything describable. It was *his ship, his voyage, his skill, his weather*, and, judging from his conversation, he might have received charge over sky and ocean with his bills of lading. "I know these seas so well," said he, "and carry sail in storms that many dare not face. I'm not born to be drowned."

"Do you judge so because it has not happened yet?" I asked.

"You forget that the wisest of us knows not what shall be on the morrow."

"I can give a pretty good guess, however," he replied, "and I've never been mistaken yet. We weathered a storm last voyage that made the stoutest heart among my crew tremble, and none of them expected to see the morning. Ay, that was worth calling a storm. We tossed like a cockleshell on the grandest waves I ever saw, and they seemed resolved to dash us to pieces; yet here we are, every man of us! It must blow a gale such as I've never heard that hinders me from making port."

"I have heard," persisted I, "that dangers are not limited to storms. There are hidden rocks!"

"Not when a man knows what he is about, which I think I do," returned he.

"It would not astonish me if you struck on a rock that is down in your chart," thought I, "to say nothing of any undiscovered. 'Pride goeth before destruction' at sea as well as on shore."

At length the faint outlines of some headlands of our native coast were enthusiastically hailed, and thoughts of home and friendly greetings began to emerge from the mists of apprehension, though the wind was increasing, and the sea looked angry.

"Shall you anchor off the point, captain?" asked a passenger.

"I mean to be in dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought you would telegraph for a pilot," returned the passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir," and the captain whistled contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humors, and I'll bet anything you like that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor as he passed us.

"Is it dangerous?"

"Very, in a gale, and there's one coming," replied the man; "but if any man can do it, it's our captain—only he might boast once too often."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors called "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm.

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he, "and we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is foolhardy. Cannot you passengers induce him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen, and proceeding together to the captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his course as a condescension to our apprehensions.

But, as I anticipated, he was immovable. "We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land salute." Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offense at our presumption, and finally swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated to by a set of landmen.

We retired, but not to rest, and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases, we shall have work to do that we did not expect."

Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on

deck, holding on by the ropes to keep themselves from being washed overboard. The captain came up, equipped for night duty; and his hoarse shout in the issue of commands was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes sneering at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers a-head!" The captain flew to the wheel—the sails were struck; but the winds had the mastery now, and the captain found a will that could defy his own.

"Boats, make ready!" was the next hurried cry; but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled, that some delay followed the attempt to lower them, and in the meantime we were hurrying on to destruction. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing masts and entangled rigging; and then came the thrilling shock, which gave warning that we had touched the bank; and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the fore-ship deep into the sand, and left us there at the wild waves' pleasure.

It is needless to dwell upon the terrors of that night. I was among the few who contrived to manage the only boat which survived. As I landed with the morning light, surrounded by the dead and fragments of the wreck borne up by the tide, I recognized the lifeless body of our wilful, self-confident captain.

He was like those who, on the voyage of life refuse counsel and despise instruction; who practically recognize no will but their own; who are wise in their own conceits, and satisfied with their own judg-

ment, and trust in their own hearts, and, if left to be filled with their own ways, must finally make frightful shipwrecks just when they suppose themselves sure of port. And as this man was accompanied into eternity by those whose lives he had endangered and destroyed, so no man lives or dies unto himself, but bears with him the aggravated guilt of others' ruin through the influence of his evil example.

Two years afterwards I was at sea again. I joined the ship at Madeira; and while I admired her stately proportions, and rejoiced in her swelling sails, I cannot deny that it was with some anxiety I commenced my observations of the captain. He was apparently approaching middle age; and an expression of care and toil marked his countenance. He seemed to take no rest; but glass in hand and chart on deck, he watched by day and night. I found that he was not originally the appointed commander of the vessel; but, in consequence of the death of the late captain, had assumed the post of responsibility, and so far had ably discharged his duty. But I knew too well that open sea and fair weather afford no great proof of a navigator's skill; and as we neared home I began to feel anxious about the course he would pursue.

When the point was visible, I ventured to ask him: "Well, captain, do you mean to try the narrow channel?"

"Neither of them, sir," he replied. "I shall telegraph for a pilot, and anchor till he comes."

"Then you do not feel sufficiently acquainted with the coast, I presume?"

"I think it better to avoid the risk of failure. My charge is too

valuable for me to try experiments on the voyage home."

"You are a wise man," thought I, as I listened to the sound of the sailors' voices as they dropped the anchor; and I went thankfully to rest.

At daybreak I rose in time to see a boat run alongside our ship, from which the pilot sprang on deck. The captain welcomed him with a hearty greeting. "Thank God!" said he; "my work is done." And I observed that, after he had indulged in a sound sleep, the anxious expression cleared away from his brow.

In the meantime, under the pilot's guidance, the ship cleared every danger, and our progress was rapid. It was impossible to avoid contrasting the results of my two voyages; and suddenly pausing in our walk, as a cheer proclaimed the city in sight, I said,—

"Captain, forgive a stranger's freedom, but I feel encouraged to ask whether you have done with yourself as with your ship—whether you have committed all your hopes for the eternal world into the hands of the great Pilot?"

The captain's countenance beamed with pleasure as he replied; "I rejoice to tell you that, by God's grace, I have. For years I took my own course, sought happiness in my own way, and had no doubt of my ability to save my own soul. Circumstances interrupted my plans. Anxieties and apprehensions arose; and having, by God's blessing on his own Word, discovered my mistake in time, the relief, the joy with which I surrendered myself into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ for guidance and salvation, was but faintly illustrated by my feelings when

I gave up my ship into the pilot's charge this morning. Now I have peace; Jesus has settled all my affairs for eternity, and marked out my course through time; and while

'He holds the helm, and guides the ship,'

I have no fear; for if storms arise, he is on board, and no shipwreck can ever happen to those who trust in him."

I need not add that, while we shook hands in congratulation on our safe arrival at home, our hearts beat in sympathizing acknowledgment of the grace that had made us citizens of a better country, and partakers of the same faith in Him who will conduct us safely thither.

### Submarine Topography.

The coast survey steamer *Blake*, Commander J. R. Bartlett, United States Navy, recently returned from a cruise taking soundings, serial temperatures, etc., in the course of the Gulf Stream, under instructions from C. P. Patterson, Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, has brought some very interesting data in regard to the depths of the western portion of the Caribbean Sea. The depths and temperatures obtained last year in the "Windward Passage" between Cuba and St. Domingo were verified, and a few hauls of the dredge taken directly on the ridge in this passage. The data obtained render it very probable that a large portion of the supply for the Gulf Stream passes through this passage, and that the current extends in it to the depth of 800 fathoms. A few lines of soundings with serial temperatures were run from Jamaica to Honduras Bank, via Pedro and Rosalind Banks, and it was found that the temperature of  $39\frac{1}{2}$  deg., obtained at depths be-

low 700 fathoms in the Gulf of Mexico and the Western Caribbean, could not enter through this portion of the sea. But the temperature at the depth of 800 fathoms on the ridge in the "Windward Passage," between Cuba and Hayti, was found to agree with the normal temperature of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico, viz.,  $39\frac{1}{2}$  deg. Soundings were taken between Hayti and Jamaica, developing a general depth between these islands not exceeding 800 fathoms, except where broken by a remarkably deep channel connecting the waters of the main Caribbean south of St. Domingo with those north of Jamaica. This channel runs close to Hayti with a greatest depth of 1,200 fathoms, and a general depth of 1,000 fathoms. Its course is northerly along the western end of Hayti, where it does not exceed a width of five or six miles; thence westerly, south of Navassa Island, with a tongue to the northward between Navassa and Formigas Bank, another to the westward between Formigas Bank and Jamaica. A line of soundings was run from St. Jago de Cuba to the east end of Jamaica, where a depth of 3,000 fathoms was found twenty-five miles south of Cuba. The deep place was found by subsequent soundings to be the eastern end of an immense deep valley extending from between Cuba and Jamaica to the westward, south to the Cayman Islands, well up into the bay of Honduras. The Cayman Islands and the Misteriosa Bank were found to be summits of mountains belonging to a submarine extension (exceedingly steep on its southern slope) of the range running along the southeastern side of Cuba. This deep valley is quite narrow at its eastern end,

but widens between the western end of Jamaica and Cape Cruz, where the soundings were 3,000 fathoms within fifteen miles of Cuba, and 2,800 fathoms within twenty-five miles of Jamaica. Near Grand Cayman the valley narrows again, but within twenty miles of this island a depth was found of 3,428 fathoms. The deep water was carried as far as a line between Misteriosa Bank and Swan Islands, with 3,010 fathoms within fifteen miles of the latter. On a line between Misteriosa Bank and Bonacca Island there was a general depth of 2,700 fathoms, and a depth of over 2,000 fathoms extended well into the Gulf of Honduras. Between Misteriosa Bank and Chinchorro Bank the soundings were regular at 2,500 fathoms. North of Misteriosa and Grand Cayman to the Isle of Pines and Cape St. Antonio the soundings were generally 2,500 fathoms. The serial temperatures agree, in relation to depth, with those obtained in the Gulf of Mexico by Lieutenant Commander Sigsbee, and in the eastern Caribbean by Commander Barrett; decreasing from the surface to  $39\frac{1}{2}$  deg. at 700 fathoms, or less, and constant at that temperature for all depths below 700 fathoms. At depths greater than 600 or 700 fathoms the bottom was always found to be calcareous ooze composed of pteropod shells with small particles of coral. These pteropod shells, as noted in previous expeditions by different nations, appear to be an important factor in the determination of the movements of great bodies of sea water. The ridge at the "Windward Passage" is bare coral rock, and on the south side the pteropod shells were found to be much more numerous than to the northward of the ridge.

Soundings and serial temperatures being the special objects of the cruise, dredgings were only incidentally attempted, for the purpose of reconnoitering, as it were, the ground, and it was found that the area passed over was not nearly so rich in animal life as that in which dredgings were made last year under the lee of the Windward Islands, at the eastward of the Caribbean Sea.

The development of the extraordinary submarine valley in the western Caribbean Sea is a matter of great interest, considered as a physical feature. This valley extends in length 700 statute miles from between Jamaica and Cuba nearly to the head of the Bay of Honduras, with an average breadth of eighty miles. It covers an area of over 85,000 square miles, having a depth nowhere less than 2,000 fathoms, at two or three points (the summits of submarine mountains), with a greatest depth twenty miles south of the Grand Cayman, of 3,428 fathoms, thus making the low island of Grand Cayman, scarcely twenty feet above the sea, the summit of a mountain 20,568 feet above the bottom of the submarine valley beside it—an altitude exceeding that of any mountain on the North-American Continent above the level of the sea, and giving an altitude to the highest summit of Blue Mountain, in Jamaica, above the bottom of the same valley, of nearly 29,000 feet, an altitude as great, probably, as that of the loftiest summit of the Himalayas above the level of the sea.

For the deepest portion of this great submarine valley, the Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey has adopted the name of "Bartlett Deep," certainly a most appropriate designation.

*New York Herald.*

## Rev. Dr. Damon in Europe—The Sailors' Cause at Hamburg, Germany, and Elsewhere.

We are certain that our readers will find the following letter from Rev. Dr. S. C. DAMON, now in Europe, of special interest. It is dated at Hamburg, June 22nd, 1880.

Agreeably to the invitation of the friends of seamen, in Hamburg, I left Berlin to visit this city, to be present at the "Inauguration of the British and American Sailors' Institute."—arriving on Saturday evening, June 19th. I was met at the Railroad Station by the Rev. Mr. EDWARDS, Pastor of the English Reformed Church. The ceremony of inauguration not taking place until Monday, I was permitted to enjoy the Sabbath in worshipping in the large German church of "St. Nicola," and also at the Reformed Church, where the Rev. E. W. MATTHEWS, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, preached a most excellent sermon, and where it fell to my lot to occupy the same pulpit in the evening. After these services, a most excellent meeting for seamen was held in the Institute, at which a goodly number were present. I was glad to learn that the Institute has been erected in the very best part of the city for the accommodation of seamen. Perhaps a brief statement relating to the history of the Institute-enterprise may be interesting, before I describe the inauguration exercises.

Efforts in behalf of seamen have been carried forward in Hamburg for many years. Indeed, they were commenced here soon after they were undertaken in England, sixty years ago. The present effort appears to be an outgrowth of the English Reformed Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Edwards is now pastor. During the last fifteen years, a most excellent and earnest laborer, Mr. E. W. HITCHENS, has been employed, and supported by the friends of seamen in Hamburg, with the united aid of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Such were the requirements of the port,

that just one year ago, the corner-stone of the Sailors' Institute was laid. This occurred on the 21st of June, 1879. It appears that an excellent site has been purchased, at a cost of about £2 000, or \$10 000, and a most suitable building erected, at a similar cost of \$10,000. In all, there has been an outlay of not far from \$20,000. The present new and commodious edifice is so admirably designed, that if, hereafter, funds should be procured, a "Home," or boarding-house for seamen, might be added. At present, however, there are excellent accommodations for good Reading-rooms, a room for captains, and an apartment for prayer-meetings. Besides this, the chaplain has accommodations for his family, and other apartments are rented. The whole establishment is admirably arranged and fitted up, not expensively, but substantially, and in admirable good taste. Most certainly, the "committee" deserve much credit for the good sense and judgment which are apparent in every part of the establishment. I can hardly see how any improvement could, under the circumstances, be made. All this good work having been done during the past year, it was deemed advisable, by those interested in the undertaking, that there should be a formal opening of the "Institute." To accomplish this purpose, notices were sent to London and New York, and the Rev. Mr. MATTHEWS, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, appeared as the representative of that organization, and it fell to my lot to represent the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, of New York.

It affords me great satisfaction to report that the occasion was made one of deep interest. The ladies provided a most generous entertainment for about

one hundred and fifty invited guests. After the tables were removed, the audience assembled for celebrating the inauguration. The chairman, EDWARD CHAPLIN, Esq., opened the exercises with a brief and most pertinent speech.

The Right Hon. Lord GARYVAGH honored the occasion by his presence, and some appropriate remarks. His Lordship is a modest and most Christian young man, a graduate of Oxford, and has shown that he is interested in benevolent work, but especially in whatever relates to the temporal and spiritual welfare of sailors. I had already met him at the Sailors' Institute in London, where he presided over a Conference of Chaplains. It is exceedingly gratifying to learn that there are so many of the British aristocracy who are deeply interested in Christian work.

The Rev. Mr. Matthews, Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, made a most interesting historical address, showing what had been done in former years in the seamen's cause in Hamburg, closing with a fervent appeal to the friends of the cause then present.

I then took occasion to speak words of hope and encouragement. I did not fail to speak of what the sailor had done for Hamburg, and of the importance of his labor in carrying forward the commerce of this thriving and rich city, whose princely merchants conduct a business of \$500,000,000!

I do not think I can be mistaken when I write that, at the present time, the cause of seamen in this city, is in a most prosperous and hopeful condition. Good men, of rare executive energy and ability, are managing the affairs of the Sailors' Institute, and seem fully determined to carry it forward to a successful consummation. Most grateful are they for any outside aid, and the annual appropriation by the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY is highly prized. I really do not see how they could carry forward the enterprise without this aid,

and that given by the British and Foreign Society of London. If our own Society could grant a little additional help just now, as they are building and fitting up the Institute, it would be highly prized.

Some generous contributions have been pledged, and a good contribution was made at the late meeting, which must have amounted to £100, or \$500. A debt of about \$10,000, however, still remains, which, I trust, will be liquidated very soon. When this is accomplished, they will go forward and add a "Home" to the Institute. I am inclined to think that the visit of Rev. Mr. Matthews, and my own presence, as the representative of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, was quite opportune.

I cannot refrain from adding that it afforded me great delight to witness the hearty cordiality of the pastors of the English Reformed Church, and the English Episcopal Church, in carrying forward this enterprise. They are joint Secretaries of the "Committee," and I feel quite sure this union of effort is most happy in its influence in building up this "International Institute and Un-denominational Mission."

In thus passing from city to city it affords me great pleasure that I am able to advocate the Seaman's Cause, as I have done in Liverpool, Glasgow, London and Hamburg. Since arriving in Hamburg I have received a most cordial letter from Miss AGNES E. WESTON of Devonport, Eng., who is doing so much for British seamen. It is astonishing what a hold, a "grip," she has upon the seamen on board British ships of war in all parts of the world. I do firmly believe that God has a goodly number of "His people" among the sons of the ocean, and that all efforts put forth in their behalf are not in vain. During this visit to Europe I am daily gathering up a fund of information which I hope to take with me as I return to America, re-cross the continent and return to resume my life-work at Honolulu. Recent letters from



that part of the world assure me that the affairs of the Bethel are efficiently carried forward during my absence. Mr. DUNSCOMBE writes me, under date of May 10th, to be sure and apply to the British and Foreign Bible Society for an additional grant of Russian Testaments. He says:—

“We are very much in want of Russian Testaments. There seems to be a prospect of many Russian men-of-war in the ocean, as their fleet is being increased in number. The Admiral's vessel was in port last month. I visited her with tracts, and a few Testaments which they gladly received, and when they found the Scriptures could be obtained in their language they flocked to the office to obtain them. At times, when they were at liberty, the room would be full. My stock of T-staments has got so low that I had to stow away the few remaining copies to keep them out of sight, to reserve for other vessels that may come along. But what an opening it seems to be to scatter light among those who have so long been bound in darkness! It would have done you good to see with what eagerness they would read as I pointed out such passages as *1 Timothy 1: 15, and John 3: 16.*”

This extract reminds me of the glowing accounts which I heard in London at the meetings of the British and Foreign Bible and Tract Societies, of the distribution of Bibles and good books in the Russian Empire.

But I am writing quite too lengthily, not allowing myself any space to refer to my journey on the continent of Europe, and what I find to encourage me as I mingle among Christians in this part of the world. I am quite aware that it behooves a tourist and traveler not to form too hasty conclusions about countries which he is only viewing as he sojourns for a few days in their cities. But of one thing I cannot be mistaken. I have not witnessed the same amount of intemperance and drunkenness in Cologne, Berlin and Hamburg, that I did in Liverpool, Glasgow and London. I am endeavoring to investigate the causes of this striking contrast. Is it in the use of the light wines and German beer? Is it owing to the diversity in the national temperament of the two nations? Is intemperance upon the increase? To these and many other questions I am thoughtfully directing my attention, while I do not fail to observe facts relating to education, the observance of the Sabbath, and many other subjects, and while the condition and growing influence of the Jewish population, in wealth, learning and political importance, is among the marvels of this closing period of the nineteenth century.

S. C. D.

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

### Labrador Coast.

BONNE ESPERANCE HARBOR.

Since the issue of our last MAGAZINE we have letters from Rev. S. R. BUTLER, dated 21st May. He makes no reference to any purpose of closing his connection with the mission, in the coming fall, but his communication gives a graphic and interesting picture of life in the semi-frozen regions to which he and his faithful co-laborers have for years exiled themselves, in order that they may

preach the Gospel of Christ to those who but for them would live and die without it. Rev. Mr. Butler writes:—

“It is difficult sometimes to find material here for an *interesting* letter, but I try to keep you posted as to the progress of the work, and if nothing more as to the fact that we ‘still live.’ The past season has been one of the coldest I have known in Labrador. The temperature, by thermometer, is never so cold as in the North-west of our own country, as we are so near the sea, but the cold is (or has been during the past season) very constant and prolonged.

Last year at this time we could go in a boat to our summer station long before this time; this year it will be June before the icy barrier will yield.

"As to the state of things among the people, it has been more encouraging than it was last season. Then we were troubled by a good deal of disorderly conduct, strife and general carelessness. This year the young people have been thoughtful, for the most part, quiet and orderly, and no rowdiness has been seen. The contrast is quite marked. The attendance at meetings has been good. Some seemed quite impressed, especially after the preaching of a Wesleyan missionary from Red Bay, some sixty miles distant. He came one Saturday in February and spent the Sabbath with me. Several of the young people have, since that time, seemed to enter upon the Christian life, and I trust will eventually join the church.

"The school has been well attended, but in April a number of families moved out on the ice to their summer quarters, leaving the settlement quite small. The school has been under the care of Miss WARRINER; this is her third winter here.

"The great sensation of the year was the arrival, in March, of our winter mail. This has come to be a fixed institution. Letters leave Quebec about January 1st, and are brought for the most part by men on snow shoes, or by dog teams, to this place, arriving usually the middle of March. Of course it is a great thing to get this break in the monotony of winter life, and a glimpse into the doings of the outside world.

"My own health has not been very good the past season, and I shall be compelled, I think, to return home during the summer, but I cannot now speak definitely as to that."

Rev. Mr. Butler's letter is closed by mention of their great need of a boat to carry on summer work among sailors. Hitherto the missionaries have hired one, but at too great expense. "I have been thinking," he says, "to ask the Society if they could aid us in this respect."

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## Belgium.

### ANTWERP.

Fewer ships have been in port since Rev. Mr. TREAT assumed the chaplain-

cy, than usual, but the work, he assures us, goes on pleasantly, "and I believe, successfully." He finds himself confirmed in his opinion given to the readers of the *MAGAZINE* last month, as to the value of a worshipping company of Christian believers, made up of "shore-people," in connection with a Sailors' Bethel, and says:—"A Seamen's Institute and Bethel which shows to the class whom it is intended to benefit, as its only stable feature, a chaplain, or at most a chaplain and a colporteur,—is weak, compared with one that exhibits side by side with the representatives of the distant societies, men and women resident in the port,—who are organized and active in the various appropriate departments of Christian work, and who are to be found at their posts from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, according as the intervals between the visits of seafaring men are long or short. The only condition that must be complied with in order that time and strength may be wisely spent upon the shore-people, is that they shall enjoy the benefit of the Bethel services, and engage in the work naturally appertaining thereto, with the end intelligently and faithfully in view of making all that is done minister to the welfare of seamen. This condition is now, so far as I can see, complied with here. All that are associated with me, here, of the shore-people who enjoy the benefits of the Bethel, are really contributing to its efficiency in the direction in which it was designed to operate."

Acting upon these views, chaplain Treat has entered actively and heartily into Sabbath-school work, in connection with his Bethel. A good many new children have been brought into the school, principally those of seamen and officers of ships, more than doubling the number of two months ago.

"We are already obliged to seek more space," he says,—“which we can secure.” A Sabbath-school teacher's meeting is

established, the International Lessons have been adopted, and the children meet, weekly, to sing. The Misses GRAY care for the S. S. "Band of Hope," its weekly exercises being open to seamen as well as others.

The chaplain speaks of great satisfaction in fellowship in Christian labor with Rev. ROBERT BYRON, Rector of the English P. E. Church in Antwerp. He closes his letter, June 27th, saying:—"To-day I have had the pleasure of seeing decidedly larger congregations than on any Sunday heretofore, and as I look back I think I can see steady though not rapid progress in this direction."

### Italy.

#### NAPLES.

During the quarter ending June 30th, forty-one meetings were held in the Floating Bethel, and on shipboard, including several American and British men-of-war. Six hundred and forty visits were made to vessels, and twenty-four hundred tracts and books were given away by Mr. S. BURROWS, Harbor Missionary. The record of God's blessing upon Bethel service and work for this period, is such that our readers will greatly rejoice over it.

"In April, the veteran Evangelist, Dr. SOMERVILLE of Glasgow, held services in the theatres to large audiences. Sailors came from their ships to these meetings.

#### Anniversary Services.

"On the 26th the anniversary of the Bethel's being placed in the harbor was held, on board. Mr. J. COWAN of Beeslack, who presided, spoke with much sympathy of missions to seamen and gave instances which came under his notice of noble Christian character among the fisherman on the east coast of Scotland. Revs. Messrs. BARFF and JAMES GORDON GRAY addressed the meeting and the Harbor Missionary reviewed the work of the mission during the past year. A free tea was given to forty-sailors the same evening by Mrs. JOHNSTON of Bombay, and Miss BROWN of Naples; two ladies who have done much good during their visits to the harbor.

#### A Saved Mate.

"At this tea meeting we noticed the beginning of a change of life in the mate of an American ship who had been constantly drinking up to this time. The mate, though a liberal Romanist, became a constant attendant on the means of grace for weeks after, and he gave a generous subscription, unasked, to the mission.

#### A Day of Power.

"May 2nd was a glorious day of God's power in the Bethel. Several captains brought their crews in the morning.—the attendance was larger than usual. In the evening the chapel was crowded and the reading room had to be occupied. A solemn awe seemed to pervade the meeting. At the close we invited the anxious to remain. About twenty kept their seats. A colored man from the *Nevins*, of New York, prayed first, and his words were blessed. Backsliders stood up and renewed their vows to God, believing that they had received a quickening from on high. Others prayed that they might find peace with God. A young sailor asked all present to pray that he might turn to God. About ten minutes after, he believed, rejoicingly. Several dear friends for whom we had long prayed were quickened that evening and are now actively engaged in the work. For some months previous there was an apparent quietness and barrenness in the services which caused much importunity in prayer.

#### On the *Saratoga*.

"June 27th we held service on board the U. S. S. *Saratoga*. The boys were very attentive, it being a training-ship there was a large number on board. The officers showed much kindness. On the following evening I gave a lecture, illustrated by diagrams, to the lads on the *Saratoga*, which they seemed to appreciate. I learned that there were praying boys among them."

### Japan.

#### YOKOHAMA.

In a letter dated June 14th, Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, Missionary, gives full details of recent successful labor, which we are sure our friends will gladly see in print. We quote as fully as our space will admit.

"Some few days after my return from England, I re-entered upon my work for the Lord in the interest of seamen visiting this port. Looking back now at my labor for the quarter ending May 31st, I can truly say—'hitherto the Lord hath helped me.' He has graciously blessed my endeavors to lead sinners to Him, who alone can save them.

#### *Two Swedish Sailors Converted.*

"In the General Hospital two Swedish seamen were led to see that God had afflicted them in mercy, leading them through bodily suffering, to realize their soul-sickness, and to cast themselves in humble faith, on the great physician of souls. One of these men told me that before leaving Sweden, his sister had earnestly pleaded with him to give himself to Christ, and that he had answered, 'time enough yet.' Continuing to lead a sinful life, he had suddenly been brought to see his folly by a paralytic stroke, through which he has lost the use of his right side. During our conversation, and while urging him to close at once with God's offer of pardon through Christ, hot tears flowed down his cheeks. As I knelt in prayer by his bedside, he, regardless of the patients around him, accompanied me in broken petitions for mercy. At my next visit I found him re-joicing in the Lord, and his next bed-fellow, (the other Swede mentioned above), had evidently been impressed, for as I turned to him, in a moment, ere I had finished a sentence, he also broke out in open confession of sin and cries for mercy. Before long he was rejoicing in the knowledge of sin forgiven. Both of these, for some weeks after, continued to witness for Christ, and as I parted with them, on their leaving for home, expressed their earnest desire to meet me again in heaven.

#### *Good Work Among the St. Charles' Crew.*

"A good work has also been done among the crew of the American ship *St. Charles*, which ship was burned to the water's edge at Kobe. The men were lodged at the Temperance Hall, while awaiting passage for San Francisco. They attended regularly at the meetings and many of them were brought under deep conviction of sin. At one of the after meetings, two of these gave their hearts to the Savior, others followed at the next meeting until eight were *happily converted*, and openly testified of Jesus' power to save. After this they came to my house on several occasions,

and we had a precious season of prayer, in which they all took part, praying for themselves, for their dear relatives in the home lands, and also earnestly for their unconverted comrades. Since they have left I have received two letters from them, testifying of their desire to hold fast; and requesting me to write them. I hope to hear from all as they find opportunity. May God bless and keep them faithfully!

#### *In Prisons Oft.*

"For the past two months I have felt led to take up the prison work, as the great majority of prisoners are seamen. I hold a weekly service on Sabbath afternoons both in the American and English consular jails. Three prisoners since the commencement of the services, have given evidence of a new birth in Christ, and on the testimony of the jailors, this evidence was borne out by their daily conduct. One of these men lies under sentence of death for murder.

#### *For the U. S. Navy.*

"I have also held a regular Sabbath morning service on the U. S. war vessel *Alert*, for the past six weeks. It has been well attended, by Captain HUNTINGTON and all the officers, and an increasing number of the crew. Several captains and their wives, belonging to American merchant vessels, and a number of merchant seamen have also attended. Captain Huntington has expressed himself as greatly pleased with the service, and has been extremely kind to me all the way through. Every Sunday morning he sends a large ship's boat, with an officer in charge, to convey my wife and self, with any friends I may choose to ask to accompany me on board, conveying us on shore again at the close of the service.

#### *Prayer for the Sailors' Cause.*

"Many prayers are continually ascending for the success of these efforts among the men of the sea, and I have strong faith, that at the great day of reckoning, many will rise up to say that here the good seed of the word found a lodgment in their hearts, for Him whose gracious promise it is, 'That His word shall not return unto Him void.'

"My visits to the Hospitals have been 29, and to ships, 89. The meetings held on ships and on shore have been 86. I have also inspected Loan Libraries, supplied and kept up a sailors' reading room and distributed a large number of

tracts of all languages with Testaments and Gospel portions."

Dating another communication June 18th, Mr. AUSTEN writes:—

"The services on the *Alert* still continue to be held, and with increased interest. Last Sabbath the captain invited my wife and self to stay to dinner, and I was pleased to hear from him that these services were having a marked effect upon the men, that there was a great change for the better in the conduct of the crew, since their commencement. Some nine or ten American ladies were present, at the invitation of the captain, one of whom, the wife of Captain BRNHAM of the U. S. S. *Richmond*, told me she enjoyed the service every Sunday very much indeed, and hoped that I should be able to hold a similar service on board her husband's ship, as soon as it came to Yokohama."

Our readers will find the seamen's letter referred to by Mr. AUSTEN, (p. 247) upon page 250 of this MAGAZINE.

### New York City.

In April, May and June, Mr. DEWITT C. SLATER made 1,600 visits upon vessels of all classes, and 573 to seamen's boarding-houses. He also visited Hospitals, Asylums and Homes, and conducted 68 religious services. The officers and seamen of vessels in Atlantic Basin, in Wallabout Basin, along the water front between Hamilton and South Ferries in South Brooklyn, and on the water front (East River) in New York, between Grand St. and Stanton St., were here fully supplied with religious reading matter, as also canal boatmen, and the boatmen on barges and their families,—and all were invited to religious meetings, and to the Sabbath-Schools. His report contains the following records:—

#### *Seamen Finding Christ.*

"In one of these meetings while in counsel and prayer with a young Swedish sailor, he said, 'I have always believed in the Lord Jesus Christ. In Sweden my parents taught me to do that, but I have my doubts about my being a Christian.' I said, 'because 'flesh and

blood' (the creature, your parents) hath made known these things to you, and not the Spirit, therefore you are still in your sins.'" I said to him,—"Who told you that you were born in Sweden?" He said, 'Why, my parents.' 'You believe your parents, then?' 'Certainly, I do.' 'Are you as certain that you were born in Sweden, as that you saw the light of the shining sun to-day?' 'No, only as my parents have told me so.' 'Then believe the word of God,—'he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' and by faith simply rely upon it, and with the Spirit you have the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' At once he offered a short and fervent prayer of faith, and 'receiving the promise' he arose from his knees apparently a 'new creature' in Christ Jesus. I can only compare the brief struggle of this young sailor from 'death to life,' to the drowning man, who hears the voice of one who throws the rope, and with a grasp lays hold and is saved.

"At the close of one of our prayer and testimony meetings a young seaman took me by the hand and said, 'I am now a Christian. Voyage before last while steering my 'trick' at the wheel the 'change' took place. I received my first convictions here, in this place, while you were kneeling with me in prayer the night before I went on board of my vessel for sea. An impression was then made upon my mind, which remained and seemed like a voice speaking in my ear and to my heart, while at my duties at sea, especially in my quieter moments, while at the ship's wheel, or on the lookout. Then suddenly a quiet peace pervaded my whole being and a joy came into my soul, which has only been equalled (from that time to the present) by the reality and blessedness of my being a 'new creature' in Christ Jesus."

### Norfolk, Va.

Chaplain CRANE, submitting his annual report, says:—

"This is my *fifteenth* annual report. I can hardly realize that I have indeed reached this point in my chaplaincy, yet it is a solemn fact. My work among seamen in this port during the past year has gone on steadily with regular Bethel services, the attendance varying with the seasons and averaging a fair proportion of the seamen in port. Our

meetings have at times been marked with special interest and evidence of the Spirit's presence. Our semi-monthly Sunday evening Temperance meetings during the first three months were very fully attended. A large number of signatures to the total abstinence pledge were obtained, and a good work done among seamen in this department of Christian effort.

"Our Bethel Sunday School has increased in attendance, and we have had some valuable additions to our corps of teachers, whose continuance, however, has not been as permanent as we hoped, but they have rendered efficient service while with us, and the succession has fortunately been such that we have not suffered from the change as seriously as might have been expected. A good addition to our Library and a supply of new singing books, &c., and our usual annual Exhibition, which passed off very successfully on January 29th, have all helped to add attraction and interest, and with the regular exercises and instructions have, I trust, made some salutary and lasting impressions upon the minds and hearts of the children.

"We have made some move in reference to our much needed change of location of the Bethel, and for more commodious accommodations and the erecting of a reading-room and general rendezvous for sailors, but the great difficulty, as yet unsurmounted, is to obtain a suitable site. When this is secured we shall direct our efforts toward raising funds for the building. Our work here will not have the needed appliances until this is accomplished.

"My regular weekly visitation of the shipping and distribution of reading matter during the year have reached about 1,500 vessels, many of them visited repeatedly, 28,000 pages of tracts, 5,000 Seamen's papers and magazines, 491 Bibles and Testaments in various languages, and 8 Loan Libraries sent to sea, of which 2 were received from vessels in good order and reshipped.

"Seamen in the Marine Hospital have been regularly visited and supplied with reading matter, and those most seriously ill have had special ministrations. I have attended the funerals of eight, of whom six were buried in the Norfolk Seamen's Friend Society's plot in Elmwood Cemetery. There have been several instances of special religious interest, and I may say hopeful conversions, among the hospital patients.

"I have also, in the absence of a na-

val chaplain, visited several U. S. vessels and supplied the crews with Bibles, Testaments, and other reading matter,—also the patients in the Naval Hospital where I officiated at three funerals. Fifty-two wrecked and destitute seamen have been aided during the year at an outlay by our local Society of \$166 25. In this charitable work we have had the co-operation, as usual, in the way of low and sometimes free transportation, of the various lines of steamers and others.

"Thus our work here continues, and has progressed encouragingly and hopefully, although somewhat restricted for want of adequate accommodation, yet with some tokens of Divine favor, and evidence that labor and means are not expended in vain."

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### Loan Libraries.

So long a service as that already belonging to No. 3,148, merits mention. It was originally placed, May 24th, 1869, on the ship *Louis Walsh* of Belfast, Me., bound for Panama, in care of Capt. A. S. White, 23 men in crew, being sent out by Master R. C. Stewart, of Easton, Pa. More than eleven years have elapsed without tidings from it, and then it reappears, and is re-shipped, June 17th, 1880, on the schooner *Charmor* of Stonington, bound for Savannah, Ga.

### THANKFUL.

*To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

"The Library No. 4,870, (contributed by Matilda K. Page, Lowell, Mass.) which you were so kind as to place on the schr. *Anna A. Holton* of New York, has made eight voyages to South America, covering a period of two years. The books have been read and consulted on many occasions when at sea, and the crew have expressed themselves as not only entertained by them, but greatly benefited and profited thereby. We return the library with many thanks, every book having been carefully perused and kept in good order.

GEORGE SMITH,  
Master."

## COMPETENT TESTIMONY—PRACTICAL GRATITUDE.

The following letter from Capt. W. B. HALLETT of the bark *Norway*, dated "Atlantic Ocean, March, 1880,"—contained \$20, a contribution to the Society's work.

*To the American Seamen's Friend Society:—*

"I wish in behalf of myself and crew to thank the donors of Library No. 5,400,\* which you so kindly sent on board of this vessel just before I sailed on this voyage to East London, South Africa.

"The books have been read with interest both in the fore-castle and in the cabin. I think that good has been derived from the reading of these books although none of the crew have been converted that I know of. Still I am sure that their reading must tend to lead men to the cross. I wish that there might be a library put on board of every ship so that as the sailor goes from vessel to vessel, he would see continually perusing good books, and at last be brought to the feet of the blessed Lord. I was in the fore-castle some three years myself, and as I look back I know how much good such reading would have done me. During all the time I was there we never had a library to go to. The sailor hardly ever brings any books with him, consequently his watch below is spent either in playing or in relating his doings while on shore, or telling stories (sea yarns, as we call them,) which are not very elevating. You can easily see, then, that the books which you put on board, must do some good, as they give the sailor good subjects to think and talk about. God will assuredly bless the donors of these libraries.

"We have service on board every Sunday, weather permitting. I generally read one of Mr. Moody's sermons; they are plain and to the point, and seem to interest the men. We have an organ which my wife plays. That helps us with the music, and we sing from Sankey's book. Sailors, as a general thing, are very fond of music. Most of the men come to the service. Sometimes they take offense and will not come for one Sunday, but on the whole they do very well in coming.

Truly yours,

WILLIAM B. HALLETT,  
*Master."*

\* Central Falls Church, Pawtucket, R. I.

## Letters from Seamen.

Our Missionary at the Sailors' Home in this city, hands us the following, dated June 14th, 1880. It is from a sailor recently converted at the Home, and shows his grateful memory of his spiritual birth-place, of those who led him to his Savior, and of those with whom he then became connected.

*"Dear Friend and Brother:—*

\* \* \* \* \*

"I received your most welcome letter dated June 9th. Believe me it gives me great pleasure to see by it that you are all well, in body and spirit, sincerely and earnestly battling for the Lord, and that the Lord is blessing your work to the salvation of souls. My dear brother, every morning I make mention of you in my prayers to my Lord and yours. Also for the Church of Sea and Land.

"I left Greenock, Scotland, before your first letter came to hand, so that, if the Lord will, I will have the pleasure of reading it there at home.

"I am truly thankful to you for your kind admonitions for my knowledge and comfort. I have put my hand to the plough, and I cannot look back. The wickedness that is around me on every side, and the wickedness within my own heart, urges me to come out of *self*, and walk in the fear of the Lord. A few short years, at most, and we shall see Him, who was pit upon for us, and will receive of his bounty continually, throughout eternity. Blessed be His holy name for ever and ever!

"I will conclude with my love and best wishes to the dear brothers S. and M., and our dear pastor Dr. HOPKIN, and all our brothers and sisters in the church. Accept the same from your brother in Jesus,—  
P. N."

"Dear Mr. Ansten," says the sailor referred to on page 248, writing to our missionary at Yokohama, in Japan, and dating his letter at Kobe, May 9th, '80, "I hold fast in my Savior and am able to use his holy word and go to him in prayer. I have found the missionary here and have been to several of his meetings. I hope you won't forget me, but will often pray for me. I shall never forget you and the Christian friends in Yokohama. Please remember me to them. I should much like to hear from

you in Manila. Do write and send me some words to cheer me on my way. It is so hard to do good in this sinful world, but through my Savior I hope I shall succeed. My shipmates who knew you, join in sending with me our best wishes for you and Mrs. A., in health and prosperity. Although we may never meet again on this earth, I hope we shall, above, and there meet to part no more.

Yours sincerely,

N. Y."

### Best Tribute To The Sailors' Magazine.

"In my visits to seamen on board their vessels, in their boarding-houses, and in the hospitals," says Rev. RICHARD WEBB, our chaplain at Savannah, Ga., "I find no religious reading matter so acceptable or so often asked for, as the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE**. I frequently find it after many days, well worn by constant reading. I am sorry that the Society cannot issue twice as many copies as are now sent forth. The fifty I receive monthly are soon exhausted, after using great economy in their distribution. Seamen seem to think, 'this is our own Magazine and contains that in which we are specially interested.' A short time ago a sailor came to my prayer-meeting, and said to me,—'I am the happiest man living, I hardly know how to contain myself for joy, I have found Jesus.' I asked him how it came about. He said, 'I was sick in my bunk on board a steamship, and some one left a **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** with other papers and some tracts on a chest, I got up and took the Magazine, and read it. I there found that I must be born again or perish. I sought the Lord and have found him.' The seaman, who is a Scotchman, afterward came on to New York and united with the Church of Sea and Land. I have received letters from him since, in which he writes like an intelligent, mature Christian, ripe for glory, still rejoicing in his new found Savior."

### Position of the Principal Planets for August, 1880.

**MERCURY** is an evening star until the morning of the 5th at 3 o'clock, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun, during the remainder of the month is a morning star; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 5th at 7h. 21m., being  $1^{\circ} 46'$  south; is stationary among the stars in Cancer at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 14th; is at its greatest elongation at midnight of the 21st, being  $18^{\circ} 21'$  west of the Sun.

**VENUS** is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 31m., and north of west  $23^{\circ} 23'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 6th at 4h. 21m., being  $5^{\circ} 27'$  north.

**MARS** is an evening star setting on the 1st at 8h. 28m., and north of west  $12^{\circ} 39'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 8th at 7h. 51m., being  $6^{\circ} 13'$  north.

**JUPITER** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 33m., being  $6^{\circ} 17'$  north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Pisces at 9 o'clock on the forenoon of the 8th; is in conjunction with the Moon at 10m. before midnight of the 23rd, being  $6^{\circ} 56'$  south.

**SATURN** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 5h. 9m., being  $8^{\circ} 42'$  north of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Pisces at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 10th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 5th at 6h. 6m., being  $7^{\circ} 42'$  south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

### Marine Disasters in June, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 24, of which 13 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 2 burned, 3 foundered, and 6 are missing. The list comprises 1 steamer, 2 ships, 9 barks, 5 brigs, and 9 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$510,000.

Below is the list giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

#### STEAMER.

City of New York, *b*. In New York Harbor.

#### SHIPS.

Borneo, *w*. from New Orleans for Trieste.  
Gondoller, *w*. from Rotterdam for New York.

#### BARKS.

North Star, *m*. from Pensacola for Swansea.  
L. T. Stocker *w*. from Cienfuegos for Boston.  
Scrug, *m*. from New York for Queenstown.  
Lizzie Merry, *w*. from Baltimore for St. Pierre, Martinique.  
Birdstow, *a*. from New York for Gijon.



Carrie Humphrey, w. from Manila.  
M. Luisa, m. from New York for Queenstown.  
Artilerist, m. from Galveston for Bremen.  
Familia, m. from New York for Granville.

## BRIGS.

S. P. Smith, w. from Calais, Me. for Curacao.  
Georgia, w. from Sagua for Del. Breakwater.  
Arthur, w. from Port au Prince for Boston.  
Johnny Smith, f. from Pillau for New York.  
Acella Thurlow, w. from Baltimore for Aspinwall.

## SCHOONERS.

W. H. Phinney, a. from Philadelphia for Portsmouth.  
W. R. Page, w. (Fisherman,) of Eastport, Me.  
Joseph, w. from San Francisco for Navarro River.  
Mary E. Donovan, m. (Fisherman,) of San Francisco.  
S. A. Hoffman, f. from Rockport, Me. for Camden, N. J.  
Bob, b. (At Ipswich, Mass.)  
Illinois, w. from New York for Fall River.  
Saratoga, f. for Boston.  
Jane, w. from St. John, N. B. for New York.

Of the above, 1 steamer, 1 ship, 3 barkas, 3 brigs, and 9 schooners were owned wholly in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$244,000.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

MAY, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*:—36 English, 16 American, 10 German, 6 French, 6 Norwegian, 3 Austrian, 3 Dutch, 3 Italian, 2 Danish, 1 Rep. Argentine, 1 Chilean, 1 Spanish, 1 Portuguese, 1 Swedish; total: 90. In this number are included 7 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—2 English, 1 Norwegian; total: 3.

## Receipts for June, 1880.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Fitzwilliam, Cong. church.....\$ 10 70  
Gilsun, Cong. church..... 4 50  
Rochester, Cong. church, for library.. 20 00

## VERMONT.

Bennington Centre..... 16 00

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, Second Cong. church..... 9 88  
Boston, Mt. Vernon ch., E. K. A., for library..... 20 00  
Capt. Hemmingway and crew, bark Antuck..... 28 00  
Capt. Watts, schr. Joseph Southern, for library..... 10 00  
Danvers Maple St. ch. B. S..... 15 00  
Dorchester, H. R. Sharp..... 5 00  
East Medway, Cong. ch..... 9 00  
Easton, Cong. church..... 3 60  
East Somerville, Cong. church, toward library..... 10 00  
Fitchburg Louisa A. Lowe, for lib'y.. 20 00  
Groton, Cong. ch., of wh. bal. to const. Rev. B. A. Robie and G. S. Gates, L. M.'s, and \$20 from B. S. for lib'y Dr. M. Spaulding, to refit library.... 6 25  
Hopkinton, Cong. church..... 29 61  
Leominster, Misses Pierce and Porter's S. S. class, for library..... 10 00  
Newton Centre, 1st church..... 24 39  
North Amherst, Cong. ch., of wh. to const. John Q. A. Wiley, L. M..... 45 00  
North Brookfield, Cong. church..... 26 38

Randolph, Miss A. W. Turner..... 25 00  
South Deerfield, Cong. ch., for library. 24 48  
South Hadley Falls, Cong. church..... 15 00  
Springfield, Memorial church..... 13 19  
Westhampton, Cong. church..... 7 00  
Worcester, Piedmont church..... 49 67

## CONNECTICUT.

Bethel, young Ladies' Mission Circle, Mary H. Ryle, Sec'y, for library..... 20 00  
Clinton, Cong. church and Society... 15 18  
Ellington, S. S. Cong. church, for lib'y. 20 00  
Fairfield, Elizabeth Trubee, deceased, to const. Herbert Knapp, L. M.... 30 00  
Greenwich, Miss A. L. Mead..... 5 00  
Groton Cong. S. S., Mrs. C. B. Whitman, Treasurer..... 9 47  
New London, First church of Christ, offering for three months..... 18 66  
Norwich Town, estate of Anna Mabrey, per O. P. Wattles, ex..... 100 00  
Sherman, Cong. church and Society... 9 65  
Whitneyville, Cong. church..... 23 51

## NEW YORK.

Albany, Mrs. William Wendell, \$10, for general work; \$20 for library, in memory of her father, E. H. Roberts..... 20 00  
Brooklyn, Ref. ch., on the Heights.... 103 24  
First Pres. church..... 75 41  
Middle Ref. church..... 49 23  
Mrs. Mary G. Brinkerhoff..... 2 00  
Lansingburgh First Pres. church, of wh. Mrs. S. A. Lemon, \$20, for lib'y, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Anne Lansing..... 46 94  
Mount Morris, 1st Pres. church..... 8 65  
New York City, Sawyer, Wallace & Co. 100 00  
Miss Lenox..... 100 00  
Mr. Jno. W. Hamersley, for lib's.... 100 00  
C. N. Bliss..... 20 00  
R. M. Olyphant..... 20 00  
A. R. Eno..... 10 00  
Cash..... 10 00  
Francis Baker..... 10 00  
Joseph S. Holt..... 10 00  
Mrs. A. D. Wilson..... 10 00  
R. C. Root..... 5 00  
E. N. Tallier..... 5 00  
G. N. T..... 5 00  
S. T. Richards..... 5 00  
M. C. D. Borden..... 5 00  
Wm. W. Finley, for library work.... 2 00  
Oyster Bay, Pres. church, of wh. from Gerard Beekman, \$25 for lib'y.... 26 54  
Rochester, twenty L. M.'s American Tract Society, their annuities in books, for a library, through Rev. David Dickey..... 20 00  
Saratoga, Dr. B. S. Strong..... 5 00  
Schenectady, 1st Pres. church..... 6 75

## NEW JERSEY.

Franklin Park, Ref. ch., to const. Rev. Wm. R. Taylor, L. M..... 20 00  
Morristown, Children's Missionary Society, of 1st Pres. church..... 40 00  
Newark, 3rd Pres. ch., of wh. \$20, to const. Master A. Alling Reeves, L. M.; \$20 for lib'y, in name of Miss Grace Russell Reeves, and \$20 from Miss A. Adelaide Brown, for lib'y. 116 08  
2nd Pres. church..... 8 00  
A friend..... 4 00  
A. P. G..... 2 50  
Orange, 1st Pres. church..... 55 00

## IOWA.

West Mitchell, McR. Wallingford, for library..... 20 00

\$1,845 58



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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## An Atlantic Voyage Without Money.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

I am sure you will like to hear a nice story of how a little boy crossed the Atlantic Ocean, with us, without any money to buy a ticket.

His father had died from a sun-stroke. His mother then gathered the little money she had, and resolved to go home to her friends in Scotland whom she had left. But she had not money enough to buy tickets for all the children. Sandy, about twelve years of age, had to be left behind. He loved his mother very much, but he could not go home to Scotland without a ticket.

He shed many tears when he bade his mother good-by as she sailed out of New York harbor. After she was gone he felt very lonely. No one in that great city of New York knew him or cared for him. He felt he could not stay there any longer, and he determined in some way to cross the ocean to see his dear mother once more. So one day he went down to the harbor and found the ship *Hibernia*, just ready to sail for Scotland. He contrived to steal his way into the ship when no one saw him, and down he went into the ship, and hid himself among the cargo. But just as

the ship was ready to sail, one of the men found him and gave him over to the officer, who, when he discovered that he had no ticket, and was trying to steal a passage, began to scold at him and beat him. Then he took him by the coat collar and dragged him along the deck in order to put him off the vessel. The poor child cried very bitterly. I heard him say in a pitiful manner: "O, do let me go home to Scotland!"

"But," said the officer, "you have no ticket: away with you: you cannot go without paying for your passage." As he said this he pushed the little fellow along toward the gangway in a very rough manner, as if he took pleasure in tormenting him.

Many of the passengers gathered around, feeling very sorry for the little boy who was so desirous to see his mother. At last a gentleman said to the officer, "Let the boy go, and I will see that his passage is paid for."

"Very well, then," said the officer, and he at once gave the boy his liberty.

I wish, my dear little friend, that you could have seen how happy the little fellow was then. He danced about the

deck for joy. He believed what the gentleman said, and that gave him joy. He did not see him pay for the ticket, but it was all the same, for he knew he would; and he saw that the officer trusted his word. All the way across the broad ocean that little boy was very happy. Though sometimes the wind blew, and the great waves dashed over the ship, Sandy never seemed the least troubled.

The thought of soon seeing his dear mother cheered his heart and made the voyage appear short and pleasant; and when, at last, he stood upon the shores of Scotland, his face beamed with delight. He could not express his gratitude to the kind gentleman who saved him from being thrust off the ship and left in New York.

What would you have thought of this boy if he had not once thanked this kind friend for giving him his passage across the ocean?

But you, my dear little child, owe far more to Jesus than that boy did to his kind friend. It did not cost him much to assist this poor boy, but it cost Jesus his life to buy you a ticket for heaven.

I hope you, my dear little friend, are one of the many children who have been taught by God's Holy Spirit to trust in this dear Savior. If so, then he has given you a ticket all the way to heaven. As that boy believed the gentleman, so you must believe Jesus and trust in him at all times. No matter what the storms may be, if you will cling to him, the only "Ark of safety," just as that boy sailed safely in that ship, so you will outride the storms, and at last reach the haven of eternal rest.

Suppose that while on that voyage that kind gentleman had said to that boy: "I have secured a passage for you to Scotland,—I want you to show your gratitude by coming to me each morning so that I may be sure that you do not forget me."

Do you think that boy would have neglected for a single morning to pay him a vi-it? O, no, I am sure he would not. How glad, too, the little fellow would have been to do any thing in his power for him.

So Jesus wants you to come to Him every day, and to thank Him for His great love to you. And when you go to Him, do not forget to say to Him, as Paul did,—“Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” He will give you little tasks every day; and so each day you will grow stronger, and thus be able to do more for Him who has done so much for us.

You must find some time daily to read God's Holy Word. It is the letter God has given to us to tell us how we may work for Him and thus be happy and useful. If you truly love the Savior you will be careful to seek to please Him always. If little Sandy had said to that kind friend, “I love you very much; you have been so kind to me in helping me to get home to my dear mother,” and yet had refused to do any little thing for him which he might ask, would he have believed Sandy? He would have said, “Sandy has forgotten about my kindness; he is an ungrateful boy.” So Jesus says, “If a man love Me he will keep My words.” Now, my dear child, I want you to be a working Christian. You should speak to your little friends about Jesus, and tell them of how He suffered on the cross that they might be saved. Pray for them. Read the nineteenth chapter of John to them, and do not rest till they come to the dear Jesus, and trust in Him, and know that they are saved; and in heaven they will come and thank you for having led them to the Savior.

### The Pet Lamb.

Far away in India a bad man once wanted a fine sheep which belonged to another person. He went before the

judge, and got other bad men to help him say that the sheep was his. The true owner came too, and brought the sheep, and his friends came with him and told the judge that they knew the sheep belonged to him. How could the judge decide? He did not know the men, and how could he tell which were liars?

But he did know how the sheep are taught in those Eastern countries, so he said,—“Let the two men go into those two rooms—one on the right side, the other on the left side—and let the one on the left call the sheep,” But the poor sheep did not “know the voice of a stranger,” and did not stir. The true owner heard the sound, and did not wait to be told what the judge meant. He gave a kind of “chuck,” and the sheep bounded away to him at once. “The sheep knows his voice,” said the judge. “Let him take it away, for it is his.”

If we are the lambs of the good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, we shall know His kind call and obey it.

### Jamie, the Gentleman.

BY MABEL C. DOWD.

There's a dear little ten-year-old down the street,  
With eyes so merry and smile so sweet  
I love to stay with him whenever we meet;  
And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.

His home is of poverty, gloomy and bare,  
His mother is old with want and care—  
There's little to eat and little to wear,  
In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.

He never complains—though his clothes be old,  
No dismal whinnings at hunger or cold;  
For a cheerful heart that is better than gold  
Has brave little Jamie, the gentleman.

His standing at school is always ten—  
“For diligent boys make wise, great men,  
And I'm bound to be famous some day, and then”

Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman,

“My mother shall rest her on cushions of down,  
The finest lady in all the town,  
And wear a velvet and satin gown”  
Thus dreams Jamie, the gentleman.

“Trust ever in God,” and “Be brave and true”—  
Jamie has chosen these precepts two;  
Glorious mottoes for me and for y u;  
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman!  
*Wide Awake.*

### Missionary Pennies.

Children should be taught to give money for the cause of Jesus Christ. We are all creatures of habit; and in this particular the earlier the habits are fastened the better it will be.

Those who are familiar with Pilgrim's Progress will recall that, when the little company under the lead of Greatheart were entertained at the house of Gaius there was a good deal of innocent hilarity at the dinner-table. The travelers were tired and their appetites were keen. And so much comfort and so much rest coming at once put them in the best of spirits. After a few old-fashioned jokes and sage attempts at pleasantry, pious Mr. Honest gravely announced his intention of propounding a riddle. He gave it thus:—

“A man there was, though some did count him mad,  
The more he cast away the more he had.”

Their most respected host understood instantly that the puzzle was aimed at him, and that everybody lingered anxiously for an *impromptu* reply. He paused awhile, however; but whether to guess the answer, or frame the couplet into which he wished to put it at his best, we are not informed. It is not every man in this world, even among those who keep hotels, that can make poetry to order. But Gaius finally offered this solution in comfortable rhyme;—  
“He who bestows his goods upon the poor,  
Shall have as much again, and ten times more.”

At this juncture one of Christiana's boys impulsively broke in:—“I dare say, sir, I did not think you could have found it out.” The genial old gentleman answered:—“I have been *trained up in this way a great while*; nothing teaches like experience; I have learned of my Lord to be kind, and have ever found that I gained thereby.” Then he added:—“There is that scattereth, yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but tendeth to poverty. There is that maketh himself rich, yet it hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.”—*Rev. C. S. Robinson.*

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1868-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,472, and they were accessible to \$66,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,068 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During June, 1880, seventy-nine loan libraries,—thirty-four new, and forty-five refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 6,981 to 7,003, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,442, 5,444, 5,445, 5,446, 5,448, 5,449, 5,450, 5,451, 5,452, 5,454, and 5,455, at Boston.

*The forty-five libraries re-shipped were:—*

No. 2,990,	No. 3,445,	No. 4,524,	No. 4,883,	No. 5,172,	No. 5,696,	No. 6,181,	No. 6,433,	No. 6,630,
" 3,001,	" 3,622,	" 4,532,	" 4,985,	" 5,251,	" 5,772,	" 6,189,	" 6,434,	" 6,663,
" 3,148,	" 3,840,	" 4,783,	" 5,075,	" 5,433,	" 5,797,	" 6,358,	" 6,468,	" 6,675,
" 3,295,	" 4,068,	" 4,814,	" 5,139,	" 5,566,	" 5,878,	" 6,430,	" 6,485,	" 6,695,
" 3,399,	" 4,311,	" 4,835,	" 5,168,	" 5,572,	" 6,008,	" 6,423,	" 6,601,	" 6,759.

## Children's Love For Home.

A little brother and sister were talking about their home and their love for it. "I wouldn't swap my home for any other in the world," said the sister. "O! I don't feel so," was the boy's response. "I think that Willy A——'s home is as pretty as ours. It's bigger; and it's got more things in it. I think I'd like to swap ours for that." "But would you like to give up your father and mother for his?" asked his sister. "And would you rather have his sisters than yours?" "No, I wouldn't want that," said the boy. "Well, to swap home means that," said the sensible sister; "for a home itself isn't a home. A home is your father and mother and brothers and sisters, and every thing you have in the house." Wasn't that well said? Isn't there a truth in those words which is hid from many of the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes? A well-furnished house is not a home. A home is the life and the love which the family in the house represents. Who would swap his home for a rich neighbor's?—*S. S. Tymes.*

## The Blind Boy.

A little blind boy was once asked if he loved Jesus. His tiny frame shook with emotion as, turning his sightless eyes towards heaven, he said:—"Ye dinna ken how I love Him, or ye'd never ask! They ha'e na made the right word yet to tell o' half my love; but I'm just waitin'—waitin' till I ha'e the 'new song' put into my mouth, an' then I'll gang awa' and tell it to Himself." The same little boy was one day at the house of a friend, and a little girl with whom he was playing said very pitifully to him, "I am so sorry you cannot see me!" "Hoot," said the boy, "it's nae loss. I see a better—Jesus, the 'altogether lovely,' an' ye canna beat that."

## American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
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 80 Wall Street, New York.

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### A VIKING'S SHIP.

The Egyptians built themselves palaces for tombs; the wild searovers of the North were buried with their ships. During last January a discovery was made at Sandefjord, in Norway, which resulted in the exhuming of the funeral vessel of some grand old Viking, whose fleet was once, perhaps, the terror of the Northern seas. Near the bathing establishment at Sandefjord there is a tumulus locally known as King's Hill. Under this, tradition averred that a mighty king had been buried, with costly treasures near his body. Until lately, either owing to superstition or some similiar sentiment, the remains had apparently lain undisturbed. In the early part of this year, however, the peasants on whose land the tumulus was situated began to sink a well. On reaching some timber they prudently summoned the services of an able antiquary, and under his guidance the whole body of an old Viking vessel was revealed, seventy-four

feet long between stem and stern, sixteen feet broad amidships, drawing five feet, and with twenty ribs. This is far larger and more complete than the ancient vessels discovered in 1863 at Nydam, and in 1867 at Tune.

It is evident that when the burial took place, the sea (which is now a mile away) washed the base of the tumulus. The craft is placed with her stem toward the sea, so that when the Great Father should call him, the chieftain might start fully equipped from his tomb. Among the articles found in the vessel were some smaller boats, a quantity of oars, and some shields ranged along the free-board, and too thin to be used for any but ornamental purposes. On entering the funeral chamber the explorers were disappointed. Some one, either in ancient or modern days, had been there before them, and had carried off all the more cherished treasures. Bones of man, horse, and dog, together with various utensils,

drinking cups, etc., were, however, found. The tumulus is supposed to date from about the year 800, when Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of Rome, and when Norway was still divided between the wild chieftains and sea-kings.

So much of the ship and its equipment remains, however, as to show exactly the kind of vessel wherewith the old Norsemen ravaged the coasts of Europe, and even made their way to America. The greater part of the mast, which



THE VIKING'S SHIP, AS FOUND IN 1880.

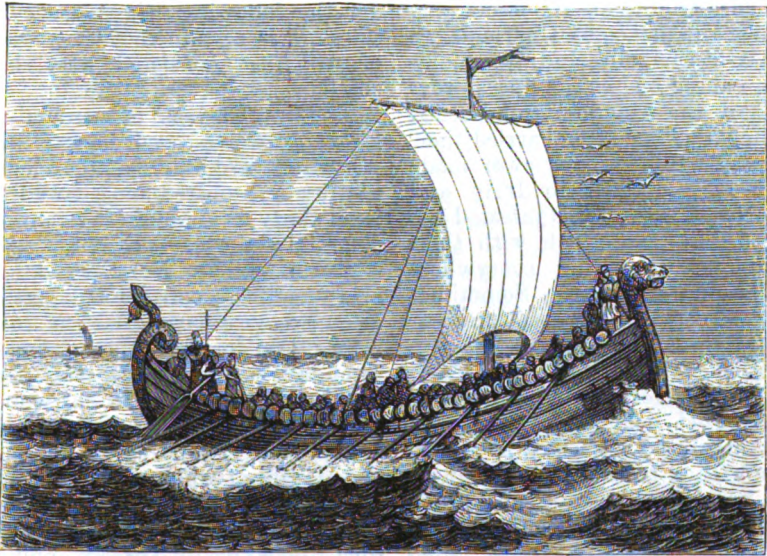
It is to be regretted that the vessel had been in any way despoiled previous to the late discovery, for in this age of archaeological enthusiasm each article would have been the subject of interesting investiga-

tions. So much of the ship and its equipment remains, however, as to show exactly the kind of vessel wherewith the old Norsemen ravaged the coasts of Europe, and even made their way to America. The greater part of the mast, which



cation of which it will be the difficult task of antiquarians to solve. Several wooden articles of a peculiar form have been found in excellent preservation, and fashioned with remarkable skill. That the articles, which are about one and a half feet in length, were used as grooves through which the ropes passed is evident from the fact that their circular openings are much worn by use,—a proof, at the same time, that this ship must have frequently ploughed the sea before

Whatever their methods of navigation were, we know that the Vikings covered the sea with their vessels, and spread terror and desolation over every country that they could reach. During the space of two hundred years they often invaded Scotland and Ireland, and made incursions on the coasts of Livonia, Courland and Pomerania. Already feared before the time of Charlemagne, they became still more terrible as soon as this great monarch's eyes were closed.



THE VIKING'S SHIP, 800 A. D. (SUPPOSED.)

finding a last resting-place in the grave-mound. How these pieces of wood, which are constructed of excellent oak, were fastened to the mast or the body of the ship is a problem the solution of which will be of great interest. If this point be successfully cleared up, we will obtain a hitherto unexpected insight into the method in which a Norwegian Viking ship was handled during manœuvres in the eighth and ninth centuries.

He is known to have shed tears on hearing that these barbarians had, on some occasion, defied his name, and all the precautions he had made to oppose them. He foresaw what his people would suffer from their courage under his feeble successors. And never was presage better grounded. They soon spread, like a devouring flame, over Lower Saxony, Friesland, Holland, Flanders, and the banks of the Rhine as far as Mentz. They penetrated



nto the heart of France, having long before ravaged the coasts. They found their way up to the Somme, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone. Within the space of thirty years they frequently pillaged and burned Paris, Amiens, Orleans, Poitiers, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Saintes, Angoulême, Nantes, and Tours. They settled themselves in Camargue, at the mouth of the Rhone, from whence they wasted Provence and Dauphiny, as far as Valence. In short, they ruined France, levied immense tribute on its monarchs, burned the palace of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, and, in conclusion, caused one of the finest provinces of the kingdom to be ceded to them. They often carried their arms into Spain, and even made themselves dreaded in Italy and Greece. They no less infested the North than the South with their incursions, spreading everywhere desolation and terror. Sometimes they were as furiously bent on their mutual destruction as on the ruin of other nations; sometimes, animated by a more pacific spirit, they transported colonies to unknown or uninhabited countries, as if they were willing to repair in one place the horrid destruction of human kind occasioned by their furious ravages in others.

The manner in which the lands were parcelled out in Denmark and Norway evidently shows that everything there was directed toward this one end of having a powerful maritime force. Each division, whether more or less considerable, derived its name from the number of vessels it was capable of fitting out, and these names still exist in some places. In the history of Denmark may be seen the particular taxes imposed on each province for that purpose, and the number

of ships of which their fleets were composed. At first they were inconsiderable, but in proportion as the chiefs who followed this piratical profession were enriched by it, the Northern seas were seen covered with one or two hundred vessels, or still more numerous squadrons. We read in history of a fleet of seven hundred ships, commanded by Harald, surnamed Blue-tooth, King of Denmark, and a Norwegian earl named Hakon. This number is no greater than what we often find in the fleets under the following reigns, and, besides, it is certain that the vessels of which it consisted were but small.

The first we hear of were only a kind of twelve-oared barks; they were afterward built capable of containing a hundred or a hundred and twenty men, and these were very common in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Northern kings also sometimes constructed vessels of an extraordinary size, but these were rather for show than defence. Such was that of Harald Hárfagra, a long ship which the chronicles mention with admiration, under the name of *The Dragon*. This is the Harald of whom it is told that he made a vow neither to comb or cut his hair until he had subdued the whole of Norway, and as it took several years to do this, it grew so long and thick that he was called Harald hinn Lúfa,—Harald the Hirsute. Having finally accomplished the object of his wishes, and being on a visit at Jarl Ragnvald's, in Møre, he took a bath, of which he no doubt stood very much in need, and afterward combed his hair, and got Ragnvald to trim it for him. His appearance was so much changed for the better by these cleansing operations that Ragnvald gave him the sur-

name of Hárfagra, by which he is known in history—Haralld hinn Hárfagra, Harald the Fair-haired, or as he might be termed in English, Harald Fairfax. King Olaf Tryggvason had a ship of the same description as that of Harald, named *The Long Serpent*. The chronicles say it was very long, large, and high, and of a most durable construction; a serpent or dragon was carved on its prow, and both that and its poop were gilded. It carried thirty-four banks of rowers, and was, they add, the finest and largest ship that had been ever seen in Norway.

As soon as a prince had attained his eighteenth or twentieth year, he commonly requested of his father a small fleet completely fitted out, in order to achieve with his followers some adventure that might be productive of glory and spoil. The father applauded such an inclination in his son, as indicating a rising courage and heroic mind. He gave him ships, the commander and crew of which mutually engaged not to return unless adorned with laurels and loaded with plunder. That nation became the first object of their resentment from which they had received any injury; and frequently their principal aim was to make reprisals on some province which served for the retreat of other corsairs. If the fleets of two different nations met by chance in their voyage, this was also an occasion of fighting which they never neglected.

The vanquished party were commonly put to death, though sometimes the conquerors were content to make them slaves; and often, by a singular strain of generosity, which the love of glory was able to produce in minds in other respects so ferocious, if the enemy that fell in their way had fewer ships than

themselves, they set aside part of their own vessels, that so engaging upon equal terms, the victory might not be attributed to superiority of numbers. Many of them also regarded it as dishonorable to surprise the enemy by night. Sometimes the chiefs thought it best to decide the dispute by single combat. In this case they landed on the nearest shore. If one of them happened to be disarmed or thrown down, he frequently refused to receive quarter, and was killed on the spot; but if he had defended himself gallantly, the victor granted him his life, demanded his friendship, adopted him for a kind of foster-brother, and they mutually swore to preserve an eternal friendship. In token of this alliance the two heroes made incisions in their hands or arms, and besmeared their weapons with the blood; or, mixing it in a cup, each of them, covering his head with a sod, drank of it, swearing that the death of the first of them who fell in battle should not pass unavenged. Many of these piratical princes, whom success and custom had attached and habituated to this profession, never quitted it, but gloried in passing the remainder of their lives on board their ships. We meet with them sometimes, in their ancient histories, boasting that they never reposed under an immovable roof, or drank beer in peace by their fireside.

The vessels of these corsairs were always well provided with offensive arms, such as stones, arrows, cables, with which they over-set small vessels, and grappling-irons to board them. Every individual was skilful in swimming; and as their engagements were seldom far distant from the shore, the vanquished party often saved themselves by swimming to land.

Each band had its own peculiar stations, ports, places of rendezvous, and magazines, and many cities in the North owe their present prosperity to the advantage they had of affording them retreats. Such was Lunden in Scania, which, according to Adam of Bremen, contained great riches laid up there by the pirates. For a long time the kings themselves countenanced and shared their plunder by selling them the liberty of retiring into their harbor.

It is now generally conceded that the Northmen were the first discoverers of America, though for a long time the literary world seemed unwilling to admit the startling fact that a people who were erroneously supposed to have been without the pale of European civilization should have crossed the wild waves of the Atlantic, and trod the shores of this mighty continent, ages before its name became associated with that of Columbus. In order to remove any further doubts on this point, Professor Rafn undertook the laborious task of publishing the original narratives of the voyages. Mallet, alluding to the professor's labors in his *Northern Antiquities*, says, "We believe that no impartial person who has examined the documentary evidence given in the *Antiquitates Americanae* will any longer hesitate to acknowledge the claims of the Scandinavians to priority of discovery, though he may differ, as we do, very materially, from the learned antiquarians of Copenhagen respecting the light in which such a discovery ought to be regarded."

That the Northmen possessed a sufficient knowledge of seamanship to attempt a voyage across the Atlantic is unquestionable, for we

know that during their piratical expeditions they frequently remained for weeks together at sea, and that trading voyages from Iceland to Ireland, and from Norway to Greenland, were of common occurrence. The part of America they were acquainted with, however, offered no inducement to freebooters whose sole object was plunder, and but very few even to traders, to undertake such a voyage, which, under the most favorable circumstances, must always have been attended with considerable risk and danger. Had the Vikings and their hardy followers been aware that beyond the regions of vines and forests which they had discovered there lay another abounding in gold and silver and costly commodities, we might, perhaps, at the present day have seen a Norman dynasty reigning in Mexico. A mere accident in that age might have led some enterprising adventurer a few degrees further south, and given rise to a series of events resulting in the final conquest of the tropical regions of America by the sea-faring Scandinavians. It is useless, however, to speculate on what might have happened or on the influence which such an event might have exercised. The discovery of America by the Northmen produced no results, and it was reserved for Columbus and the navigators and adventurers of the sixteenth century to open a way for the development of this great continent.

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A NEW BRITISH WAR STEAMER called *The Mercury*, built of steel, has just been completed and successfully tried at Portsmouth, England. On her late trial trip the speed attained was within a trifle of 22 miles an hour.

## THE GREAT FAMINE.

"Tell your people how fast we are dying; and ask if they cannot send the Gospel a little faster."—Words of a Heathen Woman.

- |  |                           |
|--|---------------------------|
| Hark! the wall of heathen nations ;    | <i>Luke xv. 14.</i>       |
| List! the cry comes back again,        |                           |
| With its solemn, sad reproaching,      |                           |
| With its piteous refrain:              | <i>Ps. xiv. 4.</i>        |
| "We are dying fast of hunger,          |                           |
| Starving for the Bread of Life!        | <i>Luke xv. 17.</i>       |
| Haste, O hasten! ere we perish,        |                           |
| Send the Messengers of Life!           | <i>Luke x. 2.</i>         |
| <br>                                   |                           |
| "Send the Gospel faster, swifter,      |                           |
| Ye who dwell in Christian lands;       |                           |
| Reck ye not we're dying, dying,        | <i>Job. iv. 20</i>        |
| More in number than the sands!         |                           |
| Heed ye not His words,—your Master:    | <i>Matt. ix. 36.</i>      |
| 'Go ye forth to all the world'?        | <i>Mark xvi. 15.</i>      |
| Send the Gospel faster, faster,—       | <i>Rom. x. 14, 15.</i>    |
| Let its banner be unfurled!"           |                           |
| <br>                                   |                           |
| Christian! can you sit in silence,     | <i>1 John iii. 17.</i>    |
| While this cry fills all the air,      |                           |
| Or content yourself with giving        | <i>1 Tim. vi. 10.</i>     |
| Merely what you "well can spare"?      | <i>Mal. i. 7, 8.</i>      |
| Will you make your God a beggar        | <i>Ps. l. 12.</i>         |
| When He asks but for "His own"?        | <i>Hag. ii. 8.</i>        |
| Will you dole Him, from your treasure, | <i>1 Chron. xxix. 14.</i> |
| A poor pittance, as a loan?            | <i>Hab. ii. 6, 7.</i>     |
| <br>                                   |                           |
| Shame, oh shame! for very blushing     | <i>Ezra ix. 6.</i>        |
| E'en the sun might veil his face:      |                           |
| "Robbing God"—ay, of His honor,        | <i>Mal. iii. 8; i. 6.</i> |
| While presuming on His grace!          |                           |
| Keeping back His richest blessing      | <i>Hag. i. 6, 9, 11.</i>  |
| By withholding half the "price"        | <i>Acts. v. 4.</i>        |
| Consecrated to His service;            | <i>Josh. xxiv. 22.</i>    |
| Perjured, perjured, perjured thrice!   | <i>Deut. xxiii. 21-23</i> |
| <br>                                   |                           |
| While you dwell in peace and plenty,   | <i>Hag. i. 4.</i>         |
| "Store and basket" running o'er,       | <i>Deut. xxviii. 5</i>    |
| Will you cast to these poor pleaders   |                           |
| Only crumbs upon your floor?           | <i>Luke xvi. 21.</i>      |
| Can you sleep upon your pillow         | <i>Jonah. i. 6.</i>       |
| With a heart and soul at rest,         |                           |
| While, upon the treacherous billow,    |                           |
| Souls you might have saved are lost?   | <i>2 Cor. iv. 3.</i>      |

Hear ye not the tramp of nations  
 Marching on to Day of Doom?  
 See them falling, dropping swiftly,  
 Like the leaves, into the tomb,  
 Souls for whom Christ died are dying  
 While the ceaseless tramp goes by;  
 Can you shut your years, O Christian,  
 To their ceaseless moan and cry?

*Ezek. xxxvii. 1, 2.  
 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.*

*Prov. xxi. 13.  
 Jer. viii. 20.*

Harken! Hush your own heart-beating,  
 While the death-march passeth by—  
 Tramp, tramp, tramp! the beat of nations,  
 Never-ceasing, yet they die,—  
 Die unheeded, while you slumber,  
 Millions strewing all the way;  
 Victims of your sloth and "selfness,"—  
 Ay, of mine, and thine to-day!

*Twelve millions of  
 souls pass into eter-  
 nity, unblessed by  
 the Gospel, in China,  
 alone, each year.*

When the Master comes to meet us,  
 For this loss, what will He say?  
 "I was hunger'd, did ye feed Me?  
 I ask'd bread,—ye turned away!  
 I was dying, in my prison,  
 Ye ne'er came to visit Me!"  
 And swift witnesses those victims  
 Standing by will surely be.

*Matt. xvi. 27.  
 Gen. iv. 10.  
 Matt. xxv. 42, 43.  
 Luke xi. 7.*

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!  
 "Walks" not Christ amid His flock?  
 Sits He not "against the Treasury"?  
 Shall he stand without and knock,—  
 Knock in vain, to come and feast us?  
 Open, *open*, heart and hands!  
 And as surely His best blessings  
 Shall o'erflow all hearts, all lands.

*Isa i. 1.  
 Rev. ii. 1.  
 Mark xii. 41.  
 Rev. iii. 20.  
 S. Song, v. 2.  
 Mal. iii. 10-12.*

*Maria A. West.*

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*From the Hartford (Conn.) Religious Herald.*

## THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. W. L. GAGE, D. D.

I count this Sunday as doubly delightful and precious, because we have in it a double service, each part of which ought to make us rejoice. The first of these is the making of our annual offering in behalf of the American Home Missionary Society: an occasion

when we can with no reserve of doubt, give our money into the Lord's treasury, as sure as we can be of any thing administered by men, that it will go forth to be only a blessing to all who shall receive it. The second is the consecration of a young man of remark-

able ardor and contagious zeal to the work of preaching the gospel to the Zulus of South Africa, taking up the work which his father laid down, and proposing to carry it out to the end of his days. I need not say that this double event enlists all my sympathies, and leads my thoughts. It awakens many questions and suggests their answers. And I venture to think that it affords me the occasion to speak to you of some things which relate to our precious faith, and its diffusion, and its need among men and its hopes and prospects. It leads us to think, first, of the relationship of what, for convenience sake, are called the home and the foreign mission fields.

There is no more significant sign of a limited comprehension of Christianity and a limited sympathy with its scope, than an inability to take up and cherish these two departments of Christian labor, as equally useful and honorable. Yet there are few Christians who have reached the height of this, and who contemplate in perfect candor the double work of Christianity, regarding the one as valuable as the other. There are many men who, out of their patriotism, out of what may be called the police value of Christian institution, and also out of its economic effect in increasing the value of property, will give money to the Home Missionary Society. If you were living at Grand Forks, Dacotah, to take a random example,—if you were not a Christian man, you would know that the establishment of a church there must be a good thing in every regard; it is one of the institutions which tend to make society more settled, property safer, business more active, schools more prosperous, crimes far less frequent; and if you were a

banker, a grain-buyer, or a farmer, you would, with your New England training, not need to be told, that a home missionary there fills a most needful place, and that his family is one of the anchorages of social existence. We have no difficulty, therefore, in pleading the value of the Home Missionary Society, for it is readily seen by all classes of reasonable men. But when it comes to our other neighbors, to the dark-hued people across the wide ocean, we have a far less perfect sympathy, because we have so limited a knowledge; they do not touch our national feeling, or our family feeling, or our social feeling, or our love of property. They are quite outside of all our interests save our curiosity; and in many instances they are so imbruted by continuous inheritances of sin, that we do not see very clearly how they can be raised up and made like the people of England and Scotland and Massachusetts and Connecticut. The thing looks hopeless. We don't have the faith as large as a grain of mustard seed, and so the hope drops from our hands unattempted. But when I look at Christianity, at the religion itself which we are sending east and west and north and south, I do not see the reason why our obligations before God do not bind us to view it in its relations to the whole human race. It would appear from Christ's definition of the word neighbor, as the man who has the most need of us, wherever he lives, Judea or Samaria, in the native or the foreign land, that our only question ought to be, where is the light of God most wanted. I suppose that we do not need to have the question argued that Christianity is the one religion which is not intended to be local, but which involves

principles which everywhere are good and true and faithful. We do not need to be told that its principles are precisely as beautiful and tender and helpful in India as in New Jersey, in China as in Brazil. Its God is no sovereign of limited and local sway. He is no other than the Lord of the whole earth. Its great problem, human sin, repentance and faith in the ideal humanity revealed in Jesus Christ, is not a thing which can be discussed in Yale College and ignored in the schools of Russia and Southern Africa. The unity of the race implies the need of a religion which is rooted in the common guilt of mankind and its common redemption. There is not one hint of what is limited and local in Christianity. Before it, man is simply man, and the race has but one question to ask, What shall we do to be saved? All up and down the earth guilt, crime, sin, misery are words only too intelligible. All up and down the earth, the conscience of men shows a common moral nature. Go down to the depths of these Chinese boys who walk the streets of our beautiful city, and you will find that they are just like all boys,—neither better or worse. The religions which are all up and down the world have much in common with Christianity; they are, as Tennyson well hints, "but broken lights of thee"; but as he so truly and so finely goes on to say,—"But thou, O Lord, art more than they." So we find in that religion which brings out to us the fulness, the beauty, the glory, the love, the justice, the honorable perfections of God in the face of Jesus Christ, all that we need to supplement the defects of the broken lights of heathendom, and we recognize the Divine call to carry this rich and

lucid and transfiguring faith of ours to the farthest and the darkest corners of the earth.

It is, of course, too late in the day to need to argue, that God has no special charges against men because they are born on what we call heathen soil; there are few people in this city, at least, who need to be told that God judges every man according to the fidelity with which he lives up to the light that is given him. If we are condemned, it will be by this law; and if we lived in Central Asia, it would be by the same law. Yet because the light is in itself a good thing, because we see and know, that that which Christ has given us makes life itself rich and full and pure and blessed, we seek to bring every one of the sons of men into it. We understand, of course, that we are to increase their knowledge of obligations; but we also know that, with their increase, there is to come religious strength. Let me take for an illustration an oft quoted, yet an unworn example. The missionaries to the Sandwich Islands found a race, singularly indolent, good-natured and peaceful; their chiefs were, indeed, cruel and blood-thirsty, and their ancient faith made great demands on human lives in sacrifice; but the people themselves were overflowing with laughter, and were childlike, and careless and happy in existence itself. Their one great weakness was a perfect absence of knowledge about what we call the family relation. They grew up from their earliest age in what might be called a primeval simplicity, mingling together just as the animals do. So that their language itself has to this day a nameless taint so widespread and deep, that the children of our missionaries have to be kept

from it as they would be from the leprosy which has been the dreadful curse of those beautiful islands. When they went thither they had the herculean task of lifting that race up into a more vigorous style of living, making them less improvident, more faithful in all tasks, and to teach them continence and restraint and decency in what we generally call the moral relations. Imbruted men who had no religion went from us to them, with the vices that have been inherited from ancient Greece and Rome, and carried thither a most desolating scourge; making the work of reclamation ten-fold difficult, and in some places seemingly impossible. Yet the results of the Christianization of those islands are before the world; and it is not too much to say that all that Christ has given to them, while it has added to their burden of obligation, has also added just as much of ability to bear them, and has made out of good natured animals, thinking, reasonable men, capable of love and worship, capable of exalted friendship, of wide and varied knowledge, of practice in the arts and in the many employments which exalt and enrich and adorn human life. All that which makes a disciplined and cultivated man to be in advance of a wayward, reckless and ignorant one, makes the Hawaiian of to-day superior to the Hawaiian of fifty years ago. That which makes Hartford in advance of Leadville, is in one word the argument for the whole of missions domestic and foreign, the sending out of men so pure, so enthusiastic and so intelligent, as to make them and their families the centers of life and organization and growth.

You may say it is a slow progress, so slow as to be hopeless. You

may say,—What are the few whom we may send, the 1,000 missionaries of the Home Missionary Society, and the 1,000 missionaries, more or less, of the American Board, among the millions of the earth? What shall these insulated families do, to carry our Christian civilization to those who are so far beneath its level? What are they among so many? But is this a quite fair way, to look at this thing? If you make this seeming charge,—as so many do,—let me ask you whether you are not informed that throughout our whole great West, there is hardly a village large enough to have a post-office or a store, where some one of our missionary societies has not planted the seed of a Christian church; where in barn, or shop, or hall, there is not, from time to time, Christian worship. And is it unknown to you, that throughout the whole heathen world, the missionary work has progressed to such a stage, that there is no city of 40,000 people, in all the earth, where Christianity is now not represented by a missionary of some one of the Protestant sects of Christendom? And that moreover, they are not spaced miles and leagues apart, as they used to be, but are now in such convenient relation to one another, that there is hardly a missionary of the cross, who may not two or three times a year meet with his brethren, and take counsel and comfort with them. The chain has made the circuit of the globe; the links are but a few miles apart; the current of Christian sympathy runs from station to station and from heart to heart. The network is completed; it only remains to make it closer and firmer, to bring those faithful men into nearer and dearer relations; but the organization



is perfected and the great movement has begun.

All this would be inadequate to stir our hopes and quicken our faith, were it not that Christianity is a living thing; it is life, and it imparts itself and spreads just as all life does. It does not move in mere traditions; it does not consist in the mechanical repetition of creeds and formulas; it is not printed in books of doctrine; it is not an affair of architecture, of vestment, or even of ordinances; still less is it a thing of negations, contenting itself with denying this and overthrowing that; the Paines and the Ingersolls are not its prophets; no men do its work who caricature its doctrines and decry its sanctity and vilify its worship; Christianity is the forth-putting life of men who possess it,—carrying all that is sweet and pure in their own natures to those who are dead in trespasses and sins. It is one life awaking another into being, and that another, and that one another yet. This is the prerogative of living things, that they kindle and quicken others; and this life of Jesus Christ, flowing out and forth from those who are in his own life, has the promise and authentication of success from the fact itself that it deals not so much with ideas as with feeling. One living kernel of corn springs up into ten thousand; it marshals all dead matter into service and gives it life, organizes the dust into a beautiful and stately growth, and waves its victorious plumes in triumph over the very furrows which have yielded their dead atoms to the green and swaying fronds. And so as I look up and down this earth of ours, in the western States, in the eastern States, and in the great land beyond the sea, I see much that is

full of life; the energy of men in business, in pleasure, in study, in all kinds of high and vigorous plans; but I see one life higher and nobler than all, the joy of Christian service; the joy of Christian self-denial and self-sacrifice; the immense and kindling zeal of those noble souls which have forgotten the delights of home, in order to go into fields less winning than ours, that they may give to those who are mere babes in things spiritual, the light and strength and cheer which made even Jesus Christ himself rejoice in his own cross.

And now it may be said as in way of congratulation, that so far as human skill can contrive, the plan of winning the world to Jesus Christ is complete. Of its central force, the life and love of Christ himself, we can only say that it is infinite; for Jesus has himself told us that all power was given him of the Father; and his life was the best authentication of the great utterance. Of its methods we can only say that they have grown up with the centuries, and have ripened with the growth of all past time. Of its organization we can assert that it is complete. It covers the whole earth; and one of the most engaging studies which can enlist our attention is the thoroughness with which the gospel channels intersect all the nations of the globe. Out on the western prairie, where the farm-houses are scattered, and people of many confused nationalities are found, the American Sunday School Union finds its field, and an unsectarian school gathers in the children and the adults, and Christian laymen find ample scope for their best service: bye-and-bye this grows into a church, no matter of what name, Congregational, Presbyterian, Bap-

tist or Methodist, it matters not, provided Christ is the Central spring of its life. This church needs a house; it has outgrown the store, or the school-room, or the barn, or the parlor; it needs its own home; and there the Congregational Union comes in and helps it in a wise and efficient way, — provided the Lord has shown that it is a Congregational church which is needed just there. Then it needs a minister; and the Home Missionary Society then finds the opportunity, for taking the work out of the hands of the farmers and the traders, but supplementing theirs and making possible what without the Society would not be done. And bye and bye, with the growth of property and population, the church becomes self-supporting, and from that time reaches forth its hands to help those feebler than itself. And yet again, because there must be a learned and well trained ministry, the Christian college must be nurtured into life, in those western States; the center not of intellectual power, alone, but of intellectual power made subject to Christ; and so the College Society finds its warrant and its field. And because, too, many young men come from homes where the needs of life are pressing, and want to devote themselves, even from their youth, to the work of the ministry, the church finds its joy in taking them by the hand, and giving them a little timely aid, so that they can study faithfully, and enter, without delay and without debt, on the work to which they have consecrated themselves. And because there are on the western outposts of our land, the Indian tribes, and because in our southern States there are the freedmen, and because on the Pacific slope there are the

Chinamen, the gospel has found a way to reach them too, and the American Missionary Association has undertaken this great and pressing part of the work. And because in every part of the globe there are sailors, left to their own license, far from the restraints of home, the gospel has found vehicles of grace to them and has established its chapels and its bethels, that the wandering sons of the sea might be gathered into places of security and righteousness. And because of the millions and millions and millions of those who know not our God and our Bible, there is that great society in whose service the young brother whom we ordained to-night goes forth; and because Bibles must be sent to all the people, here, and there, north and south and east and west, the Bible Society has its right to be; and because good books and tracts and leaflets, and printed pages, are the wings on which the gospel flies, the American Tract Society has its charter, as it were from God's own hand. And when you add to this the church itself with its dependences for reaching the spiritually destitute with us, may we not see in all this a wisdom and skill worthy of our highest praise? And now what is wanting but a more perfect consecration, more belief in the gospel, more loyalty to Jesus Christ? And how shall this day be better spent than in such exercises of heart, such liberality of giving, such prayers for the success of the brother who goes out from among us, as shall make us more happy in all our privileges, more secure of the promise that he that watereth shall be watered also himself? And so may God enlarge our hearts and make us more meet for our Heavenly inheritance, in His own good time!

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE COMMERCE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## II.—THE EARLY CENTERS OF COMMERCE.

All history, whether sacred or profane, points to the region of the earth, through which the river Euphrates flows, as the early home, if not the birth-place of mankind, and hence as the center and source of all the great activities which must necessarily keep pace with the growth of society and the advance of civilization. The name of *Babylon* is associated with the early attempt of the people, after the flood, to secure strength and permanency of organization by the building of a tower, around which they might consolidate, and with their ultimate division owing to the confusion of their language. This event is marked as the birth-day of separate communities and nations, an account of whom is given in the tenth chapter of *Genesis*, where the descendants of the three sons of Noah are especially noticed, as to their names and their geographical positions. But this region from which the nations emigrated after the confusion of languages, and known as Chaldea, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia, will be recognized as the natural seat and center of power in the East. Even when one city after another, which had once been the metropolis fell into decay, others rose near it and became the successors of its wealth, trade and influence. The simple inspection of the map of Asia will show at a glance that this region was the most favorably situated of all others to be the great thoroughfare of commerce, so long as the means of national intercommunication were confined chiefly to the land, or to the navigation of rivers, and short coasting

voyages. Babylon stood in the midst of a region of great fertility and was exceedingly populous. Through it the productions of eastern Asia naturally passed on their way westward. The waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates flowing down from the mountains of Armenia watered and made fertile the broad plains which lay on either side until they fell into the Persian Gulf, after passing nearly eight hundred and fifty miles from their source to the sea.

The city of Babylon stood on the banks of the Euphrates, and was for ages the seat of a great empire. On the Tigris Nineveh was built, which shared with it the wealth and commerce and political power of that land. Down these rivers, vessels filled with all the productions of the country floated, while the plains themselves were crossed with numberless canals, many of them designed simply for irrigation, while others were large enough to admit boats for freight and passage.

Babylon, of which frequent mention is made in the Scriptures and by contemporary historians, was a great commercial city as well as the political capital of Chaldea. Through it the Euphrates ran, or perhaps a branch of it, called the Nahamalcha or royal river. On either side of the stream, which was crossed by a bridge of great strength and beauty, were broad banks or quays built up of brick from the bottom of the river, from which steps led down to the water. The city itself was of immense size, its vast walls enclosing not only the houses and palaces and

temples, for which it was famed, but large gardens and parks, of which the early historians speak with admiration.

The Babylonians were famed for their skill in architecture and their ingenuity in the working of metals. They were also celebrated for the manufacture of rich embroideries, vestments, carpets and fine linen. That these articles of commerce had early found their way over the world is evident from the history of the entrance of the Jews into Canaan, as found in *Joshua vii: 21*, where in the confession of Achan we read:—"When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them."

Plutarch in his life of Cato speaks of him as disposing of a Babylonish mantle, which he had received by inheritance, and which he was ashamed to wear, while Pliny informs us that at Rome in the height of its wealth and extravagance a sum equal to \$32,290 was paid for a suit of Babylonian hangings for a dining room. There are also frequent hints, throughout the prophetic writings, of the commercial greatness of the city and the country, which it represented. It is spoken of as a "golden cup," out of which the nations have drunk,—as a "storehouse," which was to be rifled and spoiled, and is set forth as the model and type of the mystical city, described in the Apocalypse, as yet to be destroyed, and at whose fall "the merchants of the earth weep and mourn, because no man buyeth her merchandise any more." In what that traffic consisted and how it was conducted, is hinted at in the graphic description, which is given as forming

the burthen of their complaint: "Gold, silver and precious stones, pearls and fine linen, purple and silk, scarlet and thyme and sweet wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of most precious wood, and of brass and iron and marble, cinnamon and odors and ointments, frankincense and wine and oil, fine flour and wheat, beasts and sheep and horses and slaves." If Babylon sat for this picture, as must be evident from the simple fact that her name is given to the apocalyptic city, though she had long since been destroyed, then we also can guess at the nations who were tributary to her. While the city and all that surrounding country was rich in agricultural and manufacturing resources, there were many articles of merchandise, which must have been obtained from distant climes, and which could only have reached her by sea and river, or by caravans across vast plains and through mountain passes. India and Arabia and Sinim (or China) with Ceylon, and Sheba, and Ethiopia, must have been drawn upon to furnish the ivory and the spices, pearls, gold and frankincense and silk, which could not have been found in the alluvial and inland territory of Mesopotamia. These productions of the climes were brought in as the purchase of the manufactures, which came from the looms and potteries, the forges and workshops of Babylon.

All these commodities came in obedience to the law of supply and demand, and as the result of these divisions of labor, which early in the history of mankind set in motion the great currents of commercial life. So this great city became the center, not only of political power, but of a vast trade,

which made it the storehouse of national wealth, and the thoroughfare of commerce. Countless trains of caravans from the East and the West paused here to unload their wealth, and to receive in return the tapestry, the goodly robes, the costly fabrics and works of art and taste, which came from Babylonian manufactories. Boats of wicker covered with skins floated down the river from the cataracts among the Taurus mountains, bringing loads of palm wine and other merchandise, the productions of the regions around the Euxine Sea.

Larger vessels propelled by sails and oars crept up the river from the Persian Gulf, bringing more precious freights from India and Arabia. And thus this wonderful emporium grew for ages before the dawn of profane history, until it reached its highest point of power and glory under the rule of Nebuchadnezzar, who chose it for his capital, and enlarged, strengthened and improved it, until it became the "beauty of the Chaldee's excellency." Under this monarch the Jews were carried captive to Babylon, after the destruction of their own city and temple, and many of them identified themselves with the commercial enterprises of their new home, and found it so conducive to their financial interests, as to continue to reside there, even after permission had been given to them to return to their native land.

But the time was now approaching, when Babylon was to decline, and her glory and beauty to fade away. The first decisive blow at her prosperity was struck, when the armies of Medo-Persia, under Darius entered the city and overthrew the first great monarchy that had for ages ruled the world.

Under the Grecian, and subsequently under the Roman power, Babylon experienced another weakening of its influence and life, until it sunk to rise no more. Commerce, with its wealth and greatness passed away to other centers of trade and chose other fields for its activities.

And yet it was slow to go out of this broad and rich valley, which seemed to have been especially designed as the place, where the great currents of national intercourse should ebb and flow.

Upon that same vast plain, which lay between the Euphrates and the Tigris, stood the great city of *Nineveh*, which for ages had divided the commerce and power and wealth, which flowed through that region with the city of Babylon. It was almost its equal in age, and often had wrested the scepter from its hand. Out of that country, we are told, (*Genesis x: 11.*) went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh and Coleb, (the same is a great city). After this account of the origin of the place, no more mention is made of it until the time of Jonah, a period of nearly one thousand and five hundred years. Yet from subsequent notices it is evident, that it was the capital of the great Assyrian nation, and that it had grown to be a city of immense size and vast wealth and influence, which, at length, because of its pride and wickedness, was doomed to destruction long before its peer and rival, Babylon, fell from similar causes.

That this city was for ages one of the great centers of eastern commerce, is evident from many allusions to it in sacred history. Ezekiel (*Ezek. xxvii: 24*) alludes to Asshur or Assyria, as among those who traded with Tyre in

blue clothes and embroidered work. In these stuffs, Pliny says, "gold threads were introduced into the woof, of many colors," and these probably were the "dyed attire and embroidered work," of which such frequent mention is made throughout the Old Testament.

Cotton manufactures also formed an important staple of trade, and large weaving establishments for this fabric were found along both the Euphrates and the Tigris. The silken robes of Assyria were long renowned throughout the known world, and vases of gold, silver, copper and precious stones were sent forth from Nineveh to meet the demand from nations less skilled in such work. It is said also that the Ninevites had acquired the art of making glass. As evidence of this, it is stated in *Layard's Nineveh*, that several glass bottles and vases of elegant shape were found in the ruins of Nimroud and Rouyunjik. Their skill in carving must have afforded them very large resources, from which to draw in their supply of other nations. Herodotus speaks of delicately carved heads of walking sticks, in the shape of fruits, flowers and birds, which must have formed articles of export. Their working in ivory is alluded to in *Ezek. xxvii: 6*, where the Assyrians are spoken of as the makers of the ivory benches for the Tyrian galleys. Thus Nineveh, as the capital of a great nation, became also the great distributing reservoir for the commerce, which flowed between the eastern and western nations of the old world, aiding the flow of trade by her own manufactures.

Lying between two mighty rivers, which emptied into the Persian Gulf, evidently the great highway of trade in these early ages, it re-

ceived and distributed the riches both of the East and the West. Endless trains must have entered and left her gates, loaded with silks, cotton, ivory, gold and gems, with corn, spices, wine, and the products of every nation, between the Indus and the Mediterranean, the Southern Sea and the great Lakes of the North. Here must have been the gathering place of merchants from every part of the civilized world, the center of a vast and remunerative traffic, which continued until commerce found new routes of transit, and made the Ocean its highway. Then its glory and its wealth departed, and the cruel hand of despotism and war crushed it to the earth, and left its palaces and storehouses, its temples and its walls only heaps of unsightly ruins, whose subsequent unearthing should shed fresh light upon the Scriptures, and confirm their fidelity as histories of the past, and their truth as the word of God.

### Shipwrecks on the Coast of Normandy.

In the opening pages of the life of Jean François Millet, "Peasant and Painter," begun in *Scribner's Monthly* for the present month, occurs the following simple and graphic description, by Millet himself, of a series of shipwrecks on the coast of Normandy, which formed one of the most striking memories of his childhood. There are not many records of calamities, or series of calamities, so extraordinary:—

"It was All Saints' Day, in the morning we saw the sea very rough, and every one said there would be

trouble; all the parish was in church; in the middle of Mass we saw a man come in dripping wet, an old sailor, well known for his bravery. He immediately said that as he came along shore he saw several ships which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly shipwreck on the coast. 'We must go to their assistance, said he, louder, 'and I have come to say to all who are willing, that we have only just time to put to sea to try and help them' About fifty men offered themselves, and without speaking followed the old sailor. We got to the shore by going down the cliff, and there we soon saw a terrible sight,—several vessels, one behind the other, driving at a frightful speed against the rocks.

"Our men put their boats to sea, but they had hardly made ten strokes when one boat filled with water and sunk, the second was overturned with the breakers, and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned, and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be of no use to the poor people on the ships.

"Meantime the vessels came nearer, and were only a few fathoms from our black cliffs, which were covered with cormorants. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a great mass. Every one on shore saw it coming; no one dared speak. It seemed to me, a child, as if death was playing with a handful of men, whom it intended to crush and drown. An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain, and wrapping the vessel brought her near, and a still higher one threw her upon a rock level with the water. A frightful cracking sound,—the next instant the vessel was filled with water. The sea was covered with wreckage,—planks, masts, and poor drowning crea-

tures. Many swam and then disappeared. Our men threw themselves into the water, and with the old sailor at their head, made tremendous efforts to save them. Several were brought back, but they were either drowned or broken on the rocks. The sea threw up several hundred, and with them merchandise and food.

"A second ship approached. The masts were gone. Every one was on deck, which was full; we saw them all on their knees, and a man in black seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a shock like the first, but she held stanch and did not move. The waves beat against her, but she did not budge. She seemed petrified. In an instant every one put to sea, for it was only two gun-shots from shore. A boat was made fast along-side; our boat was filled instantly; one of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes, and in half an hour every one was on shore. The ship had been saved by a rare accident; her bowsprit and forepart had got wedged in between the rocks. The wave which had thrown her on the reefs had preserved her as if by a miracle. She was English, and the man who blessed his companions was a Bishop. They were taken to the village and soon after to Oherbourg.

"We all went back again to the shore. The third ship was thrown on the breakers, hashed into little bits, and no one could be saved. The bodies of the unhappy crew were thrown up on the sand.

"A fourth, fifth, and sixth were lost,—ship and cargo,—on the rocks. The tempest was terrific. The wind was so violent that it was useless to try to oppose it. It carried off the roofs and the thatch. It

whirled so that the birds were killed,—even the gulls, which are accustomed, one would think, to storms. The night was passed in defending the houses. Some covered the roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles, and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground and cracked and split. The fields were covered with branches and leaves. It was a fearful scourge. The next day, All Souls' Day, the men returned to the shore; it was covered with dead bodies and wreckage. They were taken up and placed in rows along the foot of the cliffs. Several other vessels came in sight; every day one was lost on our coast. It was a desolation like the end of the world. Not one could be saved. The rock smashed them like glass, and threw them in atoms to the cliffs.

“Passing a hollow place, I saw a great sail covering what looked like a pile of merchandise. I lifted the corner and saw a heap of dead bodies. I was so frightened that I ran all the way home, where I found mother and grandmother praying for the drowned men. The third day another vessel came. Of this one they found it possible to save part of the crew, about ten men, whom they got off the rocks. They were all torn and bruised. They were taken to Gruchy, cared for a month, and sent to Cherbourg. But the poor wretches were not rid of the sea. They embarked them on a vessel going to Havre; a storm took them, and they were all lost. As for the dead, all the horses were employed for a week in carrying them to the cemetery. They were buried in unconsecrated ground; people said they were not good Christians.” And the insatiate sea, when it had swallowed all these, was as eager for others, as it had been for them.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### The Elder's Prayer for Sailors.

More than twenty years ago, there died in the city of Philadelphia, a faithful Presbyterian Elder. For twenty-three years he had gone in and out among the people, performing, conscientiously, the duties of the Eldership. But the time of his departure was at hand. He had kept the faith, and was about to finish his course with joy. He lay on his dying bed, and knew that he was approaching the banks of the dividing stream. He therefore called the members of his family about him, gave his final directions about his business, and his last charges to his family, praying for them, individually, and by name. As he was about to settle back on his pillow he said,—“I have omitted to pray for the sailors, in whom I have always felt a deep interest.” He then prayed,—“Oh! Lord have mercy upon the sailors and keep them from the great sins to which they are tempted in our land, and wash them in the blood of Christ, Amen.” Pausing a moment, he added,—“O Lord, bless the sailors and make them very useful in spreading the Christian religion, as they go over the world, Amen.”

This good Elder was a man of calm, sound judgment, not impulsive, no mere enthusiast, but highly valued for his firm adherence to principle and the faithful discharge of duty. His conduct in this case, therefore, cannot be attributed to eccentricity, but to a pure missionary spirit and love of souls. May such men never want for successors in the Church of God! If there were more such church officers, there would be more interest in the church, not only for the wanderers of the sea, but also for the conversion of the heathen world.

— C. J. J.

We trust that there are many Elders and Deacons, as well as other disciples of Christ, who will let the above remind and impress them to pray for the sailor.



## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

"I have the privilege of continuing my good work on vessels, in boarding houses, families and hospitals," says Mr. H. H. JOHNSON, over date of 21st July,— "and the good Lord continues to bless me and my work to seamen's conversions."

## Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

"During the quarter ending June 30th," says Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT, "I have preached 39 sermons, made religious visits on board 127 vessels of different nationalities, and distributed 2600 pages of religious tracts.

"I have labored in H. and its vicinity, and my time has been occupied with calling upon sailors on board the vessels and preaching the word on shore. Our meetings have been well attended, and the Spirit of the Lord has moved the hearts of hearers, and they have wept over their sins. I trust that some have received peace by believing in Jesus. On Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock, when we have held meetings in the Seamen's Hall, the rooms have generally been filled by attentive hearers. The Ladies' Union for the sailors' mission continues its labor, and many sailors have been invited to the kingdom of God. In the fishing place, Raa, the work of the Lord has progressed, and several dear-bought souls have been converted. I have a great field for my labor, and many doors are open for the word. Pray for me, that the Lord may grant me grace and strength to work the works of Him, while it is day!"

GEFLE.

"During the quarter ending with June," says Mr. E. ERIKSSON, "I have,

as usual, visited the harbors south and north from G., and I have been much encouraged in my labor by Christian captains and sailors, who have assisted me in the work. It is a difficult thing to gather the sailors on shore for hearing the word, and therefore I have held my preaching and prayer-meetings on board the vessels. Several unbelieving captains have also opened their vessels for my preaching, and I have announced our meetings in the mission houses and other places on shore, where Christians have been assembled, and invited them to assist me with song and prayers in our meetings.

*Conversions.*

"The Lord has blessed us, and the most hardened sailors have shed tears and confessed their sins. Three of these have confessed that they have received peace by believing in Jesus. One of them, a Captain, had before been a Pharisee and very hostile to the Christians; the other, a mate, had long opposed his Christian relatives; and the third, a sailor, had sunken deep in drunkenness and other sins, and he had brought his Christian mother with sorrow to the grave. But this lost son came again to the Father-house on Whit-monday, and his Christian mother's prayers were heard.

"I have visited the following places: Skutskar, Gefle, Ljusne, Sandarna, Langvor, Marichell, Soderhamm, Iggesund, Saltwik and Hudikswall, where I have preached the word, led in prayer-meetings, spoken with sailors on religious matters and distributed tracts to them. I offer my thanks for your kind salutations and I beg you,—think on me in your prayers to God!"

GOTHLAND.

For another three months (April, May and June), at Wisby and Buttle on this

Swedish island, JOHN LINDELIUS has, in the evening of his days, traveled around the harbors and invited his sea-faring brethren into the kingdom of God. This he did on twenty-two vessels, reaching a hundred seamen. He speaks of Evangelical religion as making decided advance, of late, in that part of Sweden.

### Denmark.

COPENHAGEN.

Before presenting extracts from Rev. A. WOLLESON's, (the chaplain's) last letter, we give to our readers the following from a gentleman thoroughly conversant with the general work of our Society, who wrote on the 31st July, from Copenhagen:—

"I arrived here Saturday evening (17th), not at all well, and was not able to go to church anywhere on Sunday. Last evening, however, I hunted up 'Holbergsgrad, No. 17,' which was not difficult, as it proved to be quite near my Hotel, 'The King of Denmark.'

"As I came near, the place was sufficiently indicated by the sound of sacred music, in heavy volume, to be heard across the street. Accepting the invitation on the sign inside,—'Come in,' I opened the door and found myself in a room of moderate size, filled with sailors, all singing as only sailors at home in their prayer meeting can sing. The leader, (Mr. WOLLESON), handed me his own chair and a hymn-book, and for the rest, as a stranger unobserved in a corner, I heartily enjoyed the meeting, though not understanding a word that was spoken. Presently the middle-aged woman who played at the melodeon, stood up at the head of the long table and read for twenty minutes the narrative of the conversion of an English sailor,—(I was informed) in tract form,—then Mr. Wolleson said a few words and prayed, then three hymns were sung, and the meeting ended.

"There were about fifty men present, all sailors, Mr. Wolleson told me, and three women, interested I judged, in the Mission.

"It was a very impressive sight, those earnest Scandinavian faces, all so grave and earnest, without a smile or a trace of inattention.

"After the meeting I introduced my-

self, and had nearly an hour's talk with Mr. Wolleson. I watched him during the meeting, and before it ended had heartily come to like him. There is a directness, and simplicity, and sweetness and earnestness about the man, with an evident tact and good sense, which are very taking. He tells me that he finds friends everywhere among the clergy and the merchants, and can get favors, as he may ask them. 'The man is the Mission' in all such benevolent enterprises, I have always thought, and I think you are fortunate in having such an one as Mr. Wolleson at this point.

"He makes but one complaint, and that is the lack of books in Danish and Swedish, and I have suggested his stating his wants to you precisely, and when I return shall be glad to aid in devising some mode of supplying him."

Rev. Mr. WOLLESON, whose letter is dated July 15th, says:—"The number usually attending our services is 100, and the Mission is visited, weekly, by about 400 seamen.

#### *The Bible-Bag Anniversary.*

"On the 10th June was celebrated the first anniversary of the Bible-Bag Mission, at Miss Rorbye's residence. All the ladies who had done service in the enterprise were present. From June 16th, '79, to the same date in '80, 158 Bible-bags were sent to sea, 400 copies of the Scriptures, 6,000 tracts and a large number of sermons and books were given out to vessels. Many of the bags have been exchanged, and the books bear evidence of having been well read.

"Rev. Pastor PRIOR gave a very interesting statement from Mr. and Mrs. BERGER, who had traveled in Denmark one year to introduce the Bible-Bag-Mission. They had visited several towns on Zealand, Fünen and Jütland. Many ladies have been willing to take up the long neglected work for seamen. Miss Rorbye hopes that in the near future the Society may be able to do much more than in the past year. The desire is to supply with books every ship, coming to this port. I tendered the salutations of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

and spoke of the encouragement and joy it had caused that Society, that the Lord has raised up such helpers to work in connection with the Seamen's Mission in Copenhagen. I also said a few words of the encouragement afforded me, as I have brought the Bags, (libraries) to the ships. I could testify of the gratitude with which they were received.

*On A U. S. Man of War.*

"The American Man of War, *Quinnabaug*, Capt. Farquhar, is here in the harbor. I have been on board several times, and have been very cordially received by all the officers as well as of the crew. I had services on board on Sabbath morning, the 4th July. Of the officers and sailors between 80 and 90 attended. On Wednesday, the 7th, I shall have another service on board, and on the 8th or 9th, she proceeds to Hamburg. I have supplied the sailors with tracts, useful books, and some with Holy Bibles, and I have, since my last communication, visited 754 ships in the harbor and Sound, and made weekly visits to hospitals, where I have met with several interesting cases who appear to have been benefited by my visits."

ODENSE.

Mr. F. L. RYMKER, in April, May and June made 785 visits, of which 226 were to ships, and seamen's boarding-houses, with the usual accompanying preaching, distribution of religious and other reading matter, and personal conversation. He says that here, as at Copenhagen, more interest in such labor for sailors is now felt among the Lutheran churches than heretofore, some friends there having commenced to gather books and papers and place them upon outward bound vessels.

Germany.

HAMBURG.

In a note from the Rev. JAMES EDWARDS, chaplain, dated July 27th, he

writes:—"We had, as you will hear from Rev. Dr. Damon."—*vide* MAGAZINE for August, p. 242—"a very successful inauguration of the British and American Sailors' Institute. An excellent spirit pervaded the meetings. I believe the Divine blessing rested upon them. Dr. Damon's words were especially cheering and encouraging."

Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. C. R. TREAT surprised us by appearing at our Rooms, in July, having been summoned to this country, for a few days, by bereavement, in the death of his brother, Dr. ALFRED O. TREAT. Returning to A. on the *Rhynland* of the Red Star Line, July 31st, the chaplain took with him the sincere sympathy and the heartiest good wishes of all friends who had the privilege of seeing him during his brief stay. He spoke of work for seamen in Antwerp as presenting aspects of increased hopefulness, certain questions of holding title to the Bethel property having very recently come into the way of satisfactory arrangement.

France.

MARSEILLES.

"We formally opened the Marseilles Sailors' Home (we quote from chaplain GOVETT's letter of 6th July,) on the 25th June in the presence of the English and American residents, the Representatives of the Consulates of the Northern Powers, the U. S. Consul, the chaplains and seamen in port." "It is in active work," he adds on the 20th July,—“and I trust soon to be able to secure the services of a Scripture Reader to assist me in the evangelization of the seamen. The work is too vast to be efficiently compassed by one person, however active. The London Sailors' Home, out of their surplus funds for the current

year have given our Sailors' Home £10 to encourage our outset. We have many and great difficulties in starting it, but I believe they will, by God's blessing, be surmounted. At present it is the only institution of the kind in France, Italy or Spain. I am thankful to say that the U. S. Consul, here, Mr. GOULD, takes a great personal interest in it as a Committee-man."

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### Italy.

#### NAPLES.

Lady HARRIET BENTINCK of London, Eng., has forwarded £100 for the Harbor Mission, which will cover one-half the debt still lying upon the Bethel, and encourage a speedy clearance of the remainder.

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### Chili, S. A.

#### VALPARAISO.

From the *Record* of May 22nd, published at V., we take the following from Rev. O. B. KRAUSER's report of recent labor for sailors.

"'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.' This is about what I can say concerning the work in this harbor. In preaching I am always blest and that is a sure sign that the hearers are blessed. For the last two months there have been but few ships, but the interest manifested among those who attend, especially among seamen, has been very great. In visiting the ships one by one, every Sunday afternoon, I have always found some seekers after the truth, and am led to believe that some have been truly converted before leaving the harbor. The boarding houses are regularly visited, but on this point my spirit groans within me:—"O Lord, give us a sailor's resort!" The poor, unfortunate men who stop on this coast, go headlong to ruin through the influence of those dens of vice. Often while I am talking to the men there about Christ, some poor wretched sailor will come and swear aloud. But I do not generally meet such men a second time. I often meet starved, wretched looking seamen. They do not deny that liquor has brought them down, yet they cannot leave off drinking they say; everybody offers them

drink, but never anything to eat. They can get drink while they cannot get anything to eat. Having no other places to go except those boarding houses and saloons, they are sitting as it were at the very gate of hell: with the last snark of ambition gone they make no effort to help themselves. But "thanks be to God," the Gospel is and will be preached to them, and *I ask all Christians to pray for this great and important work among seamen who come to this coast!*"

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### Boston, Mass.

#### CHELSEA MARINE HOSPITAL.

"We are having the evidence that God's Spirit is with us," wrote Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT, missionary, on the 16th July. "Several inmates have been converted, we hope, during the past three months. One of them is here, now,—a native of Manila, E. I., very sick but peaceful in his trust in the Savior."

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### Norfolk, Va.

In June the amount of shipping in harbor, had, as usual at that time, fallen off,—not to be sensibly augmented until the return of the cotton season in the fall,—but chaplain CRANE had been usefully employed in visiting a large number of small craft. Bethel audiences had diminished, but the Sunday-school connected with it, had remained unexpectedly full.

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### Wilmington, N. C.

For a part of the summer, chaplain CRAIG has held open air meetings, attended by seamen as well as landmen, and the audiences give good attention. "The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is read with much interest," he writes, "on ship-board, and in the Hospitals."

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### Pensacola, Fla.

"I am sure that the greatest good I do among sailors, is in visiting them in

the Hospitals." So wrote chaplain CARTER, in July last. "It is a privilege to be allowed thus to minister. What a luxury is the making the lot of a poor sick seaman away from home, and from every tender loving association, happier, by a kind and sympathizing word,—by giving him something to cheer him, and elevate his thoughts to the Source of all good, from whom all discipline comes!"

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### New Orleans, La.

Chaplain PEAKE wrote in August :—

"In all our departments of labor, religious meetings in different languages, temperance meetings, musical entertainments, reading room attendance, meetings on shipboard, Sabbath-school and visitations, God has granted us signal success during the past year, beyond that of any of the previous fifteen years of service with the Society. But I wish to make particular mention of the organization of our sailor church, the "Brotherhood of the Sea and Land."

"Located as I am among the grog-shops in the heart of the old Franco-Spanish Catholic town, where hardly a protestant resides, it was deemed impossible and impolitic by the Protestant clergymen to attempt to organize an additional Protestant church. But the Lord supplied a long-felt want, and opened the way through the influence of our precious weekly entertainments for seamen, for the union of brethren and sisters of six or eight different nationalities, and of as many different religious denominations, in a thoroughly evangelical, undenominational, independent church of worthy and capable members, for the special in-gathering of seamen. The Scandinavians and French, who each hold divine service in their language in our Bethel, unite with us, and we have Germans, English, Creoles and Americans. Some have hitherto been numbered as Catholics, and some as

Episcopalians, but these and Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists unite in one brotherhood on a broad platform for a common object. We have between thirty and forty to begin with, one-half brethren and one-half sisters, and there are more to follow. The hand of God is evidently in the movement for good. We bespeak the prayers of our Christian friends in behalf of New Orleans, that wicked metropolis of the South-west."

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### Portland, Oregon.

In the last letter received from chaplain STUBBS (dated July 27th,) he wrote:—"Our interests are progressing, and we humbly hope that good is being accomplished, but there are many adversaries. The wheat fleet is beginning to arrive and in a few weeks we shall be very busy."

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### Rev. Samuel H. Hall, D. D.,

Corresponding Secretary of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, sailed from New York, for Liverpool, Eng., with his family, on the Guion steamer *Wyoming*, on the 10th August. He goes abroad for a season of rest from care, the need of which had become absolutely imperative,—and it is his intention to spend the coming two months, at least, in absolute repose in rural England. As renewed vigor may come with them, it is hoped that he may be enabled to examine, and if need be, to adjust the interests of some of our European missions for sailors. We are permitted, here, to tender to our associate in Christian labor our earnest wishes for his present and future well-being, and for his speedy restoration to the position in which for the last fifteen years he has wrought so effectually for seamen.

During the absence of the Rev. Dr. HALL, Mr. LUTHER P. HUBBARD, for seventeen years past the Society's Fin-  
an-

*cial Agent*, will serve, by appointment of the Board of Trustees, as *Treasurer pro tem.* of the Society, and until further notice, all remittances for our work should be made payable to his order.

### Letters from Seamen.

The first letter, which we partly print, is addressed by an English seamen, converted to Christ at our SAILORS' HOME, to one of our missionaries at that Institution. Like many others, this sailor has good family connections, and having "come to himself," aspires to some easier position in life than that of a seaman before the mast. But his gratitude and love to those who were God's means to save him, stamps him as a true "salt" in the nobility of his nature.

ENGLAND, July 13th, 1880.

"*My Dear Mr. S.* :—I was indeed glad to find your kind and encouraging letter, when I arrived in Liverpool, but I delayed answering until I could tell you of my future movements. I am now staying with my mother here, and am having a most happy time. We partook of the Lord's Supper together; it was indeed a privilege, and I have since felt less fearful, having, I hope and believe, more of the true and joyful love of Christ in my heart. But I know that without prayer I am as weak as water, and I have some truly blessed seasons alone with my Father. I pray daily for the welfare of our dear church in New York, and for all connected with it, and I am confident that it is doing great and good work, especially among our sailor brothers. May God prosper you in your endeavors, and may that pleasant smile, which has so encouraged me, be often called to your face by the knowledge that you have been instrumental in bringing one more soul to Jesus!

"I am truly sorry that I can give you no good news of T—. But I hope

that he may yet be called back to the fold, for it is impossible not to regret our lost happiness, when we forfeit it by our weakness. Please, give my love to brother S—, and tell him that I have acknowledged the justice of his views about smoking, by giving it up.

"As I find that some of my relatives have friends in New York, I am going to return there with some letters of introduction, through which I hope to obtain some employment on shore, as I am rather throwing away a good education in going to sea before the mast, so that I may hope to have the very great pleasure of seeing you again soon, and to enjoy again the blessings of our precious little room, in which we had so many happy hours. Please remember me with deep respect to Rev. Dr. Hopper. And now, my dear Mr. S—, I will say 'Goodbye,' knowing that you will not forget me in your prayers, both in the little room and in private. May God in heaven bless you and make you strong!

Your brother in Christ,

J. P."

The next letter from a sea captain shows his appreciation and his practical use, at sea, of religious opportunities afforded him at the Bethel in Savannah, Ga., by our chaplain. It is dated at Quebec, July 27th, 1880:—

"I write you a few lines to let you know of my safe arrival here, after a long passage of forty days. I had a deal of contrary winds, and calms and fog, but got all clear of the ice. I only saw one piece. I had a very tedious passage home of forty-nine days, with thirty-one days easterly wind, but we got in all safe, although it was trying to be within two or three days sail of home, and not get in for over three weeks. I had the men aft every Sunday twice, and read a sermon to them and the service as it is in your Bethel service. They all seemed to appreciate it, and

also on this passage. I have a few of the crew which I had at Savannah; the remainder are all strangers, but so far quiet and steady. We had service on board in the stream on Sunday. I have great reason to be thankful to God for his goodness to us in preserving us safely through our difficulties."

### Decided Progress.

The circular printed below indicates a considerable advance in the possibilities of relieving seamen in the port of New York from illegal and unjust exactions, and all their intelligent friends will welcome it as "a step forward."

OFFICE OF THE U. S. SHIPPING  
COMMISSIONER,

NEW YORK, July 24th, 1880.

A communication, believed to be authorized, has been received by me from representatives of seamen now in this port and desiring employment in American vessels, to the effect that they are willing and desirous to serve for two dollars less per month than the wages now current, and for ten dollars less advance for long voyages, and five dollars less advance on short voyages, than the advances now current, provided they can be selected and shipped in this office and that no blood-money shall be exacted from them, and desiring my aid and co-operation.

A delegation from the Association of Sailor's Landlords have expressed to me the desire of their Association to suppress the whole system of blood-money in this port and of their intention to use all the means in their power to accomplish that result. They also ask my aid and co-operation.

In view of this situation, and in the hope that the system of extorting blood-money, by which all who receive it are demoralized, sailors robbed, and our port disgraced, may be destroyed, I hereby give notice that on and after this date, six hours notice will be required before the shipment of every crew, and that in such shipments no lists of names or any distinguishing marks will be permitted. Every needed facility and convenience will be provided for Shipmasters in the selection of their crews.

C. C. DUNCAN,

*U. S. Shipping Commissioner.*

### Thoroughly Mindful of an Old Salt.

An anecdote of President WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON which has never been made public, is supplied to us by a friend, below. He asks us, as we gladly do, to emphasize the moral which its facts enforce,—that true nobility of character will always be manifest in our due regard for all persons, as men and women, without respect to outward circumstances or condition.

"About the time that President Harrison was inaugurated, a Mr. TUCKER called upon a merchant doing business in Front St., New York City, who had some years previously been passenger in a ship of which Mr. Tucker was the mate,—and stated that he was mate of the vessel in which the President,—at that time General Harrison, had returned from Columbia, S. A., to the States,—the General having been U. S. Minister to that country,—and that he had a great mind to go to Washington and see him, adding that perhaps the President might do something for him. The merchant advised him to go by all means. As he was in humble circumstances he went on to Washington in a sailing vessel, and the merchant did not hear from him for about ten days, when he called at the merchant's store, and related that on his arrival at Washington he went to the "White House," and was told that the President was in the garden. He went thither and was at once recognized. President Harrison shook his hands with both his own, enquired after his welfare and invited him to dine with him the next day. Mr. Tucker begged that he might be allowed to dine in a less conspicuous place at the "White House," than at his table. In answer the President asked him if he had not often sat at the same table with him before.—Upon finishing his story, the sailor drew out of his pocket a letter from the President to the Collector of the Port of New York, and by means of it in less than two hours he came back to his friend, the merchant, with a commission as U. S. Inspector."

## Sermons for Sailors.

Bishop CLAUGHTON, Vice-President of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, London, Eng., was to preach a sermon for it, in Westminster Abbey, on the first Sunday in August.—Fifteen thousand copies of the Sermon to Sailors preached for the same Society, last May, by Rev. C. H. SPURGEON, have been sold, and it is expected that 50,000 copies will be circulated. It is entitled "The Sea! The Sea! The Wide and Open Sea!"

## New Books, Etc.

Messrs. A. S. BARNES & Co., New York and Chicago, will issue, this month, *The EVANGELICAL HYMNAL, WITH TUNES*, compiled by the Rev. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL and Mr. S. LASAR, both of Brooklyn, N. Y. The book is to be (as *per engagement*) a deliberate and earnest attempt to raise the general standard of taste in sacred music, and from what we have known of these gentlemen we await the volume with a good degree of expectation that their labors will contribute to that result.

Messrs. SCRIBNER & Co., New York, have published Rev. C. S. Robinson's *SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL*, in very beautiful style. This forms the third and last in Rev. Dr. R.'s series of hymns for the church, for social worship and for the S. S., and seems a fitting companion to those which have gone before.

The NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, New York, has just published a S. S. Temperance Lesson-Leaf, prepared expressly for the last Sunday in the quarter ending September, 1880. The Leaf contains, Text, Outline, Home Readings, Questions, Explanations, Illustrations, Hymns, Responsive Readings, and Primary Lessons.

## Position of the Principal Planets for September, 1880.

MERCURY is a morning star until the morning of the 17th at 4 o'clock, when it is in superior conjunction with the Sun; is an evening star during the remainder of the month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 3d, at 3h. 35m., being 6° 11' north.

VENUS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 5m., and north of west 4° 57'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 5th at 10h. 16m., being 6° 50' north; is in conjunction with Mars at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 7th, being 31' north.

MARS is an evening star setting on the 1st at 7h. 12m., and north of west 2° 25'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 6th at 3m. past midnight, being 6° 18' north; is in conjunction with Mercury at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, being 6' north.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 2a. 28m., being 5° 51' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 20th, being 6° 57' south.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 3h. 6m., being 8° 27' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 21st at 40m. past midnight, being 7° 41' south.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters in July, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month, was 21, of which 11 were wrecked, 2 burned, 2 sunk by collision, and 6 are missing. The list comprises 3 ships, 9 barks, 2 brigs, and 7 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$382,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *b* burned, *s c* sunk by collision, and *m* missing.

### SHIPS.

Eldorado, *w.* from Seattle for San Francisco.  
Elith Troop, *m.* from New Orleans for Calais.  
Thrasher, *w.* from Nanaimo for San Francisco.

### BARKS.

Alneburg, *m.* from San Francisco for Queens-town.  
Vesta, *w.* from Newcastle, E. for San Francisco.  
Mathilde, *m.* from New Orleans for Queens-town.  
Mary Pratt, *b.* from St. Marc for Boston.  
Margarethe, *w.* from Darien for Connah's Quay.  
W. W. Harvey, *m.* from Philadelphia for Stettin.  
S. A. Blaisdell, *w.* from Port Cortez for London.



Beltiste, w. from Liverpool for Charleston.  
Haystad, m. from Wilmington, N. C. for Belfast, I.

## BRIGS.

Grace Kelly, b. from C. C. Castle, for Anamaboe.  
Achilles, w. from Port Spain for Porto Rico.

## SCHOONERS.

Hannah Eldridge, w. (Fisherman).  
Eliza J. Staples, w. from Port Johnson for Gardner, Me.  
David Ames, sc. from Weehawken for Boston.  
Sea Lion, sc. from Windsor for New York.  
John L. Merrill, w. from Tuspan for Cazans, Mex.  
Malanta, w. from St. John, N. B. for Boston.  
Geo. Henry, w. from Walkington, Va. for Baltimore.

Of the above, 3 ships, 2 barks, 2 brigs, and 5 schooners of an estimated value of \$186,000, were owned wholly in the United States.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

JUNE, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*:—35 English, 12 American, 8 Dutch, 5 Italian, 4 French, 4 Norwegian, 2 German, 1 Austrian, 1 Danish, 1 Greek, 1 Russian, 1 Swedish, 2 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 77. In this number are included 8 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—4 American.

## Receipts for July, 1880.

## MAINE.

Bath, 2nd Cong. church..... \$ 20 73  
Wells, 2nd Cong. church..... 9 15

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol Cong. church..... 6 92  
Concord, South church..... 13 73  
Exeter, A Thank Offering, \$10, and  
Sailors' Magazine, \$5..... 15 00  
Fitzwilliam, Mrs. C. E. Gowen..... 2 00  
Nashua, 1st church..... 4 55

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, College church..... 18 50  
Auburndale, 2nd Cong. S. S. for lib'y,  
Beverly, legacy of Mrs. Betsy But-  
man of the Dane St. church, by  
E. W. Studley, ex..... 20 00  
Boston, Schr. *Anna Bell*, Capt. Con-  
ery..... 5 00  
Schr. *McMannery*, Capt. Reeves.. 2 00  
Schr. *John H. Chaffee*, Capt. Buell  
Dednam 1st Cong. church, of wh.  
\$40 for libraries..... 1 00  
Falmouth, Cong. church..... 82 67  
Fitchburg, legacy of Mrs. Deborah  
B. Thurston, by J. Baldwin, ex.. 19 74  
Gardner Cong. church, add'l..... 50 00  
Marion, S. D. Hadley..... 7 50  
Monson, Mary S. Porter, for E. F.  
Morris..... 5 00  
North Dighton, legacy Nathan Ide,  
by Stephen Pierce, ex..... 1,464 90  
Pittsfield, 1st Cong. church, weekly  
offering, of wh. \$20 for library.. 62 41  
Rutland, 1st Cong. church..... 6 00  
Salem, Tabernacle church..... 31 20  
Somerville, Broadway church..... 14 53  
South Weymouth, 2nd Cong. ch., to  
const. Mrs. Sarah Dyer, L. M.... 30 00  
Whitinsville, Anon..... 2 00  
Winchester, Cong. ch., of wh. \$40 for  
libraries..... 51 01  
Worcester, Central church..... 31 37

## RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, Mrs. Ellen M. Dabney, lib'y  
for S. S. Bothnia..... 25 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church..... 5 26  
Bristol Cong. ch., of wh. Chas. E.  
Nott \$20, for the Mrs. Chas. E.  
Ingraham memorial library; to  
const. H. Beckwith, L. M., \$30.. 50 94  
Collinsville, Cong. church..... 12 25  
Hastonbury, 1st Cong. church..... 45 00  
Guilford, Cong. church..... 5 00  
Hartford, Park church..... 43 98  
Pearl St. Cong. ch., of wh. S. S.  
for libraries, \$40..... 78 33  
Asylum Hill Cong. church..... 62 00  
Kent, 1st Cong. church..... 15 24  
Milford, Plymouth church..... 20 00  
New Britain, South Cong. ch., semi-  
annual contribution..... 21 26  
North Greenwich, Cong. church..... 11 73  
Old Saybrook, Cong. church..... 13 25  
Salisbury Cong. church..... 18 22  
Westfield, Cong. ch. (Danielsonville),  
of wh. \$20 for library..... 40 00  
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church... 13 00

## NEW YORK.

Bergen, Cong. church..... 10 08  
Bridgehampton, Pres. church..... 24 00  
Brooklyn, Atlantic Ave. S. S., for  
libraries..... 40 00  
Ref. church on the Heights, add'l 10 00  
Florida, Pres. church..... 12 25  
Islip, Pres. church..... 26 12  
Kinderhook, Ref. church..... 64 61  
Lansingburg, 1st Pres. church, add'l 2 00  
New Lebanon, "Foundation Stone"  
Sailors' Home..... 1 00  
New York City, Collegiate Ref. ch.  
Jno. W. Auchincloss for Frederick  
L. Auchincloss library..... 25 00  
Capt. Samuel Bartlett, bark *Tem-  
plar*..... 5 00  
Capt. J. F. Mayo, bark *C. S. Bush-  
nell*..... 5 00  
Capt. W. R. Sweet, ship *Rufus E.  
Wood*..... 5 00  
Capt. Tilton, schr. *D. Hastings*.... 1 00  
Capt. Tobey, bark *Yanoyden*..... 1 00  
Niagara Falls, Albert Porter, for  
library..... 20 00  
Peekskill, 1st Pres. ch., of wh. S. S.  
for library, \$25..... 68 14  
Schenectady 2nd Pres. church..... 20 79  
Sweden Centre, Pres. church..... 3 25  
Tarrytown, 1st Ref. church..... 24 80

## NEW JERSEY.

Blairstown, Miss Harriet Gregory,  
for library..... 20 00  
Newark, S. S. 3rd Pres. ch., for lib'y 20 00  
Rev. W. H. Steele, D. D., for lib'y 20 00  
South Orange, Pres. ch., of wh. Rev.  
J. H. Worcester, Jr., for library,  
\$20..... 66 00

## GEORGIA.

Way's Station, Miss Emma J. Clay, for  
library..... 20 00

## OHIO.

Cleveland, in memoriam Mrs. T. P.  
Handy, for libraries..... 100 00

\$3,149 43

Fisherville, N. H., Rev. N. W. Flak, 40  
new books.....  
Springfield, Mass., F. A. Brewer, 150  
new books.....




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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### From a Sailor to the Children About their Library, etc.—A Model Letter.

Capt. SEGUINE, of the new pilot boat *Columbia*, which, going out from New York, puts on board incoming vessels the skilful pilots who bring them safely into port,—has just sent to us for the children at Cheshire, Conn., who provided him, from our Rooms, with Loan Library No. 6,775, in December, 1879,—the following letter,—which, we are certain, will be attentively read by many besides those to whom he has addressed it. It has the manly ring which marks the utterances of a true sailor.—ED.

AT SEA, July 28th, 1880.

*Dear Young Friends:*—It is a long time since I wrote you my last letter, and I fear you have begun to think me a careless “steward,” and that your good library is in idle hands. What shall I say? I have had no time to write? No! for that would not be true. Shall I say, I don’t know what to write about that would interest you, and be welcome? No! for you would say—“that is not true either;—there are lots of things to write about, and a letter is interesting anyway.” Yes! and I believe, it would be welcomed by you, if it had, in it, only “*Thank you,*”—with the smell of *tar* and *salt water* about it.

No! from what I understand about young folks, I won’t try to deceive you with vain excuses, which, generally are only lies. There are, many times, too many people already sowing that kind of

poison in the world, and spreading and trailing it before the pure and innocent, trying to hide the bright light of truth from them.

The truth is best. Let us learn to cherish it, and if we desire to be always truthful, we must make king David’s prayer our prayer:—“Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.”

The Bible teaches us that “truth is light.” Then, if truth be in us, we will be full of light.

Far off in the clear water of the sea, there is a little thing, in shape like a caterpillar, possessed of animal life. Its transparent body has little spots of phosphorescent light in it, that shine like diamonds. Sometimes vast numbers of these little things collect together on the surface of the sea, driven by the currents, and then, on a dark night, the

sails and ropes of a vessel sailing through them, are plainly seen by the light which they give.

A few years ago I witnessed a sight that I shall never forget. It was a very dark night, the sky black as ink, the sea calm, and not a breath of wind stirring. Suddenly the surface of the sea began to grow light, until in a few moments its whiteness was almost dazzling. Looking over the side, it appeared, as though the vessel was sitting in a snow bank. The sight was so strange and awful, that I called all the crew up from their sleep to witness it.

Just so it is with the light of God's truth. It sparkles and glows, it is white and pure as the new fallen snow, and when manifested in the life of His children, its brightness lights up a world, lying in darkness.

Well, I have not told you yet my reasons for not writing to you before. I must speak the truth, and the truth is—I don't like to write, and I have put it off, until I am ashamed. I love children, and like to talk to them. But I don't like to write; it seems so slow, my thoughts seem to go backwards. It is to me, like riding in a wagon, with my eyes blindfolded.

If I could only stand before you, and look in your bright youthful faces, and catch the sparkle from your eyes, and feel the warmth of your smile, then I could tell you better than I can write it, how your little library, so kindly loaned to us, is so much liked by us that it often becomes breakfast, dinner and tea for first one, and then another. And sometimes (and very often), a book will go to bed with us, and after awhile lie down on the pillow by us, while we sleep.

I mean that we sometimes become so much interested in a book, that we would rather read than eat, and often take it to bed and read ourselves to sleep.

And then I could tell you how I have

seen the rough, but tender-hearted sailor, swallow down the choking sob, and brush away the big tear while reading. He closes his eyes, he remembers his childhood, home, father, mother, brothers and sisters, all the good promises and hopes of his boyhood, gone,—gone,—gone. But this little book has brought them to his mind again, and he sighs, and the tears come, and laying the book down, he goes on deck to conquer his feelings.

I could talk to you and tell you much more, but I cannot write it.

And now I beg you will forgive me for not writing before, and let me assure you, your library has been, and is being well read, and appreciated by all on board.

Very gratefully yours,

H. S.,

*On behalf of the crew of pilot boat Columbia.*

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### Silent Influence.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her friend, Miss Tomsin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the other lady, "and yet you are always exerting influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a bunch of violets from a German flower-girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Savior, and you try to serve him. You think you cannot speak for him, but if you live for him, and with him, in gentleness, patience, and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does

more good. The other evening Jerry Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said, 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"

Silent influence is stronger than we sometimes think for good and for evil. Let us not underestimate it.—*Christian at Work.*

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### From "Coaster," No. 24.

Rev. Mr. HANKS, our Secretary at Boston, placed a small loan library on a fishing schooner leaving that port, a short time since and has just received the following letter concerning it, signed by several of the crew:

OFF COAST OF LONG ISLAND.

July 24th, 1880.

*Dear Sir:*—As we are bound for a harbor, and intend spending the Sabbath here, I concluded to write you a few lines, thanking you for the library, so kindly loaned to us on board the fishing schooner *Neponset*.

We have found the books very entertaining indeed; and, I want to thank the Sunday school class, in the name of the crew, fifteen in number, for their kindness in furnishing us with so much interesting reading matter.

At first the books were not much read. The first book which was read from beginning to end was:—"Alcohol Its Cause And Effects." So deep was the interest taken in this book that it has become the subject of a good deal of talk; and I have no doubt, will prove a source of good.

"This One Thing I Do," has also been read clean through, by at least four of the crew.

"The Family Doctor," "On Board The

Rocket," "The Life-Cruise of Capt. Bess Adams," have also been read with much relish, and also, I trust, with interest.

This is an authentic account of the Library, in proof of which I have asked some of the crew to read this and subscribe their names.

Yours Truly, ED. BURKE,  
James Welsh, Charles Shannon, Thomas W. Essex, H. Hanson, John Welsh.

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### Another Family Made Happy.

We have printed very many copies of the leaflet with the title "How A Smoker Got A Home." The following letter lately received by its author, from a Western State, tells its own story.—Ed.

*"My Friend:*—Your letter, containing the leaflet "How a Smoker got a Home," has been received. For your kindness, please accept my thanks. I too have had some experience in the rum and tobacco line. It cost me every dollar I could make to keep me in the two, rum and tobacco. Six years ago a young lady asked me to quit both. She did not ask me to sign a pledge, but simply promise her never to use either. She placed confidence in my word, and I promised, God helping me, never to cause her to lose that confidence in me.

"I had a good trade, but was always out of employment, simply because I was always drunk. I now have all the work that I myself and two employees can do. The first year I lived and dressed better, and saved four hundred and eighty six dollars. At the end of three years I had the young lady for my wife, and sixteen hundred dollars in the Bank, and now, at the close of six years I sum up one faithful and loving wife, three fond rosy-cheeked children, (two boys, one girl), a pleasant happy home, worth twenty-six hundred dollars, and eighteen hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day, health and happiness, and last but not least, the respect of the community, and a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,472, and they were accessible to 366,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,058 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During July, 1880, fifty-six loan libraries,—twenty-two new, and thirty-four refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,004 to 7,016, inclusive, with No. 7,018, at New York;—and Nos. 5,456 to 5,463, inclusive, at Boston.

*The thirty-four libraries re-shipped were :—*

No. 1,989,	No. 3,497,	No. 4,737,	No. 5,026,	No. 5,413,	No. 5,873,	No. 6,301,	No. 6,401,	No. 6,623,
" 3,049,	" 4,316,	" 4,895,	" 5,125,	" 5,414,	" 6,097,	" 6,360,	" 6,494,	" 6,684.
" 3,096,	" 4,370,	" 4,918,	" 5,128,	" 5,720,	" 6,104,	" 6,374,	" 6,526,	
" 3,371,	" 4,693,	" 4,935,	" 5,400,	" 5,603,	" 6,191,	" 6,400,	" 6,535,	

### "I Don't Care."

Be careful how you allow yourself to utter these words. Some years ago there was a bright, talented boy, coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied in a careless, ungentlemanly way "I don't care."

Now, remember, that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves many things that they might give their son the advantages of a good education. This boy was talented,—no one in the school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

This spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him, and at last his father took him out of school and put him in a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employer's customers or not. After remaining in the store a

shorttime, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father and mother and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some years after this I saw him driving a dirt-car, in trowsers and shirt and barefoot; but he didn't care.

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day, I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor for a foreign port; but on ship-board, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the vessel reached the harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering a few months on a foreign shore he died of fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from home. Upon his tomb-stone, truthfully might be inscribed these words:

"Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave, because he didn't care!"—*W. Hasbrouck.*

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*  
 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*  
 L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
 80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*  
 Rev. S. W. HAWES, Cong'l House, Boston.



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Vol. 52.

OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 10.

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### THE RECENT LOSS OF THE VERA CRUZ.

The statement of Mr. A. K. OWEN, civil engineer, of Chester, Pa., one of the saved passengers of the steamer *Vera Cruz*, belonging to the Alexandre Line, from this city to Havana, which foundered at sea in a cyclone, on Saturday, August 28th, forty miles north of Cape Canaveral, off the Florida coast,—published in the *N. Y. Herald* of September 5th, presents, so graphically, certain features of a notable shipwreck, that we preserve it, for the most part, entire. What a tribute it is to the infinite power of One who hath his footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm!—ED.

“The *Vera Cruz* left New York city at four o'clock p. m. Wednesday, August 25th, 1880, under command of Captain Edward Van Sice, of the United States and Mexican Mail line, bound for Vera Cruz, Mexico, with the following list of saloon passengers:—

“Adolfo Bosgue, T. Samuel Wadman, E. Fuentes, Filipe Hernandez, John Gelahell, Walter Betchie, J. A. Garcia and wife, J. Rosenberg, John Gonebag, A. Rodriguez, A. Martinez, Miss E. Burns, Miss A. Clark, Mrs. R. Arlee, George W. Cole, E. Littlefield, O.

P. Silva, Mrs. F. Hernandez, Mr. Welsh, wife and child, Mr. Galshof, Alexander Wallendge and son, Miss Sadie Fay, Miss F. Rubio, A. K. Owen, and Major General A. T. A. Torbert, United States Army.

“There were also two cabin passengers, names unknown, and two horses on board. The officers and crew comprised fifty-one persons, names not given, making eighty-two souls on board. Eleven of those on board only are known to have been saved.

*The Cargo.*

"The cargo was assorted class merchandise,—the heaviest the ship could carry, vegetables in cases, one car for a Mexican railroad, and barrels of oil and acids being above deck. The cold wave of Wednesday, with the rain, continued, with brisk wind from the northeast Thursday and Friday, but it calmed down at midnight. The ship listed all the way, and at meals it was difficult to keep dishes on the table. Particularly was this the case on Friday, which proved that the storm was increasing. The weather was cloudy, with frequent rain.

*Cheerful Passengers.*

"The passengers, however, at meals were in good cheer, and though the rains drove them from the deck they seemed to enjoy the passage. On Saturday at daybreak fore and aft sails were set, as the wind was then blowing fresh from southeast. At one o'clock p. m. Saturday, the captain was heard to remark to Mr. Harris, his first officer, 'I have just noticed that the barometer is falling rapidly. We are going to have a hurricane.' Orders were then given to cut up and throw the car overboard, and also the barrels of oil, cases of acid and cases of vegetables on deck. The real blast of the cyclone struck us on the port bow at about twenty-five minutes to two p. m. Saturday, and listed the ship almost on her beam ends. From this time it became next to impossible to walk about without clinging to chairs, tables and other stationary furniture of the cabin, and as all movable objects in the saloon were quickly thrown from port to starboard, walking was exceedingly dangerous. The wind was at this time northeast, and the vessel was steering south by east.

*Flooding the Cabin.*

"During the evening three skylights in the main saloon were carried away and the waves poured considerable water into the saloon and staterooms, setting all adrift. By midnight the passengers were generally sitting upon or lying on the floor of the saloon conversing with and assisting each other, yet good cheer was the rule, and many were the exchanges of wit and humor between them all. The servants, as they passed around them, added to the good feeling. Major General Torbert, United States Army, had been washed out of his stateroom (No. 5), which was the first on the port bow, early Saturday evening. He then came to me in the saloon room No. 27.

*Gallant Torbert.*

"He had been thrown against a table in the afternoon and had cut his right cheek, which troubled him considerably, as it bled freely, but he was in his best and kindest humor, speaking a cheering word here, assisting a man there and attending to the women and children everywhere. He lay on the saloon floor for a part of the night, but was flooded out, and then came and laid with me, bringing his waterproof, which we threw over us to protect us from the water dripping in from the top and sides. At one o'clock p. m. the engine room was dry. The drag was put on, but it reversed and was useless. It was not gotten ready until this time and was too small for service, even if in proper order. At two p. m. the ship took a heavy sea and the water put the fires out, immediately stopping the engines.

*Passing the Buckets.*

"The donkey engine then start-

ed and was going when the ship sank. The purser came hurriedly below, calling for General Torbert, and said that the Captain had sent him to tell the passengers to come and assist the crew or the vessel would go down. We immediately got up. I went to the deck and to the floor of the engine room, where I assisted to pass the buckets for an hour. Captain Van Sice was in line near the top passing water while I was there. It was of no use. The sea was continually breaking over the vessel and coming down in large quantities between decks. The donkey engine was working, but not to any purpose. After this I went to the saloon and told General Torbert that we were going to pieces and fast filling, and nothing remained but for us to get life preservers upon the women. General Torbert's face hurt him so that he did not go to pass buckets.

#### *No Excitement.*

"There was no such thing as excitement on board,—even the children were quiet and reasonable. Each assisted the other in arranging life preservers, and General Torbert was like a sunbeam, laughing and joking with all while he assisted them. The storm at this time was most terrific. Such waves, wind and rain can never be described. The ship listed to her beam ends at every wave, and it was just possible to crawl from one place to the other. *The storm was so thick that we could not see one hundred yards ahead, and the roar of the wind and beating of rain was like the rattle of musketry.* General Torbert and myself were lying in my berth talking and quietly awaiting the worst, when, at twelve minutes past four a. m., a sea broke into the engine

room and through the saloon, making a crash like a battery of artillery and striking terror for an instant into every one, dashing saloon passengers, tables, doors and the loose furniture together and into water knee deep.

#### *An Argument about Life.*

"The General came to me immediately after this with Master Wallendge, about nine years old, and said, 'Romeo, you and I must take this little boy and care for him between us.' I allowed that we had but fifteen minutes to live, and argued that it would be mercy to let the little fellow go down with the ship, but the General kindly insisted, and said, 'I cannot leave this little fellow behind; you and I must save him. Take him until I come back.' The next minute the sea came into the saloon more terrifically than ever, filling it waist deep in water and smashing the most of the port side. The little fellow and myself were rolled over among the chairs and tables and I lost him, but he was picked up and brought to his father. I called to General Torbert to come to the deck with me. He said, 'I will go aft and meet you above.' I never saw General Torbert again, alive.

#### *Passengers Bidding Each Other Goodbye.*

"The passengers now crowded into the social hall, which was at the top of the saloon steps. Here they said farewell to each other. We adjusted their life preservers and extended sympathy one to the other. Never before, perhaps, was there a set of passengers so quiet and unexcited under circumstances so appalling. Mr. Alexander Wallendge brought his little boy to me and said, 'Mr. Owen, I will give



you \$1,000 in gold if you will take my son and get him to land.' I said no, I did not expect to live five minutes after the ship went down. I told him it would be a mercy to himself and his son to go down as quick as possible. I told him I could see nothing to hope for in a storm like this. I said, 'Let us look at it as if our characters on the world's stage were about ended.'

#### *A Girl's Request.*

"Miss Sadie Fay asked me in her sweetest manner to take care of her, but I said to her and to the others that there was nothing to be done but to stick to the ship until we were washed from her, and then to cling to the fragments as long as possible, and this plan was carried out by every passenger. The captain was seen just before the sea smashed in the port side of the upper decks, at twelve minutes past four a. m., but whether he got excited and jumped overboard or was swept away is not known to any of us.

#### *Killed in the Lifeboat.*

"Mr. Parris, first officer, the second mate, and one or two more of the crew took to the starboard bow boat and were killed before the boat could be got free. Mr. Miller and his engineers stood by the ship till she sunk. The quartermaster, William O'Neal, and a sailor, name unknown, stood at the wheel until the ship sunk. It was six o'clock a. m. that the ship went down, breaking in the middle and filling the sea with fragments of stores, trunks and merchandise.

#### *A Wreck-strewn Sea.*

"To say there were ten million pieces of wrecked stores all clash-

ing together five minutes after the ship went to pieces would be gross exaggeration, but even with such a statement no idea could be conceived as to the state of the case. Men, women, children, horses, cats and rats mixed in and went in, through and over this mass. The waves were fifty feet high, not in swells and ridges, but in peaks like sugar loaves. Four peaks beating like surf tore into each other. When we went up on one it was not to go down on the other side, but to be turned over at the top and sent rolling through the air to the opposite one, and so back and forth. This lasted about two or three hours, after which the waves took a more natural character and came in swelling ridges, and we whirled down and over them to the opposite side.

#### *General Torbert picked up.*

"General Torbert was picked up by Charles Smith, one of the crew, about fifteen minutes after the ship sunk. He was then weak and could crawl on the fragments of the wreck only with assistance. When the fragment on which he was, was turned over, a minute later, Mr. Smith came up on another piece, and never saw the General again alive. The wind was so terrific that when a plank, raft, box or trunk would reach the top of a wave it was whirled through the air with a force terrible to behold. Among the living and dying I never passed a person who was not bleeding from some wound inflicted by passing fragments, and half of them were dead or dying within fifteen minutes after they took to the waves.

#### *Struggling Women.*

"This was most appalling; and sad, indeed, was it to see those

heroic women struggling against timbers, waves and fate. I passed Mr. Wallendge and son ten minutes after the sinking. They were about ten yards apart, clinging to different pieces of the wreck, and the little fellow looked as calm and handsome as when playing in the saloon two days before. His father was depressed, but only for his son; no thought of himself entered his head. Would to God that I might have done something for them both. Thus could I tell something about each passenger, but as I did not know their names I cannot enter into details.

*Inprisoned in the Ship.*

"The stewardess was jammed in the saloon among doors and tables and sank with the ship. She was crying bitterly and appealed to me for help, when the water poured in upon her like a Niagara. I stood by the mainmast till the water rushed in over the hurricane deck, and then I climbed up the rigging twenty-five feet and was washed off by the waves. An instant after fragments of the wreck piled in and over me. I was stunned by a blow across my

head, cheek and eyes, as I climbed first upon one thing and then upon another. For half an hour I rushed up one mountain of water then down another until finally I caught hold of a piece of the ship, about twenty-five feet long by ten feet wide. This was the port side of the dining room. Through one window was the head and shoulders of a man, Thomas Drumgould.

*Caught in the Wreckage.*

"He asked me to break the frame and get him out, but, as that was impossible, I shoved him down, and he came up through the next opening. We now threw off our life-preservers and stuck to the fragment of wreck, through thick and thin, for twenty-four hours. During that time we were at least two-thirds under water. In the night we were both completely blind from the salt deposited in our eyes. When we struck the surf, at four o'clock a. m. on Monday, our raft went to pieces and we were turned over as many as six times before coming to the surface."

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The experiences of Mr. O. P. SILVA, another passenger saved from the *Vera Cruz*, after he left the wreck, were, in part, as follows:—

"I struck out vigorously, and when I thought I was a good distance off I turned and saw a horrible spectacle. The ship had disappeared and we were all at the mercy of the waves. A terrible whirl carried me down, down, down, and when I again appeared, which seemed to take an age, I was exhausted. For two or three hours we were in a perfect hell. I kept changing boards and planks at each wave for about two hours, when I at last found a part of the steamer's deck, about four feet

wide by fifteen feet long. Before I could get hold of it the ship's baker came to me and we took possession of it. \* \* \* We kept together on it until dark, fighting for life, until about 7 o'clock. A heavy sea then knocked us off our raft, and I saw no more of it. I shouted and called, but no reply came, I was alone with nothing but my life-preserver. I was tossed about for five or six hours, when I noticed a change in the waves. I felt for bottom and found it on the solid shore."

## THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

BY PRESIDENT GEORGE WASHBURN, D. D., OF ROBERT COLLEGE,  
CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is one of the misfortunes of the Navy of the United States that the great majority of our people know nothing about it and are in no way directly dependent upon it. They seldom or never see a man-of-war, and when they do it is simply a matter of curiosity. It is with a very different feeling that an American traveler or resident in a foreign country sees the Stars and Stripes floating over a national ship. His heart swells with emotion, and he feels all the enthusiasm which we used to feel when we were boys on the Fourth of July. The very sight is a Fourth of July oration of the old style, when we were all patriots and believed in the Declaration of Independence.

This sight has seldom been seen in Constantinople until within a few years; but since the spring of 1876 we have had an acquaintance with the United States Navy, which prompts me to say in a few words what we think of it. It is not the "*we* editorial" which I use; but a *we* which represents all the Americans in Constantinople. It is not necessary to speak of the pride and satisfaction which we feel at the great achievements of the Navy in years past, when it has been called upon to defend our country; for these ought to be familiar to every school-boy, and much more to every one who can remember his feelings when the first news of their great deeds roused the enthusiasm of the country. The history of our Navy is a source of patriotic pride to every American.

But we wish to speak soberly of our Navy as it is to-day, when we are at war with no one, and when

many are inclined to look upon it as a costly and useless ornament.

It is the true representative of the dignity, power, and commercial importance of the United States in all parts of the world; and no great nation can afford to be without such a representative. If we were ready to adopt the old policy of Japan,—to shut out all the world from our ports, and forbid our citizens to leave the country,—we should need no navy; but we adopt the opposite policy. We throw open our doors to the world and desire to enter into commercial relations with all nations. We should be glad to see American merchants established in every foreign port.

It is essential to the success of this policy that we should be known and respected everywhere; that we should be able to defend our rights and protect our citizens. This is the work of the Navy, and we have no other possible means of attaining this object. It is certainly not consistent with our honor, or even with our respectability, as a great nation, that, when an American citizen is murdered, we should be forced to beg England to send a man-of-war to secure justice for us; yet this very thing has happened within twenty years, in Turkey. It is not for our interest that the people of distant lands should confound us with the English, however much we may honor our Mother Country. The true way of keeping at peace with all nations is to maintain our independence, and to make it plain that we are able and ready to defend our rights, if they are not respected.

The past few years have been

years of confusion, danger, and revolution in the East. There have been times at Constantinople when we have been in hourly expectation of bloodshed and massacre; when the steamers in the harbor have kept up steam and been ready to slip their anchors; when houses were barricaded and armed for defense. At these times there would have been no protection for American citizens, had not our Government stationed a man-of-war in the Bosphorus to defend them, and, if necessary, take them on board. It may be imagined that it was an unspeakable relief to us to feel that, although far from home, our country had not forgotten us, but stood ready to protect us at any moment. The presence of this ship gave new influence and importance to the American minister. It impressed upon the Turkish authorities the fact that the United States was determined to protect its citizens, and no doubt added to the security even of those who were in the interior of the country.

The advantage gained in such a case is not confined to the individuals who are protected. It has a far wider influence. It extends the power and sustains the honor and dignity of the nation, for no power can command the respect of the world which does not defend the rights of its citizens wherever they may be found. The general reputation of a nation probably depends upon this as much as upon any one thing.

In a commercial point of view, the Navy is in many ways of the greatest importance. It keeps the United States before the world, and would be worth what it costs simply as an advertisement; for, strange as it may seem, there are people in the world who know

nothing of the United States as a great commercial nation. There are important ports on the Black Sea, for example, where the flag of the United States had never been seen until they were visited lately, by the *Wyoming*. Our ships are also constantly employed in gaining information of value to our merchants, and they are often called upon to aid and protect our merchant vessels.

The theoretical importance of the Navy in all these respects is generally acknowledged, though often forgotten. The fact that the American Navy is qualified to do this work and does do it has been impressed upon us by our personal acquaintance with most of the officers and ships of the European Squadron during the past three years. In regard to ships and armament, we are undoubtedly behind the times. We have been too economical to make our Navy what it ought to be; but in every other respect it is unequalled. The officers and men cannot be matched by any other navy in the world. In personal character, ability, and education the officers surpass those of all other nations. Constantinople is a favorable place to make a comparison, and I think that they have made this impression here. I have often heard it spoken of. They are gentlemen, in the very best sense of that word, without affectation, unassuming, polite, and thoughtful, and they make friends at once in the best society, wherever they go. They are the most thorough and genuine Americans that I have seen in Europe; such Americans as I wish we might always have to represent us abroad. And I was surprised to find that they come from all parts of the United States,—North and South, East and West. There are no sec-

tional interests in the Navy. It represents the whole country, and the education or profession of the officers seems to combine and harmonize in them the good qualities of different sections, so that they are representative Americans, without being special representatives of any one state. They are patriotic Americans, who love and honor their country above all others; who have more of the old enthusiasm than most Americans whom we see, and very little of that sceptical distrust of our republican institutions which now seems to be fashionable at home.

Many of them are earnest Christian men, and all of them have manifested a hearty interest in the work which Americans are doing in Turkey for the enlightenment and elevation of the people. The importance of this kind of friendly interest can only be appreciated by us on the ground; but there are many in America who know how much Robert College owed to the friendly intervention of Admiral Farragut, and all can see, to some extent, how our position

must be strengthened by the protection, sympathy, and friendship of these representatives of our Government.

The ships which have been at Constantinople during this period have been the *Vandalia*, *Dispatch*, *Marion*, *Alliance*, *Gettysburg*, *Quinnebaug*, and *Wyoming*, and, as we have thus made the personal acquaintance of about 150 officers, we think that we may fairly express an opinion of the Navy as a whole. We are proud of it, and we wish that it may be honored, esteemed, and supported by every American citizen, as it deserves to be. We do not profess to be competent to decide what class of ships or what style of guns and torpedoes should be adopted by our Navy Department; but we may be permitted to express the hope that no false ideas of economy may be allowed to cripple the Navy of the United States and make it unworthy of the officers and men who work it, and who so successfully sustain the honor and reputation of the country in all parts of the world.—*Independent*.

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*From Chart & Compass, London, Eng.*

### “ON BOARD THE ROCKET,—BY CAPT. ROBERT C. ADAMS. BOSTON, MASS.”

This is a book which we have read at two sittings, and with something like devouring interest. The interest was all the more intense and real because we knew the writer's sainted father, the golden-mouthed preacher, Dr. NHEMIAH ADAMS, of Boston, also his sisters, and happy home, which he left for the life of a sailor. Capt. Robert C. Adams is an educated American gentleman, from the best literary and religious circle that

Boston in its palmiest days contained,—a gentle spirit, loyal to his proud flag of the Stars and Stripes, and of transparent honesty and truth. We mention this because he is brave enough to lift the veil, and show the two sides of life in American ships. He exposes in scathing and burning words the horrible atrocities which were and are, to-day, in many cases, still perpetrated on the high seas, under this republican flag, which, as he

says, should be the symbol of freedom and justice.

*The Sailor's Lot on Many Vessels,  
and in Many Ports.*

Read in this connection what he says took place on the *Dublin*, on which he was a common sailor, which vessel was a typical ship. He says:—"I needed no other illustration for the next few months, to impress upon my mind the two extremes of the future life." This harsh, cruel treatment of sailors became proverbial to American ships,—it became thoroughly systematized and created its own phraseology. Not only so but it spread to many colonial ships on the Atlantic border. Yet imprisonment, transportation, and the swift sword of justice have worked wonders in these latter. But is the evil as bad to-day as twenty years ago? No,—thanks to the Sailor Societies (like the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND), the abolition of slavery, and a general elevation of manners and morals. But let Mission Boards, Courts of Law, members of legislatures know that in home and foreign ports and out on the seas, many of our sailors are subject to a tyranny and slavery as debasing as ever reigned on Southern plantations. One act of crying injustice is forcibly dwelt upon by Captain Adams,—that sailors are driven out of American ships by cruelty, without their wages, in every port of Europe, Asia, and most other ports of the world. Is there no Plimsoll in the United States to awaken the legislature at Washington either to abrogate this cursed law, or take such action as shall protect seamen from such wholesale robbery and wickedness? The law which was intended to be for life, is now the cause of death.

*Atrocities at Sea.*

Then at sea,—what is done there? A boy is sweeping the decks, but unfortunately makes some laughable motions to the man at the wheel. The Captain of the *Dublin* sees him, catches him by the neck and thrashes him with the *Cat*. But this is not enough for the second mate. As soon as the youth went forward Captain Adams says,—“Without farther words he struck Taylor on the face with a *belaying-pin* and followed it up with several blows in the same place. The boy's shrieks brought the mate forward; but by the time he had reached the spot, the damage was done, and the boy lay fainting on the fore-hatch with his face covered with blood.” Captain Adams gives another picture on board of this same ship. Two Finnish seamen had joined the ship at Cronstadt for \$20 a month, but the rest of the crew, at New Dieppe, signed for \$15. The Captain seemed determined to break his agreement, and make these men sign for the same. He called one to his cabin and said, if he did not sign for the \$15, he would only give him \$10 should he prove not to be a first-class able seamen. The man was confident of his ability, and had every appearance of being a thorough seaman. He understood English imperfectly, and was somewhat bewildered by the proposition, but he realized that it was a scheme to defraud him of five dollars a month, and he respectfully declined to sign the new articles, saying, he had signed once before the consul and that was his bargain. After a little useless argument, the captain rose and shut the cabin door; then he caught the man by the neck with his left hand, and gave him a blow with

his right fist that knocked him down. He jumped on his chest two or three times with his whole weight; and then kneeling on top of him pounded his face severely. The man cried out for mercy and promised to sign. He was then helped up, and wrote his name on the fifteen dollar articles. The other Finn was at the wheel at the time, and whether he heard anything of what was going on or not, he seemed to lose his head just then, and ran the ship off her course. The mate, perceiving it, struck him, and put another man in his place. He was just coming forward as the captain and his shipmate stepped out of the cabin. The bruised face of his comrade startled him, and when the captain told him to go into the cabin he refused, supposing he was going to be beaten for his bad steering. The captain, without further words, seized a belaying pin from the rail and hit him a powerful blow on the head, which cut a deep gash on the side of his forehead, and in a moment his face was one mass of blood. The steward and myself carried him into the cabin, by his head and heels, and seating him on a stool in a state-room, bound up his broken head with strips of sail cloth in lieu of rags. The captain brought a pen to him and told him to write his name on the old articles. "What ish dis?" he asked. "Do as you're told," said the captain, and the man signed. The captain then put a pair of handcuffs on the man's wrists, though he was as quiet as possible, and he was left to meditate on the privileges of sailing under that symbol of freedom and justice, the American flag."

*Was Anything Done About It?*

We ask as to all the tens of thou-

sands of such brutalities,—were the officers, so far as real imprisonment is concerned, ever brought to justice? So far as our inquiries have gone,—the answer is,—*never!* For the many murders committed on board of American ships has one officer ever been hung? We fear the law courts would say,—*not one!* We once saw a ship come into Cowes, where five of the crew had been killed on the voyage, and all beaten. To save the officers being summarily dealt with by many who would gladly have been the avengers of justice, the police arrested them, and the Ambassador sent them to the States. We never heard what became of them, but as the sailors were *darkies*, no doubt they escaped on account of legal difficulties concerning testimony and witnesses! Can it be wondered at that real American born sailors have been driven from their Mercantile Marine? And can it be wondered at that God has permitted the finest Mercantile Marine that ever sailed the ocean, to be scattered and well nigh broken up? We believe that the United States are yet to have a magnificent Navy, eclipsed by none,—but that cannot be till those who man their vessels are treated according to the eternal laws of justice, truth, and mercy.

But this book shows a bright side, where profanity and cruelty are not allowed on board ship. We do thank God that many captains have taken the right stand. But an old, recognised, wide-spread system dies hard. Long voyage, and even short voyage ships need looking after in this respect. In all our foreign ports, and many of our home ports, sailors are robbed and debased on shore; put on board drunk and discontented, and so the evil is intensified. The old Gospel of Jesus Christ is need-

ed in all its many-sided ministry of love.

“On board the Rocket” gives facts, clearly stated. All parts of the world are visited, and the only fault of the description and word-paintings is that all are too short. The book should be scattered by the thousands, among the Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians, until the sympathies of the nations are stirred up to do all that is possible for seamen. We commend the volume with all our heart. It shows what can be done by a Christian captain. It proves the common assertion “that only the bad sail-

ors are thus treated,” to be an infamous lie, and that quiet, obedient, and well conducted sailors have to share the same profanity and abuse.

It must not be supposed by the above, says the writer in *Chart & Compass*, that we under-estimate the vast improvement in American, Canadian, and British ships. We sincerely believe, that according to the monies invested, missionaries employed, and the varied agencies at work, no department of missions, either in Christendom or heathendom, shows such a grand return. Yet we are equally sure of what yet remains to be done.

## THE TRAVELER'S HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY.

*An adaptation of Arndt's "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"*

BY DEAN STANLEY.

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?  
Is it the Holy Hebrew Land?  
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,  
Or by the Galilean deep?  
Where pilgrim hosts have rushed to lave  
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,  
Or sought to win by brand and blade  
The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?  
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,  
Where Apostolic wanderers first  
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?  
Or where, on many a mystic page,  
Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,  
Fondly essayed to intertwine  
Earth's shadows with the Light Divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland  
Where, with crowned head and croziered hand,  
The Ghost of Empire proudly flits,  
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?  
Or by those world-embracing walls,  
Or in those vast and pictured halls,  
Or underneath that soaring dome,—  
Shall this not be the Christian's home?



Where is the Christian's Fatherland?—  
 He still looks on from land to land.  
 Is it where German conscience woke,  
 When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?  
 Or where by Zurich's shore was heard  
 The calm Helvetian's earnest word?  
 Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,  
 Stern Calvin reared his unseen throne?  
 Or where from Sweden's snows came forth  
 The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer band,—  
 Our own, our native Fatherland?  
 Where Law and Freedom side by side  
 In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?  
 Where prayer and praise for years have rung  
 In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,—  
 Blessing with cadence sweet and grave  
 The fire-side nook, the ocean wave,  
 And o'er the broad Atlantic hurled,  
 Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian! no!—not even here,  
 By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear;  
 Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh  
 By martyr's blood or prophet's cry,—  
 Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,  
 Nor Eastern Patriarch's hoary fame,—  
 Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:—  
 Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er  
 Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air;—  
 Where Christ-like Faith is keen to seek  
 What Truth or Conscience freely speak,—  
 Where Christ-like Love delights to span  
 The rents that sever man from man,—  
 Where round God's throne His just ones stand,—  
 There, Christian, is thy FATHERLAND!

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE COMMERCE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

### III.—COMMERCIAL CENTERS OF WESTERN ASIA.

Out of the great hive of human life and civilization, which stood in the region of which Babylon and Nineveh were the chief cities, the families went forth that peo-  
 pled the earth. The history of this emigration is condensed into a brief space in the tenth chapter of *Genesis*, and only a few hints are given, which may serve as

clues with which to follow out the course of population and commerce from the time of the re-peopling of the earth after the flood, to the dawn of any trustworthy history, except that of the Scriptures.

This account of the division of the earth among the sons of Noah evidently passes over several centuries after the flood, and is designed to give a brief survey of the relative positions of the families of Shem, Ham and Japhet, after the confusion of languages at Babel, of which notice is found in the succeeding chapter—*Genesis xi*. By what processes of emigration, or by what routes of travel the increasing population of the earth entered upon their new possessions, we are not informed. Asia, Africa and Europe were evidently largely occupied before the time of Abraham, to whose descendants the sacred record chiefly confines its narrations.

The names of fifteen cities are given in the brief account of the division of the earth among the families of the sons of Noah. This division is said to have occurred in the time of Peleg, who, according to the Hebrew chronology was born one hundred years after the flood, and who lived to the age of two hundred and thirty-nine years. If, as is supposed, the confusion of languages and the consequent separation and migration of nations took place in the one hundred and twentieth year of his life, the population of the earth might, according to the lowest estimate of its increase, have grown to several millions, and thus have given to each of the nationalities named sufficient numbers to have formed the nuclei for strong and vigorous colonies, which soon grew into nations, in each of which were

cities, where commerce had its machinery and its agencies. Of these Babylon and Nineveh have already been noticed, as being the centers of the Chaldean monarchy, growing up in the earliest home of the human family after the flood.

Here in *Ur of the Chaldees* Abraham was living, when he was called to go into a land, which as yet he had never seen, and which was to be given for a possession to him and to his descendants.

The modern *Urfah* has been usually supposed to be the birth-place of Abraham. If this be so, it lay but three hundred miles east of *Canaan*, and twenty miles from *Haran*, where he first abode, after leaving *Ur*. Mr. Loftus, who has made an extensive survey of Chaldee, places it, however, in lower *Mesopotamia*, near the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris. If this supposition be correct, the journey westward would have been from eight hundred to a thousand miles. In either case, as is evident by the succeeding history of the Patriarch and his descendants, commerce must already have laid for its use highways, over which its caravans might easily pass, and which the steward of Abraham, and afterwards his grandson, found no difficulty in making their way to and fro.

*Haran*, where Abraham first rested, and where his father died, was evidently an important centre of commerce then, and a thousand years afterwards was spoken of by Ezekiel (*Ezek. xxvii: 23*), as one of the cities, which had commercial intercourse with Tyre.

When the Patriarch entered the Land of Promise, he found already numerous cities scattered throughout that whole region, which afterwards fell into the possession of

his descendants, and which were already busy points of skill and trade. On his way thither he must have passed through *Damascus*, which long before his time had been seized by commerce as one of its great reservoirs, into which the vast trade of the East poured its merchandise, and from which it was distributed over the known world. Here the endless trains of caravans must have paused, as they bore the products of the looms, and forges, and workshops—the flocks, and fields and mines of Chaldea and India, and all the Orient, towards the countries lying around the Mediterranean, “the isles of the Gentiles.” At this point the mighty tide of population which, since the dispersion, had been moving westward, met the vast wall of Lebanon, crowned with snow, and wreathed with clouds, and turned southward to Palestine, and Egypt and the Sea. Here merchants established themselves to supply the needs of the caravans, which met here to deposit their treasures, or to exchange their loads with others which had come eastward, or to rest for awhile ere they again took up their line of march for the west, or for their homeward trip. Thus Damascus had grown up before the time of Abraham as a centre of trade between the East and the West. Thus it continued for ages after his days, to be the great trading port of the Orient. So in the times of the prophets it was recognized for its wealth and influence. When Christ came it still maintained its position and power, and it is to-day the same busy scene, where the great currents of oriental commerce meet, and swell and flow. Here Abraham obtained his trusty steward, to whom he committed the care

of his vast and increasing wealth, and who was his confidential agent in the most delicate and important affairs of his household.

As the Patriarch passed southward, he found the land inhabited by a few wandering tribes, the descendants of Canaan, and yet here and there permanent settlements had been made and cities founded, around which were growing up the nations that filled the land, when his descendants returned from their long bondage, and out of whose energy and enterprise had been established the seaports, which by that time had sprung into busy life and activity along the whole eastern coast of the Mediterranean. Already *Egypt* had become an important nation, between which and the countries north and east was kept up constant and easy intercourse through the land of the Philistines and across the plains of Arabia.

That commerce, even at this period, had marked out for itself great thoroughfares of international communication, is evident from the movements of Abraham himself. During a time of famine in Canaan he went down to Egypt with all his household and his flocks. His vast herds, which required the attendance of a large company, who were at once his servants and his trained soldiers, constituted his wealth, which was of service to him, beyond the simple supply of his family with food, only as they could be turned into money, or given in exchange for such articles as were required for his constant use, and which were provided by artisans and merchants, with whom he traded.

In the history of the immediate descendants of the Patriarch, especially in the time of his grand-

son Jacob and his family, we meet with increasing evidence of the growth of commerce and of new centers, which were springing up at its behest.

Around the stone which Jacob set up after his night-vision at *Bethel*, grew up a city which was for ages an important point of trade for central Palestine. In the time of Jeroboam II, it had grown from a rude village into a royal residence, in which were winter and summer palaces for the court, and 'great houses' and 'houses of ivory.'

*Shechem* is also mentioned in the story of Jacob, between which and Bethel a regular road and causeway existed, which is noticed in the book of the *Judges* xxi : 19, 'the highway that goeth up from Bethel to Shechem.'

So important was this place to the commerce of Asia, that amid all the changes which centuries have wrought, it still remains a center of trade as it passes between Jaffa and Beyrout and the East. It is the gateway of traffic between the Mediterranean and the countries beyond the Jordan. It was a mart of trade when Jacob and his family visited it, and purchased of Hamor a parcel of ground, which he afterwards bequeathed to his son Joseph. It continued all through the history of Judah and of Israel a city of great commercial importance. It doubtless gained rather than lost in its prestige by the influx of Babylonians after the captivity of the ten tribes. It was still a commercial center when Christ sat by the well of Jacob and talked with the woman who had come thither from the city, and it yet continues to be a point of considerable trade under the modern name of *Nablous*, filled with the workshops of arti-

sans, and with merchants who deal in wool, grain and oil, and the various fabrics of the loom.

The ancient route of commerce from Damascus southward, evidently passing through this ancient city, here divided at last into two roads, the one leading downwards towards Egypt, through the land of the Philistines along the Mediterranean Coast, and the other following the ridge of the hill-country down to Beersheba, and thence turning eastward through Eden and Arabia, by the way of the ports *Elath* and *Ezion-Geber*, on the Elanitic arm of the Red Sea.

On these lines of travel lay the most important cities of Canaan, *Syria* and *Phœnicia*. Some of these were ancient centers of trade when Abraham entered the land, and are up to the present time important towns of Palestine.

Possibly *Jebus*, afterwards known as *Jerusalem*, had already sprung up into a city along this route of trade, when Abraham passed thither. Certain it is that *Hebron* was an ancient city in his day, and has continued a place of importance up to our own time. Here it was that one of the earliest contracts was made, of which any notice is given in the Scriptures. This was the purchase of the cave of *Machpelah*, by the Patriarch as a burying place for his family. And that scene as it is described by the sacred historian, has been reproduced a thousand times since, in that land, even to the offer of a free gift of the land, when it was well understood, that three times its value would be asked and probably given. The author of *The Land and the Book* speaks of it as the type of modern bargains in the same country. "The polite son of Lohar says:—'*the field give I thee.*' Of course! And just so I

have had a hundred houses and fields and horses given me, and the bystanders called upon to witness the deed, and a score of protestations and oaths taken to seal the truth of the donation,' all which, of course, meant nothing whatever, just as Abraham understood the true intent and value of Ephron's *baksheesh*. He therefore urged forward the purchase, and finally brought the owner to state definitely his price, which he did at four hundred shekels of silver. But, says the courteous Hittite:—'four hundred shekels, what is *that* betwixt me and thee!' How often you hear those identical words on similar occasions,—and yet acting upon their apparent import, you would soon find out what and how much they meant.

In this same city of Hebron the immediate descendants of Abraham spent much of their time. Here too David reigned for the first seven years of his sovereignty, and for many ages it retained its prestige and importance. Though now in the hands of the Moslems, who became its masters in the twelfth century, it is still a place of considerable size, and its inhabitants (some 12,000 in number), are engaged in the manufacture of water-skins, lamps and glass ornaments.

About twenty-five miles southward from this point lay *Beer-sheba*, where around the wells, which Abraham digged for his cattle, grew up a city on the borders of Palestine. The inspection of a map of this country will show, how important a center of trade this must have been. Here the caravans trading between Canaan and other countries met and parted, some for Egypt, and others for the ports of the eastern arm of the Red Sea, and thence eastward and

southward. In the times of the monarchy of Israel, it had become recognized as an important city. Here Samuel and his sons had judged the people. Hither the census of Joab extended, and the old formula 'from Dan to Beer-sheba' had recognized this as the southern extreme of the kingdom of Judah. In later years it became an important Roman town, and still later a seat of ecclesiastical authority, and is still known as *Birs-es-Seba*.

Parallel with these lines of traffic, lay the coast cities of the Mediterranean, *Sidon* and *Tyre* and *Ashkelon* and *Gaza*, which grew into importance, when commerce leaving her land-routes, claimed the sea as her empire, and sent forth her ventures upon it.

From these early centers of business, there went out eastward vast lines of travel, over which countless caravans passed, having the wealth of India and Armenia, and the nations lying along the Persian Gulf and the Erythian Sea, and thus connecting by direct routes, across Arabia, or by the water courses of the Euphrates and the Tigris, the industries and riches of the Orient, with the mighty tides of commercial energy and activity, that were sweeping westward from the coasts of Phœnicia and Egypt.

### Coming Towards Rest.

As flows the river calm and deep,  
In silence toward the sea,  
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never,  
The love of God to me.

What peace he bringeth to my heart,  
Deep as the soundless sea.  
How sweetly singeth the soul that clingeth,  
My loving Lord, to thee.

How calm at even sinks the sun  
Beyond the clouded west,  
So tempest-driven, into the haven,  
I reach the longed-for rest.

## ITEMS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

*Signals to prevent Collisions at Sea.*

The international rules and regulations for preventing collisions at sea went into effect Wednesday, September 1st, 1880. These were adopted at the Council at Osborne, Isle of Wight, Eng., and the order signed on the 14th of August, 1879. It was somewhat widely reported that the United States was not one of the Powers agreeing to the new regulations;—but this was a mistake. The code now going into effect has been signed by the following named Powers:—Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Chili, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, and the United States. The new International Code is quite voluminous. It gives rules concerning lights, ships not under command, sailing ships under way or being towed, lights in bad weather, ships at anchor, pilot boats, fishing boats, ships overtaken by others, sound signals for fog, &c.; steering and sailing, speed, &c.; signals indicating course, course to be taken in narrow channels, right of way, special circumstances, reservation of rules for harbor and inland navigation, and special lights for squadrons and convoys. The code will be furnished to all masters of vessels. The importance of their complying with its regulations pertains not merely to the lessening of the dangers to life at sea, but it pertains also to their financial interest; for if a ship is proved to be lost in consequence of there being no means on board for making or interpreting an international code signal, it may become a question with underwriters and insurers, whether the ship could, strictly speaking, be deemed seaworthy without these necessities on board.

*Winter Life in Arctic Seas.*

Lieutenant Howgaard, of the *Vega*, Prof. Nordenskjöld's Arctic vessel, is publishing in the Copenhagen *Dagblad* a series of letters, in one of which he describes the winter experiences while icebound, 120 miles from Behring's Straits:—

"During the month of October the ice had increased so much in strength that an icehouse was built on shore, with the view of making magnetical observations

there. A tent was now drawn over the ship, the rigging having been lowered, and a thick covering of snow was laid on the deck, while all other necessary preparations to lessen the effects of an Arctic winter were made. Every Saturday evening, lectures were delivered on suitable subjects. The temperature in the cabins varied from 15 to 18 degrees of heat (Celsius) in the middle deck between 6 and 12 degrees, in the engine room between 4 and 7 degrees, and in no part of the ship did the temperature fall below zero. In the cabins of the petty officers and the crew, as well as in the middle deck, lamps were kept burning all day long. Christmas was celebrated merrily, and an imitation Christmas tree was made from willow branches and covered with presents. During the long, enforced stay here the character and language of the Tschuktschers were thoroughly studied. The time hung rather heavily on the hands of the explorers during the long dark days and nights; but on no occasion was daylight quite wanting, and even on the shortest day, although the sun did not rise above the horizon, there was a couple of hours' daylight. To this Lieutenant Howgaard ascribes the entire absence of scurvy. Every preparation was made in case the *Vega* should break up during one of the violent gales which occurred from time to time, and provisions for four months were landed on shore. The sport during the winter was very poor. The bears kept away, wolves were seen but could not be got at, and the hares and ptarmigans, being white, were very difficult to shoot on the snow; but during the spring the sport became excellent. The gales were especially violent during the months of October and November and the blocks of ice rose to a height of some fifteen yards. The average temperature during October was 20 degrees, in the beginning of December 30 degrees, and in January the quicksilver froze. During the month of February the average cold was 39 degrees. The coldest day was on the 25th of January, when the thermometer fell to 46.5 degrees. In March the average temperature was 21.7 degrees in April 18.9 degrees, and in May 15 degrees. The average temperature of the year was 11.2 degrees. The best cover against the cold was a coat made from the hide of a stag and lined with eiderdown. A great quantity of fish is caught by angling through holes cut in the ice."

*North Pole Stations.*

A beginning is about to be made, says *Nature*, to carry out Lieutenant Weyprecht's proposal for a circle of observing stations around the North Pole region. The Danish Government has resolved to establish a station at Upernavik, in West Greenland; the Russian Government has granted a subsidy for an observatory at the mouth of the Lena, and another on one of the Siberian Islands; Count Wiltzek is to defray the expenses of a station on Nova Zembla under the direction of Lieutenant Weyprecht; the Chief of the United States Signal Service, General Meyer, had received permission to plant an observatory at Point Barrow, in Alaska; and it is expected that Canada will have a similar establishment on some point of her Arctic coast. At the Hamburg Conference it was announced that Holland would furnish the funds for a station in Spitzbergen; and it is expected that Norway will have an observing post on the extremity of the province of Finnmark.

*The U. S. Navy in the War of 1861-65.*

Congress has at last authorized the compilation of a naval history of the war, as a companion work to that on the military operations, now in course of preparation. These will be invaluable volumes, not only to military and naval men all over the world, but to the students of general and political history. Free access can now be had to the records of each party in that great struggle, and the importance of the subject demands that all this wealth of material should be placed in the hands of a compiler of acknowledged capability.

*The Tunnel Under the English Channel.*

The preliminary excavations for this enterprise are being actively pushed forward at Sangatte, near Calais, in France, at a spot where the cliffs have an altitude of seventy feet above the level of the sea at high water. A point has been chosen where the rocks, of gray chalk, which have to be traversed by the tunnel, come to show their heads at the surface of the soil. On the opposite shore similar borings have been begun, so that the works are proceeding simultaneously.

The soundings that have been made during the last few years demonstrate that the base of the channel consists of a compact mass of chalk, resting on banks of slate. This mass, which is easy enough to pierce, is said at the same time to resist filtration sufficiently. It would, therefore, present a substance excellently adapted for perforation. But what yet remains to be proved is whether the succession of these chalk layers will not disclose some irregularities or ruptures which would render the enterprise impossible.

The shaft at Sangatte has now reached a depth of nearly 200 feet, or about 130 feet below the level of high water. It has a width of ten feet, and is lined with oak, so that the water cannot penetrate very freely, not more than seventeen gallons a minute. This water is not salt, which is thought to prove that the layers hitherto traversed have their point of contact sufficiently far from the shore to prevent the sea from ascending the shaft. It is intended to sink to a depth of 300 feet, and then a gallery will be excavated in the direction of England. Up to the present the engineers are highly satisfied with the results obtained, as no irregularities have been discovered, which is considered a good augury for the success of the enterprise. It is impossible, however, to proceed at a quicker rate than twenty inches a day. Nevertheless in eighteen months or two years enough progress will have been made to arrive at a perfect understanding about the possibility of the undertaking. It is stated that the work will not fail through lack of funds.

*The Temperature of the Sea.*

"The lovers of sea-bathing," says the *London, (Eng.) Daily News*, "will learn with much interest the result of a series of observations on the temperature of the sea, which were completed some time since by the Scottish Meteorological Society. The observations were made every day during a period of four years and nine months, and the result was to confirm the impression that the changes of atmospheric temperature influence the sea but slowly. The variations in the warmth of the sea water occur within a range of one-third less than that of the air, and the mean temperature of the sea is found to be warmer than that of the atmosphere in seven months out of the twelve. The Summer warmth pen-

erates the sea very gradually, and is more gradually given off. January is the coldest month, but the sea water is coldest in March; July is the hottest month, but the sea water attains its maximum warmth toward the end of August. From that time the sea becomes warmer than the air, and cools so much more slowly than the weather, that in November the average warmth of the water is 6°, and in December 7°, higher than that of the atmosphere. The balance is reached at the end of March, and then for the next five months the air is warmer than the water. These figures, which result from careful observations made at Peterhead, justify the custom of extending sea-bathing late into the Autumn. Sea-bathing should, in fact, begin late, and may safely end late. It is more dangerous in the warm days of early Summer than in the chilly days even of the late Autumn. The sea is as warm at the end of October as it is in the second week of June; and the period between these two dates is the healthy bathing season for those who are strong enough to begin early and leave off late."

#### *The Power of a Cyclone.*

In a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Prof. T. B. MAURY says:—"In discussing the two cyclones which visited the Bay of Bengal in October, 1876, Mr. Elliott, Meteorological reporter to the government of Bengal, incidentally gives us some idea of the cyclopean forces which are developed by such storms. The average 'daily evaporation,' registered by the Bengal instruments, in October, is '2 inches.' The amount of heat absorbed by the conversion of this amount of water daily over so large an area as the Bay of Bengal is enormous. 'Roughly estimated,' says Mr. Elliott, 'it is equal to the continuous working power of 800,000 steam engines of 1,000 horse power.' A simple calculation will show that it suffices to raise aloft over 45,000 cubic feet of water in twenty-four hours from every square mile of the bosom of the bay, and transport it to the clouds which overhang it. When we extend the calculation from a single square mile to the area of this whole Indian gulf, the mind is lost in the effort to conceive the force which, in a day's time, can lift 50,000,000 tons! Yet it would be easy to show that such figures, fabulous as they seem, do not

adequately represent the cyclonic forces of a single storm."

#### *Sinking Rivers.*

In Nevada, all of the principal and many of the smaller streams have no visible outlet. The larger rivers all terminate in lakes of very considerable area, respectively. The most singular thing is that the water supply in these lakes is at all times the same. The spring freshets, filling the rivers from bank to bank, work no perceptible change in these great reservoirs. What becomes of all this water is the mystery. It has been the generally accepted theory that there exists a subterranean connection between the Nevada "sinks" and the Pacific ocean. But this theory is now disputed. The *Silver State* has the following on the subject:—"A great many persons entertain the opinion that there is a subterranean outlet to the sink of the Humboldt. One of these expressed his views on the subject in the presence of Walter Schmidt, who has resided near the sink for several years, and built a quartz mill near the visible outlet of the lake. Schmidt dissented from this opinion, and argued that as the sink has a hard, clayey bottom, impervious to water, it would be impossible for it to soak through underground, and attributed the disappearance of the river to evaporation. 'This,' said Mr. Schmidt, 'is so great in the summer time that a wooden bucket filled with water in the morning would be empty by noon, and would fall to pieces before night.'"

#### *Size of the Great American Lakes.*

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 355 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 627 feet; area, 81,000 square miles. The greatest length of lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 500 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of lake Huron is 100 miles; its greatest breadth is 169 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth is 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth, 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; el-



evation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The length of all five is 1,265 miles, covering an area upward of 186,000 square miles.

### *Floating Wreckage as a Cause of Maritime Disaster.*

It is a common observation among shipping people that there have probably never been in the history of maritime commerce so many ocean disasters as within the last year or two. With all the science and skill expended in the construction and navigation of ships, travel on the water is not yet as safe as it is on terra firma. Much attention has recently been given to the various causes of ocean disasters of the "accident" species and the time thus spent, it is needless to say, is not wasted. Among many other suggestions and facts which the discussion has elicited, we note one in the *Maritime Register*, which deserves special attention, namely, that "derelicts and floating wreckage are very dangerous to the safety of ocean navigation." Though the actual damage caused by these cannot be accurately estimated, yet it is unquestioned that many vessels that have left port and have never been heard of since have collided with these floating wrecks, which, abandoned by all human life, are beat about by the waves, giving no sign of their whereabouts, and hanging out no lights to warn vessels of their presence. On the 20th of June last, a wreck was passed, bottom up, and having a gap in the mid-ship of her keel, as if a vessel had passed over, as was no doubt the case. Two other wrecks are mentioned, each of which has been passed by vessels as many as six times in a few months, thus making twelve possible collisions. There are only two methods of removing these ocean obstructions: they should either be blown up or towed into some port.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

### "All Hands Lost."

There's a fitful moan in the gathering wind,  
And a heaving swell on the waste of waves,  
While the wierd-shaped rack rises huge and black  
Like wild storm wraiths from ocean graves;  
And a lurid light, in the gathering night,  
Shows the storm fiends roused in their northern caves.

Far out on the wild Atlantic waste  
A lonely ship on the scene appears;  
As her captain's eye scans the threatening sky  
His bosom is troubled by boding fears,  
Which never before on his spirit bore,  
Though an ocean roamer for forty years.

Clear through the storm the order rings  
To "double reef" and "keep her free"  
When—like a steed from the curb-rein freed—  
She madly bounds on her course a-lee,  
While the wolfish wind howls fiercely behind  
On her foamy track through the seething sea.

Now the unleashed tempest-furies rush  
With shriek and roar from their north-west lair,  
And the tortured deep seems to swell and leap  
Into mountain masses their wrath to dare;  
While the thunder's crash and the lightning's flash  
Fill the awful scene with their din and glare.

'Tis a fearsome night on that wintry sea—  
Increasing horrors each moment rise—  
Like cobwebs, the sails, are blown from the  
brails,  
And he pless scudding, she headlong flies;  
Still with seamen's art, of head and heart,  
To save his vessel the captain tries.

To shrouds and mizzen the axe is laid,  
With the sturdy skill of the seaman's craft,  
And a cable bent. As o'erboard it went,  
To ease her roll as it tows abaft:  
There's a storm-sail spread, to "lift" her head,  
And the deck spars lashed in a "last-hope"  
raft.

But, alas! in vain, under shredless poles  
She, laboring, rushes with lurching dip,  
Through the boiling deep, with plunge and sweep,  
The sport of the tempest's tightening grip,  
Until, vast and high 'gainst the lurid sky,  
Comes a chasing billow abaft the ship.

The wheelman glanced at the mighty wave.  
As it crashed o'er the poop on the straining  
deck;  
One sharp wild cry, as when strong men die.  
And the crew are swept from the sinking  
wreck,  
While the surging yeast on the ocean's breast,  
Of vessel or crew shows never a speck.

'Mid the horrors of tempest and darkness  
thick  
They have sunk to the seaman's shroudless  
grave,  
To the cavernous gloom of a sunless tomb.  
'Neath the ceaseless wash of the rolling wave,  
No more to hear, or heed, or fear.  
When the billows dash or the wild winds rave.

Yet mourning hearts through the weary years  
To hope for the missing ship still dare:—  
And their loving faith its petition saith,  
Pleading ever that God may its darlings spare,  
Though never again from th' ravening main  
Cometh answer back to its yearning prayer.

But though deeper they lie than the plummet's  
sound,  
Amid coral beds, 'neath the ocean's roar,  
Their souls have rest in the Father's breast,  
Wherein fulness of joy is for evermore,  
Where they wait to meet, and with welcome  
greet,  
The lov'd of earth to th' Eternal Shore.

CHARLES CASEY.

*Pollerton Castle, Carlow, Ireland, November, 1877.*

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &amp;c.

## Sweden.

GOTTENBERG.

Rev. S. SWENSON's letter dated 26th August, has in it two or three items of especial interest. In connection with a visit to Sundswall, made in June, he notes the building of a seamen's chapel there by the Lutheran churches of the town. But the Norwegian Seamen's Missionary had left the place, and it was then without a pastor.—Of Gottenberg, he says:—

*Work during the Fish Market.*

"Every summer there is a fish market here during a fortnight in this city, and then hundreds of fishing-boats come here from many places of the west coast. The fishermen are generally rough and ungodly, as their homes are seldom or never visited by evangelical witnesses. No one has hitherto thought about them to bring them under Christian influence during the time they are in G. As I regard fishermen to be in the same position as seamen, I thought that here was something for me to do. So I gathered some voluntary workers who promised to visit the boats and to distribute tracts and give invitations to the fishermen to come to our meetings. Many received these with gladness and came to hear the Gospel. Others refused the invitation because the priests at their homes had warned them not to go to other places than the State-churches to hear the word of God.

*Forbidden to Preach, in A. D. 1880.*

"I have lately received what we call *Kyrkorädsförbud*,—how shall I translate it?—an interdict of the church-wardens in a small town in the vicinity of Gottenberg. I had preached the Gospel there, and the priest and church-wardens have regarded it as leading to schism in the State-church. They have therefore forbidden me to come and preach there any more, and have strictly threatened

me not to speak henceforth to any man in their town in the Lord's name. If so, when I do, I shall be fined from fifteen to seventy-five dollars. We have a law in Sweden, that when the church-wardens regard "an evangelical man's work" as leading to schism, they have power to do as these men have done, whether one belong to the church or is a dissenter. The priests in Sweden in many places are great enemies to all free evangelical work. But the Lord is with his servants, and the work in all branches of the church of Christ is going on with great progress."

## Germany.

HAMBURG.

We are glad to print the following letter just at hand, from Mr. J. HITCHENS, Harbor Missionary, as to his recent experience on board a United States man-of-war, in the same MAGAZINE with President WASHBURN's article upon our Navy, which is to be found on page 294, for the testimony of the Missionary very markedly supports the words of the President. Mr. H.'s letter was dated August 10th.

*A Welcome, and labor on the Quinnebaug.*

"During the past week the harbor has been enlivened by the arrival of the United States corvette *Quinnebaug*, Capt. FARQUHAR, and a crew of about two hundred men. The missionary paid two visits to her and was cordially received both by the officers and crew, and heartily welcomed by the captain, who invited him into his cabin and entered freely into conversation about the Harbor Mission and Sailors' Institute, and said that he was pleased to find such good provision made to meet the moral and spiritual wants of the seaman by the BRITISH AND FOREIGN SAILORS' SOCIETY, London, and the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, New York. By his kind permission, the missionary was free to go among the sailors, and the quarter-deck was offered for a service in the evening.

"The early visit was taken up with distributing fifty copies of C. H. Spurgeon's "Sermon to Seamen," and as many copies of the *Chart and Compass*, Magazine, and other papers and tracts, which were thankfully received,—their stock of reading matter being nearly exhausted, having been some time away from home. An excellent opportunity was given during the distribution of the above to address groups of men sitting between the guns, and in their mess births below, on the claims of God and the salvation of the soul.

"There was no difficulty in getting the men together in the evening to hear Christ preached. Over one hundred listened with profound attention to an address from John *xiv*: 1st, and from conversation afterwards there is reason to believe that the word preached, profited many, being mixed with faith.

"This is not the first time that an American man-of-war has visited Hamburg,—and in every case the missionary has been well received and allowed free access to the ship and crew, and afterwards received the thanks of the Commander (and Chaplain where there has been one) for paying attention to the spiritual wants of the men.

#### *Work for Merchant Ships—Financial.*

"Not less interesting are the visits to the merchant ships, many of which come to Hamburg during the year, and captains, officers, and sailors appreciate the efforts of both the missionary and committee in providing a moral safeguard in the Sailors' Institute, and cordially inviting them thereto.

"It has been resolved to try and raise one thousand pounds, this year, towards paying off the debt on the new Institute which was recently opened and cost over four thousand pounds. Hitherto America has given nothing towards the building fund, but the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY partly sustains the missionary, and it is hoped that the friends of sailors in America will kindly send a contribution towards the HAMBURG SAILORS' INSTITUTE Building Fund to the Treasurer of that Society, 80 Wall St., New York."

### Belgium.

ANTWERP.

Rev. C. R. TREAT, chaplain, says, over date of August 25th:—"I found all well upon my return here, after a delightful

passage from New York, save poor Mr. HAM, our colporteur, who had taken the smallpox. Matters are well in hand again."

### Italy.

NAPLES.

We cite from the Second Annual Report, to March 1880,—a few copies of which we can supply to friends, from our Rooms.

#### *The Year's Services.*

"From April 1879 to March 1880, there have been 169 services held on the Bethel or on board of ships in the harbor. 2,308 visits have been made, and 6,270 papers, periodicals and tracts have been distributed.

#### *Spiritual Results.*

"Again and again there have been signs that "the word has been with power." Inward peace has been experienced by not a few. A great outward change has taken place in the lives of others. Christian men, fighting a hard battle, almost single-handed, have had their hands strengthened. The hallowing influence of sacred song, prayer and preaching has been felt on many a ship. Our seamen have been made to feel that here on this foreign shore there are those who love, pray and work for them.

"As an indication of the catholic spirit in which the mission is carried on, we may mention that the Romanists constantly attend the Bethel services, and have in every case been favorably impressed by what they have seen and heard. All ships are open to the missionary's visits. Even where the captains are of the Romish faith, or of no faith, every facility is afforded in the way of conversing with the men at suitable times, or inviting them to the public services.

#### *Appreciated by Seamen themselves.*

"We have had distinct evidence that the mission is being valued more and more by those whose good it seeks. Not only have the officers and crews contributed the necessary amount for the purchase of a Harmonium for the Bethel services, but they have given to a much larger extent than in the previous year for the support of the mission. Upwards of 1,000 lire have been subscribed by them for these objects. At Venice, in

the course of the spring of this year, while supplying our countrymen there with Gospel ordinances, I had a very gratifying testimony paid to our Harbor Mission in Naples, by receiving from the captain and crew of a steamer, on which I had just held service, the sum of 40 lire towards the support of the mission. It had not occurred to me to ask any help at Venice for this work in Naples. The captain, appreciating the good that was being done by such missions, offered me his contribution before the service began, and when it was closed was the means of conveying to me the subscriptions of his men. This incident gave me the opportunity of seeing how far-reaching is the influence that is being exerted by mission work in several of the Mediterranean ports, and especially at Genoa and Naples. As our steamers sail from port to port, they carry the tidings of good work done, and beget the desire for similar missions in other ports, where English (and American) vessels are found in considerable numbers.

#### *Encouraging Changes among Sailors.*

"Great encouragement is being given in these days to prosecute such work more vigorously than ever. We have had opportunity of late to see the vast change which is being wrought in our navy by the self-denying labors of many at home. Not many days ago we had a most pleasant and profitable evening in the school-room here, when 120 men from the different vessels of the Mediterranean squadron sat down to tea served by several of the ladies of Naples. Some half-dozen of the men spoke in a most effective manner, not the less so that it was simple and homely, giving evidence of the great change that had passed over them, and bearing testimony to the wondrous advance both morally and spiritually that has been made, in recent years, by many in our ships of war."

#### Sandwich Islands.

##### HOKOLULU.

The last (August) number of *The Friend* says that the Chinese steamer *Ho Chung* was daily expected, with some four or five hundred Chinese passengers, to be added to the Island population.

#### Chili, S. A.

##### VALPARAISO.

*The Record* for June 23rd publishes the following from the Rev. Mr. KRAUSER:—

"The past month has been rich in experience and blessings among the seamen. On account of the heavy storm on Sunday, June 13th, no service was held in the bay, but my congregation, which had for several Sabbaths before been very good, has increased since then and I pray that the seamen and shipmasters may take an interest in the work here, and attend the services held every Sunday in the harbor."

#### New York City.

Rev. C. W. ADAMS, who had charge of the pulpit of the Port Society's Mariner's Church at Madison and Catharine sts., during the summer, in the absence of Rev. E. D. MURPHY, says in the *N. Y. Evangelist*, of Sept. 9th.:—

"The great number of seamen who have been converted and joined this church during the past five years, have led some to query whether in the admission of members proper care has been exercised. I attended two meetings of the Council, whose duty it is to examine candidates for church membership. (This Council is composed of church officers of several churches in New York and Brooklyn.) I found the candidates as intelligent in giving the history of their religious experience and the ground of their hope, as those of the same grade of intelligence who seek admission to all the churches. I found the Council very conservative, so much so that some were not received who, in my judgment, might safely have been admitted to church membership. There is no greed of numbers, no anxiety to swell unduly the roll of church members."

The thirty-sixth annual report of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, for year ending March 29th, 1880, is at hand. Four stations are still sustained by the organi-

zation:—The Floating Church of our Savior, at the foot of Pike Street, under the charge of the Rev. Robert J. Walker; the Church of the Holy Comforter, at No. 365 West Street, North River, under the charge of the Rev. Thomas A. Hyland; the Coenties Slip Station, on the dock and at No. 7 Coenties Slip, under the charge of the Rev. Isaac Maguire, and the Atlantic Dock Station, in Brooklyn, where the Rev. Mr. Maguire holds occasional services.

At the Floating Church of our Savior the attendance of seamen has constantly increased. There is a "Guild" of the church which assists the poor of the station and their families, a temperance society and a Sunday-school.

Interest in services at the Church of the Holy Comforter is growing in a marked degree, and seamen's visits at the mission rooms have multiplied fourfold.

The new Sailors' Home in Franklin Square had a prosperous year. The number of men in the Home varies from 19 to 22, making an aggregate for the year of about 1,000; and the amount of money deposited by them with the Superintendent during the year for safe keeping was about \$22 000.

During the year the Society received from Miss Serena Rhinelander, a donation of \$5 000, in U. S. 4 per cent. Bonds, which are to be kept in a fund called the *William C. Rhinelander Fund*, as a memorial to the donor's father; the interest only to be used. The Society also acknowledges the receipt of a bequest of \$5 000 from the estate of Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, by the hands of her executor.

The year's receipts were \$8,987 46; expenditures \$9,366 46.

Mr. H. F. STANLEY, colporteur of the American Tract Society, reports of recent work:—

#### *A Sea Captain Converted.*

"The tract No. 5 was given to the captain of a Nova Scotian schooner with

a few earnest words concerning his soul. He acknowledged he was not a Christian. 'But,' said he, 'I am no worse than other men.' I replied, 'You admit you are a sinner. Jesus died and shed his blood to atone for your sins, and all he requires of you is to repent of and forsake your sins, and to believe the record that God gave of his Son as contained in the Scriptures.' He had no Bible, and I promised to get one for him. I asked the privilege of praying with him, and we retired to his room and bowed in prayer. That evening I took him a Bible, and again read and prayed with him. The next evening he attended the prayer-meeting, and stood up for prayer. He appeared to be in distress of mind, and asked me to call next day. I did so, and found him under deep conviction. I again pointed him to Jesus, and read and prayed with him. I visited him frequently, and on each visit light seemed to break in on his mind. He could now see the plan of salvation clearly, and cheerfully gave his heart to the Lord as his reasonable service. On my last visit he showed me a Family Bible which he had purchased to take with him on board his vessel, as he resolved to continue family worship on board."

#### *Saved, from a Debauch.*

"The tract No. 626 was given to a young sailor who was persuaded to sign the pledge. He spent the proceeds of a six month's voyage in dissipation, and pawned his clothing to prolong his spree. I found him on the verge of delirium, and procured medicines for him. In a few days he was in a condition to sign the pledge. He was pointed to Jesus, and was urged to seek a personal interest in him by prayer and faith. The tract made a serious impression on his mind, and he felt it was the last call to him, and he sought earnestly to find peace to his awakened conscience. He had a Bible, the gift of a dying mother: it lay unopened for years. But now he sought consolation in reading its sacred pages, and by prayer and faith a personal interest in his mother's Savior. For several days he was in an agony of mind because of his sins. I visited him daily during that time, and urged him to press on, encouraging him in the way. In a week he could say the Lord had pity on him, and gave him peace of mind and a hope full of joy. I procured a position for him as second mate on a brig with a pious captain, who has promised to watch over his spiritual interest."

The American Tract Society sent from this city, in the year ending April 1st, 1880, upon 991 vessels, to more than ninety distinct points in the West Indies, Brazil, Spanish America, Southern Europe, and elsewhere, 1,850,000 pages of religious reading.—Spanish, French, Portuguese, and Italian. Commenting upon this, their last Report remarks:—"When this foreign missionary work through seamen was started a quarter of a century ago, it excited exceptional interest from the fact that its field lay quite outside the lines of evangelical work, often in regions closed by law to the regular evangelizing agencies. Yet now, when these agencies have been extended so as to nominally cover much new ground, it is to be noticed that this ubiquitous guerilla work by seamen has not been superseded, scarcely indeed rendered less useful.

"Many nooks and corners of the earth washed by salt water, with of course the high seas themselves, must ever belong to the sailor alone. Even in large seaports he comes into special contact with certain exceptional classes,—the soldier, the government official in charge, the laborers who discharge cargo, the crew of the coaster lying alongside, and the cursory visitor from the interior, etc. Interesting facts, which we cannot give in detail, tell of a Mexican passenger benefited by Spanish books found on the cabin table of a steamer to Vera Cruz; of a Spanish gunboat supplied as she lay at anchor; of a fisherman boarding a vessel for tracts lying three miles out in the roadstead; of distributions at a guano station on the coast of Chili, and other like cases.

"Tracts were given upon 762 Scandinavian vessels lying at New York City piers; also more liberally upon 873 vessels of the Roman-catholic countries of Southern Europe, on 450 of which the Italian language was spoken. Small packages of reading matter, for use at sea, have also been supplied to a large proportion of our own shipping bound on foreign voyages or to California: making a total of 1,850,000 pages."

### Boston, Mass.

Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT, missionary to seamen, supplies the following record of a life which, as is well known, has been spent for their welfare for very many years.

### *His Early Days—Sea Life.*

"I was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1806. My family have always lived there. At ten years of age I was taken from school and put into a cotton factory. Having a strong desire to go to sea, and my parents opposing it, I fretted for two years, then left the factory and shipped as cook of a vessel in 1818, unknown to my parents. Then they consented that I should go. During the thirteen years, up to 1831, I passed every grade from cook to master, with a very limited education, and with no influential friends to help me. In twelve years from this time, I left my ship, to contract and build a new one. While at home in 1843, I was converted to Christ. I went on building my ship, and when she was done, I had her dedicated to God, hoisted the Bethel flag, and wore it while I sailed her, for six years. I expect to meet many a sailor, in the kingdom of heaven, who was converted on that ship. In 1849 I left the sea, after having crossed the Atlantic Ocean eighty-two times, besides a number of voyages, in sailing vessels, to the West Indies, and two to South America.

### *Connection With Work For Sailors.*

"I was then appointed agent of several vessels of which I owned a part; and I was also chosen a Director in the Marine and Fire Insurance Office in Plymouth. When the vessels arrived in port, I went and took charge of them letting the captains go home, and fitting the vessels for sea. This brought me frequently to New York City. In the fall of 1858, I was in New York repairing one of these vessels, and called at the Rooms of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. Rev. I. P. WARREN, then its Corresponding Secretary, asked me what I thought as to a system of loan libraries for ships. I told him I thought favorably of it, if the right kind of books were put in them, and stated that I had bought a library for my ship made up entirely of religious books and that no one would read them but myself. He then asked me to write out, what I thought the best plan for a library system. I did so, and he presented it to the Board of Trustees of the Society. The Board thought the idea a good one, but left it for the present.

"In January, 1859, I came to Boston on business from Plymouth, expecting to return at night, but visited the SAILORS' HOME and found so much religious interest there that I stopped ten days attending the meetings, and before I went home Mr. ALPHEUS HARDY and other

bethren, prevailed on me to give up my business, and come as a missionary to the seamen at the Home, and Mariners' Church. I soon visited the Marine Hospital at Chelsea, and found it one of the best places to reach sailors, as there they were away from the temptations of the city. I commenced two regular meetings each week, and Bible and tract distribution; I also started a prayer-meeting on the receiving ship *Ohio*, where during the war, many hundreds have been converted, I trust, among the many thousands that were on board during that time.

"When the Rev. Mr. Warren found I was in a position for the library work, he wrote to Rev. Mr. HANKS, to commence it, and for years I put up and sent out, every new library, with the best books, for the price paid. I have also received and refitted all the second hand libraries, and sent them out, excepting a few, for twenty years."

Capt. Bartlett's letter ends with a notice of his more recent work at the Chelsea Hospital with which our readers are familiar. He is, surely, one of the Master's servants, whose good works will follow them when he himself shall have been taken to his rest above.

## San Francisco, Cal., and Portland, Oregon.

*The Pacific*, the Congregational paper published for many years at San Francisco, in its issue of September 1st, says of Chaplain R. S. STUBBS, of Portland, and of seamen's work in the two cities:—

"The chaplain has been on a trip to our city. He has been in our office, in our home, and in our meetings. We had the pleasure of taking him with us in our usual Sabbath round of missionary work in the jail and on the street, and it was a real joy to listen to his earnest words, and to know that he has the true spirit of the missionary. We have read the published report of the society which he and Mrs. Stubbs represent, in Portland, and on Puget Sound, and at Astoria; and we wish that all our readers could also read it. When we had completed the reading, we laid down the book and said, 'There, that is a healthy, live work in which our friends are engaged.' God be praised for this

work among the seamen in the ports north of us! The best religious work in San Francisco to-day, is the work among the seamen. Our Seamen's Bethel is truly a Bethel. God is there from Sabbath to Sabbath, saving souls, and it may be that the best spiritual work in Portland is that done among the seamen; if not, that must be a royal work which is better. Certainly God has inclined the hearts of Portland's business men nobly to support this work, and it seems to be in favor with all the churches, as our work here is also."

## A Noble English Enterprise for Seamen.

*Word on the Waters*, (London, Eng.) published by the English P. E. Missions to Seamen Society, contains a description and notices of a fine stone edifice for sailors, lately erected at Bristol, Eng. It has a handsome outward appearance, but the interior presents an aspect still more attractive. On the ground floor is a large room, where the men may gather and read, or play at various games. The room is lofty, well-arranged, ventilated, and lighted,—by windows and gas. This portion of the building was opened a short time ago, and has since been well patronized by seamen. Above this room is the church, which has been excellently constructed, not only as regards comfort, but also as regards beauty of design. The building is of stone, with freestone dressing, the style being early Gothic, and is the gift of Mr. W. F. LANGTON. Its total cost was about £4,500.

## Rev. Dr. S. C. Damon.

This dear brother, with Mrs. DAMON, reached New York, on the Red Star Steamer *Nederland*, September 18th,—his face set towards his home in the Sandwich Islands,—although he expects to tarry in the United States, until the 28th November, when he will take the steamer from San Francisco. His voyages out and back to Europe, and his

season's stay on the other side have evidently made one of the most delightful and fruitful passages of his busy and happy life. In England, Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and elsewhere, he has been heartily welcomed as the representative of the sailor's cause, and has given and gained much of information as to its interests. His last evening before sailing from Antwerp, for New York, was spent at the Institute and Bath in that city, with Rev. Mr. TREAT, our chaplain in A., whose position of usefulness he speaks of as a most admirable one. Our readers may expect to hear in the pages of the *MAGAZINE*, hereafter, as to what Dr. DAWSON has seen, heard, and felt while abroad, in regard to the evangelization of seamen.

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### Fifty-Second Annual Report.

The Report of the Society's work for the year ending April 1st, 1880, lately issued, with accompanying matter, makes a pamphlet of 68 pages,—and we shall be happy to supply it upon application at our Rooms. Its perusal will awaken profound gratitude to God in view of what was accomplished for seamen, by His blessing, during the period whose labor it records.

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### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Lessee, reports one hundred and seventy-four arrivals at the HOME, during the month of July, 1880. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$1,100, of which \$850 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$100 placed in the Savings Bank,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Twelve men were shipped without advance during the month, and five were sent to the Hospital.

In August, 1880, the arrivals at the HOME were one hundred and twenty-two. These men deposited with the Lessee, for safe keeping, the sum of \$620, of which \$400 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$50 placed in the Savings Bank,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Ten men were shipped without advance during the month, and two were sent to the Hospital.

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### Position of the Principal Planets for October, 1880.

**MERCURY** is an evening star during this month; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 5th, at 2h. 36m., being  $4^{\circ} 31'$  north.

**VENUS** is an evening star setting on the 1st, at 6h. 30m. and south of west  $15^{\circ} 3'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 7th, at 7h. 58m., being  $4^{\circ} 31'$  north.

**MARS** is an evening star until the afternoon of the 25th, when it is in conjunction with the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 4th, at 4h. 12m., being  $5^{\circ} 38'$  north.

**JUPITER** crosses the meridian on the 1st, at 18m. past midnight, being  $4^{\circ} 32'$  north of the equator; at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, is in opposition with the Sun, when it is at its greatest brilliancy; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 17th, at 6h. 18m., being  $7^{\circ} 1'$  south.

**SATURN** crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 1h. 2m., being  $7^{\circ} 46'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 18th, at 5h. 21m., being  $7^{\circ} 44'$  south; is in opposition to the Sun at 7 o'clock on the forenoon of the 18th, when it is at its greatest brilliancy.

*N. Y. University.*

R. H. B.



## Marine Disasters in August, 1880.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the month was 25, of which 17 were wrecked, 2 abandoned, 2 burned, 1 sunk by collision, 2 foundered, and 1 is missing. The list comprises 2 ships, 7 barks, 3 brigs and 13 schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$355,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those designated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, and *m*. missing.

## SHIPS.

Whittier, *w*. from Batavia for Cebu.  
Banner, *w*. from Rio Janeiro for Pensacola.

## BARKS.

Nenuphar, *w*. from Bahia for New York.  
Reviewer, *w*. from Liverpool for Philadelphia.  
Nictaux, *b*. (at Brooklyn, L. I).  
Arian, *w*. from Baltimore for Hamburg.  
Rainbow, *w*. from New York for Saigon.  
Faro, *a*. from Darien for Limerick.  
Hamlet, *m*. from New York for Galle.

## BRIGS.

China, *w*. from Inagua for New York.  
H. Houston, *f*. from Trinidad for New York.  
Fred. B. Rice, *f*. from Wilmington, N. C. for Port-au-Prince.

## SCHOONERS.

Ella Hodsdon, *w*. from Perth Amboy for Boston.  
Dreadnaught, *w*. (at Natividad).  
Esteila, *w*. from New York for Wellfleet.  
Felton Bent, *b*. from New York for Rio Janeiro.  
F. D. Merritt, *a*. from Port Antonio for Philadelphia.  
Laurel, *w*. (on Padre Island).  
Welcome, *w*. (on Mustang Island).  
Lillie Weeks, *m*. (on Padre Island).  
W. H. Thornkike, *w*. from Brockport, Me. for Chester, Pa.  
Treaty, *s.c.* (fisherman).  
Allegro, *w*. from St. Pierre, M. for Del. Breakwater.  
Ouida, *w*. (off Padre Island).  
Bravo, *w*. (at Point Isabel).

Of the above 1 ship, 1 bark, 2 brigs and 13 schooners were owned wholly in the United States, and their total value is estimated at \$145,000.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

JULY, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*.—26 English, 7 Norwegian, 6 French, 4 German, 3 American, 3 Dutch, 2 Danish, 2 Italian, 2 Portuguese, 2 Swedish, 1 Austrian, 1 Belgian, 2 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 61. In this number are included 9 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*.—7 English, 1 Norwegian; total: 8.

## Receipts for August, 1880.

## MAINE.

South Berwick, Cong. church S. S.,  
Mr. Colcord's and Mrs. Hodge's  
classes, for libraries ..... \$40 00  
Thomaston, Bap. church..... 6 00

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brookline Cong. S. S., for library.... 20 00  
Milford, Cong. church..... 7 48

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Ablington, Center Cong. church..... 16 25  
Boston, schr. *Mollie A. Hand*, Capt.  
Jarvis..... 2 00  
Schr. *Endeavor*, Capt. Luther..... 1 00  
Braintree, Cong. church..... 24 58  
Cambridgeport, Pilgrim ch., for lib'y..... 59 00  
East Longmeadow, Cong. church.... 10 50  
Essex, Cong. church..... 17 87  
Globe Village, Evang'l S. S., for lib'y, 20 04  
Longmeadow, Gents' Benev. Soc'y... 13 10  
Monson, two S. S. classes..... 10 00  
Nantucket, Cong. church..... 13 40  
Newbury, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y... 18 51  
Newton Center, Mrs. Sylvester's S.  
S. class, for library..... 10 00  
Norfolk, Cong. church..... 2 94  
North Br okfield, add'l..... 51  
North Hadley, Ch. and Soc'y, per J.  
C. Howe, Treas..... 5 01  
Pittsfield, James H. Dunham..... 25 00  
1st Cong. church S. S., for lib'y.... 20 00  
Scituate, Center Cong. Soc'y, for lib., 20 00  
Springfield, a friend, for library.... 20 00  
South church..... 11 44  
Templeton, Cong. church..... 11 03  
Townsend, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y.. 20 00  
Westminster, Cong. church..... 4 97

## CONNECTICUT.

Clinton, legacy of Nancy Stanton, per  
John A. Stanton and Lewis E.  
Stanton, ex's ..... 200 00  
Hartford, 1st church..... 138 55  
New Britain, 1st church of Christ... 31 68  
New London, trust estate of Henry  
P. Haven of New London, Conn... 500 00  
New Milford, Ladies' Mite soc'y.... 10 00  
Plantsville, Cong. church..... 32 18  
Pomfret, 1st Cong. church..... 10 00

## NEW YORK.

Brockport, Pres. ch., of wh. \$10 from  
Mrs. Electa F. Minot, in part, to  
const. Jonas Minot of Brooklyn,  
Dakota, L. M..... 19 76  
Edgewater, 1st Pres. church..... 25 00  
Jamaica, Pres. ch., of wh. S. S. for  
library, \$20..... 70 28  
Newburgh, 1st Pres. church..... 33 72  
New Village, Cong. church..... 4 60  
New York City, N. Y. Epia. ch. Sea-  
men's Mission, for two lib's..... 40 00  
Capt. A. J. Blackwood, brig *C. A.*  
*Hoard*..... 2 00  
Capt. D. S. Tilton, schr. *D. Hastings*.  
A Friend to the Cause..... 3 00  
Schenectady, 1st Ref. church..... 10 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield, 1st Pres. church..... 73 53

## ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Mrs. B. W. Raymond..... 1 00

\$1,035 84



Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

*From Harper's Young People.*

## Wally, the Wreck-Boy.

A STORY OF THE NORTHERN COAST,—BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

His real name is Wallace, but his mates always called him "Wally," and although he is now a big broad-shouldered young mariner, he is still pointed out as the "wreck-boy." One summer not long ago Wally sailed with me for a week out upon the blue waters across the bar after blue-fish, or among the winding tide-water creeks for sheep's-head, and it was then, by means of many questions, that I heard the following story.

Wally's father was a light-house keeper. The great brick tower stood aloft among the sand-hills, making the little house which nestled at its base look dwarfish and cramped.

Wally was about twelve years old, and seldom had the good fortune to find a playmate. Two miles down the beach, at Three Pine Point, stood a handsome cottage that was occupied by Mr. Burton, a city gentleman and great ship-owner, during the summer, and sometimes his daughter Elsie, a bright-eyed little girl, would come riding along the sands from the cottage behind a small donkey, and ask Wally to show her his "museum."

It was a matter of great pride with the boy to exhibit the many curious shells, bits of sea-weed, sharks' teeth, fish bones, and the full-rigged ships he had whittled out and completed on winter nights, and Elsie was an earnest listener to all his explanations, showing him in return the pictures she had made in her sketch-book.

Not far from the light-house stood a Life-Saving Station—a strong two-story building, shingled upon its sides to make it warmer. Here, through the winter months, lived a crew of brave fishermen, who were always ready to launch the life-boat, and go out through the stormy waters to help shipwrecked sailors.

Wally was a favorite here, and spent much of his time listening to the tales they told of ocean dangers and escapes; but he liked best of all to trudge along the sands with the guard on dark nights, lantern in hand, watching for ships in distress. The captain of the crew, who was an old seaman, taught him the use of the compass and quadrant, and other matters of navigation, while the rest

showed him how to pull an oar, steer, and swim, until he could manage a boat as well as any of them.

Just before sunset, each day, Wally's father climbed the iron steps of the light tower, and started the lamp, which slowly revolved within the great crystal lens, flashing out four times each minute its beam of warning across the stormy waters. Every few hours it was the watcher's duty to pump oil into a holder above the light, from which it flowed in a steady stream to the round wicks below. If this was neglected, the lamp would cease to burn.

Wally, who was an ingenious boy, had placed a small bit of mirror in his little bedroom in the attic so that as he lay in bed he could see the reflection of the flash across the waters. One wild October evening he had watched it until he fell asleep, and in the night was awakened by the roaring gusts of the gale which swept over the lonely sands, and he missed the faithful flash upon his mirror. *The light had gone out!*

Many ships out upon the sea were sailing to and fro, and there was no light to guide them or warn them of dangerous shoals. Nearer and nearer some of them were drifting to their fate, and still the beacon gave no warning of danger.

The light-keeper, hours before, had gone out upon the narrow gallery about the top of the tower to look at the storm, just as a large wild fowl, bewildered by the glare, had flown with great speed toward it, and striking the keeper's head, had laid him senseless upon the iron grating.

I have seen fractures in the lenses, or glass reflectors, of light-houses as large as your two fists, such as it would require a heavy sledge-hammer to break by human force, caused by the fierce flight of wild fowl; and a netting of iron wire is usually spread upon three sides of the lens as a protection to the light. Sometimes a large number of

dead birds will be found at the foot of the light-house in the morning after a stormy autumn night, when wild-geese are flying southward.

Wally sprang from his bed, full of dread lest his father had fallen to the ground; for he knew he would never sleep at his post of duty. But first in his thoughts was the need of starting the lamp again. Calling to his mother, he sped up the spiral stairway, which never seemed so long before, and began to pump the oil. Then he lighted the wick from a small lantern burning in the watch-room, and pumped again until the oil tank was quite full. His mother in the mean time had found the form of the keeper, and partially restored him. Wally stepped out upon the gallery to find his father's hat, and looking seaward, saw something which for a moment made him sick with terror. In the midst of the breakers lay a large square-rigged vessel, helplessly pounding to pieces upon the outer bar. In the intervals of the wind's moaning Wally could hear the despairing cries of those on board, who seemed to call to him to save them.

*(To be Concluded Next Month.)*

### Robbie's Little Prayer-Meetings.

It was Sunday afternoon. Papa had gone to mission-school; Jennie was away on a visit; Arthur was reading his library book, and mamma her Bible. All was very still for a while, then Robbie came in with his hymn-book to ask mamma if she didn't "think it would be nice to have a little prayer-meeting."

"To be sure, darling, it will be very nice. Wouldn't Arthur like to come too?"

"I don't care to," answered Arthur, "I like my book. I'll go out in the other room."

Robbie brought his low chair close to his mamma, and laid his Bible and his "One two three," as he called his hymn-

book, in the big chair beside him. He was very fond of his hymn-book, which grandma had given him, and could sing many of the sweet Gospel songs in it.

"We will begin with a hymn," said mamma; "will you choose?"

"I like 'I cannot tell how precious,'" said Robbie; so they sang it.

"Now we will have a little Bible reading about kindness," proposed mamma. She thought of several verses, and Robbie found them in his Bible and read them. He had to be helped a little, for he was only seven years old. Before they finished, mamma thought they had better learn one verse by heart, and it was this:—"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

"That was spoken of a good woman," she explained, "but it is just as suitable for a little boy. The law of kindness means that kindness should be our rule all the time. We will both try this week to keep the law of kindness."

Then they prayed; first mamma, and then the little boy. He asked God to please let him "be a minister when he grew up, and to make him want to be one more and more," and that he might not be "afraid to pray out loud, 'cause he would need to if he was a minister." Then he prayed that they all might be "made fit to go to the beautiful city by and by," and that "all the bad people might be converted before the awful day of fire." It was a sweet little prayer, and mamma felt sure the dear child meant every word of it.

They closed the meeting with another hymn, and Robbie asked if they might have another meeting next Sunday afternoon. Mamma said yes, of course, for she thought it a very pleasant way of spending an hour of the holy Sabbath.

On another Sunday mamma and Jennie went out to church, but Robbie still wanted his prayer-meeting, and mamma gave him leave to go up stairs and hold it with Mary, a little girl who lived in

the same house. Mary said she had "never seen a little prayer-meeting, and didn't know how to have it," but Robbie said he could show her how. They sang and read some verses, and then Robbie said they must pray.

"I don't want to," said Mary.

"Oh yes, you must," urged Robbie, "you pray when you go to bed, don't you?"

"Yes; easy, all to myself."

"But now you must say it out loud," said Robbie, "'cause by and by when you're a woman you'll have to go to the women's meeting, and you'll have to pray real loud there."

Mary did her best, and Robbie followed, praying for the little heathen children who were sick and dying of famine. They had been collecting money for them in Sunday-school.

"I forgot whether they were in Persia or Prussia, mamma," he told his mother afterwards; "but God knew what I meant, didn't he?"

"Yes, darling, God knew," said mamma, as she gave her little boy a good hug and kiss.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

### "Talk About Jesus!"

Rev. Dr. WISNER, of Ithaca, used to tell of a little girl who kept coming to him while Superintendent of a Sabbath-school, with a request to be transferred to a neighboring class. For a time she would not give her reason. "Is not your teacher kind?" "Yes, very." "Does she not know the lesson, and tell you a great many good things?" "Oh, yes." "Does she make the lesson interesting?" "Yes, we all like to hear her talk, but.—" "But what?" "Well, sir, I can't help hearing what Miss——, the teacher of the next class, says to her scholars; and I find myself listening to her instead of our teacher." "What is that?" "Oh, sir, she is all the time talking to them about Jesus, and it sounds so good and sweet. My teacher scarcely ever talks to us about Jesus!"

### A Sound Argument.

Some time ago an infidel was lecturing in a village in the north of England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That is what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but——"

"Oh, that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?"

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

### "Take the Safe Path, Father."

A gentleman said to his pastor, "How can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going in that way yourself," wisely replied the minister. This reminds us of a story told by Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book." He had climbed nearly to the top of a steep mountain, lifting his feet carefully along over the projecting rocks, when faintly from below he heard a silvery voice call out: "Take the safe path, father; I am coming after you." His heart stood still as he realized the danger of his precious boy. If fathers only remembered that

the boys are indeed coming after them how differently they would walk. If they smoke or drink, they must expect it in the boys. If they get angry, they will see the same things in the children. God gives lives into our keeping, to be returned at last, fitted for an endless future. Knowing well our fearful responsibility, we yet carelessly set poor examples for our dearest ones to copy, and thus not only endanger our own souls, but theirs.—*Congregationalist.*

### "Brighting All It Can."

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country.

A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones: "Look! Oh, look, papa! The sun's brighting all it can."

"Brighting all it can? So it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How, papa? Tell me how."

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes. Only be happy and good,—that is all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark. The little heart seemed full of light and love; and, when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly: "Why! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brighting all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*  
80 Wall Street, New York.

*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.

*The whole number of new Lean Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858—9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,478, and they were accessible to 266,466 men. Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,068 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During June, 1880, thirty-four new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 6,981 to 7,003, inclusive, at New York; and Nos. 5,443, 5,444, 5,445, 5,446, 5,448, 5,449, 5,450, 5,451, 5,452, 5,454 and 5,455, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

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**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S**

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
7000..	S. S. 3rd Pres. church, Newark, N. J....	" Norwood.....	Brest.....	18
7001..	Charles E. Nott, Bristol, Conn., in memoriam Mrs. C. E. Ingraham, Bristol, Conn.	" Bertha.....	Shanghai.....	15
7002..	In memoriam Mrs. T. P. Handy, Cleveland, O.....	" Lepanto.....	Galveston.....	12
7003..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	U. S. S. Constellation.....	Cruising.....	373

Assignments were made, during June, 1880, from new libraries previously sent out, as follows:—

6933..H. Parmelee, Lansingburgh, N. Y.....	Ship M. P. Grace.....	San Francisco.....	30
6972..S. S. 1st Pres. church, Peekskill, N. Y..	Bark Belle Wooster.....	Galvest'n & Mexico.	11

**JULY, 1880.**

During July, 1880, twenty-two new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,004 to 7,016, inclusive, with No. 7,018, at New York ; and Nos. 5,456, to 5,463, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

5156..S. S. Cong. church, Auburndale, Mass..	Schr. Joseph Souther....	Coasting.....	9
5157..1st Cong. church, Pittsfield, Mass.....	Bark Sam'l H. Nickerson	Australia.....	12
5453..	" Amy Turner.....	Sandwich Islands..	15
5459..Cong. church, Dedham, Mass.....	" Western Sea.....	West Indies.....	9
5160..	Barkentine Miranda.....	" .....	8
5161..	Schr. Zelena.....	" .....	11
5162..Cong. church, Winchester, Mass.....	" Commander.....	" .....	8
5163..Cong. church, Bath, Me.....	Bark Kate Williams....	Coast of Africa....	10
5404..Cong. ch. and Soc'y, Danielsonville, (West Killingly) Conn.	Ship Almeda.....	San Francisco.....	23
7005..S. S. Pres. church, Jamaica, L. I.....	Bark Templar.....	St. Sebastian.....	12
7006..Miss S. Corwith and Sister, Bridge- hampton, L. I.	Ship Ne Plus Ultra.....	London.....	24
7007..S. S. 1st Pres. church, Ithaca, N. Y.....	Bark Hannah Blanchard.	Hamburg.....	18
7008..Mrs. T. V. Shaw, Dorchester, Mass.....	" C. S. Bushnell.....	Lehorn.....	10
7009..S. S. 1st Ref. ch., Schenectady, N. Y.....	" P. J. Carleton.....	Australia.....	15
7010..Class No. 23 S. S. 1st Pres. ch., Water- ford, N. Y., Mr. S. V. Lewis, Teacher..	" Frances Abbey....	Japan.....	18
7011..J. W. Auchincloss, New York City, for the <i>Fred'k L. Auchincloss Library</i> .....	Ship Geo. W. Manson...	San Francisco.....	21
7012..Children's Fair, New London, Conn., for the <i>Bonnie and Beth Library</i> .....	" Adolphus.....	London.....	20
7013..Rev. J. H. Worcester, Jr., South Orange, N. J.	" Theodore H. Rand..	Copenhagen.....	27
7014..S. S. Pearl St. Cong. ch., Hartford, Conn.	" Rufus E. Wood.....	Bristol, Eng.....	14

**AUGUST, 1880.**

During August, 1880, twenty-six new loan libraries were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. These were Nos. 7,017, and 7,019 to 7,038, inclusive, at New York ; and Nos. 5,418, 5,453, with Nos. 5,464 to 5,469, inclusive, and Nos. 5,471, 5,472, at Boston. Assignments of these libraries were made as follows:—

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
5118.	Mrs. M. De Wolf Rogers, Bristol, R. I.	Bark Charles Loring...	Buenos Ayres, S. A.	12
5153.	Frances Flint, Cambridge, Mass.	" Seire.....	Whaling.....	21
5164.	Mrs. Hodges' S. S. class, South Berwick, Me.	Brig Mary Celeste.....	Africa.....	8
5165.	Mr. Colcord's S. S. class, South Berwick, Me.	Bark Webster.....	Melbourne.....	10
5164.	S. S. Cong. church, Townsend, Mass.	Clara.....	Africa.....	10
5167.	Pilgrim church, Cambridgeport, Mass.	Steam bark Belvidere.....	Whaling.....	25
5168.	S. S. Cong. church, Brookline, N. H.	Ship Magellan.....	Valparaiso, S. A.	21
5169.	Evangelical S. S., Globe Village, Mass.	Brig Bigelow.....	West Indies.....	8
5171.	S. S. Cong. church, Upton, Mass.	Bark Ella.....	Valparaiso, S. A.	12
5172.	Pilgrim church, Cambridgeport, Mass.	" Bengal.....	Europe.....	18
7017.	Rev W. H. Steele, Newark, N. J.	" Duluth, Minn.....	Duluth, Minn.....	8
7021.	N. Y. Epis. Sea. Miss'n, New York City.	Schr. Chieftain.....	Jamaica, W. I.....	8
7023.	"	Adelaide.....	".....	8
7027.	A Friend, Springfield, Mass.	Bark Wakefield.....	Sydney, N. S. W.....	13

# QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

During August, 1880, fifty-five loan libraries, previously sent out, were reshipped from our Rooms at New York and Boston, as follows :—

No. 584;	No. 3,673;	No. 4,498;	No. 5,122;	No. 5,767;	No. 6,061;	No. 6,462;	No. 6,644;
" 1,931;	" 3,961;	" 4,789;	" 5,155;	" 5,862;	" 6,114;	" 6,471;	" 6,663;
" 2,154;	" 4,103;	" 4,889;	" 5,193;	" 5,934;	" 6,154;	" 6,460;	" 6,655;
" 2,918;	" 4,152;	" 4,959;	" 5,195;	" 6,006;	" 6,240;	" 6,512;	" 6,721;
" 3,453;	" 4,238;	" 5,019;	" 5,241;	" 6,007;	" 6,271;	" 6,513;	" 6,741;
" 3,581;	" 4,291;	" 5,076;	" 5,500;	" 6,046;	" 6,243;	" 6,564;	" 6,953.
" 3,637;	" 4,303;	" 5,117;	" 5,634;	" 6,075;	" 6,429;	" 6,635;	

## SUMMARY.

<i>New Libraries Issued in June, 1880—34</i>	<i>Libraries Reshipped in June, 1880—45</i>
" " <i>July, " —22</i>	" " <i>July, " —34</i>
" " <i>August, " —26</i>	" " <i>August, " —55</i>
—	—
82	134

CORRECTION.—No. 3,172, a new loan library sent out from our Rooms at Boston, Mass., in September, 1879, should have been reported (*vide* Report of New Loan Libraries printed with the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE*, January, 1880,) as contributed by Rodney Hyde, Bath, Me.

THE SOCIETY'S LOAN LIBRARIES for seamen contain on an average, thirty-six volumes, always including the HOLY BIBLE—unless it is found, upon inquiry, that the vessel upon which the library is placed, is already supplied with it. Accompanying the Bible are other carefully chosen religious books, and a choice selection of miscellaneous volumes. When sent from the Society's Rooms, they are put upon sea-going vessels, in neat cases, at an expense of twenty dollars each, in the name of the contributor. After they have been read on shipboard, they come back to our Rooms, for refitting and reshipment, or may be exchanged between different vessels at sea, or in foreign ports. We send fifty copies of the *LIFE BOAT*, monthly, for one year, postage paid, to every Sunday-School contributing a library, with all intelligence received of the whereabouts and work of each. And we mail, quarterly, a statement in regard to every new library sent out during the previous three months, to the address of each donor of the same.

THESE LOAN LIBRARIES have led hundreds of seamen to the Savior of sinners. Individual sailors, entire crews, and very many officers have been made Christians by this agency.—The faith of Christian seamen is fed and quickened by these books.—Their use by individuals, and in meetings for religious service at sea, has been instrumental in promoting the observance of the Sabbath.—They inform and elevate the sailor, mentally.—Relieving the tedium of sea-life, they take the place of indifferent and vile publications.—They change sailors' habits, discouraging profanity and obscenity, and inducing temperance and chastity.—*As an issue of these results, a ship's discipline is improved by a library,—safety of life and property is increased, and voyages become, in every way, more certain and profitable.*

To send out a Library, enclose twenty dollars, in check, post office money order, or in other safe way, to order of Treasurer American Seamen's Friend Society, 80 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. Give the name and post office address of the contributor, and an assignment of a new library, with the name of the vessel upon which it is placed, destination, &c., will be made, and notice thereof sent to the donor.



## QUARTERLY LOAN LIBRARY REPORT.

*There has been no more conclusive testimony that no means for good are small in God's eyes,—that God will answer prayer,—and that He works for sailors' souls by the Loan Libraries of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,—than that afforded by what follows:—*

In December, 1867, this letter came to our Rooms in New York, from the State of New Jersey.

“December 10th, 1867.

“DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to inclose you fifteen dollars, to be given to the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, for the purchase of a Library, to be given in the name of my only child Frederick H. Pollock, who died in the month of October last, and, I am sure, is now happy with his Savior, whom he loved very dearly. He was an invalid, and his life for fifteen years was one of the most intense suffering. I need not tell you that my poor boy's memory is very dear to me. I feel as if this appropriation would please him, very much, if he were living.

“I hope to hear from the library occasionally, in remembrance of my Freddie, and I pray God that it may be the means of saving many souls.

Yours Respectfully,

THO'S C. POLLOCK.”

*The “Frederick H. Pollock Memorial Library” was No. 2,529, and went to sea, from New York, the same month, in the ship “Kate Davenport.” The first tidings from it came at the end of four and a half years, in the following letter from the Captain of the vessel, addressed to his father, a Trustee of the Society.*

“BOMBAY, INDIA, Feb. 11th, 1872.

“DEAR FATHER:—There is one thing that I wish to write to you about, which, I know, will cause you to bless God. During the past two months (at sea) it seemed as though He Himself was in our ship,—for the mate, the carpenter, the cook and ten of the sailors, have become Christians. I have sometimes felt an indescribable awe when walking the deck Sunday evenings, to hear hymns rising from different parts of the ship, in totally different languages; here a group of Swedes, led by the carpenter, there a few Dutchmen praising God in their tongue, and so on through all the languages of Northern Europe. It commenced with the conversion of the carpenter, through the instrumentality of the second mate, who is a member of the Mariners' Church, in Catharine Street, New York. Thence the movement spread until it became awful. Men at work in the rigging crying like children,—a subdued, half-wondering feeling, seemed to pervade the ship. All conversation seemed turned to religious subjects, and I can conscientiously affirm that I've not heard an oath from officers nor men for three months. The mate held out a long time, but at a prayer-meeting which was held in the cabin, at the request of the sailors, he publicly announced his conversion. Nearly all our crew have signed the temperance pledge, and at that prayer-meeting to which I alluded, every person in the cabin expressed the purpose to serve God, and lead Christian lives.

“Father,—I never saw a more impressive sight. There was I leading a meeting, where strong men, hardened sailors and mates, were crying like children. The mate and second mate offered up prayers, while I talked and read the Bible. The discipline of the ship remains intact. The officers are as exacting as ever, and the men now work cheerfully and willingly. It is splendid to see how smoothly everything goes on. To show you what a firm hold this religious feeling has taken of the ship's company, I will tell you what happened two nights ago, here in port. I wanted the log-book, and went to the mate's room for it. The door was closed, and I could hear a voice reading as I thought. We had been hard at work all day, discharging coals, so I concluded that the mate was in bed, and was reading aloud. I opened the door and there were the mate and second mate and one of the sailors, on their knees, while the second mate was praying aloud.

“Thank the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY for me, for their libraries and tracts, which have done more good than I can tell. F. C. D.”

Dear Friend,—Pastor, Merchant, Sabbath-School Superintendent, Teacher or Student,—Lover of Christ,—Twenty Dollars now sends a Library to sea, in the name of the donor:—

### Will You Not Send One or More?

“If you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet:—  
You can stand among the sailors  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them  
As they launch their boats away!”



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Vol. 52.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

No. 11.

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*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

NOTES UPON THE ASPECT OF EVANGELISTIC WORK IN  
EUROPE, FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D.

MID ATLANTIC OCEAN, September 10th, 1880.

Landing in Liverpool, on the 12th of last April, from the *City of Berlin*, after a pleasant passage of ten days, it was my privilege to be welcomed by persons who are much interested in various departments of evangelical labor. During the entire period of my travels and sojourn in England and Scotland, and while on the Continent, up to the day of our embarking, on the 4th of September, from Antwerp, on board the *Nederland*,—it was also my privilege to be more or less associated with those engaged in evangelistic work. While thus meeting many noble Christian men and women, whose time and talents, minds and souls, are absorbed in labors for the good of their fellow-man, it has been a constant source of interest to me to observe their various methods of doing good to the bodies and souls of those for whose welfare so much money is expended, and so much earnest Christian effort is put forth. Having been engaged for nearly two score of years in evangelistic work on the opposite side of the globe, and in a newly evangelized community, I felt an intense desire to contrast evangelical labor under such opposite conditions.

During a brief visit in Liverpool ten years ago, I became acquainted with some earnest laborers among seamen and others, and it was a source of rejoicing to find them still at their posts of usefulness. Among these were the Rev. H. E. FELL, of the Sailors' Institute, and Mr. LEGGE, Superintendent of the Home for Apprentice Seamen, at 151 Duke street. I was specially favored with suggestions and hints about labors among seamen and others, by ALEXANDER BALFOUR, Esq., whose kind hospitality I enjoyed at his country residence, at Wrexham, North Wales. This gentleman laid out the following programme, for my first Sabbath in Europe:—"At 11, a. m. attendance at the Seamen's Orphan Asylum; 3, p. m. Mr. Fell's Mersey Mission among Seamen and at 4-30, Strangers' Rest." To this I added, attendance at St. George's Congregational Church, in the evening, where I listened to an excellent sermon, by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. PEARSON.

#### *Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage.*

This is a large establishment, where some 250 lads and 150 girls, children of seamen lost at sea, are amply provided for. It was my privilege to be present at their Sabbath morning service, and to witness them as they filed out of their chapel to the dining rooms. Order and neatness were everywhere apparent. The chaplain preached a most admirable discourse, not over one fourth of an hour in length, but exactly adapted to the age and capacity of his four hundred little hearers. His theme was Moses in the bulrushes. One of the lads wrote out for me an admirable abstract of the discourse. I was happy to find as Secretary of the Orphanage, Lieut. STUBBS of the Royal Navy, a gentleman whom I had met some twenty years ago, in Honolulu, as an officer on board a British vessel of war. I was glad to learn that the Orphanage is a favorite institution among the inhabitants of Liverpool, and that generous contributions for its support are continually donated.

#### *Liverpool Sailors' Institute.*

This is one of those centers of evangelistic labor among seamen, under the special superintendence of Rev. Mr. Fell, who labors incessantly, Sabbaths and week-days;—holding during 1879, 154 Sabbath services, 377 week-day services and 60 Bible class exercises.

#### *Liverpool Strangers' Rest.*

Here is a department of labor where the thousands of strangers, migrating to the United States, to Canada, to Australia and to other parts of the world, are met with words of kindness. Religious services are held in German, French, Swedish and other languages. The

thousands seeking new homes, in distant lands, are made welcome and sent forward with words of good cheer.

While subsequently visiting the city of Glasgow, in Scotland, I was rejoiced to learn that similar efforts were made in that city in behalf of seamen and strangers. In Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh, I found the noon-day prayer-meetings sustained. The friends of these various departments of labor, in Glasgow, have just erected a large and handsome building, aiming to make it the center of all evangelistic work. Although spending but one day in Glasgow, yet, through the kindness of G. W. MACFARLANE, Esq., I was enabled to observe much that was being done by the Y. M. C. A., and other organizations.

In Edinburgh I found that evangelistic laborers were doing a great and noble work. I was particularly interested to observe how generally, the hymns of Moody and Sankey had been introduced into social worship, which are now accompanied by music upon American organs. It is a singular and noteworthy fact that these hymns of Moody and Sankey are now sung in various languages and in many parts of the world. This is true as regards the Chinese and Hawaiians on the Sandwich Islands, as well as the English-speaking portion of the Christian community. Considering the strong and conservative character of the Scotch people it is somewhat remarkable that the hymns accompanied by music on American organs, should have been so cordially adopted by Scottish Presbyterians. I once asked a good Scotch Presbyterian, in what special points Mr. Moody had influenced the religious character of Scottish Christians. He replied,—“in singing, in social worship and in shortening their prayers.” The story is told that Mr. Moody, on one occasion said to the Rev. Dr. Bonar, when closing a prayer,—“Brother Bonar, you might have said what you addressed to the Lord in one half the time.” There is no doubt the visit of the American evangelists to Scotland, a few years ago, has been signally blessed to the various branches of the Presbyterian church in that country.

#### *The London May Meetings.*

On leaving Honolulu, it was my design to spend the month of May in London, in order to be present at the “May Meetings.” I was so fortunate as to reach that city May 1st, which enabled me to attend many of the anniversaries. As it would be impossible to be present at all of them, I selected the anniversary meetings of the following societies:—“London Missionary Society,” “British and Foreign Bible Society,” “Church Missionary Society,” “Religious Tract Society,” and “British and Foreign Sailors’ Society.” Besides, I was enabled to hear some of the prominent preachers of London, and among them, Rev.

Mr. SPURGEON, Dean STANLEY, Canon FARRAR, Canon LIDDON, Rev. DONALD FRAZIER, and many others. Aside from these great gatherings and anniversary-meetings, I improved several opportunities, for being present at places where I could witness what was being accomplished, in the way of city work, among the poor and outcasts of London.

### *The Mildmay Mission.*

One day I spent at the Mildmay Mission. This is now becoming one of the noted missionary enterprises of London, having been founded by the Rev. W. PENNEFEATHER, B. A., a clergyman of the established church, but is conducted upon the most broad and liberal evangelistic principles. Mrs. PENNEFEATHER is laboring to carry out the views and plans of her deceased husband. Earnest evangelistic and Christian laborers of both sexes are encouraged, at home and abroad, by this mission. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, the outcast, the old, the young, are cared for. It employs about fifty Christian ladies, in various parts of London. Some are engaged in hospital work, some in teaching, while others engage in labor among the cabmen, the day-laborers, and other hard working and neglected people of London. There is also a mission among the Jews supported by the Mildmay Mission.

The object of the mission is to benefit both the soul and the body. JAMES E. MATHESON, Esq., recently a banker in London, has become the Treasurer and Director of this useful institution, which is decidedly evangelistic in all its wide and extended ramifications. Mrs. Pennefeather edits a monthly periodical called *The Service for the King*. The number for May, lying before me, contains a report of what the Mildmay Mission is doing for Africa, and also for railway men of London.

### *At Hoxton Hall, in London.*

Among the multitude of earnest laborers for the poor and outcast of London, I visited Mr. WILLIAM NOBLE, who has been working at Hoxton Hall, situated in one of the most densely peopled and outcast streets of this great city. Mr. Noble is one of the Gough style of men, who believes in advocating temperance, and at the same time, preaching the Gospel. He has visited America as a temperance lecturer, and has been endorsed by Rev. Dr. CUYLER, and others. Returning to England a few years ago, he commenced his labors in one of the most abandoned parts of London. Some noble Christian philanthropist purchased *Hoxton Hall*, formerly a third-rate theatre, and there installed Mr. Noble and wife. Meetings had been held in that hall, by Mr. Noble, seven hundred and sixty-nine evenings in succession. In these meetings are sung Moody and Sankey's hymns, temperance is advocated and the gospel is preached. It was my privilege to attend "meeting No. 769." Great good has already resulted from this method of evangelistic labor.

### *The Temperance Cause in England.*

While in England and Scotland, I was glad to learn that the Temperance cause was receiving increased attention. About one third of the clergymen of the Established Church, are reported as total abstin-

ers. The late triumph of the liberal party in politics, is regarded as a triumph of temperance principles. The beer manufacturers who were M. P.s, were rejected at the ballot-box, and were not returned to Parliament as members. This is a straw telling which way the wind blows. Surely the English nation is not waking up any too soon, to the enormous curse of intemperance.

It was most gratifying in visiting Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh and London, to meet with so many earnest Christian workers of both sexes who are aiming to breast the tide of iniquity, ameliorate the condition of the poor, and send abroad to other lands the blessings of Christianity. Home and foreign missions are most earnestly carried forward by British Christians. The anniversary meetings of the great missionary and benevolent societies were fully attended, and passed off in a manner to encourage the friends of missions.

*On The Continent of Europe—In Germany.*

About the first of June, I left England, to spend a few weeks on the Continent. During the summer months I visited Berlin, Hamburg and Bremen in North Germany, and as the summer advanced passed through several of the cities of central and southern Germany. Wherever I visited, it was my aim to acquaint myself with the state of religious and missionary progress in the various parts of the German speaking population of Europe. To arrive at a satisfactory result in a matter of this nature is not easy. Germany is a vastly different country, in a religious point of view, from either England or America. There is far less drunkenness than in England, Scotland or America. There are multitudes of noble Christian people, and in some parts of the Empire, about Elberfeld, there is a strong evangelical element at work, and the foreign missionary spirit is operative. The statement of the Rev. JOSEPH COOK, the Boston lecturer,—that those universities where the theological professors advocated evangelical opinions, were much better frequented by young aspirants to the Christian ministry, than where the professors were rationalistic in their views,—I found to be true. Scattered over Germany there are many earnest and devoted ministers and laymen, yet it is also true that rationalism and agnosticism, indifferentism and irreligion are alarmingly apparent.

There is a state of things which is full of alarm to the true friends of evangelical truth. The following paragraph appeared not many months since in the *Leisure Hour*, published by the London Religious Tract Society:—

“The chaplain of the Imperial family, M. Bauer, preached, on Wednesday last, a sermon in the Cathedral of Berlin, before the Emperor and the Imperial family, in which he spoke of the present state of morality, or rather immorality, in Prussia, in very strong terms. He said,—‘Affection, faith, and obedience to the word of God are unknown in this country, in this our great German Fatherland, which formerly was justly called the home of the faith. On the contrary, it really seems as if it were the Father of all lies who now is worshipped in Prussia.’”

While Germany may be justly proud of its military success and the wonderful progress which has been made in consolidating the Empire,

yet, I believe all true friends of the "Fatherland" lament the demoralizing influence of the immense standing army, which is now sustained, for the military element overshadows everything else. The effect is felt in depressing the former standard of morality and true religion. I was glad to meet in most of the cities which I visited, earnest Christian workers. Sabbath Schools are becoming popular. Young Men's Christian Associations are exerting their beneficial influence. In all the cities upon the Continent, religious worship in English is sustained, and although attended by many obstacles, yet much good is thereby accomplished.

I was pleased to learn, too, that the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, in Hamburg, Antwerp and other sea-ports, was rendering efficient aid in the preaching of the Gospel among seamen and the foreign English-speaking residents. I feel quite sure that this aid is most opportune, and productive of incalculable good.

### *In Switzerland.*

On leaving Germany, I passed rapidly through Switzerland, spending one Sabbath in Lucerne and another in Geneva. In the former city, I found that the English Episcopal Church and the Free Church of Scotland sustained religious services in the English language. The English Church has a beautiful edifice, while strange to say, the Free Church of Scotland holds its services in a Catholic Church, where I attended. The Scottish preacher stood and preached a sermon from the text,—“All my springs are in Thee,”—where the Catholic priest had just officiated and when retiring did not extinguish the lamp before the altar. While the protestant services were going forward some Catholic worshippers were kneeling in the vestibule, praying and counting their beads.

When visiting Interlaken, I learned that in an old Jesuit monastery, at the present time, Roman Catholics, English Episcopalians, Scotch Presbyterians, and French Evangelical Protestants, all hold their respective services under the same roof. I would not report that they all agreed to worship together, and in harmony, singing,—

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love,”—

but the old monastery having been taken possession of by the Swiss Government, these various sects are allowed to worship there according to their own views of religious worship.

### *The Jews In Europe.*

From various sources while on the Continent I obtained most trustworthy information, relating to the present condition of the Jewish population in Europe. In the city of Berlin there are about one million of inhabitants, of whom 50,000, or one twentieth, are Jews. But this comparatively small number wields a most potent influence in the financial, literary and artistic circles of the city. The Jews are the leading bankers, physicians and artists of the German capital. All the newspapers, but two or three, are under their control. They are the property-holders and are becoming even more so, of Berlin. To

such a degree has this state of affairs gone forward, that some of the leading men in church and state advocate enacting laws of repression, as appears from a most numerous signed petition which has been presented to the Emperor and government. In Vienna, the Austrian capital, the Jews are also coming most prominently to the front. This is partially true of Paris and other European cities. Considering how the Jews have been persecuted and treated by professedly Christian kings and rulers for 1,800 years, there is apparent a sort of poetic justice in the present aspect of affairs. To the sceptic the present condition of the Jews is a perfect marvel, or enigma, while to the Christian there is an unfolding of Scripture prophecy. In Hamburg I met with English missionaries laboring among the Jews. The subject is one of absorbing interest to all looking for "redemption in Israel."

*In Paris—The Work of Rev. Mr. McAll.*

Passing through Switzerland I came to Paris, by way of Dijon, the old capital of Burgundy. While there is much to interest the tourist in passing through these provinces, connected with the history of Switzerland and France, yet in sojourning for a few days in Paris, no one subject more interested me, than in learning some facts respecting the history and prospects of what is known as the *Mission to the Laboring Men of Paris*, under the direction of Rev. R. W. McALL. In order to understand this most important evangelistic work in the French capital, it is necessary to recall its origin. About nine years ago the Rev. Mr. McAll, a Congregational minister of England, settled over a large parish, visited Paris, with his wife, during his summer vacation. At that time the terrible havoc carried forward by the Communists, was the general topic of conversation and newspaper correspondents. In the Providence of God, he met some of these men, and one of them remarked,—“we are accused of all manner of crimes, but this among others, that we denounce all religion;—this is not so. To be sure we want no more to do with priests and priestcraft, but if any one will come among us and teach true Christianity, we will listen to him.”

This remark awakened serious thoughts in the minds of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McAll. It proved to be a call like that which Paul heard,—“come over into Macedonia and help us.” They conferred together, asking divine direction. The result was that Rev. Mr. McAll resigned his pastorate and came to Paris. Fortunately he was most admirably versed in the French language. They commenced holding meetings among Communists and any who were willing to attend their meetings, where hymns were sung, prayers offered, and the Gospel was explained in the most simple and unpretentious manner. The good work thus commenced has gone forward from year to year, until now, twenty-three places have been opened, where daily and weekly meetings are held in Paris alone, while it has also spread and is now spreading to other parts of France. Meetings have been commenced in Lyons, Bordeaux, and other cities and towns. So greatly has the interest widened, that \$25,000 was expended last year in erecting rooms and chapels, and in otherwise carrying forward and extending this good work. The protestant pastors of France have come forward, nobly, and assisted in conducting the meetings. Funds for support



have been sent forward from England, Scotland and America. The Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, of Edinburgh, has taken a deep interest in this undertaking.

It is quite impossible for me, in this rapid sketch, to present even a mere outline of the McAll Mission. It was my privilege to attend one of the meetings, and I only regret I could not have attended and examined more fully this wonderful movement among the working men of Paris. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the times, for France. It appears to me that the Gospel is thereby preached after the style of Paul and the early apostles.

Its good results are becoming more and more apparent. Out of the movement has sprung a Bible class, where the Rev. Mr. Bersier, one of the most noted pastors of Paris, teaches some two hundred people who gather on a week-day.

This good work is beginning to attract the attention of all who love France, even among secular men and statesmen, who view its progress with admiration. I much regretted that I could not speak French, and had the time allowed, I should certainly have visited every one of these places where meetings are held, and the Gospel is preached.

While in London I learned something respecting the grand opening which now exists for preaching a pure Gospel in France, and for the distribution of Bibles, books and tracts. The Religious Tract Society of that city is improving this golden opportunity for evangelical labors in France. It does appear as if the blood of the Huguenot Martyrs, which has been lying so long as the seed of the church, in France, was now springing up. I cannot see how any lover of Christ and the gospel, can withhold his prayers and contributions from this grand movement. It may not attract the attention of the godless and unbelieving, but it must cheer and animate the philanthropist and the Christian. I feel sure it has the approbation of Heaven, and of the great Head of the Church. I was glad to learn that a similar work has been commenced in the old city of Geneva, where Calvin once lived and preached. How much I should rejoice to learn that the work was spreading like the fire upon a western prairie, until all the toiling men and women of Europe were made acquainted with the Gospel. Why may we not look for such results? Surely the Church throughout the world should pray that God's kingdom may come, and I most fully believe that God's kingdom is now coming in this Gospel movement in France. In a letter recently addressed to Rev. Mr. McAll by R. W. ST. HILAIRE, a member of the Institute of France, I find the following paragraph, and I submit that its truth warrants all which I have said:—

“At this moment God has given us entire liberty to meet, to preach, to speak and to write. Never was there a season so favorable for reaching even the remotest villages with the divine word and making it a household book in France. Our task is great, and it is as difficult as glorious; but the Lord is with us! It is for the Gospel now to educate, in our young republic, the liberty which is growing up, to assure to us its benefits without its dangers, its use without its abuse; it is for the Gospel to show to our people, which needs two simultaneous educations, the one religious, the other political,—that the only durable liberties are those which rest upon a Christian faith. And now may the Lord bless you in your work! May He bless it to yourself, and to those who aid you in your holy enterprise!”

## LINES COMPOSED BY A SEAMAN

*On the Opening of the Hamburg (Germany) New Sailors' Institute,  
June 21st, 1880.*

## I.

God speed the Sailors' Institute! may seamen find in thee,  
A house of entertainment, from sin and danger free:—  
Accept ye friends of sailors, whom God has bless'd to raise  
A noble institution,—a grateful seaman's praise.

## II.

The sailor braves the stormy seas; God save him from the more  
Dangerous shoals and perils, which he has to brave on shore!  
What snares for him does Satan spread;—if heedlessly he's caught,  
His health and his immortal soul he blindly sells for nought.

## III.

Oh sailors in your ships compell'd o'er distant seas to roam,  
In foreign ports, remember you're sorrowing wives at home,  
Think that the helpless children, who on your work depend,  
Have claims upon the money which so foolishly you spend!

## IV.

Remember how they love you,—that 'tis they who needs must bear  
The cost of sinful pleasures; oh for their sakes forbear!  
Why go into temptation? you can now plead no excuse,—  
For a handsome Sailors' Institute is open'd for your use!

## V.

There you will meet true Christian friends who seek your good alone;  
Books or papers you may read,—or write to friends at home;—  
You may indulge in games of skill, or smoke if so inclin'd,  
And without peril to your soul, harmless enjoyment find.

## VI.

But best of all,—there, to supply what most we seamen need,  
Resides a Gospel Missionary, who sows that precious seed,  
The word of God:—may it take root, and bless'd by God, increase  
Within our hearts, producing love, and holiness, and peace!

## VII.

“O brothers seamen;—when from home, if peace of mind you'd win,  
Avoid intoxicating drink, and every haunt of sin;—  
Your hard earn'd wages wherefore waste;—seek pleasure freed from pain,  
Which at the Sailors' Institute you're certain to obtain.”

## VIII.

And let us not forget the debt of gratitude we owe  
To God, and to the Savior, from whom all blessings flow!  
Whose Spirit prompts His servants, our precious souls to guard,  
To support the Sailors' Institute.—may God their love reward!

*James Turnbull, of the S. S. Westmoreland.*

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE COMMERCE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## IV.—THE COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE OF EGYPT.

The notices of mercantile transactions which occur in the Scriptures, are given only as they are associated with the history of the people of God, and are simply incidental to the more important design of the sacred volume. Hence they relate mainly to the nations that were adjacent to Palestine, whose people were necessarily connected with them in the ordinary interchange of international business and trade.

Prominent among these, and one of the oldest nations of the world, is Egypt, which appears in the very dawn of sacred history, and continues throughout all its records to occupy a most important place in its relations with the Jewish nation.

The earliest notices of the entrance of Abraham upon the land which was given to him and his posterity contain an account of his sojourn in Egypt during a time of famine. There he found the descendants of Ham already organized into a large and flourishing kingdom, under the rule of the Pharaohs, who continued for many ages the reigning family of the nation. Along the shores of the Nile, that mighty river which for a thousand and two hundred miles from its mouth receives no tributary,—and hence upon a narrow strip of rich land in the midst of two immense deserts beyond it, there grew up a country of exceeding fertility, which was for millenniums the granary of the world. Here mighty cities arose, whose extent and magnificence and power almost seem like a fable, when

the story is told, as drawn from their monuments and the stony records which modern research and learning have transcribed and translated. Every notice which is made in the Scriptures of this remarkable country points to its importance as one of the great factors in the problem of the old world's commerce, on whose movements immense currents of trade were largely dependent. Within those narrow limits lying but a few miles on either side of the Nile lay untold riches, whose indices were seen in the mighty cities that arose before history began its records, and which were flourishing and populous, long ere the Jews had been recognized as a distinct people.

Out of its quarries of limestone and granite, basalt and porphyry were erected those pyramids, obelisks and temples which are still the wonder of the world. From its alluvial soil, made rich by the annual overflow of its mighty and mysterious rivers, grew crops of unsurpassed richness, which made it the granary of the world, and supplied its merchants for exchange, with vast treasures of wheat, rice, barley, millet and flax, together with such fruits as the grape and the date, the fig and pomegranate, and melons, leeks and onions for the ordinary use of the people. There was evidently a dense population in this country, when it first became associated with the fortunes of the descendants of Abraham. Vast cities had grown up along the shores of the Nile, which were both the results

and the occasions of commercial activity, and into which the trade of the world poured its treasures. Here Abraham came when the famine in Canaan had led him to seek food elsewhere for his increasing flocks. And here in a later age came his grandson Jacob with his family, who had come thither for food during another time of famine, after they had found their brother Joseph, whom they had sold to a company of Ishmaelitish merchants on their way to Egypt, installed as the next in power to the king himself. It would seem, however, that while the country was enriched by the exchange of its products with other nations, that exchange was carried on not so much by the enterprise and energy of its own people carrying their products to the nations that needed them, as by foreign companies who came to them in caravans across the deserts and in ships along the Mediterranean coast, and possibly by a canal which once united the waters of the Nile with those of the Red Sea.

The sale of Joseph, just alluded to, introduces to us a company of traders from Arabia going down to Egypt both with money and with such products, as spicery, balm and myrrh, which Egypt did not yield, for barter and trade with the people whose natural resources attracted towards them the commercial enterprise of surrounding countries. The people who produce the absolute necessities of life can afford to wait the movements of those, who, depending upon them, hold only the representative of wealth in gold and silver, or the supplies of the wants of civilized life that are the products of the loom and of the workshop of the artisan. This was evidently the condition of Egypt to which both the East and the West looked

mainly as the storehouse from which countries less fertile must draw the supply of their own deficiencies.

And so we read in the record of the seven years famine,—*Genesis, xliv: 57*:—"And all came into Egypt to Joseph to buy corn, because that the famine was sore in all lands."

On the great currents of trade which thus constantly set towards this fertile country came luxury and wealth, and art and science, and a high degree of culture and civilization. The cities which arose and grew old almost before the dawn of history, attracted to themselves artists and architects who have left enduring monuments of their genius and skill. From their looms came fine linen and brodered work, which Tyre used in the days of her luxury as the sails of her proud ships, and which elsewhere clothed the rich in their gay attire. Glass and jewelry and furniture and costumes of the richest and rarest fabrics were also sent forth to other lands, or used, in the supply of the needs of the great agricultural population of the country. Magnificent temples, palaces and pyramids, whose architecture is still equal to that of any period of the world's history, arose on every hand, and were the undying witnesses of Egypt's wealth and greatness. The nation was great from its birth. Its monuments and sculptures show no sign of early barbarism and rudeness. Its colossal works of architecture seem like the productions of a race of giants. Its vast sculptures are on a scale of unsurpassed grandeur. Its tombs still contain treasures buried nearly four thousand years ago, which are rare specimens of artistic work in gold, silver and bronze.

*Thebes* which is spoken of in

the Scriptures as *No-Amon* and "populous *No*," was the capital of Egypt, when cities now venerated for their age were unbuilt. Homer spoke of her as,—

"The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain  
That spreads her conquest o'er a thousand states,  
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,  
Two hundred horsemen and two hundred cars  
From each wide portal issuing to the wars."

*Memphis*, the *Noph* of the Hebrew prophets, stood still lower down upon the river and eventually drew from its ancient rival the commerce by which it had grown great. Here was accomplished by Menes that mighty work which changed the course of the Nile and the face of the Egyptian Delta. Until his time a large part of the waters of the river were lost in the Lybian desert, leaving the land below an uninhabitable morass. By a skilful work of engineering he laid the ancient channel of the river dry and dug a new course for the stream, and then excavated on the bed of an artificial lake, thus irrigating the plain beyond the city and guarding against any danger from inundation. Thus all along this mighty river arose cities which were the centers of a vast commerce. The Nile was their great highway which was traversed with vessels sometimes of enormous magnitude,—but usually boats of reed and wicker, or rafts of bladders and bottles and bundles of wood.

The Phœnicians were their carriers upon the sea, which they dreaded, though they used the river for their inland commerce.

They carried on a traffic with India through the Red Sea, and from the Persian Gulf, by the caravans which passed through Damascus and Petra. The commerce

of the west was mainly conducted by the Greeks and Phœnicians through their Mediterranean ports; that of the Red Sea was carried on by merchants of Arabia.

Though Egypt had but little maritime enterprise, her monarchs wisely encouraged it, and gave their patronage to such as engaged in the hazardous service of commerce upon the ocean and its tributary waters. Sesostris, and after him Pharaoh Necho, attempted to unite by a canal the Erythæan and the Red Sea. Ptolemy afterwards accomplished the object to some extent. It was not until Alexandria was built, that a new era began in the commerce of Egypt and her influence as a maritime power arose to its highest point.

Between this nation and Palestine there existed from the earliest rise of the Jewish nation the most intimate commercial relations. There the son of Jacob, carried down at first as a slave and sold, but afterwards raised by divine Providence to a position next to the throne, brought his father's house during the long years of famine, against whose terrors he had provided by filling his storehouses with grain during the preceding years of plenty. There the Israelites, even during their long servitude under a king that knew not Joseph, must have become familiar with the value and essential elements of commerce, and when at length they departed from Egypt to return to the land promised their fathers, bore with them immense wealth which they had obtained from their oppressors on the eve of their departure,—wealth which reappears in the wilderness amid the offerings made by the people for the building of the Tabernacle, and which, though

briefly hinted at in *Exodus*, *xii*: 35, as "jewels of silver, jewels of gold and raiment," is afterwards more fully described in the twenty-fifth chapter of the same book as offerings "of gold, and silver, and brass, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod," and also in *Chap. xxxvi*: 22, as "bracelets, and earrings, and tablets, and jewels of gold."

Although for a time intercourse with Egypt may have been interrupted after the terrible scenes which attended the departure of Israel therefrom, it is evident that friendly relations were afterwards resumed, and in the time of Solomon a large and remunerative traffic was opened with that country out of which he imported linen yarn, horses and chariots.

Stringent laws were early adopted by the Egyptians for the regulation of trade and commerce.

The coining of false money, the use of false weights and measures were punished by the cutting off of both the hands. The offending members of the criminal were thus forever deprived of any more power to commit any similar crime against the community. In cases where debt was acknowledged by proper instruments, the interest was not to exceed the double of the amount loaned. The debtor's goods and not his body were answerable for the obligation, as his body was claimed by the city in which he lived.

To help the circulation of money a law was enacted that a man might borrow upon the pledge of his father's dead body, which was put into the hands of his creditor, and if he did not redeem it, he was to be deprived of the honor of a funeral himself, nor could he have the liberty of burying any of his

descendants, a privation which was regarded as a great infamy. There was also a law or custom in respect to Egyptian robbers and sharpers which resembled very nearly the modern blackmail to which men are often willing to submit for the restoration of stolen property. Each member of a gang of outlaws gave in his name to the chief, agreeing to put into his hands all goods which he might purloin. With this well known fact, it was customary for such as lost property by robbery, to apply to the chief who on the receipt of one-fourth of the value of the stolen goods restored them to the owner.

When we add to all these facts, the culture, the science, the art and educational facilities which distinguished Egypt from her earliest history, and which is alluded to in the notice of the history of Moses, of whom it is said he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," we can readily see that this country must have been a most important factor in the commerce of the world, and in her intimate relations and near proximity to Palestine must have exerted a powerful influence upon the Jewish nation in their political and commercial interests.

What the materials were which entered into the exchanges of the two countries will be a matter of subsequent inquiry. But it is evident that in the time of Solomon the intercourse of the two countries was of the most intimate character, so much so, that the two reigning families were united by the marriage of the king of Israel with the daughter of Pharaoh. This intercourse so increased that it became needful at length to caution the people against the danger of dependence upon Egypt in times of

impending political disasters, and to draw their confidence away from any human help, however strong it might appear, to Him

who alone directs and governs all things and who is able to save by the weakest instrumentalities all who put their trust in Him.

### A SAILOR'S YARN.

"'Twas in the last voyage I ever made before coming to lay up my old bones ashore for good, that what I am going to tell your honors happened. *Nancy* our ship was called, hailing from Cork, bound for Van Diemen's Land; and we were lying in the Mersey, waiting for our passengers. The captain was short of hands, and we got two or three aboard before we sailed. Among them was a young fellow who gave his name as Bruce; nigh upon twenty-four years of age or thereabouts, seemingly. He shipped as an ordinary seaman; but it was easy to see there was a difference betune himself and the others, from the talk and the ways of him. A fine-looking young fellow, too, as eyes could wish to see; tall and broad-shouldered. Well, your honors, we weren't very long after leaving port, and the *Nancy* getting well out to sea, when there was the world's commotion on board. And what was it but a poor little stow-away they had discovered crouched up hiding under the fore-hatch, and were hauling out to bring him to the captain. A bit of a chap he was, with rings of golden hair curling all round his head, a purty oval face, an' the great, large blue eyes lifted up pitiful an' swimming in tears; for he was frightened out of his seven senses, the cr'ature, when he was caught, and the rough fellows pulling at him. Before you could turn about, Bruce was alongside; and 'Boys,' sez he, 'lave go of the

child; there's no harm in him. Don't drag him. I know who he is, and will make it straight with the captain.'

"A bright, handy little fellow he was; active as a bee, and willing and ready to do any odd job that turned up on board. The men would have liked nothing better than to make a pet and a play-toy of him; but he was as shy as a bird, and made no freedom with any one, keeping hisself to hisself. The captain took to the young un wonderful. He was a family man, you see, with wife and childer in the Cove of Cork; and he'd have little George in his cabin painting, and coloring picters and such-like. The boy could do 'em beautiful. Helping the steward was what they kep him to chiefly; but for rough work on deck, or anything o' that kind, he was to tendther entirely. 'Twasn't fit for the donny little white hands of him, bless you! Bruce, it seems, had known the lad afore, and used to have an eye on him constant, to see he got good treatment; not that many on board the *Nancy* would have harmed little George. One day a big surly brute of a boy we had in the ship told him to do something that was beyond his strength, and was going to kick him because he wasn't able. Bruce, who was never very far off somehow, rushed at the fellow, his face afire with rage. 'You cowardly rascal,' he cried, grabbing him by the collar and shaking him till you'd think the teeth would be shook out of his

head, 'you offer to do that again—you dare to lay a finger on that child—and I'll break every bone in your body.' There were a good many jeers among the men at the way Bruce watched and spied after his 'little brother,' as they nicknamed him; but they said nought to his face. There was something about the young man that made folks keep their distance. 'Twasn't for any likeness betune 'em they were called 'brothers.' The young one was as fair as a lily and bright and smiling; with hair that, when the sun was upon it, looked for all the world like shining gold; and Bruce was dark-complexioned, with black locks and grave countenance.

"The voyage was a fair one. Nothing to make a remark upon 'till it was well nigh over; and then a sudden squall came on. Ugly customers they are, them squalls; and you're never safe from them in those latitudes. They'll spring up upon you so suddent and with such violence, that if you're not as quick as thought, 'Davy's locker' would be the word for the ship and every soul aboard. In a minute all hands were turned up, and orders sung out to shorten sail. It was no end of a hurry. In less than no time the royals and top-gallant sails were furl'd, and a reef taken in the topsails; every man at his best along the yards. Little George—always ready to help—jumped into the fore-rigging to get aloft and stow the fore-royal. Bruce was after him like a shot. Too late! Whether the child missed his footing or got giddy, none could know; down he fell, on to the deck. There wasn't stir or sound—his neck was broken!"

Here the old man paused and took off his hat. Extracting from

it a cotton hankerchief rolled in a wisp inside, he passed it across his brows before he resumed his story.

"I'm an aged man, your honors, and I've seen, I daresay, as much trouble an' grief an' heartscald as any one else in this sorrowful world; but never, before or since, did I meet the equal of Bruce's despair when he seen the 'little brother' lying dead forenent him. He flung himself down on the deck, convulsed-like with agony; and when he come to, he wound his arms about the corpse, and keeping every one off, and not letting man or mortal touch it but himself, lifted it up and staggered off like one that was drunk.

"And then it all came out. Little George was Bruce's wife. They had known each other from childhood, and had been promised to one another and hand-fast'd from since they were boy and girl. Both belonged to the best of families; and the parents and friends on all sides were agreeable to the marriage; but the young man's father got into money troubles by reason of a bank that broke; and her people seeing he had no means of supporting her, wouldn't hear of their marrying. All was forbid betune them, and they were parted from one another. But they couldn't live asunder; so, like a pair of young fools, as they were—God help 'em!—they ran away and got spliced unknown. Bruce, as I call him still—though that wasn't his right name—thought if they could only get to Van Diemen's Land, he'd easy make out a living there for both of them; and she too with such good hands for picter-drawing and the like. So they came in the manner I've told you aboard of the *Nancy*; for there was no other way they could



sail together, not having a penny in the world. The young man had their marriage lines, which he showed the captain; and her wedding ring, that she wore round her neck, the creature! tied with a blue ribbon. And he had papers and letters and documents proving the birth and station of him and herself, and the grand folks they come of. He was twenty-three years of age, he said; and she coming up for eighteen; though you'd never think but what she was much younger than that, by reason of being so fair and innocent-looking, and seeming small and slender in boy's clothes.

"It was a sorrowful sight when, the day after the accident, the remains of the poor young thing were brought on deck sewed up in a hammock, and we were all gathered round to hear the funeral service read over them. There wasn't one of the crew that wasn't grieved to the heart for our little comrade that had made the voyage with us, and brightened up the old ship with purty ways—blithesome as a robin and sperrity. Even the big lubberly boy, that no one thought had a soft spot about him, was crying like rain, skulked behind the rest; and there was moisture in the eyes of many a rough salt, and brown hands brushed across them.

"But never a tear, good or bad, did Bruce shed. He stood beside the corpse, the living image of despair, with gray haggard face and parched lips; his eyes wild and bloodshot, with a kind of stony glare in them that wasn't natural. We none of us liked his looks. The captain took hold of him by the sleeve and spoke some pitiful words, trying to rouse him a bit; but you might as well talk to the dead in their graves. He didn't hear or notice anything.

"At last the part of the service was come to when the remains are slipped off into the sea; and at that he gave a great start; and setting his teeth, with one leap he was over the side, reaching the water a'most as soon as the corpse. Down to the bottom they sank both together—the living and the dead—and disappeared! God pardon him, poor fellow! he didn't know what he was doing.

"Yes, your honors, 'twas a sad occurrence; but there's an old saying, that no good comes of going agin' them that reared us. It brings, sure enough, neither luck nor grace."

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### Pass Out the Hawser!

BY CAPT. ROBERT C. ADAMS.

The steamer *Golden Age* was bound from Panama to San Francisco, with 1,200 passengers. Her arrival at San Francisco was eagerly looked for. Husbands were expecting their wives, wives their husbands,—parents, children, and friends were on board. As day after day passed, and no report of the steamer was received, all San Francisco became aroused; it was the one topic of conversation on the streets and in the houses; the papers discussed the probabilities of the cause of delay, and when more than a week had elapsed since the vessel was due, the whole city seemed to stand in suspense with bated breath, awaiting the dreaded tidings that shipwreck or flame had swept 1,200 souls into eternity.

One afternoon, two thousand people were assembled in the largest hall of the city, to listen to one of the masters of instrumental music. Many had come with aching hearts to seek relief from their

forebodings by temporary diversion, and all were either directly or indirectly interested in the missing steamer. Just before the close of the performance, a gentleman stepped upon the platform and said, "I am happy to announce to the audience that the *Golden Age* is entering the harbor in tow of the *Golden City*." All the people sprang to their feet as one man, cheer upon cheer rent the air, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and strong men wept. Soon the audience dispersed and rushed to the wharves to witness the welcome arrival.

It was learned that the *Golden Age* had broken her machinery beyond all possibility of repair at sea. She was in a part of the Pacific where almost continuous calms prevail, and she carried so little sail there was no hope of reaching port by that means, before her provisions would have been exhausted. Helpless and almost hopeless, she drifted for several days, when the smoke of a steamer was discerned in the horizon. Signals of distress were hoisted, the steamer observed them and came to the rescue. It was the *Golden City*. The hawser was passed on her, and after days of toilsome towing, the vessels came safely through the Golden Gate into the harbor of San Francisco. The one thousand two hundred passengers knew what it was to be saved.

What did they do to be saved? They realized their lost condition, and the helplessness of any effort to save themselves. They watched earnestly for means of rescue, and when it was offered them by another, they put faith in the promise, and eagerly passed out their hawser. Then they steered after the towing steamer, and were brought safely into port.

The condition upon which blessing was promised to man was perfect obedience, but he failed to keep God's law, and therefore incurred the condemnation, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." *Gal. iii. 10*. But "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." *Gal. iii. 13*. He has come "to seek and to save that which was lost," (*Luke xix. 10*) and "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him." *Heb. vii. 25*.

To apply our illustration, the way of salvation may briefly be expressed, as follows:—Man's machinery has broken down on his voyage to the heavenly haven. He is powerless to repair the law, which unbroken, might have brought him safely to port. God in mercy provides means of rescue, through His Son Jesus Christ, who by a perfect life fulfils the law, and by His death bears its curse. Jesus comes to the sinner drifting on the ocean, and offers to bring him to port. He has only to believe His promise, accept the offer, pass out the hawser, and steer after Him. As the ship must set the sail to catch the wind, and the child extend the hand to be led, so the hawser must be passed out to secure the tow.

Who would refuse to be saved, when salvation may be had by simply accepting it? Friend, pass out the hawser! Jesus will make it fast, and, if you consent to follow Him, will bring you safe home.

A multitude on the other shore are concerned for your safety. Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. A father, mother, wife, sister, child may be awaiting

the glad tidings that you have accepted Christ's offer, and been saved. Your decision to-day may cause heaven to ring with louder plaudits than greeted the arrival of the *Golden Age*.

While helpless and hopeless we drift on the tide,

Disabled by sin, without power to guide,  
Jesus comes to the rescue across life's dark wave;—

If we pass out the hawser, He's willing to save.

Then pass out the hawser!

Drift no more on the foam!

We will pass out the hawser,

Lord Jesus, guide home!

The salvation He brings, may be had for the taking.

Cleaving fast unto Him, our own efforts forsaking,—

It is Jesus! who triumphed o'er death and the grave.

If we pass out the hawser, He's able to save.

If we follow Him fully, He'll bring us to port,

And reveal to us glory surpassing all thought.

Who trusts in secure, though the tempests may rave;—

If we pass out the hawser, He's mighty to save.

### *Chart and Compass.*

## Sailors' Advance Wages.

*To the Editor of The Sailors' Magazine.*—Sir:—Twenty-three years have passed since this subject agitated the ship-owners and captains of the port of New York. It is now time to bring it again to the front, for it is of as much importance now as it was then. At that time one hundred and seven firms signed their names to the following declaration and resolutions:—

The undersigned ship-owners and agents hereby engage and mutually pledge themselves that on and after the first day of July, 1857, they will not pay advance wages to seamen. They also declare that they will add to the monthly pay of sailors, 10 per cent. to the men who return in the ships they go out in.

On the 10th of June, (1857) they adopted the following resolutions:—

*Resolved*,—That the engagement adopted at a meeting of ship-owners and agents held on the 20th of May, 1857, and signed provisionally by those who were present at the meeting, which has since been signed by the ship-owners

generally, be hereby ratified, confirmed and adopted as the rule of proceeding on and after the first day of July next.

*Resolved*,—That the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce be requested to prepare Shipping Articles suited to the new mode of shipping crews.

*Resolved*,—That the coöperation of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, New Bedford, Portsmouth, Portland and other ports in Maine, be invited in carrying out the arrangements so essential to the welfare of seamen, and the safety of commerce.

The Board of Trade of Boston and Philadelphia joined in the movement with New York. Capt. R. B. FORBES was the Chairman in Boston.

What resulted from all this effort? The answer is,—Failure. Why? Because it was impracticable? Cannot such a measure be carried out?

I reply, Yes! it can be done, by *passing an act of Congress making the payment of advance wages to seamen void*. Does the demand for such a measure exist to-day? Certainly it does.

Thirteen years ago I prepared petitions and sent them to all the Custom Houses along our coast, to be so placed that owners and captains as they came to clear or enter port might have a chance to sign them, and they were numerous signed. I called them in when I learned of a Bill nearly ready to be presented to Congress by parties in California. Their Bill became a law in June, 1872. Has it removed the evils it was designed to meet? To me, it appears that it has not. Now therefore let us ask the stopping of advance wages,—and make ample provision for shipwrecked sailors, and for those having families. Let us also secure, by law, the requirement of a medical examination of sailors, not less than twice a year, and obtain other provisions such as experience proves to be necessary to benefit seamen, and relieve our commerce.

Yours truly,

DANIEL TRACY.

## FUNDS GREATLY NEEDED.

The AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY has rebuilt, enlarged and newly furnished its SAILORS' HOME at No. 190 Cherry Street, New York. This has been accomplished at an expense of a little less than forty thousand dollars, while our extended and growing work at home and abroad has been prosecuted as usual. The Home which is said to be equal to any in the world, was re-opened January 21st, 1880, with appropriate ceremonies. It affords protection and comfort to mariners of every sea and land. Shipwrecked sailors of all nations are made welcome. More than sixty seamen have been hopefully converted there since the re-opening.

There are now more than seven thousand sea Libraries afloat, in connection with which about twelve hundred conversions have been reported.

Chaplains and missionaries are stationed in the most important ports at home and abroad who kindly care for the welfare of seamen. The Society is pressed to supply similar agencies in other fields ripe for the harvest, but is unable to respond for want of means.

Commerce has spread her wings in every direction. The brave sailors encounter the perils of the sea to add to the comfort and wealth of our people. Shall they not be remembered?

Donations may be sent to,—

L. P. HUBBARD, *Treasurer pro tem.*,  
80 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

R. P. BUCK, *President*,  
S. H. HALL, *Corr. Secretary*.

NEW YORK, October 20th, 1880.

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## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Labrador Coast.

Rev. C. C. CARPENTER, who labored in this mission (now at Bonne Esperance Harbor) in connection with our Society, from 1860 to 1866, revisited the scene of his exertions last summer, and wrote to us over date of August 28th, as follows:—

“Although Rev. Mr. BUTLER will doubtless make his annual report of your Labrador chaplaincy at the close of the season, I feel like writing you a few words about it, from a wild and lonely harbor, called by the Indians, *Olamano-sheebo*, where our Quebec-bound schooner is detained by head winds. A vacation visit of several weeks to the dear old coast where, years ago, I was privileged to do something in the name of your Society for sailors, has convinced

me of the continued usefulness of the Labrador Mission, in regard to seamen as well as shore men. The new summer station of the mission is at *Bonne Esperance Island*, a convenient roadstead for passing vessels, and a favorite harbor for Nova Scotia fishermen, and, latterly, for small vessels from New Foundland. As long as the codfish remain, they remain, and in good number come ashore to the Sabbath services, when the Bethel flag goes up. The ‘skipper’ of the island has kindly furnished a place for these services in the loft of a large fishing-stage. Within this upper room, partly occupied by herring-barrels, salmon-nets and float-kegs, the sailors join with the shore people in morning worship and in the evening meeting often speak in simple fashion of the preciousness to them of Christ's religion.

"The new chapel, a small, plain board building, located on a rocky eminence, overlooking the harbor, the sea and the group of islands around, had just been shingled, and was temporarily floored so as to be used for Sabbath meetings. It was a great privilege to me to preach in this new church, and to join in singing Montgomery's hymn from your 'Seamen's Collection':—

'Here to thee a temple stand,  
While the sea shall girt the land;  
Here reveal thy mercy sure,  
While the sun and moon endure.'

"Mr. Butler's work here, though quiet and unobtrusive, is a valuable one, the fruits of which, especially among foreign fishermen, cannot be measured by visible results. One such result was visible on my outward passage via Halifax, when I met on the Baltimore steamer bound to Liverpool, a gentleman, who, though English by birth, became when a young man a Labrador fisherman, living near the mission-island. After a time he resolved to follow Christ and become a fisher of men. He went to 'the States,' was educated for the ministry, and, after spending two or three seasons on the coast in the service of the mission, has been for some years a useful member of the faculty of a well-known Freedmen's University. Every Labrador sailor will not become a college professor, but every one who finds and follows Christ will do good in some way, wherever he goes.

"I regret that Mr. Butler's health is so much impaired, that he is obliged to leave the coast this fall. It is to be hoped that some one will be raised up to succeed him in preaching the Gospel from that island Bethel to the northern fishermen."

### Sweden.

STOCKHOLM.

Mr. A. M. LJUNGBERG's record of labor for June, July and August, shows that he went a busy round among ships

and seamen of many nationalities, preaching to them the word of life. "On a Norwegian ship," he says, "the captain met me with hostility, and turned me out." But such experience is unusual. One of the vessels visited was the U. S. S. *Quinnebaug*, and on another, American, he distributed the Scriptures. He mentions a Danish pilot, who "received the word with joy." Two hundred and nineteen vessels were visited.

### Norway.

CHRISTIANIA.

In June, July, and August, Mr. H. H. JOHNSON heard sinners cry "God be merciful to me!" and was assured that sailors were converted to Christ. He speaks in his last letter, of great blessing in distributing reading matter to seamen and fishermen who have never had a Bible, also of his happy visitations to the sick. In his class meetings many had risen and besought the prayers of God's people for their soul's salvation. The English evangelist, Mr. RADCLIFFE, preached in C., in July, and was listened to by many sailors.

### Denmark.

ODENSE.

During July, August, and September, Mr. F. L. RYMKER traveled 124 miles, visited 194 ships and 559 seamen's families. He writes:—"I am happy to say that I have not found among sailors what is very common among landmen, a shameful denial of God and His word. I am therefore happy to cherish a good hope of grace among our seamen, through the blessed means of the glorious Gospel of Christ, when it is brought to bear upon them."

### Belgium.

ANTWERP.

We have a lengthy and interesting communication from Rev. C. R. TREAT, chaplain, over date of Sept. 13th. He

says:—"All things are in order in all departments of my work." During his necessary absence in July last, his pulpit was supplied by Rev. Mr. QUERE of the Evangelical Protestant church at Malines, and by the Rev. ROBERT BYRON of the English P. E. church in Antwerp, who occupies the position held four centuries ago by WILLIAM TYNDALL of glorious memory as translator of the Scriptures into English, and as martyr for the Christian Faith, who was in his day chaplain to the English merchants resident in Antwerp. This gentleman held a service at the Bethel, "following the simple mode of worship usual there. Upon two other Sabbaths the services were conducted by laymen who read sermons and were very acceptable to those who enjoyed their ministrations. Among these latter, Mr. STANISLAUS H. HAINE, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Antwerp Seamen's Friend Society, deserves special mention for his readiness to assume, and the acceptability with which he discharged the duty. Of the other meetings upon the Sabbath and through the week, I have also received gratifying reports.

"Resuming my labors immediately upon arriving, August 12th, I found on Sunday, August 15th, that the congregation was apparently larger than when I went away. This I thought, at first, to be something exceptional,—due, perhaps, to the interest awakened by the chaplain's return, or to the presence here of an unusual number of church-going sea-faring men. But from that first Sunday until the latest, Sept. 12th, the congregations have steadily increased in size, and, I think I can safely add, in the interest with which they listen to the truth. Last Sunday evening I looked upon the largest congregation I have as yet seen in the Bethel. All the seats seemed to be taken. If this continues we shall have to provide sittings in the galleries, which have not yet been made available. For all this I thank God and take courage.

"The meetings during the week have not been so well attended as they were two or three months ago. I have been sorry to see this but can understand some reasons why it is naturally so. Those who have work to do on the ships are not set at liberty until seven o'clock in the evening. Working as late as this the men are almost too weary to think of anything but rest. Then the weather for some weeks past has been exceedingly warm for Antwerp, and many innocent forms of entertainment and recreation abound out of doors in the various parks and gardens, so it is not hard to understand why we have had fewer than usual at the Bethel. I hope, however, that as the weather grows more favorable and the days shorten and grow cool, we shall have a better report to give in this respect."

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### Japan.

YOKOHAMA.

Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, colporteur, writing Sept. 2nd, says:—

#### *Services on U. S. Naval Vessels—Practical Testimony.*

"The services on the U. S. S. *Alert* have been kept up, with the exception of about three weeks, during which time she was ordered south on a surveying cruise. In the interval I received a call from the Rev. Mr. HAYWARD, chaplain of the U. S. flag ship *Richmond*, who said he had heard such favorable accounts of the services I held on the *Alert*, that he would be very glad if I could arrange to come on the *Richmond* and assist with the work there. I did so. At one of the services on the *Richmond*, President ANGELL, the new American Minister to China, and his party, were present. Mr. Angell told me he was greatly interested in the work for seamen, had heard of my work while in America, and was pleased to have had the opportunity of meeting me.

"On the return of the *Alert*, Captain HUNTINGTON called and requested me to continue the services on his ship as usual. He spoke very kindly of the work, both on this and on other occasions, one of which was while my wife and I were taking dinner with him. The "Default-

er's Book" was brought to him, and he took the opportunity of proving the value of the work done, by referring to the list of offenders, saying that they had greatly decreased since the commencement of my work.

*On H. M. S. Vigilant.*

"During the stay of *H. M. S. Vigilant*, in port, I was enabled to hold several interesting meetings on board, also, frequently to have a number of the seamen visit me at my residence, for prayer and spiritual advice. To show you how they appreciated our efforts in their behalf, I enclose a letter received a day or two since from one of the crew, (see page 347.)

*Hospital Work—An Interesting Case.*

"The work among the seamen at the prisons and hospitals has gone forward with much encouragement. I will mention one case at the general hospital. A seaman who had been badly used on an American vessel, escaped from his persecutors on the ship, and threw himself for protection (in his own words) on the Consul. He was found to be very sick indeed, and was immediately sent up to the hospital. On the day I visited him, the doctors had given him up, and said he could not possibly live through the night. I spoke to him of the Savior's love, but he cared not to hear. He said, 'Sir, I believed in those things once, but now I have lost all faith, I cannot any longer believe that there is a God who rules above, or he would never have allowed me to receive the treatment I have, which is causing me to lie here and die like a dog.' I reasoned and prayed with him, but it was all of no avail. He persisted in declaring he was ready to die any minute, and did not believe in such places as heaven or hell.

"On my mentioning his case to a number of Christian sailors who called to see me, the same evening, they agreed that we should all kneel in prayer and claim the promise in *Matthew xviii: 19*, the burden of our prayer to be that God would spare the life of this dying man, and that he would lead him to repentance.

"Our prayer was answered,—for, although I had been assured by the hospital Superintendent that he could not possibly live through the night, the same night there was a change for the better, and he is so far recovered that he is able to get up and walk in the grounds, and more than this, he assured me of his belief in God, and desire to serve him.

*Summary.*

"During the quarter, I have held 67 Gospel meetings ashore and afloat, paid 43 visits to the hospitals, 21 to the prisons, 65 to the ships in port, and have been visited at my residence, or rather had 120 visits paid me by sailors there, as some came more than once. I have also inspected and reshipped several libraries of the Society, besides distributing large quantities of tracts, magazines, Bibles, Testaments, &c. I have also held a large Temperance Tea Meeting, upwards of a 100 seamen attending."

*New York City.*

MESSRS. BORELLA and SMITH, our missionaries at the Sailors' Home, report as follows, over date of Oct. 11th:—"We desire to acknowledge God's goodness in many ways,—but especially in showing us that our labor is not in vain in the work of the Lord. Since our last report we have been working, much the same as before, and again and again He has manifested himself unto us by his Spirit in bringing souls to Christ. 'Not unto us but unto God be all the glory!'

"Within the last two weeks there have been some remarkable conversions. We mention a few—one man, a Scotchman, who at different times was master of some of the largest vessels sailing from the east coast of his native land, through the intoxicating cup had lost his position, to sail before the mast. He was led to see his lost condition, sought and obtained mercy. Now it can be said of him, 'behold, he prayeth,'—his voice is heard in the upper room praising God for so great a deliverance. He has now no desire for rum, or for the hidden places of iniquity. He had rather 'be a door-keeper in the house of God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.'

"Another was a German, who has been several times shipwrecked and at these times would resolve that if the Lord would spare him he would lead a different life. The first morning ashore he was invited to the meeting, where the Spirit showed him what a great sinner

he was. He was pointed to the Sinners' Friend, wrestled in prayer, and cried for mercy. In the silent midnight watches he would rise to plead with God, and one night while thus engaged the blessing came to him in the forgiveness of his sins. He was a happy Christian and went to sea rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.—Another, a Swede, had a similar experience and now is happy in the Lord.—Still another was an American, a mate, who on the last passage home came nearly losing his life. That troubled him,—he saw the error of his ways—and gave his heart to God. There are many others who we believe have been hopefully converted and not a few have said,—‘pray for me.’ In some of our meetings every hand has been raised asking for prayers.

“We still continue to visit the Seamen's Hospitals where great good has been done. One case was that of a German who was very sick. Lying on his cot he prayed that the Lord would send some one with a New Testament. He looked up and said, ‘God has answered my prayer and sent you.’ I gave him one. Oh, how grateful he was! Such scenes are very cheering and encouraging.

“In the usual way we visit vessels and sailor boarding-houses. Numbers come to the various meetings, and much good is done in the temperance work among seamen.—A number of sailors have been received into the Church of the Sea and Land at each quarterly communion season. Seamen's widows have also been assisted through the liberality of your Society.—We have given reading matter and Testaments in various languages to those going to sea, and have received from time to time many interesting letters from seamen from almost all parts of the world, speaking of the good received during their stay at the Home, especially of the spiritual blessings they had there enjoyed.”

During July, August and September, Mr. DE WITT C. SLATER visited 1,253 vessels, of all classes, and paid 507 visits to Sailor's Boarding Houses, was 16 times at Hospitals, Asylums, and Homes, attended more than 160 meetings and conducted 88. He says in his report:—

“It gives increase of life and vigor to the soul, to hear men of the sea ‘from out of every nation under heaven,’ and ‘in their own tongues,’ raise their voices in prayer to Him who ‘giveth the winds and waves charge concerning them.’ Soon they will take ship, and on the mighty deep, shape their course towards the lands of the Nations of the East, West, North and South, bearing the message of salvation with them.

“I have also assisted in getting a number of aged seamen into Homes and Hospitals. With these, I held, from time to time, religious conversation. I believe some of them, though far advanced in years, and very feeble in body, were led to accept Jesus as their Savior.”

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### Boston, Mass.

#### CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Capt. ANDREW BARTLETT, missionary, over date of October 4th, reports a good work going on, and believes that six sailors, from four nationalities, have lately been led to give their hearts to the Savior.

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### Portsmouth, N. H.

“Three seamen,” says Rev. W. A. LOYNE, “gave their hearts to Christ on Monday evening October 4th, at the Bethel. We are expecting a precious work.”

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### Charleston, S. C.

The *News and Courier* of 30th September, says:—

“The Rev. W. B. YATES has been for near half a century engaged in missionary work among the sea-faring population of this port and is highly honored and esteemed among them as well as by all other classes of the community. It



has been noticed with regret that his health has been failing for some time past, and the action of the officers of the Charleston Port Society as stated in the following official report, in giving him an assistant is highly commendable."

The action referred to consists in the appointment of Rev. L. H. SHUCK, pastor of the First Baptist Church in C., as assistant chaplain to seamen, in the port, Rev. Mr. Yates still holding the position he has filled for so long a time, but devolving the more active duties of visitation upon the new appointee. Rev. Mr. S. is the son of a former missionary to China and is spoken of as well qualified for the work he has undertaken. May God grant him success in his new service!

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### Savannah, Ga.

The last report of Rev. RICHARD WEBB, chaplain, tells of 83 vessels visited, and the usual round of labor performed. Writing October 2nd, he says:—"Cotton has come in earlier and in larger quantities than ever before. So we have more vessels than usual at this time of the year, but mostly steamships of a large class. I have visited them all, and many of them several times. The Bethel has been well attended the past three Sabbaths. We have also invited the crews to the Reading Rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and they have often filled the Rooms at night. Prayer and temperance meetings have been well attended, and thirteen seamen have signed the Total Abstinence Pledge. There has been and still is much sickness in the city, of a mild type, and many seamen have been down with it."

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### Portland and Astoria, Oregon.

Early in September, the Fall fleet began to arrive at P. and large numbers of seamen were expected there. The Bethel had just been repainted. The *Oregonian* of September 18th, speaking of the

labors of Mr. McNEILL, the helper of chaplain STUBBS, at Astoria, reports him as doing excellent work. "One poor fellow now in St. Vincent's Hospital," said the other day, with tears in his eyes:—"I'll never forget that young man who came on board our ship (the *Oasis*) on our arrival at Astoria and found me in my wretched condition and ministered to my relief and then offered a prayer by my bed side as I lay in my distress in the vessel 'tween decks.' God bless him." Mr. McN. assists in meetings in Astoria and wherever he can do so holds meetings on board ships, visits scows, steamers, etc., and distributes reading and endeavors to direct crews to the church meetings."

September 14th, the chaplain writes: "We are well, are quite busy, and are enjoying the divine blessing in our services at the Bethel and on shipboard."

We make a few extracts from the quarterly report of Mr. McNeill.

#### *A Meeting on the Beach.*

*May 5th* :—"On Chinook Beach after the heavy gale of wind I gathered the survivors who were driven ashore on the night of the 4th, and held a prayer-meeting. We had the blue canopy of heaven for our roof and the drift-logs on the beach acted as seats. The sullen roll of the breakers seemed to speak of their dissatisfaction at God's kind mercy in having enabled us to elude the treacherous clutches in which they had engulfed so many of our companions. Some of the men in the little circle had lost their boat-mates, one poor fellow having had the agony of witnessing the death struggles of his brother. Having no Bible, I repeated those passages which I had committed to memory. I don't know whether I was eloquent or not, but to say the least, I was earnest, and my companions soon began to exhibit signs of deep emotion. Several of them plead most earnestly in thankful prayer to God for sparing their lives, and promised to serve him in the future. It was one of the scenes which leave a vivid impression upon one's memory. To me the recollection of it will ever be hallowed. I felt the very presence of God in my heart.

*A Prodigal Awakened.*

"One Saturday in the month of June, one of the passengers on the ocean steamer bound out, was attracted to our meeting by the singing in the street. The chapter read that evening was the fifteenth of St. Luke's Gospel, which seemed to be adapted to his particular case. Towards the close of the meeting he rose and gave his testimony, stating that he was a prodigal in the true sense of the word, having left his home in the East. He said,—'I broke the heart of my God-fearing mother, and brought dishonor on my aged father and family by my disgraceful conduct, but to-night God has directed me to this meeting, and I will arise and go to my Father, and with the help of God I will try to lead a different life.'

"These are average specimens of my experience in my particular field of Christian effort as missionary in connection with the Portland Seamen's Bethel, among my brethren of the sea.

"The work so imperfectly outlined in these paragraphs is steadily prosecuted through each week, and in addition thereto I have visited many sick and suffering fishermen, generally finding a cordial welcome. I have also visited the ocean steamers and river steamboats, distributing tracts to the crews, inviting them to attend the meetings at the churches. I have distributed upwards of 3,000 pages of reading, led 20 meetings in the Y. M. C. A., held 14 meetings on shipboard and on the streets."

*Smyrna, Turkey.*

In the *London (Eng.) Christian* for Sept. 9th, there is a record of a meeting held in London, Aug. 25th, at which Miss M. GRIMSTONE gave an account of her work at the Smyrna "Rest," founded, if we mistake not, and for some years past sustained by Miss MARIA A. WEST. The report says:—"The work among the English sailors is a very interesting one. In one case, four men, the crew of a ship, who came constantly to the Rest, went away, we believe, rejoicing in Jesus."—So, Lieut. N. H. Barnes, U. S. N., writing, in the *Christian at Work*, (New York) Sept. 26th,—from Constantinople, states:—"There are also some private enterprises, as the "Rest," here and at Smyrna. The latter is a temperance res-

taurant and reading-room, designed especially for sailors, to afford them pleasant resort on shore that is free from the temptations that ordinarily beset them. This institution is partly English and partly American. An Englishwoman, Miss Grimstone, is in charge, and either she or one of her assistants visits nearly every vessel that comes into the harbor. On Sundays church services are held there by an Armenian Greek, who is an able man, and draws large audiences."

*Sailors' "Rests" at Calcutta and at Aden.*

"In Calcutta," (India) says Mr. L. M. ROUSE, in *Chart and Compass*, (London, Eng.) "we have two large Coffee and Reading Rooms with accommodations for boarders. Two American missionaries live there, and a number of us visit in turns every evening. There is also a "Sailors' Institute" at Aden (Arabia)."

*In the English Navy.*

The fourth annual report of Miss AGNES WESTON'S Mission to Sailors at Devonport, Eng., shows that during the past year the work has greatly developed in all its departments. The business department (refreshment-bar, lodgings, &c.) is entirely self-supporting. Twenty-seven thousand two hundred and forty-one men slept on the premises during the year. Many thousands more had availed themselves of the privileges of the institution. The more direct missionary work, which comprises meetings in the hall for seamen and their friends, personal visitation on board ship, work among the families of the men, the enormous correspondence, the flower mission, temperance work, work among boys of the training ships, and the sending out of the famous "Blue Backs" or "Monthly Letters," is also being carried on more vigorously than ever. The sum needed for this department (fully £1,500 a year) is derived purely from voluntary contributions. During the year branches have been started at Portsmouth, Falmouth, Portland, Gibraltar, Lisbon, Nagasaki, &c. Miss Weston is now hoping to establish a branch at Portsmouth. To show how the men themselves appreciate the work, it may be mentioned that dur-

ing the year small donations have been received from officers and men of more than one hundred ships, amounting to £236 7s. 4d.

### The Present Aspect of God's Work for Sailors.

We call the special attention of our readers to the report of our missionaries at the Sailors' Home, printed on pages 342, 343, assured that they will welcome the intelligence it contains, as of greater interest and value than any other information which might be given them of matters connected with the Institution. That God has put such honor upon the means there employed to lead sailors to Christ, far more than repays all toil and every sacrifice put forth to make the Home what it is to-day, a refuge for sailors unsurpassed by any other in the world, and the birth-place of many seamen into the Kingdom of God.

In connection with the above, we are moved to say a special word to many Christians who for scores of years have rejoiced in the work of God among sailors. He whose is "the abundance of the sea" has oftentimes given to His people great reason to be thankful for His stately and blessed goings among them, the conference of His saving grace out-running the faith of His own children,—but we question if He has ever made it more plain that He has purchased many sailors to Himself than for the past few years, and at this present time. From all parts of the world, and from many seaports, the tidings of seamen finding their Savior Lord, gladdens and encourages us. Whoso will read the current number of the *MAGAZINE* must see how One who called boatmen of Galilee to be His Apostles, is, in this century, and with the same loving heart, choosing His companions from those who "go down to the sea in ships." From all those followers of Christ, in this and other lands who share our joy because of this,—we are constrained to ask a special

outpouring of thanksgiving to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. And as they make it, will they not be faithful in pleading at the throne of Heavenly Grace for the abiding of the Holy Spirit upon us and upon all our laborers,—that so far as His great work of love to seamen is entrusted to our hands, it take no detriment, but move forward and abroad?

### Obituary.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL BRIGGS.

We shall sorely miss from the Rooms and from the counsels of this Society, the form and the help of this friend of sailors, who died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 6th October. For thirty-seven years he had been a faithful and efficient member of our Board of Trustees, and for many years past he had occupied the position of Acting Vice-President of the Society.

Captain Briggs was a Christian of broad views, and warm heart. A native of Block Island, near Rhode Island, and born in 1803, he came to this city in 1826, and was so successful that he soon commanded a vessel of his own. In 1836 he engaged in the freighting commission business with his brother, in South Street, establishing the Swiftsure Line. During his long life he filled many positions with credit and usefulness. Besides his connection with the *AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY*, he was Vice-President of the Marine Society, a Director of the Sailors' Cemetery Association, a member of the Board of Council of the Old Ladies' Asylum, Staten Island,—a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce, of the New York Historical Society, and the American Bible Society; a Trustee of the Williamsburg Savings Bank,—the Williamsburg City and other Fire Insurance Companies, a Director of the Manufacturers' National Bank, Founder of the Sailors' Monument in Evergreen Cemetery, and a member of the Long Island Historical Society.

Captain Briggs had been in feeble health for some time past. His funeral services were held at St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, E. D., October 8th, after which the remains were taken to Cypress Hills Cemetery for interment. He leaves a wife, three daughters and a son,—the latter, the Rev. N. L. Briggs, rector of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and to them we tender the heartfelt sympathy of those at our Rooms, who knew and loved the husband and father they have lost.

### Rev. Dr. Damon's "Notes."

If any reader shall fail to peruse with care the first article in this number of the *MAGAZINE*, he will be the loser. Dr. Damon groups in rapid outline, with clear discrimination, the noteworthy aspects of all he saw while abroad, and makes a vivid impression of the thorough value of his observations.

### Do They Suffer Now?

Readers should not fail to note in the report from our colporteur in Japan, on page 342, an impressive instance of the sad mal-treatment of a common sailor. It answers the question—"Do sailors suffer in these days, at the hands of their officers?"

### A Sailor's Grateful Heart.

The writer of the letter referred to by Mr. W. T. AUSTEN, (page 342,) gives fervent testimony to benefit received at the missionary's hands while he was at Yokohama, as follows,—dating at Kobe, Japan, August 25th, 1880.

"I must now thank you for the pleasure you gave us on Friday morning last. I had to keep watch on the passage down (from Yokohama) as one of the leading stokers was sick, so when I came off, at 4 a. m., I opened the packets, and I was surprised, as all along I had been so selfish as to think that it was a card or something for me, and that you had mistaken the date of my birthday. But

I was more pleased with their contents than I could have been had it been as I had guessed. I will leave the others to speak for themselves. I can only say they were each very much surprised to receive a letter at sea. I am so thankful to feel that it was a pleasure to you to have met me, I am sure I can never forget the comfort and joy I had in your company, and I am grateful to my Savior for having brought us to know each other, and am certain that God will bless you for doing so much for me. He is so loving and good, and I am so unworthy. If you only knew how much you have really helped me, you would be surprised, I cannot tell you all and everything, but many times I feel 'if it had not been for the rendezvous I had in your home, that the tempter would have prevailed. O! times I have been tried and cast down, and I have gone in with you, and left you, praising God. Oh how wonderful our God is!

"May our heavenly Father bless you, and prosper you in all your endeavors! and may He enable you to do as much (and more, if possible) for others as you have for us!"

### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Lessee, reports one hundred and eighty-four arrivals at the HOME, during the month of September, 1880. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$1,175, of which \$580 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$100 placed in the Savings Bank,—the balance being returned to depositors.

Twenty-eight men were shipped without advance during the month, and five were sent to the Hospital.

### Position of the Principal Planets for November, 1880.

MERCURY is an evening star until 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; sets on the evening of the 1st at 5h. 49m., and south of west 31° 43', and at this time is at its greatest brilliancy; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, once on the morning of the 4th at 3h. 28m., being 49' south, and then again on the evening of the 30th at 10h. 44m., being 5° 24'

north; is at its greatest elongation at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, being 23° 21' east of the sun.

VENUS is an evening star during this month, setting on the 1st at 6h. 17m., and south of west 30° 43'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the afternoon of the 4th at 2h. 59m., being 17' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 2° north and 58° south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h. 29m., and south of east 18° 24'; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 2nd at 9h. 5m., being 4° 20' north; is in conjunction with Mercury at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, being 2° 18' south.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 9h. 57m., being 3° 2' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 13th at 7h. 42m., being 7° 7' south.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 10h. 47m., being 6° 53' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 14th at 8h. 35m., being 7° 51' south.

*N. Y. University.*

*R. H. B.*

## Marine Disasters.

The Bureau Veritas publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

August, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*.—27 English, 7 German, 7 French, 6 American, 6 Italian, 5 Norwegian, 3 Dutch, 3 Portuguese, 3 Spanish, 1 Austrian, 1 Danish, 1 Greek, 1 Hawaiian, 1 Russian, 4 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 75. In this number are included 6 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*.—4 English, 1 French, 1 Russian, total: 6. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for September, 1880.

### MAINE.

Searsport, Capt. I. N. Nichols, bark  
*C. D. Bryant* ..... \$ 3 00

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Bristol, Cong. church..... 3 29  
Henniker, Cong. church ..... 8 00  
Manchester, Miss Sarah C. Chase, for  
library in memory of her father  
Amos B. Chase ..... 10 00  
Rindge Cong. church ..... 87  
Temple, Isaac Kimball..... 2 00

### MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, Union Evan-  
gelical church and Society ..... 7 37  
Andover, Free ch., of wh. Mr. and  
Mrs. John Smith, for lib'y \$30.... 29 21  
Andover, West Parish, to const. Rev.  
Austin H. Burr, L. M..... 80 00

Legacy of Peter Smith..... 500 00  
Ashby, Cong. church..... 5 40  
Braintree, Rev. T. A. Emerson..... 2 00  
Dorchester, Mrs. Theron V. Shaw, for  
library..... 20 00  
Milton Mills, Cong. church..... 12 37  
East Douglas, S. Hill..... 5 00  
Florence, Cong. church, of wh. \$40  
for librari-s..... 61 23  
Georgetown, Memorial ch., of wh. 8.  
s. for library, \$20 ..... 34 02  
Granby, Cong. church..... 17 77  
Holliston, Cong. church ..... 21 11  
Ipswich, 1st ch. and Soc'y, of wh. \$20  
for library..... 25 61  
Millbury, 1st church..... 11 60  
Southboro, 1st Cong. church..... 12 59  
South Hadley Falls, Cong. ch. and  
Society..... 9 00  
Charles F. Fitch..... 1 00  
Stoneham, Cong. church..... 12 54  
Upton, Cong. S. S. for library..... 20 00  
Weymouth and Braintree, Union ch..  
Winchester, Edward Bissell Holt, for  
library..... 20 00

### CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 1st Cong. church..... 13 50  
Meriden, 1st Cong. church, of wh. \$30  
to const. Stephen C. Pierson, L.  
M..... 42 55  
O. B. Arnold .. 20 00  
Cong. church..... 9 10  
Middlebury, Cong. church..... 13 70  
New Haven, 3rd Cong. church..... 18 24  
New London, Children's Fair, for Bon-  
nie and Beth lib'y, per Bonnie  
Mead and Beth H. Chapell..... 20 00  
Old Lyme, 1st Cong. church..... 28 00  
Thomaston, Cong. Society..... 15 75  
Watertown, John De Forest, for lib'y.  
West Winsted, 2nd Cong. church and  
Society..... 9 93

### NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, Miss S. Corwith and  
sister, for lib'y in memory of their  
father..... 20 00  
Brookport, Mrs. Ann D. Graves, to  
const. self L. M., \$30, and for lib'y  
\$20..... 50 00  
Brooklyn, Central Cong. church..... 98 28  
Puritan church..... 27 00  
Ithaca, 1st Pres. church S. S. for lib'y  
New York City, Madison Square Pres.  
church..... 38 38  
S. N. Miss'y Ass'n Central Pres. ch.,  
for library, in memory of Miss  
Ella Irving..... 131 60  
Two Friends..... 20 00  
Capt. Frank Le Cain, bark *Nova  
Scotia*..... 3 00  
Z. Lafgren, brig *J. A. Cheney*..... 5 00  
Capt. Stetson R. Hilton, ship *Wm.  
Lav*..... 2 00  
Schenectady, 1st Ref. church S. S.,  
for library..... 20 10  
Seneca Falls, Cornelius Hood..... 15 00  
Waterford, 1st Pres. ch., S. S. class  
No. 23, Mr. S. V. Lewis, Teacher,  
for library..... 10 00  
Youngstown, Pres. church..... 8 00

### NEW JERSEY.

Absecon, Capt. D. Steelman Tilton,  
for lib'y in name of Absecon M.  
E. ch. S. S..... 20 00  
Camden, Rev. Allen H. Brown, books  
for ship's library..... 20 00  
Newark, 2nd Pres. church..... 5 74

\$1,080 27



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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*From Harper's Young People.*

## Wally, the Wreck-Boy.

A STORY OF THE NORTHERN COAST—BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.

*(Concluded from last Life Boat.)*

The life-saving station was not yet opened for the season. The captain and his men lived upon the mainland, across a wide and swift-flowing channel in the marsh, called the "Thoroughfare." To reach them was of the most vital importance, for their hands only could drag out and man the heavy surf-boat, or fire the mortar, and rig the life-car.

All this passed through Wally's mind in a few seconds, and knowing that his helpless father could do nothing, and that an alarm might make him worse, he sped silently down the stairway, and setting fire to a "Coston torch," such as are used by the coast-guard in cases of wreck, he rushed from the house, swinging the torch, that burned with a bright red flame, above his head as he ran.

Half a mile across the sands there was a small boat landing, where a skiff usually lay moored.

Toward this Wally sped with all his strength; but, alas! the waves had lifted it, the winds had broken it from its moorings, and it was floating miles away down the "Thoroughfare," and now Wally

stood upon the landing, in the blackness of the night, full of despair. He might swim, but he had never tried half the width of the channel before. He looked into the blackness beyond, and hesitated; then at the light-house, where his mother still sat in the little watch-room ministering to his injured father; then he thought of the poor men out in the breakers, whose lives depended upon his reaching the crew.

But a moment longer he stood, and then throwing off his coat, he tied a sleeve securely about a post, so it would be known, in case he should fail, how he had lost his life. And now he was in the icy waters. The wind helped him along, but the in-coming tide swept him far out of his course. As he gained the middle of the channel he thought how bitter the consequences might be to his father if the crew of the ship were lost, for who would believe the story of the wild fowl's blow? This nerved his tired arms, but the effort was too much for his strength. He paused, and threw up his arms. As his form sank beneath the

waves, his toes touched the muddy bottom, and his hand swept among some weeds. One more effort as he came to the surface, and now he could stand with his mouth out of water. A moment's rest, and he was tearing aside the dense flags that bordered the channel.

The captain, a good mile from the Thoroughfare, had left his warm bed to fasten a loose window-shutter, when he saw a small form tottering toward him, and Wally fell, weak and voiceless, at his feet. Restoratives were brought, and the boy told his story.

Ten minutes later half a dozen of the crew were on their way to the landing, Wally, now fully recovered, foremost among them. He seemed to possess wonderful strength. They crossed the channel, and dragged out the great life-boat from its house. It hardly appeared possible to launch it in such a sea, but each man, in his excitement, had the strength of two, and without waiting to be bid, Wally leaped into the stern and grasped the helm.

"Well done, boy!" cried the captain. "I'll take an oar: we need all help to-night."

Through the night the faithful crew pulled, bringing load after load of men, women and children from the wreck of the *Argonaut* to the shore, until all were saved. The little house under the light was well filled, and the sailors were crowded into the life-saving station.

"Where is my father?" asked Wally; and as a man came forward with his head bandaged, in reply, the boy sank down, and a blackness came over his eyes.

When he recovered he was in a beautiful room, into which the sun shone, lighting up the bright walls, pictures, and carpets. He was on a pretty bedstead, and a strange lady sat by the window talking to his mother. He thought it all a dream. The door opened, and Mr. Burton came in, dressed in a fisherman's suit. How queer he looked in

such a garb! and Wally laughed at the sight, and thought that when he awoke he would tell his mother about it.

It happened that the ship which had come ashore was one belonging to Mr. Burton, who was on board, returning from a trip to the Mediterranean. So he had opened the cottage at Three Pine Point, and as the little house under the light was full, had insisted upon having Wally, with some others, brought to his summer home, where he could care for them.

Everybody had learned of the boy's brave swim, all had seen him in the life-boat, and they were anxious to have him recover soon.

Wally, too, learned that the ship had become helpless long before she had struck the shore, and that her loss was not caused by his father's mishap.

When Wally had recovered, Mr. Burton and some of the other passengers insisted upon taking him to the city, where they had a full suit of wrecker's clothes made for him—cork jacket, sou'wester, and all. He was also presented with a silver watch and a medal for his bravery. When he was dressed in his new suit, Miss Elsie made a sketch of him, whereupon Wally blushed more than he had done during all the praises lavished upon him.

At the close of the next summer Mr. Burton arranged with the light-keeper to let him send Wally to a city school, and for the next four years the boy lived away from the little house on the sands, making only occasional visits to his home.

Then Mr. Burton took him into his office, where he worked faithfully for two years; but his old life by the sea caused a longing for a sailor's career, and his employer wisely allowed him to go upon a cruise in one of his ships. Upon the following voyage he was made a mate, and this year he is to command a new ship now being built. Captain Wally was asked the other day to suggest a name for the new craft, and promptly gave as his choice the *Elsie*.

And Elsie Burton, who is now an artist, has painted two pictures for the Captain's cabin. One is called "The Loss of the *Argonaut*," and the other, "Wally, the Wreck-Boy."

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,753. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,472, and they were accessible to 266,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,868 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,058 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During September, 1880, eighty-one loan libraries,—twenty-two new, and fifty-nine refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,034 to 7,047, inclusive, at New York;—and No. 5,470, with Nos. 5,473 to 5,479, inclusive, at Boston.

*The fifty-nine libraries re-shipped were:—*

No. 1,578,	No. 2,262,	No. 4,633,	No. 4,969,	No. 5,367,	No. 5,721,	No. 5,993,	No. 6,475,	No. 6,673,
" 1,782,	" 3,574,	" 4,638,	" 5,006,	" 5,300,	" 5,726,	" 6,091,	" 6,571,	" 6,675,
" 2,191,	" 3,761,	" 4,680,	" 5,144,	" 5,398,	" 5,799,	" 6,093,	" 6,563,	" 6,739,
" 2,674,	" 4,131,	" 4,718,	" 5,183,	" 5,401,	" 5,812,	" 6,119,	" 6,624,	
" 2,780,	" 4,135,	" 4,793,	" 5,194,	" 5,424,	" 5,841,	" 6,188,	" 6,627,	
" 2,935,	" 4,352,	" 4,893,	" 5,225,	" 5,419,	" 5,846,	" 6,253,	" 6,628,	
" 2,984,	" 4,567,	" 4,967,	" 5,227,	" 5,619,	" 5,949,	" 6,268,	" 6,642,	

## The Building of the Ship.

The workman's axe rings loud and long  
Upon the good ship's stately side,  
That soon in perfect form and strong  
Upon the salt sea-waves shall ride.

Work on, ye workmen! and with care  
The goodly planks in order place:  
Of knot, and sap, and splint beware,  
That could in time your work disgrace;

And ye shall launch upon the sea  
A noble ship—a stately home  
For gallant souls, whose pride shall be  
The ocean's pathless waste to roam:

Not for ignoble, selfish ends,  
But human comfort to increase,  
And bearing all that truly tends  
To spread abroad the arts of peace.

Oh, what a picture is the life  
Within a good ship's wooden walls,  
Of human cares and of the strife  
That larger social states befalls!

How well we see the varying parts  
That different members have to play,  
With willing or unwilling hearts,  
In darksome night or cheerful day!

There one will governs—stern, supreme;  
His lightest word a Spartan law,  
In which the boldest would not dream  
To find an error, seek a flaw.

And there the lowliest has a post  
Important to the common weal:  
The weakest lad may proudly boast—  
"The whole e'en my poor presence feel!"

And there are those who, out of sight  
In grime and darkness, sweat and toil  
Through dreary day or stormy night,  
In ceaseless labor and turmoil.

Yet are these labors, though unseen,  
In deed and truth the motive power,  
Without whose force the ship, I ween,  
Could scarcely live another hour.

Should they rebel and seek the deck,  
And cry—"We would all men should see  
The work we do!" how soon a wreck  
The gallant vessel then would be!

Yet are they not as foolish who,  
Rebelling 'gainst the Will supreme,  
Cry out upon the work they do,  
And sigh for glory's phantom gleam?

Ah, brother! in this world of ours,  
As in the ship that ploughs the maine,  
Each has his work, and each one's pow'rs,  
In truth put forth, are ne'er in vain.

We may be low, we may be poor,  
And think our toil of no account;  
But it will tell on earth, be sure,  
And God will reckon its amount!

*E. J. Pope, in British Workman.*



### The Roving Sailor Boy.

How would the dear children who read the LIFE BOAT enjoy such wanderings over the world as those of the Sailor Boy who writes from Copenhagen in Denmark, July 7th, 1880, to Mr. SLATER, our good New York Seamen's Missionary? We think that a very little experience of them would make the children long, as he does, for a good home. But we will not keep them from the letter, which comes to us, in a clear handwriting, with but very few errors in spelling or in construction. We hope that none who read it will forget to send up a prayer to God that He may bless him.

"*Dear Sir:*—I take my pen in hand to write you a few lines. I did not get a chance home as I thought I would from New York, but I had to take one to Germany. I came on the steamer from there, here. I am very much obliged to you for that Testament you gave me. I have read it a great many times and I am happy to say also that I always enjoyed the meeting in the Mariner's church in New York. I have found very kind friends in this city, in the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY'S Mission, and I like them very much.

"Now, Dear Sir, I will ask one favor of you. Would you please be so kind as to call at No. 58 West Fourth St., on Mr. Fox, and tell him that you have heard from me, and that I am to go from here to England, and that I think I can get a chance from England to New York? I wrote one letter to him telling him that I was going to London on the steamer, but the captain of the bark that I went to Germany on would not pay my passage as he said he would. Tell him also to please write to Mr. GRAY at San Francisco for him to tell mother that I will write when I get to England. I hope that you have good health all the time. I am sorry to say that my health has been very bad since I left New York, but I hope that God will soon bring me home to my dear mother, because I do so want to see her. May God bless her and keep her alive and well until we meet together once more! I hope that I can get back to New York soon. I have received one letter from mother since I left and one from Mr. F., and I answered them both as soon as I could. I was very glad to

hear from them, but it made me feel bad to think that I left New York too soon. Now, Dear Sir, I will bid you good-by. I hope that I will see you soon and that I will see my dear mother before long. This letter is from your young friend,

WILLIE ENGELKE,  
No. 2218 Webster St., San Francisco."

### A Praying Sailor and His Work With a Library.

Some years ago a sailor went to sea from Boston, Mass., in a vessel bound for Mobile, Ala. He took with him a loan library, distributed the books among the ship's crew and had daily prayers in the fore-castle. When he got to Mobile he distributed tracts among the shipping. He then hired a room and set up a prayer-meeting which he held every evening. Many came to the meeting, so many that they could not get inside the room, but stood outside listening to the prayers and singing. The meetings continued three months, the sailor in the mean time supporting himself by fishing. During this time, also, the Hospital was visited and the Gospel preached to sick sailors. He then went on board another vessel taking with him his library. While this vessel was lying at anchor arrangements were made for holding a prayer-meeting. When the time came for the meeting the captain ordered the vessel to weigh anchor and go to sea. So the meeting was broken up as the captain did not like to have prayer-meeting on his ship. After they had been at sea a few weeks the vessel was cast high and dry upon a reef where it had to remain six weeks. The sailor then asked the captain if they might have a prayer-meeting *as they would not be likely to go to sea in a hurry*. The captain now consented and the prayer-meetings were held until the high tide took the vessel off. In the mean time the books were useful, and the captain was then glad to have his crew so well occupied.

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, President.  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., Cor. Sec. & Treas.  
L. P. HUBBARD, Financial Agent.  
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretary:—  
Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston



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*From the Boston (Mass.) Congregationalist.*

## SEAMEN AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

BY REV. S. W. HANKS.

Among the signs of the times indicating a better age is the change which is going on among the men of the sea, the world over. The ocean, which for many ages was a great barrier separating the nations of the earth, and keeping them apart, has become a great highway, bringing all the nations of the earth together. "There go the ships," carrying with them the ideas as well as the merchandise of the Christian nations. In this way the light of Christian civilization is being carried into all the dark places of the earth, and one heathen nation after another is being waked up as by the sound of a great trumpet. The great changes which have occurred in Japan, China and elsewhere, can be traced to the influence of Christian ideas carried to these countries by Christian seamen.

### *Library Work—Volumes Sent Out.*

More than sixty-thousand deep-sea vessels, carrying more than three hundred thousand men, are employed by the commerce of the United States. These men are for the most part earnest, active and intelligent, and it is estimated that among them are not less than thirty thousand Christians. More than seven thousand of these vessels have been supplied with a library of good and of Christian books. These libraries contain more than *three hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes, accessible by original shipment to more than two hundred and sixty thousand seamen, and by nearly seven thousand re-shipments, to many thousands more.* Among the men who have these libraries are many earnest Christians who are doing missionary work on shipboard and shore,

thus carrying torches lighted at Christian altars into the dark places of the earth.

### *Seamen, Fifty Years Ago.*

When the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, fifty years ago, commenced its work among seamen, the moral condition of this whole class of men was sad in the extreme. Hardly a Christian sailor could be found, and "floating hells" was the common descriptive phrase for the ships of that day. Rev. Chas. J. Jones, D.D., himself a converted sailor, and for many years a chaplain to seamen in New York, says in a published essay:—

"Wickedness of every kind abounded. Officers and men with a few exceptions appear to have thrown off all moral restraint, and abandoned themselves to work iniquity, with greediness. From the admiral to the afterguard, from the captain to cook, all were, as a rule, in the same condemnation. . . . Drunkenness abounded. Blasphemy, impurity and insubordination were prevalent. It was almost as much as a man's life was worth to be found engaged in any religious service, or to be suspected even of having any regard for his soul's welfare. It was not believed that a man could be a Christian and a sailor at the same time. The arrival of a man of war was a signal for pimps and prostitutes to batten on the vices of the crew. Indeed a true description of the condition of seamen at that time would be unfit for general reading."

As late as 1858-9, when the present system of loan libraries was inaugurated, it was urged against the plan that the time had not come to reach seamen by such an instrumentality. A well-known shipmaster, in a public meeting in Boston, ridiculed the idea, declaring that sailors would throw the books overboard or tear them up to light their pipes with."

At the headquarters of the Society, when the plan was proposed,

the opinion prevailed that the time had not come for adopting such a plan. While the subject was under discussion, a Christian woman in Western Massachusetts, who had recently entertained Miss Fidelia Fisk at her house, and had heard her speak of the destitution of good reading matter among seamen, hearing of this plan to supply libraries for seamen,—said: "It can do no hurt and may do much good," and that she would give the first library, relying upon her cow, whose milk she sold, to help her. In this way the first library was procured; and a statement of it being made to a Sabbath school in the vicinity, the school, not willing to be "outdone by a woman and a cow," gave two libraries more.

### *The First Libraries—Good Work Done.*

The libraries which went out from Boston were put up by MOSES H. SARGENT, Agent of the Congregational Publishing Society, and were sent to sea by Captain ANDREW BARTLET. The first was dispatched thence, in 1859, in the brig *Susan Emily*, Captain Davis, in care of Peter Dennison, who became a Christian, and united with a church in New Orleans. The library went several voyages, and returned after three years, much worn, having done good service.

### *On U. S. S. Hartford.*

The library which was marked No. 2, was given by the Olivet Church S. S., Springfield, Mass., then under the care of Mr. EDWARD INGERSOLL, Superintendent, who warmly favored the idea, being himself familiar with the wants and habits of seamen. This library went to sea in the hands of

a sailor just previously converted in Boston, Mass. While at the Sailors' Home in B., he received a letter informing him of the death of a dear sister. In the letter were some withered violet leaves which had grown upon the grave of his sister, in the old family burying ground in his native place. When he read the letter, and thought of his anxious mother, and his sister's grave, where the spring flowers were now growing, and of his own condition, a poor drunkard, in rags and wretchedness, he resolved to become a Christian.

He went to the prayer-meeting in the Mariner's Church and asked to be prayed for. Rev. ELIJAH KELLOGG, then chaplain, read the letter which the sailor had received from his mother, and spoke of the withered violet leaves. A few Christian sailors remained after the meeting, and engaged in prayer. The result was this seaman's conversion. He then went on board the U.-S. Steamship *Hartford*, bound for China, taking with him Library No. 2. During the voyage, he met with pious sailors for prayer. There was a chaplain on board, and there were several pious officers, and an interesting revival commenced in connection with the prayer-meetings.

A sailor on board wrote:—"There is a great work of God going forward on board this ship. Morning and evening there are more than three hundred assembled for prayers. By our Captain's advice, one Sunday, we were all sitting by ourselves, during service, to sing the songs of Zion. The ship rang with the songs of redeeming grace. We rose in the presence of officers and men to testify what the Lord had done for us. There were five of our officers with tears running

down their cheeks, and others with their faces hid in their caps. The officers told the carpenter that they never witnessed such a scene before, and the Commodore said he had never seen anything like it. Sailors were preaching Jesus, and imploring their shipmates, with tears in their eyes, to come to Him for eternal life.

"When we arrived at Hong Kong, the pious sailors went ashore to the American Seamen's Chapel, and talked of Christ and the great salvation. The chaplain there wrote:—"In the evening the chapel was crowded, and more than twenty talked and prayed. It is not the chaplain that is bringing souls to Christ, but it is Christ working to save sinful men."

#### *Conversions Reported—General Results.*

More than twelve hundred conversions in all have been reported in connection with this library work among seamen, and the libraries are steadily called for. The corrupting literature, formerly so common at sea, is being displaced, and Christian seamen are lending efficient aid to Christian missions in every part of the world.

#### From C. G. Rossetti's "Martyr Song."

We meet in joy, though we part in sorrow;  
We part to-night, but we meet to-morrow.  
Be it flood or blood the path that's trod,  
All the same it leads home to God;  
Be it furnace-fire voluminous,  
One like God's Son will walk with us.

God the Father give us grace,  
To walk in the light of Jesus' face!  
God the Son give us a part  
In the hiding place of Jesus' heart!  
God the Spirit so hold us up  
That we may drink of Jesus' cup!

Death is short and life is long;  
Satan is strong, but Christ more strong.

*For the Sailors' Magazine.*

## THE COMMERCE OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. E. ROCKWELL, D. D.

## V.—COMMERCIAL NATIONS AROUND PALESTINE.

Next in importance to Egypt in their relations with the Jews, were the people usually alluded to by the mention of Tyre and Sidon, and known as the *Phœnicians*. Between the northern tribes of Israel and the Mediterranean Sea was a narrow belt of land hemmed in by the lofty ranges of Mount Lebanon. From the earliest ages of which history makes mention, it was the seat and center of a vast commerce which united the East with the growing nations around the great sea. The ports of Tyre and Sidon and other cities which sprang up along the coast afforded sufficient depth of water and secure harbors for all the demands of ancient navigation. The streams which flowed down from the mountains enriched the soil, and the forests of Lebanon supplied the merchants with exhaustless quantities of timber for the building of ships. Egypt gave them sails and cordage, and everything requisite for the fitting up of their vessels.

Their situation was eminently favorable to the growth of a vast and remunerative commerce, and that narrow belt of land settled originally by emigrants from Canaan, gradually became populous by additions from Syria, from Egypt and from other nations, until it was able to send forth colonies which extended along the coast of the Mediterranean and over its islands, even beyond the straits of Gibraltar and as far north as the British isles. Large fleets sailed forth from their harbors laden with the riches of the East and

South, and brought back in return the productions of Egypt and Greece, and the countries beyond.

With the influx of wealth resulting from their commercial speculations came in the refinements, arts and sciences of advancing civilization. Philosophy and Rhetoric were cultivated with success, and Arithmetic, Geography and Astronomy became the essential and useful aids of commerce in her work. Sculptors, painters, architects and builders abounded. So famed were their artists for the elegance of their work in wood, iron and the precious metals, and splendid dyes, that they were everywhere sought after by monarchs who desired to erect sumptuous palaces, or splendid monuments and temples. This fact is abundantly illustrated in the history of Solomon the king of Israel, who when he was about to enrich Jerusalem with his own residences, and with the most costly and splendid temple the world ever saw, made alliance with Hiram the Phœnician king, and through him secured the services of his most skilful artisans, for all the work which was to be done upon those magnificent structures. Thus it was that for ages the Phœnicians were the emperors of the sea, and seemed only to desire and aim at the enlargement of their commerce and its peaceable enjoyment. They had correspondence by land with Syria and Mesopotamia, with Assyria, Babylon and Persia, with Egypt, Arabia and the Indies. Their ships whitened every sea of the known world with their sails.

Their country was the great warehouse whence was distributed every object that could administer to the necessities or the luxuries of mankind. The summary of all the immense trade which thus built up for ages the fortunes of *Phœnicia* is graphically presented in the twenty-seventh chapter of *Ezekiel*. No one familiar with history can read that description and not see in it a marvelous word-painting of the great centre of ancient commerce, whose accuracy is fully confirmed by all the authors who have ever written of Phœnician life and activities. And if we remember that the prophecies of the coming overthrow of these great commercial centers were written when, because of their greatness and strength, such a fate seemed the least probable, we cannot fail to recognize therein the divine prescience that "seeth the end from the beginning."

Next to Phœnicia in position, and perhaps in importance, was *Syria*, whose territory stretched from the northern shores of the great sea to the branch of the Euphrates known as the Chaboras or Khabour River, and from the land of Canaan to the Taurus Mountains. It contained every variety of climate and soil, from the frosts and snows of Lebanon and Taurus, and the fertile valleys which lay at their feet, to the sultry heat of the deserts which bordered upon Arabia.

From its proximity to the early home of the race it must have been among the earliest settled portions of the world, and from its central position, as lying between the eastern and western portions of Asia, it was evidently an important agent in the great movements of commercial life. Not only did its own territory

furnish many of the commodities which enter into the exchanges of trade, but from its position it was one of the most important avenues through which commerce must pass, in order to make those exchanges. *Damascus* from its position on the chief thoroughfares of travel, early grew into a large and important city, where the tides of business between the East and West were perpetually ebbing and flowing, and *Tadmor*, or *Palmyra*, attained to immense wealth and splendor in the days of Solomon, though standing in the midst of the wilderness, about midway between Damascus and the Euphrates. Here upon a remarkable oasis watered by several small streams and shaded by groves of palms, from which it received its name, arose a splendid city chiefly out of the demands of commerce for a resting-place for her endless caravans, in their movements eastward and westward, and a storehouse where her treasures might be gathered until they should be needed in the ordinary upward and downward movements of business life.

On the Mediterranean borders of Syria arose *Hamath*, in the valley of the Orontes, which enters the sea near Antioch. Through this fertile valley commerce made avenues for the outlet of trade between Palmyra and Damascus and the Mediterranean. Frequent mention is made in the Scriptures of this city, the first notice of which occurs in *Numbers x: 22*, in the report of the spies sent out by Moses after the exodus of Israel. From the recurrence of the name in the subsequent histories of the Bible and among the prophets, it is evident that in the earliest ages of the world, commerce had used it, as it still is do-

ing, as one of its important centres in the land of Syria. *Antioch*, which compared with this is a modern city, though built 300 years before Christ, was for long ages the metropolis of Western Syria, and grew up also from the necessities of trade, sharing with other sea ports the commerce of the world. Thus as will be seen by the slightest inspection of a map of the old world, Syria was from its natural position a commercial nation along whose coasts and borders as well as throughout its length and breadth commerce had its thoroughfares and centers that early became important cities, many of which still retain their prestige and influence in the ebb and flow of modern traffic. From its proximity to the Jewish nation it constantly enters into the Scriptural notices of that people and largely influenced their political and social interests.

Next to Syria lies the region of *Arabia*, having the Persian and Red Seas for its eastern and western borders, and thus forming a vast peninsula embracing every variety of soil and climate, of animal and vegetable life. In its northern portion lies a desert stretching from Syria to the Euphrates, the country of the Cushites and afterwards of the descendants of Ishmael, a waste of sand with here and there an oasis, and wells of brackish water and shrubs on which the camel may feed. Along the edges of this dreary waste the caravans of the merchants made their way, with the wealth of the lands between which they formed the connecting links. Westward of this region lies *Arabia Petrea*, stretching outward toward Egypt, and recognized more especially in the Scriptures as the home of the Midianites, the Edom-

ites and Amalekites. Here Moses spent forty years of his life, keeping the flocks of his father-in-law, and preparing for his great work of leading his people forth from the iron bondage of Egypt; and through a part of this region they wandered, until the time came for them to possess the land promised to their fathers.

In the southern part of the Arabian Peninsula lies the richest and best portion of this vast country. Here came the descendants of Joktan, one of the sons of Eber, and built up towns and cities, and engaged in agriculture and commerce. In the ports of *Sabaa* were obtained the spices and fabrics and precious stones that had been brought from India, which were carried overland to Egypt and Europe before the sailors of those early ages had dared to pass out of the Red sea into the ocean beyond. Thence came those vast caravans that traversed the deserts of Arabia, of which mention is made as early as the history of Joseph. The balm and myrrh which that Ishmaelite and Midianite troop carried, to whom Joseph was sold a slave, probably came from Arabia itself, but the spicery had doubtless been brought from countries lying still further east. Thus it is evident that this country was an important link in the early interchange of commodities between the nations of the old world, and that the Cushites, Ishmaelites and Midianites of these vast deserts were the principal agents in carrying on the trade that early sprung up between the distant countries of Asia. And though commerce has now found new tracks and avenues, the descendants of these people still traverse the old paths with their caravans, which bear the products of

the eastern world as they did in the times of Moses.

On the western border of this vast country lay the land of *Idumæa*, or *Edom*. Its people had grown to be a strong nation long before the Israelites came into possession of their inheritance, and their history is often interwoven with that of the Jews, whose name frequently occurs in the prophecies. For ages they were largely associated with the commerce not only of Palestine but of the world. They had their southern border at Elath and Ezion Geber on the eastern arm of the Red Sea from which stretched northward a mountainous track 100 miles long by 20 broad.

Here in the midst of wild and rugged ravines, and of hills whose sides were covered with a rich and fertile soil dwelt the descendants of Esau, the twin brother of Jacob. Their ancient capital was *Bozrah*, and their great stronghold was *Petra*, a city hewn out of the rocks. Within the narrow limits of Elen arose mighty and populous cities whose ruins are still the wonder of the world. They were the outgrowth of commerce which demanded this region as its highway and outlet, and which placed its thoroughfares through the mountains, and made its cities the centers where might meet the great currents of trade between the East and the West.

Lying as it did in the direct lines of travel between Palestine, Syria, Egypt, Arabia and the Orient, it attained to immense wealth and strength by reason of its commercial enterprise. Through its territory lay the continuous valley now known as *El Araba*, leading from the Dead Sea to the Eilatitic Gulf, and so forming an easy and natural channel of communication between Jerusalem and its ports

upon the Red Sea as well as between Syria and Phœnicia, and India.

To these nations which have a conspicuous part in the commerce of the Bible, should be added the people inhabiting *Philistia*,—the root of the word *Palæstine*,—by which the Holy Land is now known. In the time of Abraham the people called Philistines were a simple pastoral tribe dwelling around Gerar on the southern border of Canaan, and on the road which led to Egypt.

At the exodus of Israel the small tribe had grown to be a nation sufficiently powerful to keep the Jews in constant fear and frequently to reduce them to subjection. They occupied a land rich in agricultural products and abounding in corn, the vine and the olive. Through the cities of Ashdod, Gaza and Askelon passed the high road leading to Egypt by the sea coast. So these towns were the keys of the nation, commanded the trade between Asia and Africa, and were depots for the rich spices of Arabia. That they possessed a navy is evident from the fact that they had ports connected with Ashdod and Gaza, and that the Septuagint translation of *Isaiah*, *xi: 14*, speaks of the ships of the Philistines. That they were proficient in the arts and manufactures is also apparent from several allusions to their skill as armorers and smiths,—*1 Sam. xii: 20*. and to their acquaintance with the manufacture of golden ornaments,—*1 Sam. vi: 11*.

With the nations thus adjoining Palestine the Jews must necessarily have held constant and intimate commercial relations from their earliest history. And although the Hebrews were largely restrained from intercourse with foreign



nations, because of the dangers which would thus be incurred of corrupting the true religion which they were set apart to preserve, yet they gradually increased their commerce with them, until it reached the height of its greatness in the time of Solomon. They were largely an agricultural people, yet from this very fact they were dependent mainly upon surrounding nations to supply them with the products of their arts and manufactures. Hence although Moses enacted no laws in favor of commerce except those of honesty in buying and selling, he evidently foresaw the necessity of commercial interchanges, and indeed laid their foundation, in the

establishment of great national festivals which eventually became the germs of a large and remunerative traffic with the representatives of almost every nation. Thus we find soon after the settlement of the Jews in their own land the evidences of a foreign trade which increased with the growth of the nation and which is fully recognized both in the Scriptural histories of its movements, and in the utterances of the prophets who were the popular preachers of their times, and who introduced into their discourses frequent allusions to the great commercial activities of the age in which they lived.

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### THE ICE NORTH.

#### INEFFECTUAL CRUISE IN SEARCH OF THE MISSING WHALERS AND THE EXPLORING YACHT "JEANNETTE."

San Francisco papers give full accounts of the cruise of the U. S. Revenue Cutter *Corwin*, which sailed from that port on the 22nd of last May, reaching Onalaska (one of the largest of the Fox Islands, in the North Pacific) twelve days after. From then she went to the Fur Seal Islands. Proceeding northward, the *Corwin* followed the western edge of the ice pack, with the intention, if possible, of reaching Wrangel's Land, (north of the north-eastern extremity of Siberia). At times the ice was mast high, and navigation was exceedingly difficult and attended with much risk. Often the passage was found blocked, and the gallant craft was compelled to turn back. The encounters with the ice made progress very slow, and sometimes she was only able to make from fifteen to twenty

miles a day. The farthest point made on the first trip was off Wrangel's Land, on June 11th, when the vessel ran her nose on the ice which surrounded the bleak shore. She made within twenty-five miles of shore, but could get no nearer. No human being, as far as known, has ever reached the island, and no trace of the *Jeanette* could be discovered. The *Corwin* then followed the ice-pack to the American shore, and finally made a landing at Point Barrow, on the 25th of August. At Cape Sable the vessel laid in a supply of coals, having discovered a seam of the best kind of bituminous coal. Another trip was made north

*In the direction of Herald Island, lying to the eastward of Wrangel's Land, which was approached within three miles of the shore, when*

whistles were blown and all the noise possible was made in order to attract the attention of any possible castaways. No sign, however, was perceived of the objects of the search. The shores are precipitous cliffs, and only one person is known to have ever gained a landing, and then he found it a very hazardous undertaking. The captain continued in the neighborhood of the island for some time, trying to get north through the ice. Finally he went as far north as 71 degrees and 43 minutes, which is as far as any United States vessel has ever penetrated this desolate region. The vessel then returned to the continent, from which other trips were made. At Hotham inlet, where the *Corwin* obtained fuel, water, and game, a survey was made of the inlet. On the shore, traces of a gold and silver-bearing ledge were discovered, and assays showed that there were \$175 of precious metal in the ton of ore. Upon proceeding northward, things assumed a more wintry aspect, the sun disappeared below the horizon, and snow squalls and violent gales were encountered. During a fearful gale, the gallant craft anchored under the lee of Cape Thompson, an immense rocky promontory, on whose crest and sides were myriads of sea-gulls. Upon the windward side of the Cape, the sea broke with tremendous force, scattering the spray high aloft. At the beginning of September the vessel was again steaming over a smoother sea, which, at night time, assumed a phosphorescent glitter. The weather again changed; snow squalls were frequent, and ice abundant. On the morning of the 11th the whaling bark *Thomas Pope* was spoken. Her captain reported that he had sighted Herald Island ten days before and found it entirely

surrounded with ice. While all hands, except the watch, were at lunch, Quartermaster Nelson sighted land, and sang out the glad tidings to those below. It proved to be the

#### *Mysterious Wrangel's Land,*

And toward it every glass on board was speedily directed. Steaming through openings in the ice, the *Corwin* approached within about twenty miles of the shore, where a barrier was reached which cut off every possibility of approaching nearer. The ice was massive and so high that view, excepting at the mast-head, was obstructed. Immense fiords were perceptible in the sounding ice, and it was deemed unsafe to prolong the stay. A sounding was made, and some starfish were brought up with a dredger. The water was twenty-seven or twenty-eight fathoms deep. Apprehending danger from the ice, the *Corwin* returned, and two days afterward the snow-covered land disappeared from sight. No signs were perceptible of the *Jeannette* or the ill-fated whalers, and not the slightest hope was entertained for the safety of the latter. If a vessel was unfortunate enough to get caught between some of the immense masses of ice encountered in the neighborhood of Wrangel's Land, she would be crushed between the immense floes, and disappear. It seems that if the men had been compelled to desert their ships, they would have made known their whereabouts, by this time, to the *Corwin* or the whale fleet. Of the

#### *Safety of the Jeannette*

There seems to be no doubt. It is believed that she made her way through the ice, which generally makes to the northward of Herald Island, and that she is closed in

the ice a considerable distance north of any point reached by the *Thomas Corwin*. The *Jeannette* may also have gone west of Wrangel's Land, or in the neighborhood of the Siberian Islands, or the Polynia, or open sea. The *Corwin* sailed over six thousand miles within the Arctic circle, and in the contest with the ice and the elements, she had much of the copper knocked from her bows and sides, causing her to leak considerably. Her propeller, it is also believed, is bent. Quite a collection of curiosities has been brought down by the officers and the crew. In latitude 64° 30' north and about longitude 162° west, they found large quantities of fossils, mostly of the mastodon, and they have on board a mastodon's tusk, which was about eleven feet one inch long. Skeletons were found, almost complete, about thirty or forty feet below the surface, where a break in the bank occurred.

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### An Old Sailor's Conversion.

Many years ago when the late Sir J. B.———was Lieut.-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, he observed Sunday after Sunday, as he returned from the evening service in the Evangelical Church which he attended, on Blackheath, an old, one-legged pensioner traveling homeward from the same direction, and, entering into conversation with him, was delighted to find him also a fellow pilgrim along the road to life eternal,—a man of prayer and of Christian experience. He found in the course of conversation, on offering to serve him in any way, that the man was anxious to be placed on his "guard," and on taking the necessary steps to do so, by informing the adjutant, he was met by the objection, "A. S——, Sir!

Why, he's the worst man in the whole establishment!" "How long since the last complaint, Mr. R——?" asked the Christian admiral. The adjutant paused, turned over his books, hunted in vain, and at last observed, "Nine years since the last complaint, Sir. Nothing against him at that time; but he *was* a desperate character." "Then, my friend, a sinner saved by the grace of God, one changed by His mighty power, such a marvel of redeeming love, may well be one in whom I should take an interest. Do not let us recall those sins of the past that have been blotted out by Jesus' blood, and that God Himself has cast into the depths of the sea. Place Adam Smith on my guard." And there Adam Smith remained for nearly nine years afterwards, often seated in his little sentry-box, studying his pocket Bible, and more than once did he enter into conversation with his kind admiral on the subject of the sins of his earlier days, and God's merciful redemption from them. "No, no, Sir!" said he; "God keeps no black book for 'bye-gones,' like Mr. R——; they are all blotted out as soon as Jesus writes 'Paid' over them."

The worst sinner may turn, God helping him, from the error of his ways; it is never too late. Adam Smith, the swearer, the drinker, the profligate, became Adam Smith the saved, the sanctified, and is now the glorified.—*Chart & Compass*.

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### A Naval Captain—Conversion to Christ.

Years have passed since the first Napoleon lingered an exile at St. Helena; when there was a Christian commissioner at the Cape of Good

Hope who earnestly endeavored to win souls for his Master among his brother officers. One of the captains commanding a ship on the station, was a gifted and talented man, but one utterly opposed to true religion. He lost no opportunity of sneering at Christians, and turning their faith into ridicule; and he often boasted that no power would avail to make him bend his knees in prayer. What was his indignation and rage when, after dining with the commissioner, and being invited to remain that night, a bell rang and the servants filed in, and after a few words from the Bible, all knelt in prayer, and he found himself obliged to conform outwardly like the rest! He was bound the next day for a three-month's cruise, and on parting the commissioner said, "Will you promise me to read this copy of John Newton's life and sermons through while you are at sea, and give me your opinion of it when you return?" He pressed the point, the promise was given, the good commissioner's prayers went up for a blessing, and in a few months, when the ship returned, it was as a "brother beloved" that Captain—sought the commissioner's house. Wringing his hand, he said, "Never will I part with the book you lent me. God has used it to bring me to Jesus!"

For many, many years afterwards he lived an earnest follower of the Lamb, entirely consecrated to His service. Trial came, and he bore it like a Christian, and death found him resting already "safe in the arms of Jesus." And this was permitted to be accomplished by a *book*, given with prayer, by a Christian brother officer. "Go ye and do likewise."—*Chart & Compass.*

### The Sustaining "Rock of Ages."

On board the ill-fated *Seawan-haka* was one of the Fisk University Jubilee Singers. Before leaving the burning steamer and committing himself to the merciless water, he carefully fastened upon himself and wife, life preservers. Some one cruelly dragged away that of the wife, leaving her without hope, except as she could cling to her husband. This she did, placing her hands firmly on his shoulders and resting there until her strength becoming exhausted, she said, "I can hold on no longer!" "Try a little longer," was the response of the wearied and agonized husband,— "let us sing *Rock of Ages*." And as the sweet strains floated over those troubled waves reaching the ears of the sinking and dying, little did they know, those sweet singers of Israel, whom they comforted.

But lo! as they sang, one after another of the exhausted ones were seen raising their heads above the overwhelming waves, joining with a last effort in this pleading prayer,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me  
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

With the song seemed to come strength; another and yet another was encouraged to renewed effort.

Soon in the distance a boat was seen approaching! Could they hold out a little longer? Singing still, they tried, and soon with superhuman strength laid hold of it and were borne in safety to land. This was related by the singer himself, who said he "believed Toplady's *Rock of Ages* saved many another beside himself and wife.

And this was only salvation from temporal death! But, from the bright world yonder, Toplady must

rejoice that God ever taught him to write the words which have helped to save so many from *eternal* death as, catching its spirit, they have learned to cast themselves alone for help on that "Rock of Ages"—cleft, Sinner, for them, for *you* and for *me*. That Rock ever stands rent asunder that it may shelter those who utter the cry,—

"Let me hide myself in Thee!"

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"I am Strong in Him."

"The other day," said NORMAN McLEOD,—“I was requested by a brother-minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who, during three years' sickness, had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a

singular enlightenment of the Spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move; it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ear the words, 'I am strong in Him.' The words were few and uttered feebly. They were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek and quiet and affectionate mother;—but these words seemed to lift the burden from the weary heart; they seemed to make the world more beautiful than ever it was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth. May all of us be 'strong in Him!'"

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## ITEMS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS.

### *Running away from Hurricanes.*

The management of ships when assailed by cyclones, is the subject of a recent paper by Professor Langhton, of the Royal Naval College. After speaking of the danger to a ship, when not on the right tack, of being taken aback when the wind shifts and driven under the waves stern first, he says:—

The great desideratum in the handling of a storm-menaced ship is not so much the rectification of the rules now in vogue, which have saved many a vessel, by their timely application to increase her distance from the center in the early part of the hurricane, when she can keep the wind on her quarter. Much has been written in late years calculated to confuse an unscientific seaman as to the form of cyclones; but so long as he can keep his ship from running before the wind, and keep the wind well on the starboard quarter in the Northern Hemisphere, or on the port quarter in the opposite part of the globe, it matters not whether the cyclone be circular or

elliptical, he will recede from danger. But this can be done by most ships only in the early hours of the gale's approach, before the wind becomes so high that bringing it on the ship's quarter exposes her to the risk of "broaching to." This, in a nutshell, expresses the substantial results of the latest modern research as to the avoidance of marine depressions, and, as the long cyclone season is but just begun, its importance cannot be too deeply impressed on seamen.

### *A Submarine Volcano.*

Commander Huntington, of the United States steamer *Alert* in a report to the Navy Department just received, says that while on a surveying cruise in the Pacific, south of Fortsizio and the Bonin Islands, on approaching the island of San Alessandro, his attention was called to a strange appearance on the water, apparently ten miles distant. A volume of vapor was rising as though some vessel was blowing off steam. This was followed by an appearance of breakers.

*How a Sailor kept his Promise.*

In the early days of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, says the *Portland, Me. Argus*, it became necessary to acquire more land on the northeasterly side of their India street property. The next adjoining property, wharf and flats, was that of Captain Daniel and James Mountfort, the access to which was by a passage-way from Fore street. On the southeasterly side of the roadway was a high, rocky ledge, the former site of the ancient Fort Loyal, celebrated in our early history as the scene of many contests and attacks from the Indians. Upon the top of the high ledge was perched an old one-story house occupied by Hannah Fagundas, and her daughter, Betsey Jenkins, the use of which for life had been given by Captain Daniel, in concurrence with James, to this widow and daughter of one of his wornout railors. The price of the land was agreed upon between the railroad company and James Mountfort and the heirs of Captain Daniel. But there still remained the encumbrance of old Hannah's house on the rock, the Mountfort's attorney refusing to sell the property unless the railroad company would provide another house for them for life or compensate them to their satisfaction, saying that the judge must make his own trade with them. The railroad company wished to see the life lease. Mr. James straightened up and said, "My brother gave no written lease, but gave his word for it as long as they lived, which was higher and stronger than any written lease could be." It was suggested that when the property was sold the Mountfort's would have no legal liability for it. He and the children of Daniel all said they knew that very well, but they would not sell the property on any terms that did not also stipulate to fulfil the parting word and obligations of his brother and their father for a life shelter to the poor women.

The company then tried to commute with old Hannah for a sum of money. This she refused, declining to take anything but a house for life in some other location, or its equivalent, yearly paid. It was finally settled by the railroad company's giving them an annuity obligation of \$40 a year, payable quarterly, during her life and that of her daughter. This written obligation was made July 18th, 1847, and took effect July 28th, 1847. It has been paid quarterly since

that time until April 28th, 1879, Mrs. Jenkins always promptly calling for it on the day it was due. The obligation taken up by the treasurer is a curiosity with its 128 endorsements, crosswise and lengthwise of the paper, completely filling all space. Both women being quite old and feeble in health, Judge Preble supposed that in the ordinary course of events the company would have but a few years of payments to make on this annuity. But a higher power decided otherwise.

It has cost the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad and their lessees, the Grand Trunk Railroad, to make good the word of Captain Daniel Mountfort to the poor widow:—Annuity from July 28th, 1847, to April 28th, 1879, 31½ years, \$1,270; Mrs. Jenkins died the following May, when the small balance to the day of her death was paid and the annuity obligation was surrendered, \$3, making a total payment of \$1,273 to make good the word of the old-time shipmaster to poor old Hannah Fagundas. The total cost of keeping the old sailor's word, by compounding interest quarterly on the sums paid at six per centum per annum, amounts, principal and interest, to \$3,808 89, which is about threefold the amount of the original quarterly payment.

*Storm on the Sun.*

Observers of the Sun, says the *Providence, R. I., Journal*, found indications of intense commotion on the 11th, 12th and 13th of August. The sun-spots were many, large and active, and protuberances shot up their rose-colored tongues with increased force and velocity from the surface. The earth made instantaneous response to the solar system. A magnetic disturbance suddenly began accompanied by an unusual exhibition of earth currents. The magnetic variations were frequent and large, and the earth currents continuous and strong. It is years since the Greenwich Observatory has recorded magnetic disturbances of equal magnitude, and it sends forth a timely warning to telegraph engineers, and especially to those concerned in laying submarine cables, that earth-currents may now become frequent as compared with the quietness of recent years. A superb exhibition of aurora accompanied the magnetic disturbance. An observer at the Stonyhurst Observatory describes it as recalling the magnificent displays of

1869, 1870 and 1871, while the play of the magnets was one of the most violent ever recorded at that observatory. The auroral display was extensively observed in England and Scotland. One observer describes it as an outburst of streamers, appearing like wavy, swaying curtains from the zenith to near the horizon, with the loveliest green tints near the zenith. Another writes that the streaks extended from horizon to zenith, the color being principally pale blue with a reddish tinge. Another paints the display as a brilliant band of white light followed by streamers, each streamer fading away before the succeeding one became very bright. Still another records a glowing celestial picture of the northern horizon skirted by a bright white haze, terminating in an ill-defined arch, from which sprang a large number of broad streamers, stretching toward the zenith.

The same phenomenon was seen by American observers, although it did not receive the attention bestowed upon it by European observers. It is evident, however, that the epoch of grand auroras

and magnetic storms has returned, and that our northern skies for months to come will probably be lighted with auroral flames. More earnestly than ever arises the question of the cause of the sun-spot cycle and its intimate connection with electric and magnetic phenomena. No one doubts that the commotion in the solar orb is reflected on the earth in the flashes of auroral light and the erratic movements of the magnetic needle. We can see the cause and note the effect. But no one, if the theory of the disturbing influence of the great planets is rejected, has found the clew to the secret of sun spots. We can only grope in darkness while we wait for persistent searchers to solve the problem, and admire with mingled reverence and awe the mighty power with which the sun sways his retinue of worlds, and the strength of the sympathetic chord by which each planet in the system reflects in auroral light and disturbed magnetism the abnormal condition of the great central orb.

## WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

### CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

#### Sweden.

##### HELSINGBORG.

In July, August and September, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT traveled 83 Swedish miles, and met hundreds of sailors, to whom he preached the way of life. He speaks of comfort received from finding Christian seamen among them. On one vessel the sailors told him that at their home in Frederickshald, in Norway, the people had built a mission-house where many seamen came to worship. A Norwegian captain, who had back-slidden from the Lord was found and labored with, on his arrival from New York with a cargo of grain.

On an English vessel he was warmly welcomed by the Christian captain. The partial transcript of a letter he had just received from Falmouth, Eng., from the chief officer of the English ship *Jessie*, witnesses to a fervor of religious experi-

ence, and to his regard for our missionary. We quote:—

*"Dearly Beloved Friend:—May the Lord God whom thou lovest and serveest bless and keep thee and thine for Christ's sake! Amen. Having arrived safely from the mighty deep once more, I think it my duty,—to the praise of God,—to communicate to my dearest earthly friends, the goodness and mercy of the Lord in bringing us safe to our desired haven. Yes, I will say with the Psalmist, 'Praise the Lord, oh my soul! and forget not all His benefits.' It is a great while since I heard from you, dear sir, and I should be delighted if you would please to send me a line to Hamburg. Oh how exalted are we that we should be called the Sons of God! Dear friend, remember me in your prayers, for my soul is with you all when I approach the throne of grace. Now may the God of Israel, even our own God, and the Lord Jesus Christ be with and bless thee and thine!"*

A Christian Mate whom Mr. W. met at Wisby, in September, told him that

he had lately been in China, where he found many beloved children of God, English missionaries and converted Chinese.

#### GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERIKSSON, in the three months prior to October 1st, labored among sailors in G., and in Soderhamm, Ljusac, Stockholm, Osthannar, Oregrund, and Grasow. The last named is an island populated by sailors and fishing men who are very ignorant concerning religious matters, but have been labored with by Mormons. The people listened attentively to Mr. Eriksson.—At Oregrund, with 900 seafaring inhabitants, he spoke repeatedly to large audiences in the house of a Christian sea captain, and many of his hearers wept for their sins.—At Stockholm, he found it hard to get sailors to the Bethel, which is at a great distance from the harbor. A petition has been made to the King for the use of an old vessel as a Bethel ship. The same need is felt at Gefle.—Mr. RADCLIFFE, from Liverpool, visited G. during the past summer, and has forwarded tracts for distribution among sailors.

#### GOTHLAND.

On this island, at Wisby and Buttle, old JOHN LINDELIUS has lately visited on 34 vessels, and made faithful distribution of reading matter, to seamen, rejoicing that "the word of the Lord has had progress in our country, and that sailors begin to listen to it."

#### Denmark.

##### COPENHAGEN.

Rev A. WOLLESON, in his letter, dated October 15th, speaking of large attendance at the Bethel services, says:—"Sometimes our Mission has proved too small for the numbers of sailors duly prepared for the reception of the gospel of peace with thanksgiving.

*Extent and power of Spiritual Movements.*

"A moving by the spirit of the Lord is

truly going through the people here, but as in times of old, they are slow to put their trust in the crucified and risen Savior. Jesus, however, has opened the windows of Heaven, and converting and saving grace has been granted to anxious souls in a wonderful manner. God has owned and blessed our efforts, and many sailors have come to the Mission as prodigals, attended our services, and left for sea renouncing self and sin, seeking to be exalted only in Jesus, crying out 'God be merciful,'—and with broken hearts have trusted in the blood which flowed on Calvary.

#### Cases of Conversion—An Iceland Sailor.

"I could speak of many cases, but shall only state a few of the most interesting. An Iceland sailor, converted here, went home to tell his kinsfolk what great things the Lord had done for him. He says in a letter, dated Isafjord, the 1st of September, that he is going out with tracts to preach the Word of God. Great darkness prevailed in that place, but a little spiritual life appears to have commenced.

#### God's work on Shipboard.

"Another sailor writes from Dieppe, France, September 14th, expressing his gratitude for the interest taken in him while he was here, speaking of the love and mercy with which God favors him, and stating that he is not alone now on his ship, for three of his shipmates have turned to the better way and are now very devoted. His letter is of much piety and simplicity in faith.

"I have received other letters from seamen which all show a steadfastness in spirit and prove that when a seaman becomes converted he is true to his profession, and serves God with body and soul.

#### A Seaman's Labor for his Brethren.

"A young Danish sailor, who is now working at a manufactory in Malmö, in Sweden, was spiritually benefitted by our Mission. I immediately encouraged him to do something for seamen in that port, and he writes, October 1st, that he has in his spare time visited 81 ships, supplied sailors with tracts, and has conversed and prayed with them where he has had opportunity. Especially he has endeavored to get seamen to attend religious meetings. He says that it will be a great privilege to visit ships every Sabbath day, and closes with the prayer that God may guide him and make him useful.



*The Work Spreading.*

"A Lutheran clergyman from Korsor, in Denmark, came up to me to ask my advice. He desired to see a mission for fishermen and for other seamen established in that port. I gave him all the information I could and encouraged him to commence the work immediately. I offered, moreover, to go to Korsor for a few days to get it started. Surely a gracious Heavenly Father is encouraging me in many different ways.

*Visitation.*

"I have visited 860 ships, paid 22 visits to hospitals and boarding houses, going three times every week, besides spending as much of my time as possible in the reading room. My prayer has been in every effort to be permitted to do something for Jesus. I have found souls in hospitals, boarding-houses and ships, who were longing, yea in despair, for something which could satisfy them, telling them of Him and of His love."

*Germany.**HAMBURG.*

"The new Institute," says Rev. JAMES EDWARDS, over date of October 18th, is "progressing very successfully, and we believe the Divine blessing is resting upon it."

*France.**MARSEILLES.*

"I am thankful," writes Rev. D. S. GOVETT, chaplain, on the 14th October, "to report very favorably of our Sailor's Home, opened here three months ago. For two out of the three months it has been continually full to overflowing. During that period our registers record 1700 days' board to seamen.

*A Piano vs. the Dram Shop.*

"We have just purchased by special subscription, a piano for the Reading Room, as we found on hiring one that the men amused themselves for hours with it in the evening, instead of resorting to the neighboring dram shops.

"The London Religious Tract Society has sent us a munificent grant of suitable illustrated volumes and publications for the library and for distribution on board ship and in hospital. This is being effectively carried out by myself and an assistant, and our services, thank God, are well attended and heartily appreciated.

"The Bishop of Gibraltar writes that in his forth-coming printed pastoral letter, he will commend our Sailors' Home to his diocese."

*Italy.**NAPLES.*

"The members of your Society will be glad to learn that our Bethel is now entirely free of debt, and that good work is done among seamen." So writes Rev. JAMES GORDON GRAY, chaplain, October 25th, and Mr. S. BURROWS, missionary, transmits his report of that work for the three months which closed September 30th,—as below:—

"Thirty-six meetings were held on board ships, with an attendance of 1,080 seamen, and twelve services on shore, with an attendance of 140. The visits to ships numbered 540, Bibles and Testaments 3, tracts and books distributed 2,803, including 400 to the U. S. S. *Nepisic*, where a good work is in progress conducted by one of the Lieutenants.

*On an American Vessel.*

"The American bark *Nomad* was opened for services on Sunday evenings. Her captain was greatly interested and used to talk much during our visits on board upon religious topics. We received much kindness and hospitality from him and from his family. The crew were very attentive and seemed to be benefited by the means of grace. They gave a liberal subscription to the mission. This captain had not been at a place of worship for fourteen years, yet he was not forgetful of eternal realities, and used to meditate on these things when alone.

*Other Shipboard Services.*

"The schr. '85' from Newfoundland was in harbor during August. Her cap-

tain also was very mindful of religious privileges and wished his men to attend the services. The farewell meeting in the '85' was precious. August 29th, we held the Bethel service on board the *Dudley* steamer of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The captain and crew were very kind and had the poop well covered in and illuminated with many lamps. We felt that God was present.

"In September the British men-of-war *Monarch* and *Thunder* were in the bay for several weeks, various services were held for the men on board, ashore and in the Bethel, a real time of refreshing was noticeable in these vessels. There were services conducted in the *Monarch* by the 1st Lieutenant and at the meeting, specially called for us to address, many were awakened.

#### *Bible Classes—Conversions.*

"The numbers in the Bible classes were increased. On the *Thunder* several have been converted and their Bible class meets several evenings in the week. The sailors addressed meetings in the Bethel and on shore.

#### *Effective Meetings.*

"September 4th.—Visited the U. S. S. *Nipsic*. As they had a call to Constantinople on the following morning (Sunday) I was requested to hold a service on board which was well attended by officers and men. The Lieutenant who conducts services regularly, seemed to have much respect and sympathy on board. After the meeting a sailor who had been on the U. S. S. *Alliance* told me of a remarkable service held on board that vessel, last year, at which many were stirred up. Of this good news we were entirely ignorant, and were thankful for the kind providence which made it known."

### Brockport, N. Y.

#### ERIE CANAL.

Dea. ISRAEL STARKS, a faithful laborer for the Society since 1869, writes Nov. 1st, 1880:—"This will be my last report as your missionary, yet I design to do some work by putting reading upon canal boats. May Heaven still smile upon the means employed to spread the gospel through the world by your Society! I have gone out the past summer, many a

day when I could scarcely get home,—but His Word shall not return to Him void. I shall hear of good done by it either here or hereafter. My journey is very nearly ended, but I trust a heavenly home awaits me on the other shore." Our best wishes and prayers go out to and for this dear brother.

### Norfolk, Va.

Chaplain CRANE speaks of his labor this fall, as proceeding with ordinary interest, but adds that a largely increased cotton trade, looked for during the present season, is likely to bring more seamen than usual into the port. "The general outlook here is encouraging. With needed facilities for more convenient and commodious Bethel accommodations, and other requisite appliances, this might become one of the most successful and interesting fields of Christian labor along our coasts."

### Pensacola, Fla.

"On my return from my vacation," says Rev. W. A. CARTER, chaplain, "on my first visit to the hospital, a sailor said, 'how glad we are to get something to read!'—Another said, 'during the two days I have been here I have read the New Testament and Psalms, through, twice,'—it was a copy I had placed in the ward."

### New Orleans, La.

We have a letter from Rev. Dr. WITHERSPOON, chaplain of the upper Bethel, in which he says:—"There is a great interest awakened in this city in the Bethel work. I think you would be much pleased to witness it."—Rev. L. H. PRASE, our own chaplain, sends to us the *Times* of 7th November, containing lengthy report of a reception and concert given on the evening of the 4th at his (the lower) Bethel, upon his return to duty, from a visit to the Northern States.

The crowded condition of our columns will not permit us to print the very kind greeting of Rev. Dr. Witherspoon to his co-laborer for the sailor's cause, uttered on that occasion, but it seems to have been as cordial as could be desired. This was the first of the fall and winter "entertainments" for seamen at Mr. Pease's Bethel, and was very largely attended.

### Portland, Oregon.

Writing, Oct. 4th, Rev. R. S. STUBBS, chaplain, says:—"From time to time we have encouragement in our work, for which I devoutly praise the Lord.".... "I was at Astoria, last Sunday. We held services on the *City of Madrid*, and had a large attendance, especially of ladies and other citizens." A fine toned bell has been placed in a tower connected with the Bethel, and the Bethel itself has been repaired and renovated. Various persons have made liberal contributions of reading matter for the chaplain's work.

*For The Sailors' Magazine.*

### Three Hymns for Seamen.

I have had the pleasure of perusing the following hymns written by Hon. HORATIO KING, Washington, D. C., ex-Postmaster General, and his son, Mr. HENRY F. KING. It is a singular fact that the first and second were composed when both authors were on the United States Steamship *Fulton*, during its passage from New York to Havre, in May, 1867, without either knowing the other's intention to write. Those hymns were sung on their second Sabbath, near mid ocean. The third was written by Mr. King, Sr., during his last trip over, in May, 1875. He sailed from New York on the Cunard steamer *Scotia*, May 12th, and this hymn was sung to the tune of *God save the Queen*, or *America*, as a part of the religious services on Sunday the 16th.

L. P. H.

*Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 1880.*

#### I.

##### OCEAN HYMN.

BY HORATIO KING.

*Tune—Old Hundred.*

Great God, we come with humble hearts  
To offer up our thanks to Thee  
For all Thy mercies,—all Thy care  
For us, Thy children on the sea.

O, bear us safely to the shore,  
With one united voice we pray;  
To Thee we look,—Thee we adore,—  
To Thee our heart-felt homage pay.

Watch o'er us evermore, and guide  
Our footsteps wheresoe'er we be;—  
In storm or sunshine, O abide  
With us, Thy children on the sea.

Then shall we feel no dread alarm,  
Our souls will rest in peace on Thee;  
Our trust sincere, safe from all harm,—  
Behold Thy children on the sea.

#### II.

##### OCEAN HYMN.

BY HENRY F. KING.

*Tune—America.*

Our Father, hear our prayer,  
As we are gathered here,  
To worship Thee.  
Keep us, a little band,  
Well in Thy guiding hand,  
And bring us safe to land  
Beyond the sea!

We give our thanks to Thee,  
Gratefully, willingly,  
For all Thy care,  
Since we have left our home,  
O'er foreign lands to roam;—  
And may we ever come  
To Thee in prayer!

O Thou who rul'st the wave,  
And hast the power to save,  
Thy praise we sing.  
Praised be Thy holy name,  
Throughout the world the same,  
Above all earthly fame,  
Great God, our King!

#### III.

##### OCEAN HYMN.

BY HORATIO KING.

*Tune—America.*

Father of Light and Love,  
High on Thy throne above,  
Give us Thine ear.  
All weak and powerless, we,  
Thy children on the sea,  
Would turn our thoughts to Thee,  
And nothing fear.

O God, in Thee we trust,  
In Jesus' bosom must  
Our safety be;—  
Then would we ever rest  
Our heads upon His breast,—  
That haven e'er the best,  
On land or sea.

O, take us safe to shore,  
Thy guidance we implore  
From day to day;—  
To Thee our thanks we bring,  
Give us all hearts to sing  
The praises of our King,  
His will obey.

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### From the Sailors' Snug Harbor, Stapleton, S. I.

"It is the pleasant custom of the Trustees, through Rev. C. J. JONES, D. D.," says a correspondent, "to give to the retired sailors a concert, every Autumn, in connection with the Anniversary of their Temperance Society. The rich treat of vocal music enjoyed on this occasion,—songs of the sea, songs of love and home life, Scotch ballads, etc.,—was contributed by artists whose voices are well known to the attendants of various churches in and about New York: Miss PLUMMER, Mr. and Mrs. DELANO, Mrs. COIT, Mr. SARGENT, Mr. G. K. WALCOTT, Mr. and Mrs. MC ANEENY, and others, accompanied on Weber's grand piano by Dr. BEAMES, a long tried friend. A feature in the programme was an address on Temperance by Rev. JAMES MARSHALL, of Lebanon Chapel, New York City."

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### Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. F. ALEXANDER, Lessee, reports one hundred and twenty-two arrivals at the Home, during the month of October, 1880. These men deposited with him, for safe keeping, the sum of \$785, of which \$334 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$50 placed in the Savings Bank,—the balance being returned to depositors.

### Position of the Principal Planets for December, 1880.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 5h. 46m., and south of east  $21^{\circ} 54'$ ; is stationary among the stars in Libra on the morning of the 3rd, at 2 o'clock; is at its greatest elongation on the 12th at midnight, being then  $21^{\circ} 8'$  west of the Sun; about this time is favorably situated for observation, rising on the 18th at 5h. 33m., and south of east  $24^{\circ} 29'$ ; is at its greatest brilliancy on the morning of the 16th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 30th at 7h. 10m., being  $13'$  north.

VENUS is an evening star during this month setting on the 1st at 6h. 52m., and south of west  $33^{\circ} 8'$ ; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 4th at 39m. past noon, being  $4^{\circ} 3'$  south.

MARS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h. 13m., and south of east  $26^{\circ} 35'$ ; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month; the first time on the morning of the 1st at 3h. 18m., being  $2^{\circ} 33'$  north, and then again on the evening of the 29th at 11h. 3m., being  $27'$  north; is in conjunction with Mercury at 8 o'clock on the forenoon of the 23rd, being  $1^{\circ} 5'$  south.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 7h. 53m., being  $2^{\circ} 28'$  south of the equator; is stationary among the stars in Cetus at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 4th; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 10th at 1m. before noon, being  $7^{\circ} 6'$  south; is in quadrature with the Sun on the evening of the 31st at 10 o'clock, after this it is considered an evening star.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 8h. 42m., being  $6^{\circ} 18'$  north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 11th at 2m. past noon, being  $7^{\circ} 53'$  south; is stationary among the stars in Pisces on the morning of the 24th at 6 o'clock.

N. Y. University.

R. H. B.

## Marine Disasters.

The *Bureau Veritas* publishes the following statistics of vessels of all nationalities reported lost during the month of

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

*Sailing Vessels*:—33 English, 9 American, 7 German, 7 French, 6 Dutch, 5 Italian, 4 Norwegian, 3 Swedish, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 1 Danish, 1 Portuguese, 1 Turkish, 1 of which the nationality is unknown; total: 87. In this number are included 5 vessels reported missing.

*Steamers*:—8 English, 2 German, 2 American, 1 Swedish; total: 13. In this number is included 1 steamer reported missing.

## Receipts for October, 1880.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Compton, A friend.....	\$ 1 00
Exeter, Nathaniel Gordon, for lib'y....	30 00
Hanover, Dartmouth Religious Soc'y....	5 77
Hollis, Cong. church.....	2 95
Milford, Cong. church.....	5 75
Nashua, 1st Cong. church.....	2 81

## VERMONT.

West Brattleboro, Mrs. Amanda Smith, for library.....	20 00
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## MASSACHUSETTS.

Agawam, Cong. S. S., for library.....	20 00
Andover, So. church S. S., for library....	25 00
Boston, brig <i>Bigelow</i> , Capt. C. C. Jameson.....	2 60
Schr. J. E. Chaffee, Capt. Buel.....	1 00
Boxboro, Cong. church.....	3 00
Dorchester, Village church, for lib'y....	22 06
Douglas, Rev. W. W. Dow.....	5 00
Franklin, Cong. church.....	12 10
Harvard, Cong. church.....	21 70
Holyoke, 1st church.....	5 00
Lancaster, Cong. ch. S. S., for lib'y....	25 00
Lenox, Cong. church.....	42 00
Natick, Legacy of Clarissa Haynes, per P. S. Woodbury.....	184 98
Newburyport, Newburyport Bethel Society, to const. Rev. J. H. Ross, Mrs. Mary H. Plumer, and Mrs. Anna G. Kidder, L. M.'s.....	90 00
Northfield, Trin. church.....	5 00
North Leominster.....	1 00
Palmer, 2nd church, for libraries.....	40 00
Pittsfield, 1st church, weekly offering....	50 00
Salem, Y. M. C. Ass'n, for library.....	20 00
Springfield, 1st church.....	71 54
So. church.....	11 44
Sterling, Mrs. A. Lawrence.....	1 00
Sudbury, N. E. Soc'y.....	10 00
Townsend, Cong. church.....	5 75
Wayland, Friends.....	1 53
Westfield, 2nd church.....	34 18
1st church.....	19 04
Winchester, Stephen Cutler, to repair library.....	10 00
Worcester, Central church, \$20, from S. S., for library.....	61 88
Salem St. church.....	32 35

## CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, Cong. church.....	3 65
Bridgeport, Park St. Cong. church....	19 16

Chester, Cong. church.....	12 11
Danbury, Second Bap. S. S., to const. Jabez Amesbury, L. M.....	30 00
Darien, Cong. church.....	10 70
Fairfield, 1st Cong. church, of wh., \$40, for libraries, in name of Arthur P. Sturges, N. Y., and Emma Brew- ster Jennings, of Fairfield, Conn.....	109 28
Glastonbury, Eagleville Union Meet- ings, for library.....	30 00
Greenwich, Sarah Mead.....	20 00
Oliver Mead.....	10 00
Guilford, 1st Cong. church.....	4 60
Hartford, Salmon Crossett.....	3 00
New Britain, Louisa Nichols, for lib'y....	20 00
New Haven, Centre church.....	43 00
North Haven, Cong. church.....	26 42
Norwich, bal. of legacy estate Samuel C. Morgan, in full, per Lewis A. Hyde, ex.....	371 11
Scotland, Rev. A. A. Hurd.....	1 00
South Killingly, Cong. church.....	5 00
Southport, Mrs. E. B. Monroe, for F. Marquand Monroe library.....	20 00
Stratford, Cong. ch., lib'y for U. S. S. Minnesota, through Rev. B. K. Rawson, chaplain.....	43 50
Suffield, 1st Cong. church and Society....	20 88
Windsor, Cong. church.....	5 00

## NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, 1st Ref. church.....	34 20
" E. D. New England Cong. church, for library.....	20 00
Arthur W. Benson.....	250 00
New York City, William Mathews.....	125 00
William E. Dodge, for Sailors' Home....	100 00
Mrs. C. L. Spencer.....	10 00
John Dwight.....	110 10
W. H. Parsons & Co.....	50 00
M. J. M.....	50 00
L. H. Pease, to const. Mrs. Laura P. Holmes of West Winsted, Conn., L. M.....	40 00
B. G. Arnold & Co.....	25 00
Benj. H. Field.....	20 00
W. W. Kip.....	20 00
N. & M. Niles.....	15 00
C. F. Hunter.....	10 00
Edwin Mead.....	10 00
S. B. Schieffelin.....	10 00
Capt. Wm. Dollar, bark <i>Northern Queen</i> .....	5 00
Chaplain Gill, U. S. steamer <i>Tennes- see</i> .....	2 50
Capt. M. P. McElhinney.....	1 00
Oswego, Grace Pres. church.....	17 57
Port Ewen, Ref. church.....	13 00
Poughkeepsie, 1st Ref. church, of wh. \$50 from H. L. Young, Esq.....	75 04
Saugerties, Ref. ch. S. S., for lib'y....	20 00
West New Brighton, S. S. Calvary Pres. church, for library.....	20 00
Woodhaven, Miss'y Society.....	7 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Bloomfield Miss'y Ass'n of Pres. S. S. for library.....	20 00
Elizabeth, Westminster Pres. church....	3 00
Jersey City, Lafayette Ref. ch., per Rev. Wm Rankin Duryee.....	20 00
Morristown, A Member of the Woman's Miss'y Soc'y, South St. Pres. ch....	20 00

## ILLINOIS.

Rochelle, Daniel A. Chittenden.....	2 00
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\$2,847 09

## NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Newburyport Ladies' Bethel, two bedquilts.



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Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Ecc. II: 1.

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### What a Child's Kiss Did.

In a prison at New Bedford, Mass., there now is a man whom we call Jim,—who is a prisoner on a life sentence. Up to last spring he was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, but was “given away” by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny of rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his own counsel, and while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse to. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the other ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulkily and morose as ever, when the guide said to him, “Jim, won’t you help this little girl up the stairs?” The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face, and the little girl held her arms out to him and said, “If you will, I guess I’ll kiss you.” His scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Half way up the stairs she kissed him. At

the head of the stairs she said, “Now, you’ve got to kiss me, too.” He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again, the man had tears in his eyes. Ever since that day he has been a changed man, and no one in the place gives less trouble. Maybe in his far western home he has a Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never reveals his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child proves that he has a heart, and gives hope that he may forsake his evil ways.

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### To The Boys.

Do you fully realize what it is to be a boy, walking with rapid strides toward manhood in this stage of the world’s history? Do you think how great is the present demand for the best, the noblest and the strongest boy-material out of which men may be made? You long to be a man; but do you know how much the word “man” means, or should mean? Do you know that it is a grand and noble thing to be a true man? What boy’s heart does not beat with high ex-

ultation as he looks forward a few short years to manhood? But do you know "the boy is father to the man," and that manhood is stamped with the characteristics and features which boyhood exhibits?

Are you such manly boys that your intimate friends have no occasion to fear your becoming boyish men? Are you so obedient to all legitimate authority now, that you give promise of becoming law-loving men hereafter? Are you so truly noble and honorable in your dealings with your comrades while at play, that your honor will be above suspicion as business men in after-days. — *Well Spring.*

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### The One Safe Way.

The pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied: "No; it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggest a deep moral and spiritual truth. Sermons, lectures, and books abound on the temptations which lie along the life-course of the young to eternity. Over the most dangerous ones are lifted the solemn notes of repeated warning. This is well. And yet how much more frequently does the Word of God present and enforce, with all the urgency of motive love can suggest, the very truth contained in the pilot's answer—"the King's highway of holiness." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead.

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### "Follow Copy."

Printers have a rule that every compositor must follow the copy, in printing any book or paper.

A short time since a lad in a printing-office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of

the work the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he should "follow copy," that is, set up just as it was written. "Certainly," said the foreman; "why not?" "Because this copy is not like the Bib'e, and it professes to be the language of that book." "How do you know it is not like the Bible?" "Sir, I learned some of these verses at a Sunday school ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible." "Well, then, do not 'follow copy,' but set them up as they are in the Bible." The lad got the Bible and made it "the copy,"—his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your doctrines, and your practices; see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be right. Take nothing for your rule, either in religion or in daily life, but what is like that great unerring and divinely-written copy.—*Children's Messenger.*

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### Will You Not Go And Do Likewise?

The following letter shows what two little girls at the East have lately done for seamen. Already their library is on the deep, doing its good work. We hope their letter will be a moving example for imitation.

NEW LONDON, CONN., September, 1880.  
*American Seamen's Friend Society:*—

The enclosed is for a Loan Library, to be called the "Bonnie and Beth Library," after two little girls ten years old, who raised the money by a children's fair held upon the piazza, this summer. They worked hard, but were amply repaid when they counted the "small change" and found they had TWENTY DOLLARS. They thought they could not do better with it, and so wished it used for the sailors. Please place the library where you think best, and report to the children anything of interest heard from it."

## Loan Library Reports.

*The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1880, was 6,799; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 6,733. The number of volumes in these libraries was 376,472, and they were accessible to 286,466 men.—Nine hundred and thirteen libraries, with 32,368 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 104,058 men.—One hundred libraries were placed in one hundred Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,600 volumes, accessible to nine hundred Keepers and surfmen.*

During October, 1880, seventy-four loan libraries,—eighteen new, and fifty-six refitted, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,048 to 7,058, inclusive, at New York;—and No. 5,480, with Nos. 5,482-5,487, inclusive, at Boston.

*The fifty-six libraries re-shipped were:—*

No. 481,	No. 3,848,	No. 4,847,	No. 5,185,	No. 5,620,	No. 6,071,	No. 6,260,	No. 6,576,
" 1,578,	" 3,923,	" 4,850,	" 5,201,	" 5,770,	" 6,125,	" 6,350,	" 6,644,
" 2,973,	" 4,044,	" 4,884,	" 5,255,	" 5,839,	" 6,138,	" 6,375,	" 6,662,
" 3,057,	" 4,164,	" 4,949,	" 5,288,	" 5,909,	" 6,177,	" 6,413,	" 6,668,
" 3,068,	" 4,477,	" 5,006,	" 5,316,	" 5,937,	" 6,197,	" 6,418,	" 6,698,
" 3,324,	" 4,695,	" 5,119,	" 5,428,	" 6,014,	" 6,206,	" 6,478,	" 6,702,
" 3,389,	" 4,699,	" 5,162,	" 5,519,	" 6,060,	" 6,243,	" 6,533,	" 6,703.

## Prove It By Mother.

While driving along the street one day last winter, in my sleigh, a little boy six or seven years old asked me the usual question, "Please, may I ride?"

I answered him,—“Yes, if you are a good boy.”

He climbed into the sleigh; and when I again asked, “Are you a good boy?” he looked up pleasantly and said, “Yes, sir.”

“Can you prove it?”

“Yes, sir.”

“By whom?”

“Why, by my mother,” said he promptly.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but has confidence in him or her, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by mother, they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think

he will go to the saloon, the theatre, or the gambling-house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed. Boys and girls, can you “prove by mother” that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents and every one else.

## Bible Stories.

How we all have loved them, and love them still, even we grown up ones, and you who feel yourselves almost grown up!

When the little ones of a family circle are gathered to listen to a Bible story, you will seldom fail to see the older ones listening too, although they may know the story by heart. And surely this is well, for our blessed Lord caused these Scriptures “to be written for our learning,” and we never shall find that we have grown too old or too wise to learn fresh wisdom from them.

Those dear familiar histories of Abraham and Isaac, of Jacob and Joseph,



of David, and also Samuel, and of the prophets, should not be read or listened to merely for amusement. It was meant that we should learn something from all that is told us of their earthly lives. Yes, by carefully studying these "Bible stories" of the Saints of old, we may learn to "embrace and ever hold fast" that blessed hope which cheered them on—even the hope of everlasting life.—*Cross and Crown.*

---

### Only A Cup Of Water.

The brave Sir Philip Sydney, one of Queen Elizabeth's favorite and trusted soldiers, was severely wounded at the battle of Zutphen. Scarcely able to sit on his horse, his agony was so great that he was obliged to call for water while being conducted from the field, and when it was brought to him, as he put it to his lips, he saw a common soldier being carried past, whose eyes were fixed with sad and wistful longing on the cup. Without hesitating, the brave general put it from him and passed it to the dying man, with these words: "Thy necessity, friend, is greater than mine."

A few days afterwards he himself died of his wounds, and though that was in 1586, three hundred years ago, that one act of self-denial is remembered still.

---

### How It Began.

A poor drunkard was once asked, "How did you begin such a wretched course of life?" "Ah, sir," was the reply, "my first love for drink was given me at my father's table when I was a boy. We often had visitors and my father was accustomed to drink to the health of his guests. They drank to his health in return. When I joined them, with my little glass in my hand, I was applauded as drinking quite 'like a man.' I was thus early trained in habits of drinking, and before I left home to enter

upon my professional life I had learned to love the drink which has been my ruin."

---

### A Cheerful View.

"How dismal you look!" said a Bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting upon the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me how strange to look at it in that way," said the other Bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

---

### Trust.

The little child, who lies at rest  
Upon a tender mother's breast,  
Thinks not to question what is best,—  
But leaves her wisdom to decide;  
And when she says at eventide,  
"T is bedtime now, my little child,"  
It bids "Good-night" in accents mild  
And drops to sleep without a fear,  
Assured a mother's watch is near.

So would I rest, dear Lord, on thee:—  
Thou knowest what is best for me;  
Where I am blind, thine eyes can see;  
Dumb be each doubt, each question still,  
May I be glad to do thy will!  
And when, at last, my sun shall glide  
Adown the hills at eventide,  
Let me not fear thy kind behest,  
"My child, come now and take thy rest."

*Emily Pearson Bailey.*

---

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME  
UNTO ME,—AND FORBID THEM NOT."

*The Savior.*

---

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

---

*District Secretary:—*

Rev. S. W. HANES, Cong'l House, Boston.

1878 1879

# The Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 1.

JANUARY, 1879.

Whole No.  
605.

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Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	" " " " " " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
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Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts....	Episcopal.....	" F. Southworth.
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PORTLAND, Me., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Prov. Sea. Friend Society....	" C. H. Malcom, D. D.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St...	Individual Effort.....	" J. D. Butler.
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NEW BEDFORD.....	Presbyterian.....	" William Major.
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ton Avenues.....	Baptist.....	" Chas. McElfresh.
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " " " " " "	
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " " " " " "	



# Sailors' Magazine Calendar.

1879

## JANUARY.

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SIX THOUSAND  
LOAN LIBRARIES FOR SEAMEN  
HAVE BEEN PROVIDED BY THE  
**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**

—  
TWENTY DOLLARS  
SENDS A LIBRARY TO SEA IN THE NAME OF THE DONOR.

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copy of *Sailors' Magazine* Theol. Sem.

The

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# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to save their souls. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CUBA, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business near our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that it places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel.

It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and when of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to May 1st, 1878, is 6,252, containing 322,644 volumes. Calculating 5,175 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 200,000 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

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**NOTE.**—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will be sent to sea, in the name of the donor. The *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* is, when asked for, gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.

Soc'y of Inquiry Theo Sem'y

1823 The 1879  
**Sailors' Magazine**



**and SEAMEN'S FRIEND**

**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**

**80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.**

Volume LI.  
No. 3.

**MARCH, 1879.**

Whole No.  
607.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

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"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

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All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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Soc'y of Seamen's Friend Seminary

1823

The

1879

# Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 4.

APRIL, 1879.

Whole No.  
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PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	William Major.
Cor. Moyamensing and Washing-	Methodist.....	W. B. Erben.
ton Avenues.....	Episcopal.....	Joseph Perry.
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Front Street, above Navy Yard.....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	R. R. Murphy.
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Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	American & Norfolk Sea. }	James W. Craig.
NORFOLK.....	Friend Societies }	Wm. B. Yates.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	Richard Webb.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	L. H. Pease.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " " " " " "	J. Rowell.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water...	" " " " " " " "	R. S. Stubbs.
NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " " " " " "	
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " " " " " "	



# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

Rev. S. H. HAIL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

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2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath-schools.

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1828

The

1879

# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 5.

MAY, 1879.

Whole No.  
609.

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## LIFE BOAT.

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Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

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Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

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## SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts....	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St....	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	" " "
HONOLULU, S.T.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

## INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rhode
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House....	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " "	" " "

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison...	New York Port Society.....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip....	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist " " "	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets....	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" E. O. Bates.
Navy Yard.....	" " " "	" T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO.....	" " " "	" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist.....	" S. H. Hayes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts..	Boston Sea. Friend Society.	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts....	Baptist Bethel Society....	" J. P. Pierce.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, ME., Port St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 32 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" C. H. Malcom, D.D.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf.....	Individual Effort.....	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" Vincent Group.
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1828 The 1879  
**Sailors Magazine**



**and SEAMEN'S FRIEND**

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**80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.**

**Volume LI.  
No. 6.**

**JUNE, 1879.**

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NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
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PORTLAND, Me., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" J. W. Thomas.
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PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " "	" R. S. Stubbs.

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1838.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to save their souls. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CUBA, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business in our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** and **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the **SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the **LIFE BOAT** for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel, who contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and what of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to January 1st, 1879, is 6,426, containing 342,228 volumes. Calculating 5,545 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 261 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of **SAILORS' HOMES**, **READING ROOMS**, **SAVINGS**, &c. the distribution of **BIBLES**, **TRACTS**, &c.

The **SAILORS' HOME**, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to society their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is present, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

**NOTE.**—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, for a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** is, when sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Agents and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.

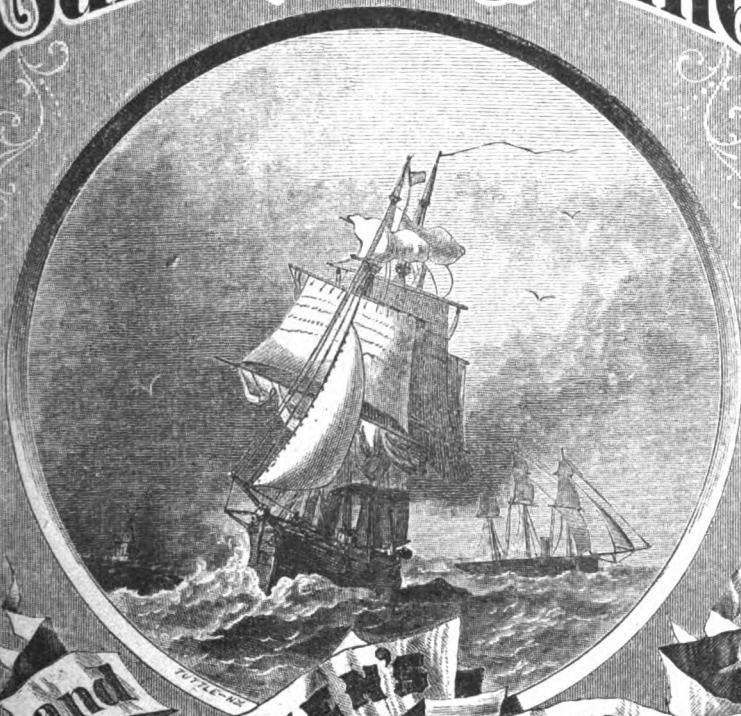
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# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 7.

JULY, 1879.

Whole No.  
611.

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Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or an Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to 5 cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congressional House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

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All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 180 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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1823 The 1873  
**Sailors Magazine**



**and SEAMEN'S FRIEND**

**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**

**80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.**

Volume LI.  
No. 8.

**AUGUST, 1879.**

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ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

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1823 1879

The

# Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

Whole No.  
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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

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"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

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Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

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1879

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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY**  
80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI. No. 10.	OCTOBER, 1879.	Whole No. 614.
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NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	L. H. Pease.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	J. Rowell.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " "	R. S. Stubbs.

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1831.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice Pres.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen, to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.** 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest of power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by **Missionaries and Chaplains**, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business on our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

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**NOTE.**—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will purchase a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The **SAILORS' MAGAZINE** is, when sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Laymen and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.

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from the LIBRARY

1828

The

1879

# Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

Whole No.  
615.

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Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have 100 copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or an Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to 10 cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

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"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

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Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 18 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

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All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-5 Wall Street and 169 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

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LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts....	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St....	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
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CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" " " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

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BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House....	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St...	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " " "	" " " "

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

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Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets....	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 6 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	E. O. Bates.
" Navy Yard.....	" " " "	T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO.....	" " " "	P. G. Cook.
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NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	J. D. Butler.
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Cor. Moyamensing and Washing- ton Avenues.....	Methodist.....	William Major.
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Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	" " " "	E. N. Harris.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	Chas. McElfresh.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	R. R. Murphy.
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. Friend Societies	E. N. Crane.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	James W. Cra'g.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St...	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	Wm. B. Yates.
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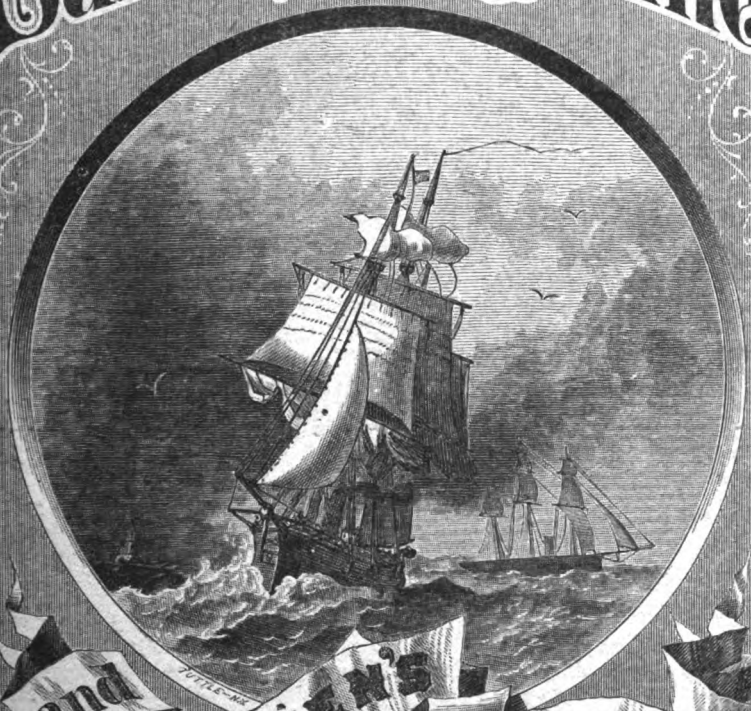
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1823

The

1879

# Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LI.  
No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1879.

Whole No.  
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2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, to April, 1879, is 6,502, containing 349,328 volumes. Calculating 6,144 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 254,295 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

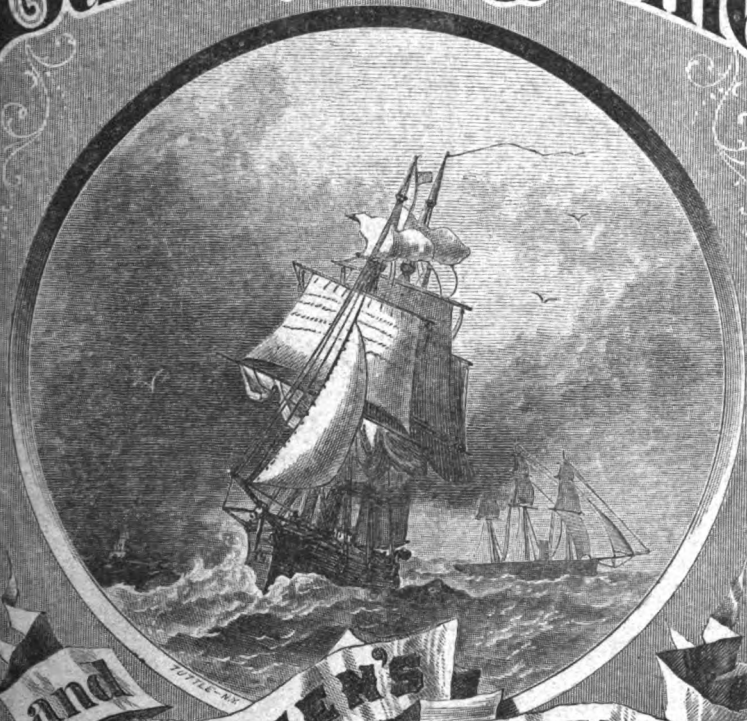
The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.

1823 1880

The

# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 1.

JANUARY, 1880.

Whole No.  
617.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

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LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
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PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St....	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts...	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" " " "
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Dunscombe.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " " "	" " " "

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

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Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society.....	" Robert J. Walker.
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip....	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets.....	Sea & Land, Presbyterian.	" E. Hopper, D. D.
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Navy Yard.....	" " " "	" T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO.....	" " " "	" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist.....	" S. H. Hayes.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts...	Boston Sea. Friend Society.	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts...	Baptist Bethel Society.....	" J. P. Pierce.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y.	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society...	" C. H. Malcom, D.D.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf.....	Individual Effort.....	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" " " "
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts...	Presbyterian.....	" " " "
Cor. Moyamensing and Washing-	Methodist.....	" William Major.
ton Avenues.....	" " " "	" W. B. Erben.
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NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" J. Rowell.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" R. S. Stubbs.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " "	" " " "

# Sailors' Magazine Calendar.



JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	...	...	...	...	...	...	28	29	30	31	...	...	...

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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25	26	27	28	29	30	...	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	29	30	...	...	...



**SIXTY-FIVE HUNDRED**  
**LOAN LIBRARIES FOR SEAMEN**  
 HAVE BEEN PROVIDED BY THE  
**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**

TWENTY DOLLARS  
 SENDS A LIBRARY TO SEA IN THE NAME OF THE DONOR.



JULY.							AUGUST.							SEPTEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30	31	...	...	...	...	26	27	28	29	30	...	...

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	29	30	...	...	...	...	26	27	28	29	30	31	--





Vol. 63 No. 2 February 1880

The

# Sailors Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
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NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	" J. Rowell.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" R. S. Stubbs.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " "	" " "

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

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1823

The

1880

# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 3.

MARCH, 1880.

Whole No.  
619.

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CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

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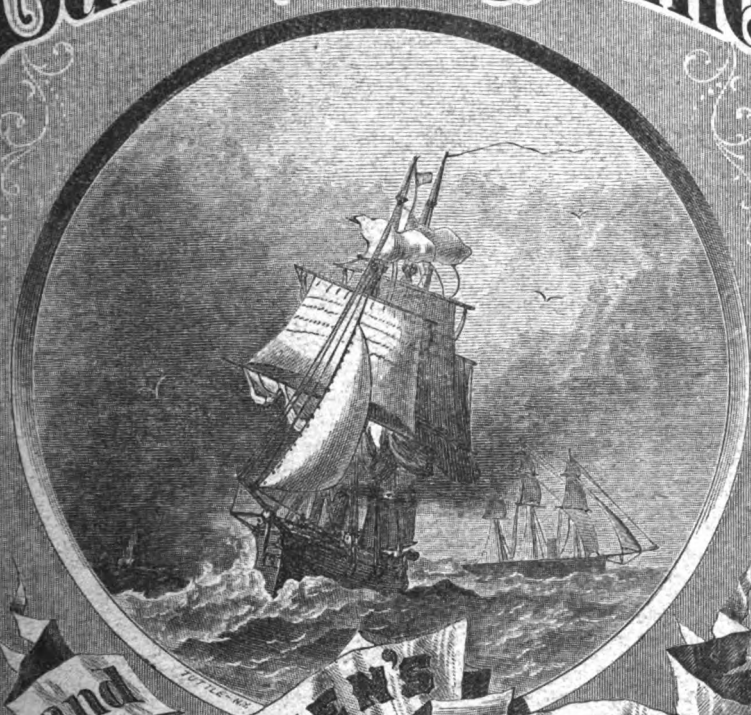


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1823

The

1880

# Sailors' Magazine



and

SEAMEN'S

FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 5.

MAY, 1880.

Whole No.  
621.



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In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to ten cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

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A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

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"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

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LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
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WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts....	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. O.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " "	" " "

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Open Air Service, Coenties Slip.....	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
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Partner Street.....	Episcopal.....	" J. P. Pierce.
PORTLAND, ME., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 82 Wickenden St...	Prov. Sea. Friend Society...	" J. W. Thomas.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf.....	Individual Effort.....	" C. H. Malcom, D. D.
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ton Avenues.....	" " " "	" W. B. Erben.
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NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" J. Rowell.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " " "	" R. S. Stubbs.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	" " " "	" " "

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

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80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
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80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

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CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*

Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

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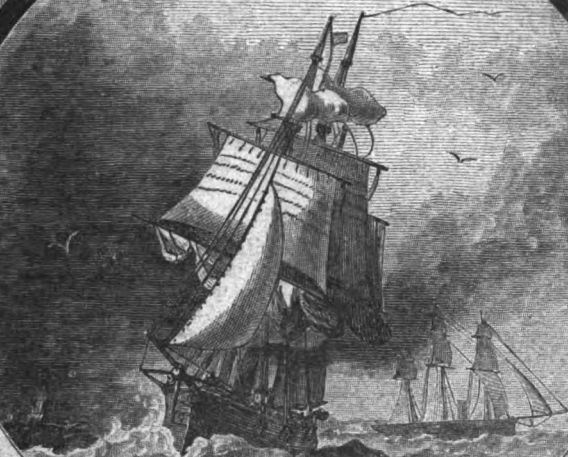
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from the LIBRARY

1823 The 1860  
**Sailors' Magazine**



**and SEAMEN'S FRIEND**

**AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.**

**80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.**

Volume LII.  
No. 7.

**JULY, 1860.**

Whole No.  
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1823 The 1880  
**Sailors' Magazine**



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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**80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.**

Volume LII.  
No. 8.

**AUGUST, 1880.**

Whole No.  
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Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

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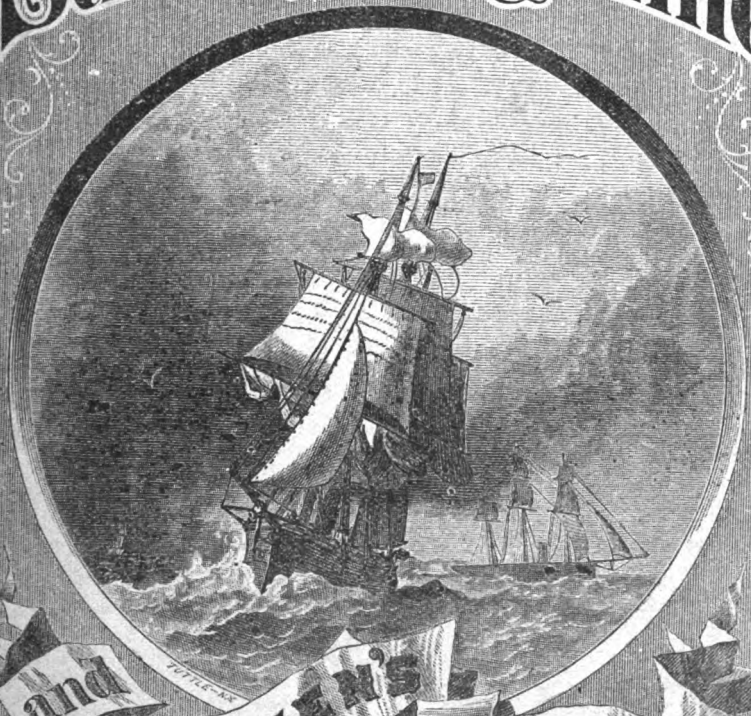
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1828

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1880

# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 9.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

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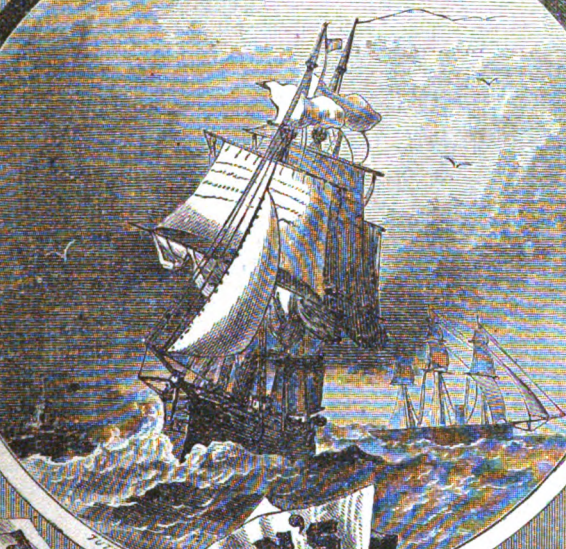
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Library of Theological Seminary of the City of New York

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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

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80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 10.

OCTOBER, 1880.

Whole No.  
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**A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.**

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

- 1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he *at the same time* declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

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NEW ORLEANS, La.....	Louis' Sea. Fr'nd Society....	Geo. Ernst Findsen.
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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St.....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
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	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	E. A. Ludwick.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	R. S. Stubbs.

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Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

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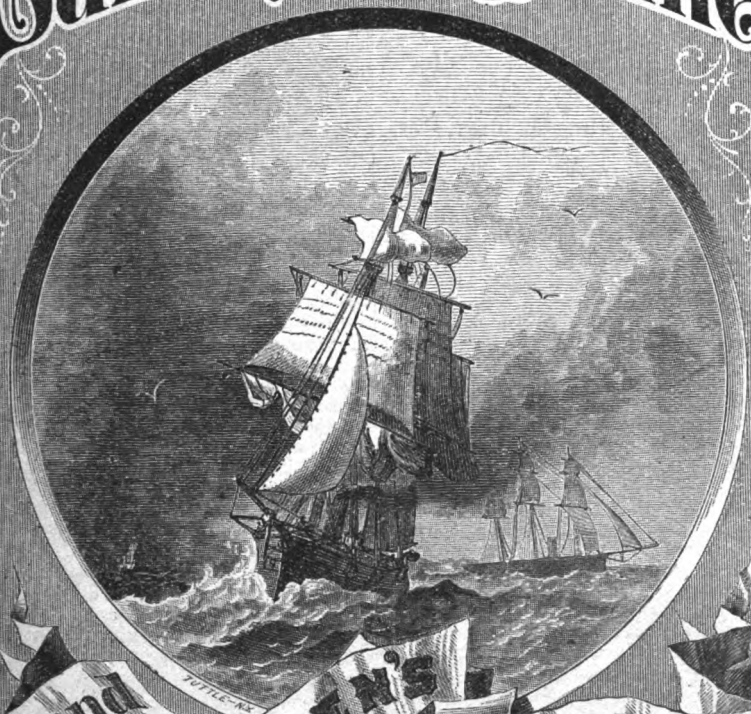
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Library of Theological Seminary  
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1828 The 1880

# Sailors' Magazine



and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 11.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

Whole No.  
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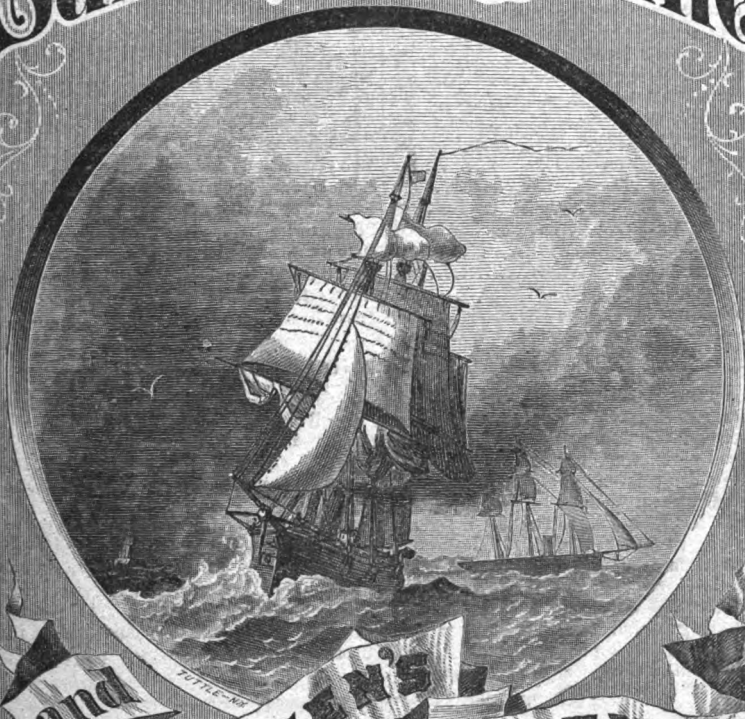
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and SEAMEN'S FRIEND

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

80 WALL ST. NEW YORK.

Volume LII.  
No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1880.

Whole No.  
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## THE LIFE BOAT,

Published monthly, will contain besides general articles, selected and communicated, adapted to children,—much matter of interest in our Loan Library Work for Sailors, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies of the LIFE BOAT, gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a Post Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money but always in a REGISTERED letter. The registration fee has been reduced to ten cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

## LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a Life Director.

## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should certify at the end of the will, over their signatures, to the following formalities, which, in the execution of the will should be strictly observed:

1st. That the testator subscribed (or acknowledged the subscription of) the will in their presence.—2nd. That he at the same time declared to them that it was his last will and testament.—3rd. That they, the witnesses, then and there, in his presence, and at his request, and in presence of each other, signed their names thereto as witnesses.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congressional House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

## SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-5 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 8 o'clock.

## SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, cor. Salem and Bennet Sts....	Boston " " "	B. F. Jacobs.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St....	Penn. " " "	C. F. Bowman.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts...	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. J. F. Gilbert.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society....	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Finkelstein.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	Daniel Swannack.
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	E. Duncombe.

## INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epia. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (Colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House....	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y	N. Hamilton.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., No. 8 State St....	Seamen's Aid Society.....	John Stevens, Supt.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 23 South Ann Street.....	" " "	Miss Ellen Brown.
GALVESTON, Texas, cor. Strand & 26 St.	" " "	" " "

## MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS.
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison...	New York Port Society.....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R. ....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" Robert J. Walker.
No. 335 West Street, N. R.....	" " "	" T. A. Hyland.
Open Air Service, Coenties Slip....	" " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society...	" E. O. Bates.
" Navy Yard.....	" " "	" T. D. Williams.
BUFFALO.....	" " "	" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist.....	" Cyrus L. Eastman.
BOSTON, North Street.....	Boston Port Society.....	" H. A. Cooke.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts...	Baptist Bethel Society....	" J. F. Pierce.
Parmenter Street.....	Episcopal.....	" F. Southworth.
PORTLAND, Me., Fort St. n. Custom H.	Portland Sea. Fr'nd Soc'y..	" W. A. Loyne.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Market St....	Voluntary Contribution....	" J. W. Thomas.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St..	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. D. Butler.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society..	" " "
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts..	Presbyterian.....	" " "
Cor. Moyamensing and Washing-	Methodist.....	" William Major.
ton Avenues.....	" " "	" W. B. Erben.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" P. Frayne.
Front Street, above Navy Yard....	Baptist.....	" E. N. Harris.
Port Missionary, 1420 Chestnut St.	" " "	" Chas. McElfresh.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts....	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc'y.	" R. R. Murphy.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore S. B.....	" E. N. Crane.
NORFOLK.....	American & Norfolk Sea. }	" James W. Craig.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Friend Societies.....	" Wm. B. Yates.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St....	Wilmington Port Society...	" Richard Webb.
SAVANNAH.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" " "
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water..	" " "	" L. H. Pease.
NEW ORLEANS.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" J. Rowell.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	" E. A. Ludwick.
PORTLAND, Oregon.....	Chaplain Sailors' Home....	" R. S. Stubbs.
	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y....	" " "

# AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1836—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*  
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*  
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

**OBJECTS.** 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to save their souls. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILL, GERMANY, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—**LOAN LIBRARIES**, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between thirty-five and forty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries, among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It usually places the library in charge of the Captain of the vessel. (3) It contemplates a connection between the sailor and the individual who furnishes the library which he reads. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of new libraries sent out by the Society, to April 1st, 1880, is 8,799, containing 376,472 volumes. Calculating 6,733 re-shipments, they have been accessible to more than 266,466 men. Over one thousand hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVINGS' BANKS*, the distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c.

The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1843, since which time it has accommodated over 90,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

**NOTE.**—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a library to sea, in the name of the donor. The *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to *LIFE-MEMBERS* and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.













